DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR

ELLIOTT

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DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR

Grace Dalrymple Elliott
From the portrait by Cosway

DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR

Journal of my life during the French Revolution

BY

Grace Dalrymple Elliott

With an Introduction and Notes
Translated from the French by

E. Jules Meras

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INTRODUCTION

The memoirs of Miss Elliott offer a twofold interest: they show the attitude of the Duc d'Orléans, Philippe-Egalité, during the course of the French Revolution, and they present a picture of the revolutionary prisons. This last picture is not always accurate. Miss Elliott has for the Duc, whose mistress she had been and whose friend she continued to be, an affectionate good-will: it would be childish to deny it, but making allowance for this good-will and the inaccuracies pointed out, these memoirs retain a genuine historical value. . . .

As stated in the preface to the first edition, it was the Prince of Wales who introduced Miss Elliott to the Duc d'Orléans. After a dissolute youth, the future Philippe-Egalité, had one day discovered that he was passionately fond of England. It is possible that his mind was not quite clear as to what was most worthy of admiration:

the clubs, the English frock-coat, the horse-races or the beautiful example of order and of liberty presented by English institutions.

The Duc d'Orléans was, through his marriage with Mademoiselle de Penthièvre, the wealthiest of French princes. He was tall, strong, and, although of heavy features, did not lack majesty. He enjoyed the sports, was with Lauzun, his favorite, one of the leaders of anglomania recently made fashionable by them. Very popular in London and making frequent stays there, it is difficult to give the exact date when the duc d'Orléans made the conquest of Miss Elliott. The year 1786 has been mentioned, but at that date the duc d'Orléans was already the lover of Madame de Buffon, the last of his mistresses and the only one to whom he remained faithful. However that may be, it is in 1786 that Miss Elliott came to France.

The Palais-Royal offered at that time a rather novel spectacle: it was the hour when the first attempt towards an opposition to the monarchy was being organized. Out of hatred to Marie-Antoinette with whom he had been quite friendly when she was Dauphine, whose lover, it was said, he had

tried to become, the duc d' Orléans had boldly thrown himself into the first *Fronde* against the king,— that of the Parliaments. There was nothing very grave in this: he had been refused the post of *grand amiral,* he had intentionally been kept away from the government affairs, his feelings had been hurt in matters of precedence, and in showing his vexation and playing the liberal prince, he only followed the ordinary tradition of the younger sons of the royal house. It may be believed that the duc d'Orléans obeyed specially the counsels of the Genlis family in whose hands he had then abdicated his entire authority. Madame de Sillery de Genlis, having been his sweetheart ten years before, had shown towards him an affection wholly maternal and gently authoritative. Their first bonds had been untied without tears, for the sweetheart had kept for herself what was important to her ambition and her love of intrigue,— an almost absolute influence over the mind of the duc d'Orléans.

Madame de Genlis had had her husband appointed captain of the guards and her brother chancellor to the duc, thus occupying all the roads

to his confidence. She had reserved to herself the functions of *gouvernante* to the children of Orléans and was then bringing up in a pavilion of the convent of Bellechasse, and as far from the duchess as it was possible for her to do; the duc de Chartres (the future Louis-Philippe), the duc de Montpensier, the comte de Beaujolais and Mademoiselle de Chartres who became Madame Adélaïde. The salon of Madame de Genlis was opened only to those entertaining her views, for it was not by chance that a dense group of future members of the Convention met there. . . .

It is certain that Miss Elliott had no share in these political intrigues. When she arrived in France she was no longer the mistress of the duc for whom she had no doubt only been one of those fancies on which the duchess d'Orléans closed her eyes. To having been a friend without influence, Miss Elliott owes her being spared in the vindictive memoirs of Madame de Genlis. Wealthy, thanks to two pensions, bestowed by the Prince of Wales and her husband's family, Miss Elliott, having confided her daughter to the care of Lady Cholmondeley, was free: she was pretty and was not

thirty years of age when the revolutionary era opened. Through her former intimacy with the duc d'Orléans, she found herself attached to all those who had joined their fortune with that of the duc. Biron, who had for the second time made the name of Lauzun famous, the duc de Liancourt, M. de Talleyrand, the comte de Lamarck, the friend of Mirabeau, the comte de Noailles and that squadron of pretty and amorous women, Madame de Buffon, the Marquise de Coigny, Aimée de Coigny, "*la reine de Paris,*" and others; — all those, men and women, who had a common resentment against the Court and Marie-Antoinette.

People are easily mistaken regarding the ideas which animated the nobility on the eve of the Revolution. There were two distinct currents. Some wished to free themselves from that dependence wherein, since Richelieu, the King held them and to win with him or against him a place in the government. This fraction of the nobility, with instincts clearly feudal, launched into the Revolution smilingly — a new *Fronde* was about to begin — and at the start, as was classical, it went to ask

the assistance of the Foreign powers. The other fraction, which affected sober airs and claimed to be inspired by the school of Jean Jacques, with the exception of the Liancourts or the La Rochefoucaulds, had no revolutionary designs. Its aim was simply to establish the English Constitution in France by giving to the House of Peers considerable power in the councils of the government.

Miss Elliott, and there is no doubt of it, did not trouble herself in anyway about her friends opinions; not being admitted to the secret meetings of Passy, nor to those of Montrouge, she thought that it was only a question of a series of riots, which would be quieted at the proper time, and in connection with which the name of the duc d'Orléans was used without authority.

As a matter of fact it is now known that the duc d'Orléans took an important part in the revolutionary movement. His part was less that of a leader than that of one led, but the results remain. The duc d'Orléans' faction, this entourage of the duc on which Miss Elliott places the burden of responsibility, being carefully analyzed is reduced to a single man, Laclos. Laclos, in that terrible

game in which so many heads were to be the stake, supplied the required clear intelligence and strong will. The problem presented itself plainly to this officer of Engineers, experienced in the study of the sciences: it was necessary to group all disappointed or newly born ambitions around the duc d'Orléans, sow gold to produce popularity, slander the queen and her entourage so as finally to put the king, already deprived of the support of a portion of his nobility and at war with his Parliament, alone, face to face with the people.

The duc d'Orléans was then to come forward as lieutenant of the Kingdom to interpose between the nation and the King, and they would then control the government. From Mirabeau to Talleyrand, all those who aspired to power saw matters in the same light. Owing to the reluctance of Lafayette and Bailly, this plot only resulted in the duc d'Orléans departure for London after the October days. Laclos works out a second plan: the Constitution is based on two contradictory principles: the nation, from which all power emanates; the King, who does not receive his power from the nation. Between these two sovereign entities, strife is in-

evitable, one of these must disappear: the Orléans faction exerts itself so that it may be the King. What is necessary to accomplish this end? Death, which the plethoric condition of Louis XVI and his recluse existence, new to him, make possible, even still less — a rash action from the King,— the flight. On the morrow of Varennes, it seems that their hopes are realized and that the forfeiture of the throne and the regency of the duc d'Orléans are about to be proclaimed at the same time. The duc's indecision and the failure of the Champ de Mars attempt mark the end of the d'Orléans party. From that time on he is the prisoner of the Revolution for the same reason that Louis XVI is a prisoner. When Philippe-Egalité, from concessions to forfeitures, goes so far as to vote the King's death in the hope of saving his own head, it will be too late: shortly after that, his son's and Dumouriez's treason result in his sentence of death.

Miss Elliott, without exactly placing the responsibility for the acts of a prince without dignity or courage, understood that her friend the duc d'Orléans, the *Prince Rouge,* had been more weak than criminal, as much sinned against as he was a

sinner. She pities him, and bears him no grudge for the painful calvary to which their former attachment has led her. But perhaps she somewhat exaggerates the hardships she suffered.

If it is a fact that from 1786 to 1801 she remained in France, that she was kept under surveillance during the Terror and a companion in captivity of old Dr. Gem at Versailles, her name does not appear on any of the registers of the Paris prisons.

On her stay in different prisons, she gives precise details, but the text of her journal contains inaccuracies which it is the duty of the historian to notice. Let us quote an example: the Carmes Prison. Miss Elliott reports a conversation which she had with Hoche at the Carmes Prison shortly before the coming of the marquise de Beauharnais; but, it is only forty days after the husband of Joséphine that General Hoche was imprisoned in the Carmes. It was not in prison, but long before, that Joséphine and her husband become reconciled; Custine, who was executed in January, 1794 and whom our author mentioned as having been in the Carmes, was arrested at his residence, rue de Lille,

taken directly to the Conciergerie and from there to the scaffold: Hurrop, whom Miss Elliott presents as a student of the Irish college, guillotined at eighteen, was really thirty-two and was in business.

If the English editors' statement that these memoirs were written after 1801 is accepted as exact, it is possible that these inaccuracies of detail may be imputed to failure of memory, or it may be that Miss Elliott, having so often repeated her misfortunes during the Revolution, was unable to resist the not unusual temptation to increase the number of anecdotes.

Whatever may be the cause of these imperfections, Miss Elliott's journal nevertheless, contains precious details. The information it supplies on a period but little known of the private life of Philippe-Egalité is particularly valuable. Even if it were admitted that certain episodes of the life in revolutionary prisons had been suggested to Miss Elliott and not lived by her, the ensemble of her account have none the less an appreciable value.

The names of Chansenets, d'Araij, Sennason and Milor, which appear in the text, should read: Champcenets, d'Aray, Sénozan and Milon.

PREFACE

TO FIRST EDITION

The following narrative of the Life of Mrs. Dalrymple Elliott, during some of the most eventful scenes of the great French Revolution, was composed at the express desire of his Majesty King George the Third. Mr. (afterwards Sir David) Dundas, physician to the king, was also Mrs. Elliott's medical attendant; and was in the habit of relating, during his visits to the Royal Family, some of the incidents and anecdotes which that lady had communicated to him at various times, in the course of conversation. The King became so much interested that he desired Mr. Dundas to request Mrs. Elliott to commit to paper the story of her Life in Paris, and to send it to him. With this intimation she readily complied, and accordingly the narrative was conveyed by Mr. Dundas to Windsor, sheet by sheet as it was writ-

ten by her during her residence at Twickenham, after her return from France, at the Peace of Amiens, in 1801.

Of her previous history Mrs. Dalrymple Elliott has left no record; but the Editor has gleaned a few facts relative to her birth and earlier years from those who knew her intimately during her residence in England, at the period when she drew up the following narrative, which may be interesting to the reader. She is represented as a lady eminently gifted by nature with beauty of person, and grace and elegance of manners; and she was wont to attract the admiration of all who approached her, while she conciliated the regard and affection of those who were more intimately acquainted with her.

Grace Dalrymple, the youngest of three daughters of Hew Dalrymple, Esq., a branch of, and next in succession to, the noble family of Stair, was born in Scotland, about 1765.* Her father, a barrister, established his reputation by gaining for the plaintiff the celebrated Douglas and Hamilton cause, which Horace Walpole notices as one of

* Miss Elliott was born in 1760, not in 1765.

the most remarkable of that period. He was afterwards appointed Attorney-General to the Grenadas. He deserted his wife, a woman of remarkable beauty, a daughter of an officer in the army, who returned to her father's house, which she never afterwards quitted, and where she gave birth to this her youngest daughter, Grace Dalrymple. This child was afterwards sent for her education to a convent in France, where she remained for some years, being withdrawn when she was about the age of fifteen, and brought to her father's house. At that time it was not the custom, as in these later days, for young persons to mix in evening festivities; but at one of the suppers given at her father's house, Miss Dalrymple was introduced. On this occasion, Sir John Elliott was present, a man older than her father; who was so struck with her beauty that he made her an offer of marriage, which was accepted by her with the same inconsiderate haste with which it was proffered. Such an unsuitable and ill-assorted marriage, as might naturally be supposed, was productive of nothing but unhappiness. There was such a total dissimilarity of tastes, as well as

of age, that there never existed any affection between them.

Grace Dalrymple, now Mrs. Elliott, mixed much in general society; and being so exquisitely lovely, very soon found admirers amongst those more suited to her age. In an evil hour for her, she unhappily became entangled in an intrigue; and her husband, after some indecent treatment, resorted to a court of law at once to procure a divorce, and to punish the author of their mutual wrongs. The first object was easily obtained, while the second resulted in a verdict of 12,000*l.* damages. In the meantime her brother removed her to a convent in France, assigning as a reason for the course which had been adopted, that the lady was about to contract an unsuitable marriage.

Here Mrs. Elliott remained until she was brought over to England by Lord Cholmondeley. She was subsequently introduced to the Prince of Wales, who had been struck with the exquisite beauty of her portrait, which he had accidently seen at Houghton. So celebrated was she for her personal charms that there are several portraits of her by eminent painters still in existence, among

others, one by Cosway, which embellishes this volume, another, by Gainsborough, at Lord Cholmondeley's.

The young Prince was immediately fascinated with her beauty, and a most intimate connection succeeded. The result was the birth of a female child, who was christened at Marylebone church, under the names of Georgiana Augusta Frederica Seymour,— Lord Cholmondeley and one or two other persons only being present. While Mrs. Elliott remained with the Prince, she of course mingled in the brilliant society about him, and among many other persons of distinction became acquainted with the ill-fated Duke of Orleans, afterwards known as Philippe Egalité so often mentioned in her memoirs. His fondness for England, its people, and its institutions was well known, and at that time he was popular here, especially in sporting society.

We cannot ascertain with certainty when Mrs. Elliott again left England to reside in Paris; but probably it was about the year 1786. Her little daughter was left in charge of Lord and Lady Cholmondeley, but was occasionally permitted to

visit her mother at Paris. On these occasions she was always accompanied by a nurse and a footman of Lord Cholmondeley's; but she never resided any length of time with her mother. The Prince of Wales, it is said, made Mrs. Elliott a handsome allowance, and she derived 200*l.* a year also from her husband's family. With these few prefatory remarks we now leave her to tell her own interesting story.

ILLUSTRATIONS

CHAPTER I

DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR

CHAPTER I

In the year 1789, July the 12th, which was on a Sunday, I went, with the Duke of Orleans, Prince Louis D'Aremberg, and others whose names I do not recollect, to fish and dine at the Duke's château of Raincy,[1] in the Forest of Bondy, near Paris. We returned to Paris in the evening, meaning to go to the *Comédie Italienne*. We had left Paris at eleven o'clock in perfect tranquillity; but on our return at eight o'clock at the Porte St. Martin (where the Duke's town-carriage was waiting for him, and my carriage for me), my servant told me that I could not go to the play, as the theatres were all shut by orders from the police; that Paris was all in confusion and tumult; that the Prince de Lambesc had entered the gardens of the Tuileries, and put all the people to flight; that

he had killed an old man [not true]; that the French Guards and the regiment Royal Allemand (which was the Prince of Lambesc's own regiment), were at that moment fighting on the Boulevards of the Chaussée D'Antin, opposite the depôt of the French Guards; that many cavaliers and horses had been killed; and that the mob were carrying about the streets the busts of the Duke of Orleans and of Necker, crying, "*Vive le Duc d' Orléans! Vive Necker!*"

When my servant had given me this information, I begged the Duke not to go into Paris in his own carriage, as I thought it would be very imprudent for him to appear in the streets at such a moment; and I offered him my carriage. On hearing of the events in Paris he seemed much surprised and shocked; he told me that he hoped it would be nothing, and that my servant, through fear, must have exaggerated the events. I thought that the Duke meant to show himself to the mob, and really had projects to make a party had he done so, but I never saw more unfeigned surprise than his when he heard that Paris was in such a

situation. He then got into my carriage, and begged me to set him down at the *Salon des Princes,* a club frequented by all the nobility, and where he said he should meet people who would tell him the news. When we got to the club, however, it was also shut by a police order, as was every other club in Paris. We then ordered my coachman to drive to the Duke's house at Monceau, but as the troops were actually at that moment fighting on the Boulevards, and the ground was covered with dead and wounded men and horses, we were obliged to go by the Carrousel, and along the Tuileries garden-wall to the Place Louis Quinze, which we found full of troops, both horse and foot. They were commanded by the Mareschal de Broglie, and had been for some days before encamped in the Park of St. Cloud, and had marched into Paris that evening.

I never in my life shall forget the awful but beautiful appearance the Place Louis Quinze presented at that moment. The troops were under arms, and the silence was so great that if a pin had fallen it might have been heard. They al-

lowed no carriages to pass without the name of the person being given. I gave *mine,* and my horses were conducted through the ranks of cavalry at a foot's pace. They had no idea that the Duke of Orleans was in my carriage. We went directly to the Duke's house at Monceau.[2] By this time it was about a quarter past nine o'clock.

On the Duke's arrival he found his servants in the greatest confusion and uneasiness, as nobody knew at the Palais Royal where he was gone; and a report had been circulated in Paris that day that he had been put into the Bastille, and beheaded by the King's orders. They told him that all his friends and the Princes of the Blood had been at the Palais Royal and at Monceau to inquire about him; and that they were in the greatest consternation and anxiety. He, however, ordered his Suisse to let nobody see him that night except the Duc de Biron; that he would sleep at Monceau, but that if Madame de Buffon[3] came he would see her. I asked him "what he meant to do?" He said that he was very undecided, but that he should like to know what really was going on in Paris, and what they were doing, although

by this time his own people had confirmed what my servant had said. He wished Prince Louis D'Aremberg could see the Duc de Biron; that he then would hear something more, which would decide his conduct for that night.

Carriages were not allowed to pass through the streets of Paris after ten o'clock. As the Duke wished to be alone, I went with Prince Louis to the Duc de Biron's on foot. We saw many groups assembled in all the streets near the Tuileries and Place Louis Quinze. I was very anxious about the Duke's situation, and wished much to know the public opinion about him; we therefore mixed in the groups, and of course heard different sides of the question: some were very violent in the Duke's favour, others as violent against him, these latter accusing him of wanting to dethrone the King.

This accusation shocked me so much, that I returned directly to Monceau, and told him of what horrors they accused him. I found Madame de Buffon with him, and as her politics and mine were very different, I called the Duke into the garden, and we walked there till two o'clock. I entreated him on my knees to go directly to Versailles, and

not to leave the King whilst Paris was in such a state of tumult; and by that conduct to show the King that the mob made use of his name without his knowledge or consent, and to express how shocked he was at what was going on, which I really thought he was. He said that "he could not go at so late an hour; that he had heard that the avenues were guarded, and that the King would be in bed, and could not be seen at that hour," but he gave me his word of honour that he would go at seven o'clock in the morning.

We did not find the Duc de Biron, nor did the Duke of Orleans see him that night. He had gone to Versailles in the evening, thinking to find the Duke there, or to hear of him, as he had a house in the Avenues, besides his apartments in the Palace, as first Prince of the Blood. I then went home, my house being near his; and I heard in the morning that the Duke had gone to Versailles.

On the Monday the Comte D'Artois, the Prince of Condé, and the Duke of Bourbon made their escape. They did perfectly right, for they certainly would have been murdered; but they did not

at that moment mean or expect, perhaps, to leave their country for ever.

All that day, which was the 13th July, Paris was a scene of riot and horror. The murder of Messrs. De Foulon[4] and Flesselles, Prevôts des Marchands, is too well known for me to relate. I was unfortunate enough to try to go to my jeweller's that evening, and I met in the Rue St. Honoré the soldiers of the French Guards carrying Monsieur de Foulon's head by the light of flambeaux. They thrust the head into my carriage: at the horrid sight I screamed and fainted away, and had I not had an English lady with me, who had courage enough to harangue the mob, and to say that I was an English patriot, they certainly would have murdered me; for they began to accuse me of being one of poor Foulon's friends, and of wishing the people to live on hay, of which they had accused him. I did not attempt to go further, but returned home almost dead. I was put to bed and bled, and indeed was very ill.

I soon afterwards received a note from the Duke of Orleans, begging me to go to him directly at Monceau, but I sent to the Duke telling

him my situation. He came to me immediately, and was much alarmed to see me so ill. I asked him how he had been received at Versailles? and why he had returned so soon, as the States were then at Versailles in the Jeu de Paume, and he had apartments in the Château? He told me that on his arrival, he went directly to the King's levée, who was just getting up. The King took no notice of him; but as it was the custom for the first Prince of the Blood to give the King his shirt when he was present, the *gentilhomme de la chambre* gave the shirt to the Duke of Orleans to put over the King's head. The Duke approached the King, who asked him "what he wanted?" The Duke, in passing the shirt, said, "I come to take your Majesty's commands." The King answered him, with great harshness, "I want nothing of *you* — return from whence you came." The Duke was very much hurt and very angry; and, leaving the room, went to the States, which I think were then sitting in the Jeu de Paume; and he returned to Paris at night.

He was much more out of humour than I had ever seen him. He said, that "the King and

Queen disliked him, and that they would endeavour to poison him; that if he wished ever so much to be of use to the King and Queen, they never would believe him to be sincere; and that he never would go near them again, for he thought himself very cruelly used, as he really meant to be of use to the King; and had he been well received when he went to the levée, things might have been better for all parties, but now he should make friends of his own."

From that very instant, indeed, I thought the Duke became more violent in politics; and although I never heard him speak with disrespect of the King, I certainly have heard him very, very violent against the Queen. I am very sorry: the Court should have considered the Duke's power, and been more cautious how it offended him, for I am certain that at that moment, had they treated him with consideration, and shown him more confidence, they might have withdrawn him from the horrible creatures who surrounded him — Talleyrand, Mirabeau, the Duc de Biron, the Viscount de Noailles, the Comte de la Mark, and others of less note. These were the first who dragged the

Duke of Orleans into all the horrors of the Revolution, though many of them forsook him when they saw that he was unfit for their projects. They left him, however, in worse hands than their own; surrounded him with monsters such as Laclos, Merlin de Douay, and others, who never left him till they had plunged him in dishonour, and led him to the scaffold.

The Viscount de Noailles told me himself, that it was he who introduced that monster Laclos to the Duke, and that he had recommended him as his secretary. This man was the cause of all the crimes which the Orleanist faction has been supposed to commit; and I am certain that the Duke knew little of what was going on in his name.

The Duke was a man of pleasure, who never could bear trouble or business of any kind; who never read or did anything but amuse himself. At that moment he was very madly in love with Madame de Buffon, driving her about all day in a curricle, and at all the *spectacles* in the evening; therefore he could not possibly be planning conspiracies. Indeed, the Duke's misfortune was to have been surrounded by ambitious men, who led

him to their purpose by degrees, representing everything to him in a favourable light, and hurrying him on till he was so much in their power that he could not recede. Then they threatened to leave him, if he did not consent to their measures.

I am certain that the Duke never at that time had an idea of mounting the throne, whatever the views of his factious friends might have been. If they could have placed him on the throne of France, I suppose they hoped to govern him and the country; and they were capable of any horrors to serve their own purposes. The Duc de Biron excepted (and he was too much led by Talleyrand), there never was such a set of monsters as the unfortunate Duke's self-styled friends, who pretended to be acting for the good of their country, at the moment they were plotting its total ruin.

Such were the people in whose hands the Court had left the Duke. I say *left;* for I am persuaded that they might, at the beginning, have got him out of the hands of those *intriguants,* by showing him attention and confidence. He was too powerful to be neglected. Would that they had thought so too! for it would have saved the blood of the un-

fortunate Royal Family, and, indeed, perhaps have saved Europe from the dreadful scenes it has experienced since this horrid French Revolution.

The Duke of Orleans was a very amiable and very high-bred man, with the best temper in the world, but the most unfit man that ever existed to be set up as a chief of a great faction. Neither his mind, his abilities, nor indeed his education, fitted him for such an elevation; and I long hoped that his heart revolted at the idea of bringing his country into a state of such cruel anarchy. His factious friends found *this* out at last, for they never could get him to attend to any of their projects; and some of them were fortunate enough to make a sort of peace with the Court; leaving the unhappy Duke in the hands of those miscreants whom they had placed about him, who brought others with them like themselves, until they succeeded in his total ruin and dishonour.

This I am grieved to say; for I had known the Duke of Orleans for years, and he had always been good and kind to me — as indeed he was to everybody who approached him. I had a sincere friendship for him, and would have given my life to save

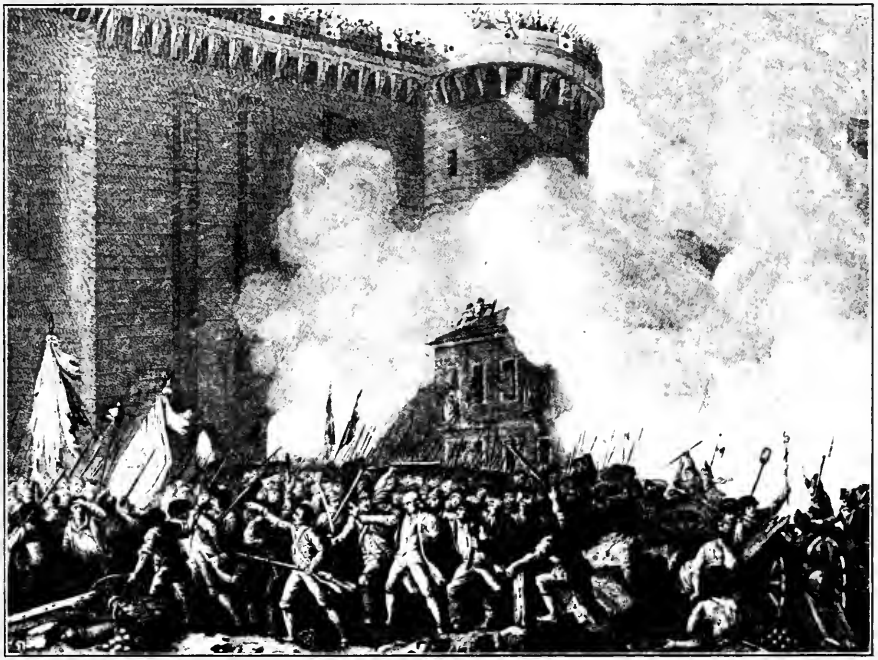
him from dishonour. Nobody can form an idea of what I suffered on seeing him by degrees running headlong into every sort of disgrace; for I am convinced, from the bottom of my soul, that he never thought or intended to go the lengths he did.

I have the great comfort of knowing, that from the first day of the horrors in Paris, I always warned the Duke, and told him how it would all end; and I have most awfully to lament the little influence I possessed over him; for I ever detested the Revolution, and those who caused it. My conduct at that time is well known to all the King and Queen's friends, and by the French Princes now in England, who will do me justice, though they know the attachment I had for the Duke of Orleans, their very gentle but unfortunate cousin. Even when I saw him given up and shunned by everybody, I received him, and tried to make him sensible of his errors. He appeared sometimes as if he felt that he was wrong, and I flattered myself that he would leave it all; but he went from me to Madame de Buffon, of whom he was very fond, but whose politics, I am sorry to say, were those of Laclos and Merlin, whom he always found at her

house, where he dined with them every day. They persuaded the pliant Duke that all which was going on was for the good of his country; and of course what I had said was forgotten. To my deep regret, I found he was so surrounded that he could not escape their snares, and that I did no good. He only laughed at me, saying that "I was a proud Scotchwoman, who loved nothing but kings and princes."

These thoughts have led me to digress: we will now return to the events which followed the 13th July, 1789. On the morning of the 14th, finding myself able to get up, I went by my garden to the Duke of Orleans, at Monceau, to try to see him before he went to the States. At his gate I found a hackney-coach in the first court, which surprised me, as hackney-coaches were not admitted there. I went directly into the garden, which was open. I saw the Duke in the room conversing with two men. On seeing me he came out, and asked me to make breakfast for him and the Marquis de Lafayette and Monsieur Bailly, two of his friends. I had known Lafayette at Strasbourg and in Paris, but had never seen the other man.

I found by their general conversation that they



The Attack on the Bastille and Murder of de Launay

came to consult the Duke about the events which were going on in Paris, and I heard afterwards that on this same day Lafayette was made commander-in-chief, and Bailly mayor of Paris. Whilst we were at breakfast, we heard the cannon, and the report of the taking of the Bastille, on which these gentlemen went off in a great hurry. The Viscount de Noailles and the Duke de Biron came in directly afterwards, and as I saw I could have no conversation with the Duke, I went away. The Duke came into the garden with me. I had only time to entreat him to go once more to the King and offer his services. He was very angry with me, and asked me whether "I was paid by his enemies to give him such advice?" and left me directly.

I went home extremely unhappy, for I then saw that he was at open war with the King, which was what I dreaded the most, as from that moment I considered him entirely in the hands of his factious followers. In the course of that day the Bastille was taken, Monsieur de Launay and others were murdered, every sort of brutal excess was committed, and scenes of horror were occurring every hour. The mob obliged everybody to wear

a green cockade for two days, but afterwards they took red, white, and blue, the Orleans livery. The streets, all the evening of the 14th, were in an uproar; the French Guards and all those who were at the taking of the Bastille, were mad drunk, dragging dead bodies and heads and limbs about the streets by torch-light. The same day they went to the country-house of M. Berthier,[5] the Intendant of Paris, and forced him into a cabriolet to take him to Paris. When they got near Paris, a fresh mob, with some of the French Guards, met him, and with sabres cut off the top of the cabriolet. They then beat him and pelted him, and cut his legs and face. When they got him to the Porte St. Martin, they brought his father-in-law's (M. Foulon's) head, and made him kiss it, and then they forced him to get out of the cabriolet, and hung him up to a lantern. They then dragged his body through the streets, and carried his head to the house of his father-in-law, where Madame Berthier, his poor wife, was lying-in. They took the head into her room; and she expired that same evening from the fright.

Such were the dreadful scenes of that day!

CHAPTER II

The Attack on the Tuileries

CHAPTER II

From this period I saw little of the Duke of Orleans. I went to the château of a friend of mine at Ivry, near Paris. Many events happened in the course of the summer, known to all those who have read the history of the French Revolution. My object being only to give some anecdotes of the Duke of Orleans, I will not pretend to detail all the events which took place; nor indeed could any pen give an adequate description of them, or any idea of that horrid and bloody period, which is a disgrace to human nature.

The Duke came twice to dine with me in the country, and I found his manner much altered. He was low-spirited, which never was his natural character. I always expressed great uneasiness to him on account of his situation; at which he laughed, and said that "I was very foolish, and that he had no reason to be uneasy; that I was

like all the aristocrats, and wanted to thwart popular opinion; that he never was angry with people on account of their opinions about the Revolution, and wished that people would leave him alone."

In October I left Ivry, and stayed in Paris all the winter. My house being near Monceau, I saw the duke very often; but as I perceived that what I said displeased him, I thought it best not to talk politics, when I could avoid it. At that moment I flattered myself that those horrible revolutionary principles would soon have an end, either by the French people finding out their own miserable situation, and rallying round their monarch, or by the assistance of foreign troops. Though I dreaded the storm which then would have fallen on the Duke, yet I must own, and indeed I have often told him so, that I should prefer to hear of his perpetual imprisonment, even of his death, rather than to see him degraded and dishonoured.

Soon after this came the 5th of October, a memorable and dreadful day.[6] But I must here do justice to the Duke of Orleans. He certainly was not at Versailles on that dreadful morning, for he breakfasted with company at my house, when he

was accused of being in the Queen's apartments disguised. He told us then that he heard the fish-women had gone to Versailles with some of the Fauxbourgs, and that people said they were gone to bring the King again to Paris. He informed us that he had heard this from some of his own servants from the Palais Royal. He said he was the more surprised at this, as he had left the Palais Royal gardens at nine o'clock of the night before, and all then seemed perfectly quiet. He expressed himself as not approving of their bringing the King to Paris; "that it must be a scheme of Lafayette's;" but added, "I dare say that they will accuse me of it, as they lay every tumult to my account. I think myself this is a mad project, and like all that Lafayette does." He stayed at my house till half-past one o'clock. I have no reason to suppose that he went to Versailles till late in the day, when he went to the States, as everybody knows. The unfortunate King and Queen were brought to Paris that evening by Lafayette's mob.

I have entered into this subject that I may have an opportunity of declaring that I firmly believe the Duke of Orleans was innocent of the cruel

events of that day and night; and that Lafayette was the author and instigator of the treatment the august Royal Family then met with. If the Duke of Orleans' greatest enemies will be candid, I am sure that they must acquit him of the events of that day,— a day, which, in my opinion, decided the fate of the Royal Family, and which showed the country what dreadful events might be expected from such a set of monsters. The Duke of Orleans was even tried on this account, but the proofs were so absurd that it was dropped. And indeed it was clear to everybody, that Lafayette and his party were the only guilty people.

It is well known that the King and Queen were never again allowed to return to Versailles. They were not even permitted to go to St. Cloud, though their health and that of their children required country air. They used to allow the poor Queen, as a great favor, to go out in her coach and six, accompanied by the Dauphin and Madame Royale, Madame Elizabeth, and Madame de Tourzelle. On these occasions they always looked dismal and unhappy; indeed they had every reason to be so, for very few showed the Queen the least respect.

Even those who some months before would have lain down in the dust to make a footstool for her, passed her and splashed her all over. I used frequently to meet her Majesty when I was driving my curricle. Of course I showed her every mark of respect in my power, at which she expressed herself much pleased. Indeed she had the condescension to send one of her equerries, M. de Chatiers, after me, to ask me how my daughter was, as her Majesty had been good enough to think her a beautiful child, and to take great notice of her when she was about three years old, at St. Cloud, and had sent the Duke de Liancourt for her, and kept her upon her knee all the time their Majesties were at dinner. From that moment I always felt myself obliged to the Queen for her kindness to my child.

I believe that she was as amiable and good a princess as ever lived. She was cruelly slandered by the French nation. I have known intimately those who attended nearest to her Majesty's person, and from whom she hid nothing, and they assured me that she was goodness itself — a kind and most affectionate mistress. Indeed she was

too much so to many who did not deserve her kindness. The Queen's misfortune was that she had been brought very young to the Court of Louis the Fifteenth, where she was exposed to scenes of levity and improper society. She had thus imbibed a taste for fashions and public amusements, which she could not have enjoyed, had she kept up her etiquette as a great queen. By this means she made herself many enemies amongst the formal old ladies of the Court, whom she disliked, and attached herself to younger people, whose taste was more suited to her own. This was never forgiven by the old nobility, and her most innocent actions were represented in a bad light; her enemies, indeed, accused her of every sort of vice. But let them reflect one moment on those who formed the Queen's most intimate society. It was Madame Elizabeth, the King's sister, who was an angel, and as pure as snow. Was she likely to have connived in the Queen's dishonour? The idea is horrid; yet the parties at Trianon, which were made so much the subject of calumny, were always under the management of that virtuous princess. Madame Elizabeth's at-

tachment for the Queen continued till her last moments, which I think proves more than sufficient for the unfortunate Queen's vindication. Lafayette's treatment of the Royal Family during their captivity in the Tuileries was very harsh. He was always raising reports of their wishing to escape, that he might make himself of consequence both to the royalists and his friends the *rebels*. These reports always ended in some new insult shown to the Royal Family.

At this time the Duke of Orleans became more and more execrated by the Court and the royalists, without having more power in his own party, who were constantly making use of his name while committing horrors in conjunction with Lafayette's party; and I must here again declare I do not believe that what was called the Orleans faction ever even consulted the unfortunate Duke about their proceedings. Soon after this the Court seemed to treat the Duke a little better, and the King appointed him High Admiral of France, which surprised people at that moment. However, his favour did not last. The King about that time was very ill with a cold, and kept his

bed at the Tuileries. Of course all the nobility went to pay their respects to his Majesty. The Duke of Orleans went also. When the King heard that he was there, he said, "Let the Duke of Orleans approach my bed, and let all the curtains be opened, that he may see that it is I; or a report will be raised in Paris that I have fled, and that somebody else was in the bed." This anecdote the Duke told me himself, and he was much displeased with the King on that account.

Soon after this the ministers and the Court thought that if they could get the Duke out of Paris things would be quieter. They supposed him to have more partisans than he really had, and also more power. It was at this time that they conceived the idea of the Duke being made Duke of Brabant — a very ridiculous plan. I believe, however, that the Duke was foolish enough to consent to it, and, indeed, to wish it much. For that purpose they gave him a sort of mission to England, but on what subject I never positively knew, as I never conversed with the Duke on that matter. Our ministers must know what brought him to England. Many ill-natured reports were

spread in Paris, such as asserting that Lafayette had forced the Duke to leave Paris, as he had proofs that the Duke had attempted to get the King assassinated. This was false, as the Duke and Lafayette were at that moment good friends, and had met as friends the evening before the Duke went to England at Madame de Coigny's, where they were on the best of terms. I have some letters of Lafayette to the Duke since that period, full of respect and compliments.

In the spring of 1790 I went to Brussels, and saw many of the Duke's agents, such as Comte de la Mark, Walgains the banker, and others; but I soon found out that the Comte was more active with a view of becoming Duke of Brabant himself, or at least of getting the dukedom into his own family. I saw him as active in that revolution as he has been in France. That country was then in full revolt against the Emperor. There were two rebel parties, the Vandernotts and the Vonckists: the first were so on religious pretexts, and the others were more inclined to the Jacobins of France. This party was the one which was supposed to favour the Duke of Orleans; and of this party were

the D'Arembergs. I had an opportunity of seeing both Vandernott and Vannpar [qy.], who was a monk of the order of the Penitents, and always wore the habit. He was a very clever, artful man, and under the mask of religion led the others. Vandernott was an *avocat,* very quick and active, and was the chief actor under Vannpar.

At that period people who resided at Brussels were obliged to have a pass to go out of town. On sending one day to the town-house to get one to go to the Duke d'Aremberg [7] at Enghein, between Halle and Condé, they sent me word that they had orders not to let me go out of the town. I was much surprised and shocked at this, as I considered myself an English subject. I went immediately to Colonel Gardiner, our Minister at Brussels,[8] to complain. He said that "he was not surprised at anything the States did; that they had some days before stopped his own messenger going to England, and had broken open his despatches; that he had been to the States to complain, but had had no redress; that he did not mean to go to them any more till he heard from his Court what he was to do; and that if I insisted on his going on my

account he would, but he thought he had better not." I said, I had a great mind to go myself to Vandernott, as I used often to meet him, and he always bowed to me. Colonel Gardiner thought that I should do right. I went accordingly that same day, and found Vandernott and Vannpar together. I sent in my name, and was very well received. I stated my complaint, and that as a subject of the King of England they had used me ill. He said that "he had never given such orders; that other members must have done it; that he was so much harassed by business that he could not be answerable for every fault that was committed. He was very sorry, and assured me I should from that moment have a pass to go and come from Enghien whenever I pleased." At the same time he told me that "he knew I was come from Paris, and there saw much of the Duke of Orleans, and at Brussels lived a great deal with the D'Arembergs, and of course was of their party." I assured him that "I was not; that though I saw much of those people, yet I never had liked their revolutionary conduct either in France or Brabant; that I always was a royalist, and ever should be such; that I was

neither a Vandernottist nor a Vonckist. Both Vandernott and Vannpar smiled, and said "at least I was very honest; but as there were very few royalists in Brussels I was not dangerous, and they would not disturb me any more." They were in high good humour, as that very day they had received news of a victory over Vandermerck, a Vonckist general.

The villagers were beginning to enter Brussels in procession, bringing large baskets filled with gold of all coins, to give to Vandernott to carry on the revolution. These processions were followed by monks of all orders, Capuchins, &c., on horseback with a cross in one hand and a sword in the other. They were closed by the hangmen of the villages and towns, carrying gallows and racks. In the evening these poor deluded people returned to their villages drunk and in complete riot.

I witnessed many terrible scenes in Brussels, similar to those in France, but here religion was the pretext. I saw poor creatures murdered in the streets because they did not pull their hats off to Capuchins, or for passing a bust of Vandernott without bowing very low. His busts were put all

over the town and even in the theatre. Vandernott was a very odd-looking man. He was, I fancy, about forty, rather tall and thin. He was full of vivacity, and did not look ill-natured, though very ugly. I never shall forget his dress. It was a Quaker-coloured silk coat lined with pink and narrow silver-lace, a white dimity waistcoat, white cotton stockings, net ruffles with fringe round them, and a powdered bob-wig.

The horrors now began to gain ground in Brussels. The Austrians got possession of the town, but were unfortunately driven out again by the patriots. There was a truce one night. During this time the poor Austrians were lying in the Park of Brussels, without food or anything they wanted, for the inhabitants of Brussels did not dare even to sell them an ounce of bread. Here they lay all night in the wet. As my house was in the Park, I gave them out of the window everything that was in the house of eatables and drink; and so did Prince Louis d'Aremberg, though it was not his brother's party, he having always remained a staunch royalist.

As I feared when the Austrians left Brussels

that I might be ill-used by the mob, I set off for Paris the next day, hoping to remain there quiet. At this time the Duke of Orleans was in England, but his enemies having propagated stories of his not daring to return to France, his friend the Duc de Biron pressed him much to return, and show the world that he was not afraid of Lafayette. I was in Paris when the Duke returned, which was the 13th of July, 1790, at night. The following day, the 14th, was the first famous Federation, when the King and Queen went to the Champ de Mars, and when Monsieur de Talleyrand, then Bishop of Autun, said mass before their Majesties. The Duke of Orleans walked in the procession, and people were much surprised to see him, after the reports which had been circulated.

I saw him that same day. He dined with me, as did the Duc de Biron and others. He had brought me letters from England, where he had seen my daughter. The Duke expressed much regret at leaving England: would to God that he had stayed there! He was, however, rather well received at Paris; but his faction was always afraid lest he should be better treated by the Court,

and so slip through their fingers. They were enchanted at his having been very much insulted one day at Court, as they saw that they had nothing more to fear from that quarter; and the Duke by that means became every day more and more in their power.

I wish that the Court would have believed me. The Queen had very often expressed her approbation, and indeed had sent me kind messages as to my conduct during the Revolution. She well knew the advice I always gave the Duke of Orleans; indeed her Majesty charged me once with a *mission* to Brussels, which showed the opinion she honoured me with, though she knew that I saw the Duke every day. I always hoped to be of use, but alas! I did not succeed. Madame de Buffon and the Duke's friends did everything they could to prevent his coming to me. They used to tell him that as I saw none but royalists and his enemies, I should get him assassinated. However, he never would give me up; and though he heard nothing but harsh truth from me, he always came to me, and he always assured me that he believed I was sincere in thinking I gave him good advice, but that

the royalists had turned my head, and would cause my ruin. I wish that he had believed in my foresight, for I often foretold him what has since happened.

I took at that time a house at Issy, near Paris, which belonged to the Duchess St. Infantador. She, poor woman, had been a friend of the Queen, who used often to go to Issy with her children to walk in the grounds. It was a beautiful place, and there her Majesty could enjoy a little quiet, without being followed by a crowd of National Guards. The people of the village accused the Duchess of hiding effects of the Court and royalists, and used to go in the dead of night and search the house. This plagued her so much, that she left France and returned to Spain, leaving orders that her house might be let. I took it for two years, but the village was so Jacobin that I left it, and bought a small cottage at Meudon, some miles further. The Queen came twice to Issy while I had it, and was always condescending enough to ask my leave to walk in the grounds.

Her Majesty, hearing that I had thoughts of returning to Brussels, sent a great lady to my house

with a small box and a letter for the Archduchess, which I was to deliver into her own hands. I did not intend going to Brussels, but I never made that known to her Majesty. I got a passport from Lord Gower,[9] our ambassador, and felt myself happy in taking this journey to be of use to the Queen. When I got to Brussels, the Archduchess had just left it with the Duke Albert; and as the Queen had foreseen the possibility of this, she had desired me in that case to deliver it to General Boileau, who was at Mons, commanding the Austrian army.

The Queen's coming to Issy gave rise to a report that her Majesty had had a conversation with the Duke at Issy. The Duke would often dine with me there, and indeed often met the young nobles who had returned to Paris from Germany or England, in hopes of being of use to the King. But all their plans were ill-conceived and very ill-executed, turning out always to the unfortunate King's disadvantage, as they gave the conspirators an opportunity of confining the King and his family more severely. I was always uneasy when the Duke came and the royalists were present, as I was

afraid of the Duke meeting with any insult in my house. That would have made me miserable. But as politics were never discussed, and the Duke was very civil and good-natured to them, nothing disagreeable happened; though the young men, as well as the Duke, seemed much embarrassed. They had all been his intimate friends before the Revolution, and had liked and respected him much; therefore their situation was more distressing. These nobles were what were called *Les Chevaliers du Poignard.*

Everybody must remember the day when they rallied round the King at the Tuileries, a project which was not of the least use. They wanted numbers, and an able chief. Had any prince of the Bourbons come to Paris, or planted a standard to make a rallying point for the royalists in any part of France, I really think the King might have been delivered; but very unfortunately there was no one chief on whom they could depend.

I myself, since the reign of Bonaparte, have heard General Leopold Berthier, brother to the Minister at War, say that he and his brother would have repaired to any standard where there was a

chief of the House of Bourbon, and have fought for the King to the last drop of their blood. I have heard other generals say as much. I am certain that three parts, at least, of France would have done the same.

What a misfortune for the world that this was not the case! Even the brave and loyal Vendéans were sacrificed for want of a proper chief. That valiant and hardy people, in spite of all the calamities they had suffered, would ever have been ready to rise for the royal cause. Their loyalty and religion will always keep them faithful subjects.

The King, poor man, had now little exercise. When he rode out, accompanied by the few friends he had left, such as the Duc de Brisac, the Chevalier de Coigny, and others, that wretch Lafayette always followed him with twenty or thirty of the officers of the National Guards, so that he seldom went out, as his rides were not comfortable in such company.

CHAPTER III

CHAPTER III

Monsieur, now Louis XVIII. was in Paris during all these events; but he lived a great deal with people of letters, and seldom left the Luxembourg but to go to the Tuileries. Many have blamed this prince for his conduct when he went to the Hotel de Ville; but I am certain, and everybody is now convinced of it, that his motive for so doing was the hope of being of use to the unfortunate King, his brother. These were most certainly virtuous motives, although not attended with success. This prince has always been much respected by the King's friends, and those who blamed him the most saw that the motive was good.

The friends of Lafayette were ever talking of the King's escape. Would to God that he had succeeded in getting off! It would have spared France from many crimes, and saved the life of that virtuous monarch, who was too good to reign

over such miscreants. He was religious, and could not bear to shed the blood of his subjects; for had he, when the nobles went over to the Tiers Etats, caused the unfortunate Duke of Orleans, and about twenty others, to be arrested and executed, Europe would have been saved from the calamities it has since suffered; and I should now dare to regret my poor friend the Duke, who, instead of dying thus regretted, lived to be despised and execrated, and to perish on a scaffold by the hands of those whom he had dishonoured himself to serve. These are cruel truths for me to tell, but such they are.

Everybody knows that in the summer of 1791 the King and royal family tried to make their escape. I have no doubt that Lafayette was privy to the event, and afterwards through fear betrayed him. They were stopped at Varennes, used most cruelly, and brought back to Paris in a most barbarous manner. I saw them in the Champs Elysées as they came back, and witnessed such a scene as it is impossible to describe. The insolence of the mob and the wretches that surrounded the travelling coaches they were in was very terrible. The faithful Garde de Corps, who

Lafayette

had followed the King, were tied hands and feet with ropes on the coach-box of their Majesties' carriage, which went at a foot-pace, that the monsters might follow. They were leaning on the coach, smoking, swearing, and talking the most indecent language. They prevented any air getting into the carriage, though the poor Queen was dying with heat and fatigue, for they had not been in bed since they left Paris, and it was one of the hottest days I ever felt. This was another dreadful event.

I left Paris that evening for Spa,[10] and found Monsieur, now Louis XVIII., at Brussels. He had succeeded in making his escape by Valenciennes. I wish that the King had taken that road and gone alone, but he never could be persuaded to leave the Queen, as he feared that the mob would murder her. I stayed at Spa till September. Would that I had never again returned to France! But at that moment we expected the Prussians, the Austrians, and Swedes to join and save France from any further faction; for though the King's arrest at Varennes had much damped the spirits of the royalists, the case was too interest-

ing to be given up. Spa was full of emigrants, and they all expected soon to return to France. The unfortunate King of Sweden, who was himself assassinated some months after, was a sincere friend of the King of France, and would have aided the counter-revolution with all his power. I knew him, and thought him one of the best-bred and most amiable men I ever saw.

On my return to Paris I found that many of the emigrants had entered France in hopes of a change, but Lafayette and his friends had so surrounded both the outside and inside of the King's palace with spies, that it was hardly possible for the friends of the King or Queen to have any communication with them; and their projects were again and again frustrated.

I cannot recollect any other events of that year, except that on my return to Paris I found the Duc de Choiseul and the Comte Charles de Damas had been arrested for being colonels of the two regiments which were to have favoured the King's escape. I had a letter given me at Spa by Comte Roger Damas for his brother, and I was determined to deliver it into his own hands, for fear it

might contain anything about the passing events. He was imprisoned at the Mercy, a convent of Brothers in the Marais. I obtained admission there, and saw both him and the Duc de Choiseul. They were in very low spirits, but the King got them relieved soon after.

After this, I remained always either at Issy or in Paris, till I bought my house at Meudon.[11] I often saw the Duke of Orleans, but was so disappointed at the very unfortunate turn everything took for the royal cause, that I avoided as much as possible listening to anything on the subject. I observed also how the Duke was daily lowering himself. I was, indeed, very unhappy. His faction, and of course himself, were accused of the disturbances which were going on. That faction, without the Duke, was capable of anything; still I do not believe that all the riots were committed by it. Lafayette did much harm.

The Duke of Orleans was taxed with having given large sums of money at the beginning of the Revolution to incite the French Guards to revolt. This I do not believe; nor could those who examined his papers and affairs after his death ever

find any evidence of this having been the case. Those who made this examination were not the Duke's friends, and would not have spared him could they have found it out. There were in his accounts only thirteen thousand livres for which they could not account; but so small a sum could not have paid such a body of men. Lafayette himself incited them to revolt. I am certain, that had the Duke of Orleans expected the Revolution to last more than six months, he never would have wished it. He had the great fault of not forgiving easily. His governor, the Comte de Pons, when he had finished the Duke's education, and he went out of his hands, made use of this expression: "I have finished the education of a young prince who will make a noise, but he must not be offended — he does not pardon." This, however, was not quite the case, for I have seen him forgive; and never saw him nor heard him say any ill-natured thing to anybody until his head was turned by the horrid Revolution.

In the year 1792, the Duke went to join the French Army du Nord, commanded by the old Comte de Rochambeau. He had his three sons

with him; at least, Monsieur le Duc de Montpensier and the Comte de Beaujolais. I think that the Duc de Chartres was then more advanced in Brabant with Dumourier, but I cannot remember the events of the army. The poor Royal Family got worse used every day: their existence indeed was terrible. When the French army was defeated at Mons, the Duc de Biron commanded, and the Dukes of Chartres and Montpensier were with him. It was their first campaign and I remember that it was after this period the Duke of Orleans went to join the army at Courtray, and took his youngest son, Comte de Beaujolais, with him.

In the course of this summer, the 20th of June, the Poissardes and the Fauxbourgs, headed by Santerre, came down to the Tuileries, and forced their way into the King's apartments, as the King would never allow the troops to fire on the mob; indeed, most part of the troops were National Guards, who were no better than the mob that came. These miscreants forced the red cap on the King's head, and used gross and familiar language to him. They wanted to get to the Queen's apartments, as was supposed to murder her. It was Madame

Elizabeth who prevented them. However, the Queen was frightened, and came and placed herself by the King's side, to whom she always fled for protection. They brought a little red cap for the dear little Dauphin. He was present, dressed in the regimentals of the nation, for they had formed a corps of little boys which was called the Prince Dauphin's regiment. In short, this mob, after staying a great part of the evening, annoying the King and Queen, drinking and stealing everything they could lay their hands on, quitted the Palace, and left the Royal Family convinced that they had now nothing to expect but similar insults.

At that period I received a letter from the Duke of Orleans, who was then at Courtray, which letter I have now before me, expressing his satisfaction at being out of Paris at that moment. In it he says: "I hope they will not now accuse me;" but if he was innocent, his friends perhaps were not; and the gross insult offered to the King at the Palace was imputed to Robespierre and Marat, who never were even of the Orleans faction. After the 20th of June, the people who wished well to the King and Queen were desirous that her Maj-

esty should sometimes appear in public, accompanied by the Dauphin, a most interesting, beautiful child, and her charming daughter, Madame Royale. In consequence of this she went to the Comédie Italienne with her children, Madame Elizabeth, the King's sister and Madame Tourzelle, governess to the royal children. This was the very last time on which her Majesty appeared in public. I was there in my own box, nearly opposite the Queen's; and as she was so much more interesting than the play, I never took my eyes off her and her family. The opera which was given was *Les Evénements Imprévus,*[12] and Madame Dugazon played the *soubrette.* Her Majesty, from her first entering the house, seemed distressed. She was overcome even by the applause, and I saw her several times wipe the tears from her eyes. The little Dauphin, who sat on her knee the whole night, seemed anxious to know the cause of his unfortunate mother's tears. She seemed to soothe him, and the audience appeared well disposed, and to feel for the cruel situation of their beautiful Queen. In one of the acts a duet is sung by the *soubrette* and the *valet,* where Madame Dugazon

says: *'Ah! comme j'aime ma maîtresse!'* As she looked particularly at the Queen at the moment she said this, some Jacobins, who had come into the playhouse leapt upon the stage, and if the actors had not hid Madame Dugazon, they would have murdered her. They hurried the poor Queen and family out of the house, and it was all the Guards could do to get them safe into their carriages. By this time the Queen's party began to beat the Jacobins, but the soldiers interfered, and of course nothing could be done. This was, I say, her Majesty's last appearance in public. There were very few indeed at the theatre that night who had not made a point of going on purpose to applaud the Royal Family; but the Jacobins finding that, sent for their own people to insult this interesting family.

The next event which occurred was the 10th of August, never to be forgotten! As I was getting up I heard a great cannonading. My house being in the Faubourg St. Honoré, not far from the Tuileries, the noise was terrible. I soon heard the dreadful news that the Faubourgs St. Antoine and St. Marceau, having Santerre at their head, had

marched down and attacked the Tuileries; that the King and Queen had fled to the National Assembly; in short, I heard of the horrors which were going on. My first wish was to leave Paris, and go to my house at Meudon, but I was told that the barriers of Paris were shut, and no one was allowed to go out of the town.

In the course of the morning I had an opportunity of being of use to three or four Swiss soldiers, whom I hid in my house till the evening: Major Backman living in the Rue Verte, and his garden and mine joining, they had come over the wall. I wish I could have done as much for their major, but he, poor man, perished that same day. I don't know whether the men who were hidden in my house were saved. They would go away in the evening, and I never heard of them more. My maid put me in mind of a porter of mine, who had taken a garden and small house behind the Invalides, and near the Military School. She said that she had often heard him declare that there was a breach in the walls of Paris close to him, which the smugglers had made, and that any one with little trouble could get over. I desired my maid to say

nothing to my servants about this, but at nine o'clock to walk with me to this man's house, who was a very honest and good creature. When I got there he seemed afraid of assisting me, for fear of a discovery; but I promised him secrecy, and that my maid should return to my house in Paris, and that I would go alone. I could not take her with me, as everything I had was in Paris, and my house at Meudon being small I kept few servants there.

I got safely over the wall, crossed the plains of Vaugirard in the dark, in fear every moment of meeting patrole or murderers, till I got to the bottom of the steep hill which leads up to the Château of Meudon, my house being on the top of the hill. I had never looked back: my heart beat hard. I thought every moment that I was followed. About the middle of the hill I saw a man coming towards me, and was so much terrified that I dropped down amongst the vines which border the hill, quite losing my senses. On my recovery I neither saw nor heard anybody. Perhaps it was some poor wretch making his escape, who was as much alarmed as I was. I was then not very far

from my own house, and with great pain I reached it, but so much fatigued and agitated that they were obliged to undress me and put me to bed almost senseless. My feet were covered with blood, having no soles to my shoes or stockings. My shoes were thin white silk, and that road is very stony.

I remained at Meudon as quiet and retired as I could till the dreadful 2nd of September. In the morning of that day a boy, who looked like a beggar, brought me a note from a friend of mine, entreating me to come to Paris, and to bring a passport with me for myself and servant, and to come alone, as I might by that means be of use to an unhappy person; stating that if I wished to be of service I must come directly. I did not hesitate, but went at once to the mayor of Meudon, who gave me a passport for myself and servant to return before twelve o'clock at night. I got into one of the cabriolets which hold two people with a driver on the outside, and I went quite alone. When I reached the Barrier Vaugirard, which is in the section of the Croix Rouge, and was one of the worst in Paris, I showed the guards my pass

by which I was to return at night. They said that I must go to the section-house, and get it signed. The soldiers seemed surprised at my wishing to enter Paris at such a moment. They told me that the people were murdering in the prisons; that the streets were running in blood; and that those who were in Paris would give all they had in the world to be out of it. I told them that I had a mother dying, who wished to see me, and that I could not refuse to go to her. They pitied me, and were very good-natured.

I then went to the section-house. I forgot to mention that they asked me for my servant at the barrier, and I told them that he had been sent back for some papers, which I was taking to my mother. The guard, who went with me to the section-house, stated this, and of course they were not very suspicious about a person who wished to enter Paris at such a moment. I then went directly to my friend's house in the Rue de l'Encre, on the Boulevards de l'Ancien Opéra, and I found to my very great surprise that the person she wished me to serve was the Marquis de Chansenets,[13] governor of the Tuileries, who had been concealed in

the roof of her house since the 10th of August.

I had heard, as had many others, that he had been murdered in the palace on the 10th. However, he had been fortunate enough to escape. He had passed the night between the 9th and 10th with the King in the interior of the palace, and of course was in his uniform, which was that of major-general. The troops in the palace were the brave and magnificent regiment of Swiss Guards, and the brave battalion of St. Thomas du Louvre, who all fought with great courage, till they found that the King and his family were gone, and that they had no more to do. The Swiss Guards and the battalion of St. Thomas were cut to pieces. Those who were left were murdered by the mob, as were the officers. Some indeed were beheaded. Monsieur de Chansenets never left their Majesties till the King was persuaded by Rœderer to fly to the Assembly for protection for his family. The Queen showed much reluctance to take such a step, and did everything in her power to prevent the King going, and even went on her knees to him, but he thought that it would save the blood of his subjects, and that his family would be in

safety, for I firmly believe that he never considered himself in the matter. When the unfortunate Queen left the palace, she gave her hand to Monsieur de Chansenets, and said, "I fear we are doing wrong, but you know that I cannot persuade. Adieu! God only knows if ever we shall meet again!"

After their departure, Chansenets had only time to try to make his escape, as the troops and the mob had got into the Palace, and were murdering everybody belonging to the King, and pillaging everything which came in their way. Poor Chansenets, finding that he had no chance of escape, being so well known as governor of the Palace, threw himself out of one of the low windows into the garden, which was heaped with the bodies of the poor Swiss soldiers and others. There he lay amongst the dead and wounded all day, not daring to stir. At the time the weather was so very hot that the stench of the bodies became terrible in a few hours.

Towards evening one of the National Guards, who went to look amongst the dead and wounded for one of his friends, found that Monsieur Chan-

senets was alive. He knew him, and told him to get up, and he would lend him his coat, and remain himself in a waistcoat. He then recommended him to make his escape as well as he could, for that he could give him no further aid; and that what he was then doing would perhaps cost him his life. Chansenets went as fast as he could out of the garden by the Carrousel, almost fainting with fatigue, heat, want of food and rest. When he had reached the Rue de l'Échelle he could go no further. A poor woman who was standing at her shop-door asked him in, supposing him to be one of the soldiers tired. He told her that he was an Englishman; that curiosity had led him into the palace in the course of the day; that the mob had used him ill, and that a National soldier had lent him his coat. He assured her that he had been all day without food, and begged her to give him a crust of bread and a drop of brandy. As he spoke bad French, with an English accent, she believed him; but she told him that he must not stay there, as she expected her husband home every instant, and she said that he was a Jacobin, and detested gentlemen. She added, that she was sure by the

fineness of his linen he was a noble; that her husband had been very busy all day murdering the Swiss soldiers and the King's friends; and that she would not at all wish him to fall into her husband's hands, as he hated also the English. The woman had not had time to get the bread when her husband came home. She had just time to put him behind a press. She, however, had the presence of mind to stop her husband at the door and tell him that one of his friends was anxious to see him, and was waiting for him at a cabaret just by.

The moment the man was gone she pushed Chansenets into the street without saying a word. It was then night, and he considered that if he could crawl to Lord Gower's, who was the English ambassador then in Paris, he might there meet with some means of hiding himself at least for the night. The ambassador lived in the Fauxbourg St. Germains on the new Boulevards.

On Chansenets' arrival there he saw Mr. Huskisson,[14] Lord Gower's secretary, who was very kind to him, and went to inform Lord Gower of his being there. Lord Gower, however, as a public man, and not knowing what was to become of

himself, could not receive him, as a strong proclamation had been published that night, and read by a man on horseback in the streets, prohibiting everybody, on pain of death, to receive or give any aid to the proscribed people who were with the King in the Tuileries, and thus pointing most at Monsieur de Chansenets as governor. Mr. Huskisson lent him clothes. When he left Lord Gower's he hardly knew what to do; nor had he any idea where to go. At last he recollected having seen some time before an English lady at my house, who lived very retired and kept but one maid, and her lodging was in a part of Paris very private. He thought that he might venture to go to her, and try if she could by any means hide him for that night, as he had no creature else to whom he could apply; for his other friends had many servants, who I am sorry to say were little to be trusted.

My friend's lodging was in the Rue de l'Encre behind the old Opera-house. She lived up four pair. Chansenets got to her house late, having gone through by-streets. The porter at the lodge, who always draws a string, there being other lodgers in the house, only asked, "Who's there?"

Chansenets said, "Monsieur Smith, for Madame Meyler," and as she was at home he went up. She was much surprised and terrified at seeing him, having heard in the day that he was killed. He had never been in her house before, but as he knew that she was a very good-natured woman and a good royalist, he ran no risk. She heard and saw his distress with horror, for he was in a most deplorable state. She had no means of hiding him, yet she could not bear the idea of turning him into the streets at that late hour, when he must have been taken by the bloodhounds who were in search for him. Her maid was a very faithful old woman, and also a royalist; they therefore thought it best to confide in her, and tell her what an unfortunate man she then had in her power. She then assured him that as he had had such confidence in her she certainly thought she could hide him in the roof of the room she lay in; but that she feared the people who lived in the house might hear him; besides, that the porter had seen him go in and had told her that there was a gentleman upstairs with her mistress. They therefore both went down to the door with Chansenets as if he

were going away, and wished him good-night. Mrs. Meyler stood at the door of the porter's lodge and talked to him, whilst her old woman pretended to let a little dog into the street, during this time Chansenets slipped upstairs; in short they hid him as well as they could that night.

The same bloody scenes continued the next day in Paris. Poor Laporte, the Intendant of Finances, was executed, as well as many others, officers of the Swiss Guards. The same proclamations were read in the streets against the Governor of the Tuileries, the Prince de Poix, &c. The fate of the unfortunate Royal Family was decided upon — they were sent to the Temple. Domiciliary visits were made in most parts of Paris.* Mrs.

*Let the reader fancy to himself a vast metropolis, the streets of which were a few days before alive with the concourse of carriages, and with citizens constantly passing and repassing, suddenly struck with the dead silence of the grave, before sunset, on a fine summer evening. All the shops are shut; everybody retires into the interior of his house, trembling for life and property; all are in fearful expectation of the events of a night in which even the efforts of despair are not likely to afford the least resource to any individual. The sole object of the domiciliary visits, it is pretended, is to search for arms, yet the barriers are shut, and guarded with the strictest vigilance, and boats are stationed on the river, at regular distances, filled with armed men. Every one sup-

Meyler not knowing what to do with her miserable prisoner, he being extremely ill with a nervous fever, as they feared these visits, they were obliged to wrap him in a blanket and put him down a very dirty place, whence they could only take him out when the streets and houses were quiet. In short, she contrived to hide him till the 2nd September, when an order came out that every section was to

poses himself to be informed against. Everywhere persons and property are put into concealment. Everywhere are heard the interrupted sounds of the muffled hammer, with cautious knock, completing the hiding-place. Roofs, garrets, sinks, chimneys — all are just the same to fear, incapable of calculating any risk. One man squeezed up behind the wainscot, which had been nailed back on him, seems to form a part of the wall: another is suffocated with fear and heat between two mattresses; a third, rolled up in a cask, loses all sense of existence by the tension of his sinews. Apprehension is stronger than power. Men tremble, but they do not shed tears: the heart shivers, the eye is dull, and the breast contracted. Women, on this occasion, display prodigies of tenderness and intrepidity. It was by them that most of the men were concealed. It was one o'clock in the morning when the domiciliary visits began. Patrols, consisting of sixty pikemen, were in every street. The nocturnal tumult of so many armed men; the incessant knocks to make people open their doors; the crash of those which were burst off their hinges; and the continual uproar and revelling which took place throughout the night in all the public-houses, formed a picture which will never be effaced from my memory.— *Peltier.*

make visits at different hours of the night in every house, and that the search was to be very severe. It then became impossible for her to keep Monsieur de Chansenets any longer. She knew that I had not been in Paris since the 10th of August, and she therefore wrote me the note which I have already mentioned, requesting me to come to Paris.

CHAPTER IV

CHAPTER IV.

I have already given an account of the surprise of the soldiers on my entering Paris at such a moment of general consternation. On my road to Mrs. Meyler's, I met the mob on the Boulevard, with the head and body of the unfortunate Princess de Lamballe, which they had just brought from La Force, where they had murdered her; and in coming from thence they had had the barbarity to take it to the Temple, to show the poor Queen. At that moment, indeed, I wished that I had not come into Paris. On reaching my friend's house, I was much surprised to find that it was poor Chansenets about whom she had interested herself. I had seen a great deal of him before the Revolution, at the Duke of Orleans', but I had no very particular friendship for him. He was now in such a weak state that he could hardly support himself. I was very much affected to see him in such a situation

at such a moment. I thought by getting him out of Paris that night, which I imagined might very easily be done, he would have a good chance of escaping from the Jacobins. It was seven o'clock when I arrived at my friend's house. It was still too light to venture into the streets in an open cabriolet with this poor man. I therefore waited until it was quite dark. We then went directly to the Barrier de Vaugirard, which was our way out of Paris. I made not the least doubt that on showing my passport we should get out of Paris directly. I was, however, shocked and thunderstruck to find that they refused to let us pass, though I assured them that I had no sort of residence in Paris, nor did I know where to go. I entreated them, for God's sake, to let me go home; but all to no purpose. Their orders were such, that they told me I should not be able to get out of any barrier in Paris; and they advised me to go and get myself a bed, or I should be taken up as soon as it was ten o'clock, for at that hour the domiciliary visits were to begin, when no carriages were allowed to be in the streets.

The sad situation of both Chansenets and my-

self at this moment may easily be believed. He was almost dead with alarm, and my knees were knocking together; and what added to my distress was the heat of the night. I ordered our driver to turn back. He asked me where he was to go? I didn't know what to say: I was afraid of raising the suspicion of the guards, who were not so civil as those of the morning. I did not dare go to my own home with Chansenets, as all my servants knew him, and I had a Jacobin cook whom I could not trust. Indeed I had not been in my house since the 10th of August, and my servants would have been surprised to see me arrive there at such an hour with a man. I therefore did not dare to think of my own house, in company with poor Chansenets. I accordingly ordered the man to drive to the Barrier de l'Enfer, as I could have got thence to Meudon. I was as little successful there, however; and as Chansenets never spoke, I began to fear that our conductor would suspect us. I ordered him to drive to the Allées des Invalides, on the Boulevards, as I thought of my friend the gardener, though with little hopes. It was now ten o'clock, and I was much afraid that we should

meet the patrols. Luckily we arrived at the place where we were to take leave of our cabriolet friend. I could hardly get out, being in such a tremble; but I cannot express what my feelings of alarm were when I saw him supporting Chansenets, and he not able to stand. I pretended to be in a great passion, and told the man that my servant was drunk. He said that he was sorry for it, but that he must go home, as he had no mind to be taken up for us. Accordingly he drove off; and Chansenets and I sat down for two minutes at the foot of one of the trees. The air soon revived him a little, and he was able to stand.

I expected every moment that we should be taken up; and had that been the case we had not long to live, for we had little mercy to expect. We turned up an avenue which led to my gardener's house, but at this moment we saw, with horror, the troops at the further end of the avenue, and patrols coming our way. Monsieur Chansenets had been very ill ever since his fever; and being unable to support him, from weakness and agitation, arising from the certainty of our dangerous situation, I burst into tears. He, poor man, then

entreated me to give him up to the first patrol, and by that means save my own life; as he said he saw with horror the cruel situation into which he had brought me, and that we had now no chance of being saved.

This idea was terrible to me. Had the scaffold been then before me, I could not have abandoned him, or anybody else in a similar situation. I soon began to feel more courage, and we turned round and crossed the Pont Neuf at the Palais Bourbon, and got to the Champs Elysées. We were fortunate enough to avoid two patrols. When, however, we got there, I was as much at a loss as ever. What was to become of us? It was nearly eleven o'clock, and none but soldiers were to be seen about the streets. We could not remain long unnoticed where we were. I was very near my own house, which I could see from the Champs Elysées; but I could not risk going there with my unfortunate companion. I might as well have given him up to the soldiers, as expose him to my cook. I could have depended on my own maid and porter, but I did not dare. I was much fatigued; and Chansenets was fainting. He once

more entreated me to give him up, and to go to my comfortable home. This I assured him I would never do; that since I had undertaken to save him, I would do it, or perish with him.

Chansenets then asked me if I thought we could by any means get to the Duke of Orleans' house at Monceau, and hide ourselves in the garden, Monceau being now inside the walls of Paris, and not far from the spot where we then were. He thought that no domiciliary visits would be made there; that if the Duke knew it, he would say nothing on my account; and he thought he remembered a place where we might get in without being seen. I did not like this plan, as I had known nothing of the Duke for some time, nor did I know where he was, and I always feared his servants; but this was our last and only resource.

I could hardly get to Monceau by a private road without passing my own door, and crossing the fields. When we came to the end of the Rue Miroménil, where I lived, and of which one end went into the fields, and the other into the Champs Elysées, we saw my servants sitting out at the gates, and amongst them my Jacobin cook. I was

much alarmed at seeing this. However, there was a building near my house not yet finished, and I persuaded Monsieur de Chansenets to go into it, whilst I went to my own house to see what I could do. He did so; and I went up by myself to my servants, who were much alarmed at seeing me come thither alone and on foot, at so late an hour, nearly twelve o'clock at night, when they thought that I was in the country. I told them that I had heard at Meudon of the horrors which were going on in Paris; that I could not rest in the country; and that I had taken a cabriolet, which brought me to the barriers, and that I had walked from there. They related to me all the murders which had been committed, and I sent for my cook into the room and told her that I had eaten nothing all day, that I was faint with hunger, and that if it cost ten louis I must have a roast fowl and salad. She assured me that nobody was allowed to go into the streets, that she should be taken up, and that nobody would sell anything at such an hour. I told her that she must try, or I should turn her out of my house the next day. Just as she was going out of the room Monsieur Chansenets knocked at my gates.

He had been frightened by seeing the patrols coming into the street, and hardly knew what he was doing. On his entering my room both myself and servants screamed. I pretended not to have seen him before, and asked him how he could think of coming to my house at such an hour, and in such a dreadful moment. He understood me, and said that he had been before the mayor, had been examined and acquitted; that they had given him leave to go to his own house, which was at Monceau, near that of the Duke of Orleans. My cook told him that the scaffold had been ready all day for him, and that a reward was offered to take him, but that she would not do him any harm then, though she knew that he was a nasty aristocrat; and she wondered at his coming to my house to expose me, and put them all in danger of being taken up as conspirators.

I pretended to be very angry, and Chansenets said that he would go directly. The cook then went out, as I ordered her, and I was left with my porter and his wife, my own servant being from home, as she was afraid that one of her sons was murdered. My porter, who was present, told

me that I could not get out of the street to go to the Duke's, for the domiciliary visits had begun. In this dilemma we did not know what to do with this poor man. My cook I had managed to get rid of, but she might soon return. Monsieur Chansenets was almost in fits, and in a deplorable state from extreme weakness; in short, he could not support himself. My porter thought that he might be hid between the mattresses of my bed, which were very large, and in an alcove. We accordingly pulled two of the mattresses out further than the others, and made a space next the wall, and put him in. When he was there, we found that the bed looked tumbled, and of course suspicious. I then decided upon getting into bed myself, which prevented any appearance of a person being hid. I had all my curtains festooned up; my chandeliers and candelabra lighted, which in all formed about twenty candles, as bed-rooms in France are much ornamented. My cook soon came home, and I made her sit by my bedside the rest of the night. She abused Monsieur Chansenets, and said that she was sure he would be guillotined; that she hoped I had turned him out di-

rectly: in short, she had not the most distant idea of his being in my house.

My own attendant now came home from visiting her son. She was a good woman, and as faithful as possible, yet as she had not been there when Chansenets was hid, I thought that it was better not to tell her anything about it till after the domiciliary visit had been made. I had some warm negus by my bedside, and when my maid and the cook went out of the room to see what was going on, I could just get at Chansenets to give him a teaspoonful of it. Indeed, I was frightened to death, for I heard him breathe hard, and thought that he was dying, and I expected every minute that my cook would hear him. In short, I passed a most miserable night, surrounded by my servants, and almost in fits myself at the idea of the horrid visit I was going to receive. I trembled so much, that I could hardly keep in bed, and the unfortunate man, who was the cause of my misery, I thought perhaps lay dead near me, for I could not hear him breathe at times.

At a quarter before four o'clock my cook hurried into my room, telling me that the guards had

arrived in my court, and that the municipal officers were coming in. No pen or words can give the smallest idea of my feelings at that moment. I felt that I was lost, nor did I know where I was; but a very deep groan from my companion roused me in a moment, and God inspired me with more courage than I had ever felt in my life. So strong was my abhorrence of the horrid acts which were being committed, that I am certain I could have mounted the scaffold with pleasure. Had the guards come into my room at that moment, I might have lost both myself and Chansenets, for I was determined to brave every danger, and to give myself up to them. Fortunately they visited every part of my house before they came into my room, and pulled my maid's bed and all the servants' beds to pieces, running their bayonets into the mattresses and feather-beds, swearing that they would not leave the house till they had found Chansenets. My maid and my cook, not knowing that he was in the house, were very bold and feared nothing; but the men said that he was seen to go into the house, and not go out.

This long search gave me time to cool, and to

consider my deplorable situation. Although my own life was of little value, still I had no reason to suppose that the unfortunate man near me did not value his. I therefore thought that I had no right to commit any act of desperation, as the life of a fellow-creature depended on my conduct. These were, in truth, my reflections when the ruffians burst with violence and horrid imprecations into my room. I was then perfectly calm, full of presence of mind, and indeed inspired with a courage equal to anything earthly. The candles were all a-light, day was breaking, and my room looked more like a ball-room than a scene of the horrors which were passing. They came all up to my bed, and asked me to get up. One of them, however, less hard than the others, said that there was no occasion to take me out of bed, as I could not dress before so many men. They were above forty. I said directly that I would get up with pleasure if they required me to do so, but that I had passed a very cruel night, and was tired of my bed. I had expected them, I said, at an earlier hour, and then had hoped to pass the rest of the night in quiet. I owned that I had been much alarmed at

the idea of such a visit in the dead of the night, but that now I saw how considerate, kind, and good they were, I was not the least alarmed, and that if they pleased I would get up and conduct them about my house myself. I added, that I was sure they must be much fatigued, and proposed wine or liqueurs and cold pie to them.

Some of the head men were delighted with me, cut some very indecent jokes, said that nobody they had seen the whole night had been half so civil; that they were sorry they had not come sooner, in order that I might have had a good night when they were gone. They would not now make me get up, but were obliged to go on with their visit, and must search everywhere in my bed and under my bed. They, however, only felt the top of my bed and at its feet, and then under the bed. They also undid all the sofa cushions, both in my room and into my boudoir and drawing-room, looked in my bathing-room; and, in short, were an hour in and out of my room. I expected every moment that they would again search the bed, as some of them grumbled, and said that I should get up, and that they had information of Chansenets being in

my house. I said that they knew my cook, and might ask her in what manner I had received him when he came, and that I made him leave the house directly. She assured them of the truth of this, and that she was certain I would not have harboured so great a foe of the Duke of Orleans. They said that we should have given him up to justice, and have sent to them to take him up, as it would have made their fortunes. I replied, though I disliked him, yet I did not like to denounce anybody. They declared that I was then a bad citoyenne, and wished to know where they could find him. I told them that he said he was going home. They replied that they did not believe he would do that; but that if he was in Paris they would find him in twenty-four hours. They then came back to my bed, and one of them sat down on it.

It may easily be supposed in what a state of alarm poor Chansenets was during this long visit. I had heard nothing of him, nor heard him breathe. At last the monsters advised me to take some rest, and wished me good night. They stayed some time longer in my house, during which time I was

afraid of moving. At last I heard the gates shut, and my servants came into my room and told me that they were all gone. I went into violent hysterics, and was very much frightened. When I recovered a little I desired my cook and other servants to leave the room and go to bed, saying that I would take something, and go to rest myself. I directed my maid to bolt my room-doors, and then I disclosed to her what I had done, and who was in the bed. She screamed with dread when she heard it and said that she never could have gone through the visit had she known it.

We now got our prisoner out of the bed with great difficulty, for when he heard the guards come into the room he had tried to keep in his breath as much as possible, and having been so smothered he was as wet as if he had been in a bath, and speechless. We laid him on the ground, opened the windows, and my maid made him drink a large glass of brandy. At last he came to himself, was full of gratitude to me — had been both frightened and surprised at my courage when the men were in the room, and the more so when I offered to get out of bed.

I was very ill myself from the agitation I had been in for the last four-and-twenty hours. We contrived to make the bed in my boudoir for our guest, but were obliged to be very cautious for fear of my cook, as none of my servants had gone to bed at so late an hour. We locked him in the room, and my maid took the key. I then went to bed, but had no rest, and rang my bell at two o'clock; I was almost dead with agitation. However, I got up, and my maid went into our prisoner's room. She found him in a high fever and almost delirious, and crying; in short, he was in a most dreadful state. We were distracted, for fear of a discovery: had he died, where could we have put him, or what could we have done?

We were considering all this, when the Duke of Orleans came in. He was going to his house at Monceau, and seeing my gates open, had asked if I was in town. He was struck at my ill looks and seeming distress, and was anxious to know the cause of it. I told him the same story I had told my servants the night before, and then related to him the very horrid visit I had had in the night, and how much alarmed I had been. He assured

Duke of Orleans, Philippe Égalité

me that if I had nobody hid in my house there was no need to have alarmed myself so much; but if I had, I certainly was in a dangerous situation. I told him that I had not been fortunate enough to save anybody in the dreadful night; that I wished that it had been in my power to do it even at the risk of my own life; that I thought the scenes of yesterday and this night were horrible; and I hoped they would cure all the admirers of the abominable Revolution.

The Duke replied that "they were indeed dreadful, but that in all revolutions much blood had been spilt, and that no stop could be put to it when once begun." He told me of the horrid murder of Madame de Lamballe — of their bringing her head to the Palais Royal whilst he was at dinner. He seemed much shocked at her fate, and said he had done everything in his power to save her. From what I afterwards heard I am certain that this was true, for at all times I heard him express great affection for this unfortunate Princess. He stayed some time with me, was in very low spirits, said that "revolutions ought to be of great use, and better our children, for they were very

dreadful for those who witnessed and felt them."

I said that "I wished he had remained in England when he was there." He replied that "he should have liked it, but that they would not let him stay there; that they taxed him with having left France through fear of Lafayette, and of his having attempted the King's life." He added that "nothing could have kept him longer out of France when he heard such reports. By his presence he would show the world he had no fear of Lafayette; that he had always been cruelly used by the Court; that when he did anything with good intentions, they imputed it to a bad motive. He assured me he had always envied the life of an English country gentleman; and that though his enemies taxed him with wishing to be king, he would willingly change his lot and all his fortune for a small estate in England, and the privileges of that delightful country, which he hoped to see once more." He asked me if "I thought him monster enough to be going through the streets of Paris on such a day as yesterday and to-day, and not feel unhappy."

I then entreated him to get out of the hands of

the vile people who surrounded him, and not to let wretches make use of his name to commit such horrid acts.

He replied "All this seems easy to do in your drawing-room: I wish that I could find it as easy, but I am in the torrent, and must rise or fall with it. I am no longer master of myself or of my name, and you can be no judge of my situation, which is, I assure you, not a pleasant one. Don't plague me any more; don't talk in this style to your servants, nor indeed to anybody else. We are all surrounded by spies, and if you get yourself into a scrape I cannot save you; so, for God's sake, keep your politics to yourself, and plague me no more on this subject; it will be of no use."

I was half inclined to tell him about Chansenets, but I would not do it till I heard from him whether he thought it safe, as the Duke disliked him much, and thought that he had been ungrateful to him after the Revolution, for the Duke had given him (Chansenets) one of his own regiments, though the Queen had begged it of the Duke for somebody else, and she was extremely angry about it. Indeed, no regiment of a prince of the blood had

ever been given to a man of the same sort of rank as Chansenets; they were always given to the old noblesse. When the Revolution broke out, Chansenets certainly behaved ill to the Duke, and had much displeased him. I was therefore more cautious of telling him on that account, though I knew he might with safety be trusted without the least fear of his making an ill use of the confidence.

The Duke said he "was sorry that I had come into Paris; that he feared I should not get out of it for some days, as the barriers were ordered to be kept shut whilst the visits were being made in search of conspirators." I was distressed to hear this, being at a loss to know how to keep my unfortunate prisoner longer in my house in Paris, so many spies were about me. Besides, they might again make me a midnight visit. I therefore entreated the Duke to try through his interest to get me a passport; but he assured me that "he had not interest enough to get one, and thought that as I had been foolish enough to come into Paris at such a moment, I had better stay quietly in my own house, and see nobody, and then go back to Meudon as soon as the barriers were opened. By

pursuing this course nobody would take notice of me, but that if I seemed so eager to leave Paris, they might suspect something."

He told me that the person who had the management of the barriers was Robespierre, a man whom he hated, and who hated the English. The Duke then took leave of me, after staying about three hours. He assured me that he "would see me next morning before he went to the Convention, where he was obliged to be at twelve o'clock." He said he thought I was looking very ill, and wished me much to see his physician, whose name was Seffert. I refused however to see him.

As soon as the Duke had left my house, I sent my maid into our prisoner's room, where he had been during the Duke's visit in great distress, having heard every word which passed. He said that he wondered "I had not told the truth; that he seemed well-disposed and good-natured; and that perhaps had he known the dangerous situation I was in with him in my house, he would have found some means of getting me out of Paris by the town-wall, some part of which is in his gardens." I assured Chansenets that I had only deceived the

Duke from not thinking it fair to divulge a secret of such importance without first having his consent; but as the Duke was coming the next morning I would then tell him the exact story. He said that he wished the Duke would see him; for he could vindicate himself respecting his seeming ingratitude,— as never being able to leave the King, and being governor of the Tuileries, it had been out of his power to pay the Duke the proper attention he wished to do.

The next morning, September the 4th, the Duke came to breakfast with me before eleven o'clock. He was very low-spirited. I enquired of him if any new horrors were going on? He said that "he knew nothing; that he was just come from Monceau; but that he should hear news at the Convention."

I said that "I hoped the Royal Family were well, and that they were well used in the horrid Temple."

He replied that "he believed and hoped that they were; though he was sure that they would not be sorry for him, if he was in a worse situation."

I asked him "how they could keep the poor King and his innocent family in confinement?"

He said, "Because when he was at liberty he was ill surrounded, and broke his word and oath to the nation."

I then told the Duke in as quiet a manner as I could what I had done. He seemed much surprised, and assured me that "I should be found out; that I was in great danger; and that most certainly if Chansenets did not get by some means or other out of Paris, he would be taken, and that both he and I would be executed."

I then entreated him either to get Chansenets out of Paris, or to suffer him to be hid in his house at Monceau. The Duke assured me that "such a plan was impossible; that all his servants were spies from the Jacobin Club; and that the part of the town-wall to which I alluded was surrounded by troops; in short, that he saw no means of his getting away." He added that he was distressed and sorry for the scrape I had got into; that I must be cautious, and trust nobody with the secret, but contrive to conceal him till the barriers were opened, and then get rid of him as fast as I could,

though he really saw little chance of my being in any safety.

He asked me "where I concealed him?" I said "in the roof of my house," as I did not wish the Duke to know that he had heard our conversation. He told me that "I had exposed my life for a very bad purpose, for that Chansenets was a good-for-nothing creature; that many better people had been taken up and executed; that he wished I had saved anybody else; and that it would be cruel if I was to lose my life for such a poor miserable being."

I was sorry that Chansenets should hear all this; however, I could not help it. The Duke inquired of me "whether Chansenets knew that he was to be let into this secret." I assured the Duke that I had told him by Chansenets' own desire; that he would give the world to see the Duke; that he could explain his conduct; and that he hoped and trusted for pardon, and that the Duke would put him in the way of saving his life.

The Duke said that "it would be impossible; that it would be very imprudent in him to see Chansenets; for that some of my servants would

know it." I assured him that he might see him without any creature knowing it but my maid, who he was aware was much attached to both himself and me. He did not seem to like it, and then looking at his watch, said that "he must go directly to the Convention; that he was then nearly an hour too late; that he left me with regret in such a dangerous situation; wished I had been more prudent; that he would see what he could do to get this man out of my house, but entreated me to keep my politics to myself. He wished to God I was safe in England, for he thought something would happen to me here." On leaving he promised to see me the next day, and I ventured to say, "And pray see Chansenets." He answered, "*Nous verrons cela.*"

When I went in to Chansenets I found him as ill as possible. The manner in which the Duke had talked of him had alarmed him to a great degree, and he thought that he was gone to get him taken up. I assured him that he had nothing to fear on that ground; that I thought the Duke would see him, and try to do something for him the next day.

My maid was in Chansenets' room all the rest of the day and evening, trying to console him. We were obliged to give him ether: at every knock he heard at the gates he thought it was the guards. When my servants were gone to bed, I went into his room, and told him that he had better make up his mind to see the Duke next morning, and desired him to be in my room when the Duke came in, as the Duke would then not fear his being seen; that my own maid would watch the Duke's coming, and would announce him. With great difficulty he consented, observing that as his life was in my hands I might use it as I pleased.

Chansenets then came into my room, and about ten minutes afterwards the Duke arrived. He started at seeing Chansenets, to whom he bowed, and desired him to sit down. Poor Chansenets trembled so much that he could hardly stand. The Duke perceived this, and turned to me, and talked of my health. I was making tea, and when I had given the Duke his dish, he turned to Chansenets and said, "*Cela ne vaut rien pour vous.* You have been confined long and seem ill and weak; a bouillon would be better." Chansenets

then said, "Monseigneur, you are all goodness. I have appeared very ungrateful to you: I wish to explain to your Highness why."

The Duke replied very gravely, "Monsieur de Chansenets, no explanations. We will neither talk of the past, nor on any other subject; but the situation of this good person who is trying to save your life at the expense of her own. She is ill, and I fear both you and she are in a scrape. I would be of use to you on her account if I could, but I fear that it is impossible. You and I must forget that we ever met before, as we never can again be in the same room; and I never wish to hear your name pronounced in my presence. My opinion of you has been fixed for some time. I am sorry that you cannot get away, as I shall not be at peace till I see you out of her house." He then talked on indifferent subjects — no politics of any kind. At last he looked at his watch, and went away.

I did not see him the next day, but I heard from him. In short, I kept Chansenets in my house, without any of my servants or my Jacobin cook knowing it, till the barriers were opened.

The moment that was the case I took him to Meudon, which was a bad place for him, as he was also governor of the castle of Meudon, and well known to all the people about there. But my house stood quite alone, and except an old lady and gentleman, who were my only near neighbours, and who were staunch royalists, nobody but my maid knew that he was at Meudon, though the searches for him were still being continued in Paris, till somebody said that they saw him lying amongst the dead on the 10th of August. This I fancy cooled their further searching.

I had more uneasiness, for I heard from the Duke that visits were going to be made at Meudon. At this time he sent me one of his old valets-de-chambre, who was a royalist, to deliver me a letter from him, telling me that the mail-cart which stopped at St. Denis, would, for fifty louis, take Chansenets to Boulogne, from whence he might soon get to England. The Duke also sent me a note for the master of the inn at St. Denis, called the *Pavillon Royal*. I did not tell Chansenets whence this information came, for he would have been alarmed, and would not have gone; but I

assured him that Meudon was dangerous, and that I could now get him to Boulogne.

We accordingly went in a cabriolet, my old royalist neighbour and myself, to St. Denis, at three o'clock in the morning. The mail-cart came in an hour afterwards. We settled with the man, giving him his fifty louis, and I saw poor Chansenets, in a deplorable condition and much disguised, set off. There were other emigrants in the cart also. It was in January, and quite dark.

Some years afterwards I heard that Chansenets got safely to England, even before, I believe, the unfortunate King's death. After Chansenets' departure everything got worse and worse, and on the 21st of January the Parisians murdered their innocent King.

CHAPTER V.

CHAPTER V

It was at this time that the Republicans began to talk of bringing the unfortunate King to trial; but the idea seemed so monstrous and infamous, that people could never imagine it possible they would dare to attempt such an act. However, everybody knows that that horrid crime was committed before the face of all France, and that the monsters carried their audacity and vengeance to the last extremity by bringing the most virtuous and best of kings to the scaffold, like a common criminal.

I must here mention my unfortunate friend the Duke of Orleans, over whose conduct from that period I could wish to throw a veil, for nothing earthly can excuse it; the more so as he had pledged himself to me in the most solemn manner that nothing should induce him to vote, unless it should be for the King's deliverance

Some days before the final decision as to the King's fate, the Duc de Biron called on me in the morning, and said that he was come to have his fortune told. I used often to fool and play with the cards, and pretended to tell fortunes. He was extremely superstitious, and really thought that I had told him some truths before he went to the army. I assured him that "I wished both the Duke of Orleans and he had believed more firmly the things I told them; for then the King would still have retained his crown, and they would have been surrounded with pleasure and comforts, instead of lurking about without daring to have a house or a carriage to cover their heads. I told him moreover that the King's trial was the most abominable, cruel event ever heard of, and that I wondered some brave Chevalier Français did not go and set fire to the house in which the Convention sat, and burn the monsters who were in it, and try to deliver the King and Queen from the Temple. He told me that he felt unhappy at the King's trial, but that the worst which could happen to him would be seclusion till things were settled;

that certainly some would vote for his death; but what gave him great comfort was, to be sure that the Duke of Orleans would not vote, as he had told him so.

I had never then mentioned this subject to the Duke, therefore I told the Duc de Biron that I wished the Duke of Orleans would vote for the King's deliverance. He assured me that he never would do that; that we must content ourselves by his not voting at all; as he feared, that if the King was sent out of France, he would engage the Powers to invade France, and that the Duke and all his friends would then be lost.

I assured him that I would sooner see even such an event, than that the Duke of Orleans should disgrace himself by voting for the seclusion of the King, little then imagining what would happen. The Duc de Biron said that he should like to meet the Duke of Orleans the next day at my house, as when he saw him at Madame de Buffon's he was always surrounded, and as he was to come in the course of the day, I appointed that it should be at two o'clock.

It was on a Thursday, the 17th of January, 1793, that they both came. I had seen little of the Duke of Orleans for some time before. On my asking him what he now thought of the wicked trial which was going on, and saying "that I hoped he did not go near such vile miscreants?" He replied that "he was obliged to go, as he was a deputy." I said, "How can you sit and see your King and cousin brought before a set of blackguards, and that they should dare to insult him by asking him questions?" adding that "I wished I had been at the Convention; for I should have pulled off both my shoes, and have thrown them at the head of the President and of Santerre, for daring to insult their King and master."

I was very warm on the subject. The Duke of Orleans seemed out of humor. The Duc de Biron then asked him some questions about the trial. I could not help saying, "I hope, Monseigneur, that you will vote for the King's deliverance?" "Certainly," he answered, "and for my own death."

I saw that he was angry, and the Duc de Biron said, "The Duke will not vote. The King has used him very ill all his life; but he is his cousin,

therefore he will feign illness and stay at home on Saturday, the day of the *Appel Nominal,* which is to decide on the King's fate."

I said, "Then, Monseigneur, I am sure you will not go to the Convention on Saturday. Pray don't."

He said that he certainly would not go; that he never had intended to go; and he gave me his sacred word of honour that he would not go; that "though he thought the King had been guilty by forfeiting his word to the nation, yet nothing should induce him, being his relation, to vote against him." This I thought a poor consolation, but I could do no more, and the two dukes left me.

I saw nobody on the Friday. Every one seemed anxious for the termination of this abominable trial, though few expected that it would end as it did. How could any creature, indeed, dare imagine that such a crime was hanging over France?

On the Saturday I received a note from the Duc de Biron to beg me to come and pass the evening with him and Madame Laurent and Dumouriez, at the Hôtel St. Marc, Rue St. Marc, near the Rue de Richelieu; that there I should hear the news,

and that he had great hopes things would be softened. At this time the Duc de Biron had no house or home; he had been denounced to the army by one of the revolutionary generals called Rossignol, who was a murderer of the 2nd of September. The Duc de Biron, who was then called General Biron, had come to Paris at this period to exculpate himself with the War Minister, and he lodged during the short time he was there at this *hôtel garni*.

I went there at about half-past seven o'clock, and found the Duc de Biron and the party there assembled and very dismal. He had every half-hour a list sent him of the votes, and we all saw with agony that many had voted for the King's death. He also heard that, at eight o'clock, the Duke of Orleans had entered the Convention, which surprised us all. I feared much that he was going to vote for the seclusion, for I never thought of worse. However, every list was more and more alarming, till at about ten o'clock the sad and fatal list arrived with the King's condemnation, and with the Duke of Orleans' dishonour.

I never felt such horror for anybody in my life

as I did at that moment at the Duke's conduct. We were all in deep affliction and tears; even poor Biron, who, alas! was a republican, was almost in a fit. A young man, who was the Duke's aide-de-camp, tore off his coat and flung it into the fire, saying that he should blush ever to wear it again. His name was Rutaux, and he was a native of Nancy. He was a noble and a very good young man, who had not emigrated out of affection for poor Biron, though his heart was always with the Princes.[15] When my carriage came, I went home; but every place now seemed dreary and bloody to me. My servants all looked horror-struck. I did not dare sleep in my room alone. I desired my maid to watch with me all night, and we kept up a great light and prayed. I could not sleep. The image of the innocent King was constantly before me. I don't think that it was possible to have felt even a family calamity more than I did the King's death. Till that moment I had always flattered myself that the Duke of Orleans was misled, and saw things in a wrong light; now, however, all that illusion was over. I even threw the things he had given me which I had in my pockets and in my room out of

it, not daring to stay near anything that had been his.

Such at that moment was the vexation that I felt about a person for whom some time before I would have given my life. Nobody can have an idea of my sufferings; but, indeed, every honest person in Paris felt, I believe, as much as I did.

The next day, Sunday, I heard that the fish-women were to go in a body to the Convention, or to the Hôtel de Ville, to insist on the King's deliverance, as he was to be executed on the Monday. However, the monsters caused a proclamation to be read in the streets, declaring that if any women were found abroad on the Monday they would be outlawed, and might be fired on.

I now determined not to remain in Paris another hour, and getting a passport from my Section, I went with my own maid to my house at Meudon, that I might not breathe the same air as the King's murderers.

On the 21st, Monday morning, I hoped every instant to hear that the Parisians had risen, and delivered the King. Just at ten o'clock I heard a cannon go off. This I hoped was some tumult in

the King's favour; but, alas! that was the moment when his august head fell!

Meudon is on the mountain, and with a glass I could have seen the Place Louis Quinze, where this horrible murder was committed. I went out on the mountain to try and meet with somebody who had come from Paris, and who could tell me the King's fate. At last, about twelve o'clock I observed a man coming along the road, with a handkerchief in his hand steeped in blood. I knew the man: he had been one of the King's workmen, belonging to the Palace of Meudon, and much attached to his royal master. He related to me the dreadful event. He had gone, he said, to Paris, in hopes of being of use, had any attempt been made to rescue the King. He was under the scaffold, and pulled the handkerchief off his neck, dipping it in the King's blood as "a relic of St. Louis the Sixteenth." These were the man's own words. He gave me a small bit of it, and died about two months afterwards of grief, with the bloody handkerchief on his heart. Several of the game-keepers of the park of Meudon, who used to go a-shooting with the King, also died of grief.

The King was shooting at Meudon on the 5th October, when the mob went to force him to go to Paris. This was the last amusement which his Majesty took.

The day of the King's death was the most dreary day I ever saw. The clouds even seemed to mourn. Nobody dared appear, or at least look at each other. The cruel Jacobins themselves seemed to fear each other's reproach. I was shut up all day. I heard nothing from Paris, nor did I wish to hear. I dreaded the idea of ever going there again.

From that period everything bespoke terror. Robespierre became all powerful. People did not dare to speak above their breath. Two people, the most intimate, would not have dared to stop and speak. In short, even in your own rooms you felt frightened. If you laughed, you were accused of joy at some bad news the republic had had; if you cried, they said that you regretted their success. In short, they were sending soldiers every hour to search houses for papers of conspiracies. These soldiers generally robbed people, or made them

give them money, threatening them in case of refusal to denounce them.

I wished to remain quiet at Meudon, but was soon found out, and never having been in favour with the republicans, they annoyed me in every way possible. They denounced me at the Jacobin club at Sèvres; said that I had hid Chansenets, and other emigrants; that I had flour hid in my house; and that I had entered into a conspiracy to get the Queen out of the Temple. In short, I hardly ever slept a night undisturbed by visits from the municipalities, not of Meudon, for they were kind to me, but of Sèvres and of Versailles, which were horrid. About six weeks after the King's death I was taken very ill, and was obliged to send to Paris for a physician. He was a Dr. Leroy, who had been one of the Court physicians.

The doctor had mentioned in Paris my being extremely ill; in consequence of which the Duke of Orleans sent an old and faithful valet-de-chambre of his (who was a good royalist), to see me, with a very affectionate letter regretting that "he did not dare to come to me, but entreating me to

see him when I was well, saying that all the world had given him up, and that he thought his unhappy situation would have made me forgive him, if I thought he had done wrong." In short, the Duke sent every day from Paris to Meudon to inquire after my health, and was kind and attentive to me. As at that moment I wished to get a passport to return to England, and thought that nobody could get me one but him, I fixed a day to go to him at the Palais Royal, intending to return to the country at night. Accordingly I went, and found the Duke's antechamber full of officers and generals; in short quite a levée. Romain, the Duke's good old valet-de-chambre, took me up to what was called *les petits appartements*. I was very much affected and agitated at the idea of seeing the Duke, as I had not seen him since he gave that horrid vote. Romain and I wept much, both of us, at the idea of the Duke's present situation. The poor old man loved the Duke like his own child, and had been in his service since the day the Duke was born at St. Cloud. He little expected ever to see him what he then was.

The Duke came up when I had been there about

an hour waiting. He was dressed in deep mourning, looked embarrassed and very grave. I was nearly fainting, and he made me sit down, and himself gave me a glass of water. "You look ill," he said, "but I hope you are quite recovered from your cold?" I told him that his black coat made me remember terrible events, and that I supposed he was, as I was, in mourning for the King. On this he forced a smile; and said, "Oh, no; I am in mourning for my father-in-law, the Duc de Penthièvre."

"I suppose," I said, "that the King's death has hastened his; or perhaps the manner of his cruel trial, and your having voted for death?" Here I burst out into tears, and said, "I dare say that he died broken-hearted, and so shall I; but you, Monseigneur, will die, like the poor King, on the scaffold."

"Good God!" said he, "what a situation you are in! I am sure I should not have made you come here, had I had an idea of all this. The King has been tried, and he is no more. I could not prevent his death." I then replied, "But you promised that you would not vote."

On this he got up, observing, "This is an unpleasant subject. You cannot — must not judge for me. I know my own situation. I could not avoid doing what I have done. I am perhaps more to be pitied than you can form an idea of. I am more a slave of faction than anybody in France; but from this instant let us drop the subject. Things are at their worst. I wish you were safe in England, but how to get you out of France is what I cannot contrive. If money can procure you a passport I will give five hundred pounds. This is my last resource for you. The rulers like money, and I have hopes for you. I will do what I can with some of the leaders, but Robespierre, to whom I never speak, is all powerful."

The Duke wished me to make breakfast, and I drank some tea, but felt so very uncomfortable that I could say nothing to him, but about the horrors of the Revolution, a subject which did not seem to please him. He asked me if "I was going back to the country to dinner?" I told him that I was going to dine at my own house, and to order fires to be lighted for some days; that I should not stay at Meudon, because the Sections of Versailles and

Sèvres used me very ill. He said that if that was the case, I had better come to Paris, though he feared that the Section in which I lived was also very bad, and would plague me. He told me that people said I had been very imprudent during the Revolution; and he entreated me not to talk or tell people what I thought, or to say that I was in mourning for the King; adding, "If you like to wear mourning for him, in God's name wear it, but say that it is for some of your relations, or you will get into a scrape, and I should never be able to get you out of it. I wish that you could have remained in the country, till you could obtain a passport for England. I wish that *I* had never left it, but now I can never see it again."

I then took leave of the Duke, and went to my house in the Fauxbourg St. Honoré, telling them that I should return to Paris on the Sunday following, which I did.

I passed over the Place Louis Quinze on my road home to Meudon, and felt a shivering all over when I saw the spot where the unfortunate King's head had fallen. Paris was then indeed dreary; no carriages were to be seen in the streets

but mine and two or three more. Everybody seemed afraid. No visits were paid or received. The playhouses were filled with none but Jacobins and the lowest set of common women. The deputies were in all the best boxes, with infamous women in red caps and dressed as figures of Liberty. In short, Paris was a scene of filth and riot, and the honest, sober part of the inhabitants were afraid of being seen or even dressed with common decency.

When I returned to Meudon, I found a note from Madame la Comtesse de Perigord, wife to Archambeau de Perigord, to say that she should take it as a great favor if I would see her; that she was much harassed; and that she had no hopes but in me, in whom she had the greatest confidence. I have her letter now before me. I wrote to her and appointed her to come to me on the Monday following at my house in Paris. When I saw her, she told me that she was the most miserable woman on earth; that her Section had found out that her husband had been hid in Paris; and that she did not know what would become of her and her children. She thought that I might be

able to get her, through the Duke of Orleans, the means of making her escape. She said that she wished to go to England; and that her aunt, Madame de Sennason,[16] and her uncle, the venerable and virtuous Malesherbes, were miserable about her situation. She declared that she was terror-stricken; that she must and would fly, or destroy herself, for she could exist no longer. She said that being so very rich, they certainly would murder her; that she had jewels and some ready money, and that she would try to get to England, where her husband and eldest son then were. She went down on her knees to me, begging me to see and entreat the Duke of Orleans to assist her; for she thought him all-powerful. I informed her what he had told me about my passport. She then was in despair; rolled herself on my carpet, and I really feared that she had lost her senses.

She stayed with me some time; and when it was dark I, with my own maid, conducted her to her aunt Madame de Sennason's house at the Porte St. Honoré, which was not far from me; and there I had the happiness of sitting two hours with the poor King's friend Monsieur de Malesherbes, and

of hearing from himself an account of his last interview with the unfortunate Monarch. I was even blessed by Monsieur de Malesherbes, and he pressed me to his breast, praying God to bless me, and protect me! Poor man, I never saw him again! He was too good to be spared long by Robespierre, though he was long in prison.

I now sent to the Duke of Orleans requesting him to come to me the next day about my passport. He replied to me by telling me that "I must not now think of it; that he had done everything in his power, but had been desired by a person in power to advise me not to ask for it, or talk of England at that moment, but to bear my misfortunes like other people, and to keep very quiet." The Duke desired me to give Madame de Perigord the same advice; but she would not take it, and indeed she lost herself by not following that advice. The Countess de Jarnac called on me that same afternoon, and told me that she came from Madame de Perigord, who was at her house, which was near mine, quite distracted, and determined to get out of Paris at all events, and that she would see me, but Madame de Jarnac had prevented her

coming, for fear that she should expose herself to my servants. I returned with her to her house, and there we found Madame de Perigord, who was determined not to sleep in Paris that night, even if she slept in the fields.

I forgot to mention that a domiciliary visit was to be made that night, which had frightened her. She entreated me to take her and her children, a boy and a girl (now Madame Juste de Noailles), to my house at Meudon, only for that night. I had an old woman there who kept my house while I was away, and on whom I could depend. Ordering my carriage, therefore, directly, I, Madame de Perigord, and the children went to Meudon, where I left her as comfortable as was possible at such a moment. As the people of my Section knew that I was in Paris, they might have suspected something had I gone away and not slept in my own house, the more so as there was to be a domiciliary visit. During that visit I was not all frightened. I had then got used to it, and had nobody hid in my bed; therefore I was not very civil to the intruders. I had promised Madame de Perigord to go to her the next day. Madame de Jarnac told me, that if

Madame de Perigord would come back to Paris, a person whom she knew was going to Calais, and would manage, with a false passport, to get her there. I did not approve of this scheme; but I brought Madame de Perigord and her children back to Paris, and kept her and them in my house for ten days or more.

This was, I think, in March, near the time when Dumouriez went out of France, accompanied by the Duke de Chartres, son of the Duke of Orleans. The Duke de Chartres, on his emigration, wrote his father a most harsh letter, which his father never forgave till the day of his death. His son upbraided him much with the King's death; I perfectly remember the letter, for I had it two days in my possession. The Duke burnt it in my room, the last time in his life that he came to my house. On this occasion he came accompanied by two gensd'armes in his coach. I was much shocked and surprised to see him in such a situation, but he laughed, saying that it was only because his son, the Duke de Chartres, had gone off with Dumouriez, and that he owed that obligation to him. The guards stayed in my antechamber. The Duke

asked me if I would give him a breakfast on the Sunday, when he hoped to come with less suite. I said that I would. He observed that as nothing now was certain, and that as his fate was more uncertain than that of anybody else, he did not feel at ease about the money I possessed, which I had placed on his estates. He thought, in case of his death, he could make arrangement for me which would secure the payment of my annuities in England; that he would arrange all the business and give me effects, which would be money to me when I could get to England. He assured me that I should be far from being a loser, and that if they paid his creditors after his death so much the better, for I should then be so much the richer. I own that it gave me pain to hear him talk so, as, indeed, I expected his fall every day.

He then went away. Madame de Perigord was in my house all this time; but she slept in my own maid's room up-stairs. She and I were sitting by the fire, talking about what had just passed, when my maid bounced into the room and said, "*Madame, une visite des gardes!*" Madame de Perigord had only time to get into a closet, where we

had before taken the shelves out for that purpose, when forty men came into my room. They stated that they came to inspect all my papers; and that I must give them my keys. It was twelve o'clock at night. I was frightened lest my friend should cough; but knew that the men could not find the closet, as it was between the two doors, and covered with paper, so that there was no keyhole, and the person who was in it could fasten the door on the inside.

I assisted them to search my papers; and those which were English they packed up. At last they found a sealed letter, directed to Charles Fox. Sir Godfrey Webster, who was then at Naples, had sent it to me by a French courier who came to Paris from Admiral Latouche Freville, who had been before Naples to make a manifesto in the name of the French nation. I knew very little of Sir Godfrey Webster; but he thought that I could get this letter sent to England. The people who made the visit to my house were ignorant men, who had heard of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, but did not know anything of their politics. They thought that I

should be sent the next day to the guillotine; and they were enchanted at the discovery they had made. They told me that they had long suspected me, but that now they had found out that I was in correspondence with the enemies of the Republic, and that I should pay dearly for it. I assured them that Mr. Fox was their friend; that he was in correspondence with the Comité de Surveillance, which was then their great tribunal. They stated that they had orders to put me under arrest that night; and they put their écharpes over their shoulders, and arrested me in the name of the République Française. They took all the papers they pleased, and hardly allowed me time to put a shawl over my shoulders, though it was very cold; and put their seals on my cabinets.

It may easily be conceived what poor Madame de Perigord must have suffered during this night. She thought that they would have put the seals on my room-doors; and, though my maid was to remain in my house, yet it was death to break a seal put on by them. It happened, however, that they were so pleased at getting me out of my own house,

and leading me, as they thought, to the scaffold, that they left my house without seals. On the next day I heard, with pleasure, that Madame de Perigord got safely that night to Madame de Jarnac's.

CHAPTER VI

CHAPTER VI

It was two o'clock when we entered the guard-room where they took me. The soldiers were lying asleep about the room; some drunk, others drinking, smoking, and swearing. There were some other miserable prisoners like myself, none of whom I knew; nor was there any other woman in the place. They gave me a seat on a bench near the fire, and offered me wine, saying, that I must not be proud; that there were now no more dukes or princes; that they were all good citizens; and that if I had not been a conspirator I should have been a good and happy citoyenne; but that I was now going to dance the Carmagnole in the Place Louis Quinze. I assured them that I was in no fear of that; for if they had nothing to accuse me of but that letter to Mr. Fox, I was sure of being acquitted. I told them that I wished they would break the seal and read the letter, for they would

then find that it was not a letter to a foe of liberty, but to a great patriot; and that they might break open the letter, though I would not and could not, as it was merely sent to me to try and get it to England.

I remained the whole night in this miserable place, without anything but the bare walls to lean my back against. They took no further notice of me during the night. About six o'clock in the morning, my maid and one of my men-servants brought me a basin of tea and some bread, my house being in the next street to the section-house. I was fatigued to death, and had a violent headache from the constant smell of wine and tobacco I had been exposed to all night. The members of the *Comité Révolutionnaire* of my Section, who had come to my house with the guards to arrest me, were various tradesmen, and the president was a barber, who had been a zealous actor in the prisons on the 2nd of September, and of course was a monster. When they had conducted me to the Corps de Garde, they went home to their beds, and left me with the soldiers.

About eight o'clock in the morning they all re-

Bailly, Mayor of Paris

turned to conduct me to the *Mairie,* where the state prisoners were examined. This place was close to the *Palais de Justice,* which was at the further end of what is called the *Cité,* on the other side of the water from where I lived. They had the cruelty to make me walk in the middle of the soldiers, and the streets were dirty. When we got there we found the room full of prisoners, like myself, waiting their turn to be examined. I am sure that there were at least two hundred — a great many women, and most of them of high rank. During the whole time I was there, which was thirty hours, I was close to the poor Duchess de Grammont and the Duchess du Chatelet. I believe that there were not ten chairs in the room, and the women were fainting from fatigue. The Duchess de Grammont was very bulky, and her legs were terribly swollen.

A young aide-de-camp of the Commander of Paris, whose sister used to wash my laces, saw me, and pressed through the crowd to give me a chair. Seeing Madame de Grammont and Madame du Chatelet, who were older than myself, I was, of course, happy to offer it to them. They made

many compliments about taking it, and Madame de Gramnont said, " Pray, madame, tell me who you are, that if ever we get out of this place we may meet again, for I see that you are also persecuted for the good cause." I told her; and she was good enough to assure me, that she was enchanted to have an opportunity of seeing a person who had been so staunch to the cause, and who had rendered it such services. She knew all that I had done for Chansenets, and for her cousin, Madame de Perigord. The Abbé de Damas had often told her, she said, of all I had done, and that she had long known the good advice I had given to an unfortunate Prince. She hoped to God that the monsters would spare me long, as she was sure that I still might be of use to the unfortunate. In short, from nine o'clock in the morning of Friday till twelve o'clock on Saturday morning, did I again remain on my legs, except for about five minutes now and then when these ladies pulled me on their knees, but I was so much afraid of hurting them that it was no ease to me.

There was a *buffet* at the end of the room where we could have everything to eat or drink we liked,

on paying for it; but few who were there thought much of nourishment. Their situation was too dangerous, and they had very little hopes of ever returning to their own houses. By talking in a low voice we could say anything, for the room was too full even to have guards in it; so they were stationed at the different doors. I saw many people whom I knew, and many gentlemen and ladies of high rank, but I was not so near them as I was to the two old countesses. They both perished some time afterwards on the scaffold. They were imprisoned at Porte Royale, and I was at the Carmes. Madame de Grammont was examined about four o'clock in the morning, and they treated her harshly, but let her return to her own house again for some time. They did the same with Madame du Chatelet. At twelve o'clock on Saturday they took me to the mayor, I think his name was Chambronne. He went in the coach with the King when he was murdered. When the people of my Section told him of the cause of my arrest, and showed him the letter, he said that he could say nothing to me; that my case must go before the Comité of Surveillance, then sitting at the

Feuillants, near the Convention; and that mine was a grave business.

I then was marched again in the same manner back to the Feuillants, in the Tuileries gardens, where I saw, while I waited, most dreadful scenes — poor men and women coming out of the Comité in tears, papers having been found upon them; every one whom I saw was ordered for imprisonment, and to be tried by the horrid *Tribunal Révolutionnaire*. I really felt alarmed at my own situation, as I had no idea what the contents of Sir Godfrey Webster's letter to Mr. Fox might be, nor had I any idea of his politics. They did not keep me long, however, as they had been in a private comité for some time examining a prisoner. When the door opened, who should come out, attended by guards, but the Duke of Orleans! He saw me, and seemed hurt. "Mon Dieu!" said he, "are you here? I am very sorry indeed."

He then went out, and one of my guards told me that the Duke got into his coach, but did not go to prison.

When I went into this awful room, the members, who were Vergniaud, Guadet, Osselin, and

Chabot the Capuchin, all sat along a green table, and a chair was placed facing them. There were at least forty present. I have only named those I can remember. The chair was very high up steps. I felt much frightened as I mounted the steps. They began by asking the people of my Section what was my crime, and why I had been arrested? They then told the story and produced the letter. Chabot asked me what were the contents of the letter? I assured him that I was ignorant of them; at which Chabot said, "It is a conspiracy. I know this woman; she is a royalist. She has been intriguing in England to make D'Orléans' daughter marry an English prince. Send her to La Force."

Vergniaud, who was civil, said, "I don't see why this woman should have been arrested, because a letter directed to Mr. Fox was found in her house. Had it been directed to the monster Pitt, you could have done no more. Mr. Fox is our friend; he is the friend of a free nation; he loves our Revolution, and we have it here, under his own hand-writing; therefore can we with honour break open and read a private letter di-

rected to that great man? No! it shall not be; we will keep the letter, and send it safely to Mr. Fox."

They began to be very warm, and Chabot insisted on the letter being opened and read. Osselin accordingly opened it, and they found that it was in English. As they had no interpreter they were much at a loss, as he was gone to examine some English papers in the Fauxbourg St. Germain. Osselin, who was president, made me leave the chair, and come to his side and read the letter and interpret it to them. They said that some of them understood English enough to know whether I told them the truth.

In the first place, Sir Godfrey Webster had enclosed in this letter a printed paper in French, which was Latouche Freville's manifesto to the King of Naples. I then proceeded to read his letter to Fox. It was full of praise and admiration of the courage and energy of the French nation, and also of high admiration of the manifesto. In short, the letter greatly delighted them.

As the interpreter came in, and read it as I had done, they were all in good humor with me except

Chabot. Osselin wanted to conduct me home in one of the coaches belonging to the Comité, for they had all coaches. This I declined. I told them of the two cruel nights I had passed, and they were very angry with the people of my Section. However, I noticed Chabot in conversation with the barber; and when I was about to leave the room, and Osselin was giving me his arm, Chabot said softly, "Citoyenne, I have some more questions to ask you. Do you know D'Orléans or *Egalité?*" I said, "Yes." "Had you not some conversation with him in the outer room before you came in here?" I said, "I merely asked him, how are you?" "And pray what did he say?" I told them that he said "Mon Dieu! I am sorry to see you here indeed!" Chabot said, "Then it is plain that he thought and feared that you were to be examined on his account, and that he was alarmed lest you should betray him."

I now became very much alarmed and hurt, and burst into tears. He said, "We don't mind tears. I wish that we had all those which had been shed in this room — they would supply all the houses in Paris with water." He then went on, "Don't

you know that D'Orléans wanted to be king, and destroy the republic?" I said, "I am sure that he never did." He said, "You know that he did: he voted for the King's death for that purpose." I said, "I wish from my soul that he never had done so; he might now be happy." "Why then did he do it?" "Because you all forced him to commit that dreadful sin." "So you think it was a sin? You are very impudent to say so here; for we are fifty members in this room, and we all voted the death of the tyrant Capet, but not to be kings ourselves, but only to rid the world of that horrid race. And now we will see what we can do for this would-be king, who was always turning to that gulf of liberty, England, where he is now in correspondence, and so are you. I shall not let you escape. Send her to La Force; she must go to the Tribunal; let us settle this."

About twenty of the members then got up, and said that this was not right; that they must take more information respecting me; that I should have leave to return home; that if I was a friend of Fox, I could not be a conspirator. In short, they were in a dreadful uproar about me, when

Robespierre came into the room. He seemed much occupied about some event of importance, and I was dismissed till further orders.

I returned home and went to bed, though it was not more than four o'clock. At eight o'clock the Duke of Orleans sent to my house, to say that he would come and see me the next day, Sunday, at twelve o'clock. When I woke they gave me his note. I answered it, and begged that he would not come, as I wanted to go to Meudon early in the morning; but that I should return at night, and should be glad to see him. I told my servant to take it to the Palais Royal at eight o'clock in the morning. My servant returned directly afterwards, and brought me back my note. He informed me that the Duke had been arrested in his bed at four o'clock in the morning, and taken without servants or anybody but his son the Comte de Beaujolais, a boy of eleven years of age, to the prison of the Abbaye; and that his servants were gone to the Comité of Surveillance to try and get leave to attend him there. They allowed him his valet-de-chambre, Mongot, for that day, and a footman for the child.

This event much shocked me, as the end was now too plain. Mongot came to me on the Monday about two o'clock, and told me that they had kept him all night in a cell, and that at three o'clock he heard a carriage with post-horses drive out of the prison-yard. He suspected that it was the Duke whom they were carrying away, as they had confined him. About ten o'clock in the morning they set him at liberty, and told him that his master was gone where he never could see him again. They had been to the Palais Royal to get his travelling-carriage at twelve o'clock the night before. He had eight post-horses and sixty gensd'armes to escort him to Marseilles, for it was there they took him and the little Comte de Beaujolais. They confined them in the Fort St. Jean, quite at the bottom, where he, I understood, was very ill-used. I never saw him afterwards. When he was brought back to Paris to be tried and executed, I was myself a miserable prisoner.

Monsieur le Duc de Montpensier was then at Nice, aide-de-camp to the Duc de Biron, who commanded that army. An order had been sent directing poor Biron to arrest the young Prince, and

to send him with a strong escort to the Fort of Marseilles. This was a cruel task for him to perform against the son of his old friend, and against a young man whom he loved as his own child. They were just going to sit down to dinner at the moment when the order came. The Duc de Biron was so much affected when he saw the order that he shed tears, turned pale, and could of course eat no dinner. He looked very sadly at the Duc de Montpensier, and the young man flew to him, saying, "General, is my poor father murdered? you look at me so mournfully, and are so much affected. I am sure it is true. Tell me, in the name of God, the worst!" The Duke then took the young Prince in his arms, and showed him the cruel order. In great joy, he said, "Is that all? Good God! how my mind is eased! I thought that my father was no more. Let me go directly; I shall try to amuse him in his captivity."

This anecdote the Duc de Biron told me soon afterwards, when we were both prisoners in St. Pelagie.

About ten days after the Duke of Orleans had been sent to Marseilles, the Duc de Biron was

sent to St. Pelagie from Nice, under an escort. He never left that prison till he went to the *Tribunal Révolutionnaire,* and thence to the scaffold. He suffered death about ten days after the Duke of Orleans.

On the Monday morning on which the Duke was sent to Marseilles, Madame de Perigord came to me with her son and daughter Melanie, the latter about nine years old. She is now Madame de Noailles. Her son was about five years old. Madame de Perigord told me that she was going off in the night with a friend of Madame de Jarnac for Calais; and that her aunt, and her uncle, Monsieur de Malesherbes, had been arrested that morning. She declared that she would not stay, but would leave her two children in France; that she had brought them to me, as I was the only person in the world to whom she would intrust them. She entreated me to adopt them as my own. She then put the two children in my arms, and we had a very affecting scene. She soon afterwards took her last leave of them and me, and returned to Madame de Jarnac, whence she went to Calais.

Six weeks after having these dear children un-

der my protection, I was sitting hearing Melanie read, when the members of the *Comité Révolutionnaire* of my Section came into my room, and told me that now I really was going in good earnest to prison, and they visited my papers, putting the seals all over my house. Without their hearing me, I ordered my maid to take the children as soon as I was gone to Madame de Jarnac, who had been desired by their mother, in case of my arrest, to send them to a person who had been her maid.

After they had made the visit of my papers, and ate some dinner, which I, of course, did not, they allowed me to take linen and everything I wanted, put me into a hackney-coach, and drove to the prison of St. Pelagie, a most deplorable, dirty, uncomfortable hole. This prison had been used before the Revolution as a house of correction. It was six o'clock when I got there in the month of May. It had been a beautiful day, but no appearance of spring or summer was to be found in this sad habitation! The other prisoners were, like myself, all in tears, dreading what was to happen, and full of pity and kindness for

me, their new companion. We became all intimate friends in a moment. There I saw many who I had hoped were out of France; but about eight o'clock, when they brought us our miserable supper, ham, eggs, and dirty water, whom should I see, and who should come and take me in his arms, and burst into tears, but the unfortunate Duc de Biron! I scarcely ever was more affected in my life.

In the prison also I found Madame Laurent, a friend of the poor Duke's. Of course the prisoners were eager to hear the news, as they had no sort of intercourse with people out of prison. I could only wound them with horrible truths of what was going on. The next day many other prisoners arrived, and every day more and more. Many were daily taken off to the scaffold. I feared for poor Biron. We could have little conversation, for the men and women were on different sides in that prison; indeed our chief conversation was from one window to the other opposite.

I did not stay at St. Pelagie long. It was in June, I think, that I left it; but cannot be exact,

as the months were different in France, and I never really knew what month it was. Poor Madame Du Barri came there before I left it. She was very unhappy. She used to sit on my bed for hours, telling me anecdotes of Louis XV. and the Court. She talked to me much of England and of the Prince of Wales, with whom she was enchanted. She regretted much ever having left England. She dreaded her fate. Indeed, she showed very little courage on the scaffold; yet, I believe, had every one made as much resistance as she did, Robespierre would not have dared to put so many to death, for Madame Du Barri's screams, they told me, frightened and alarmed the mob. She was very good-natured, and during the time I lived in the same prison with her I liked her much.

I had been sent to St. Pelagie while the *Comité du Salut Public* was visiting the Duke of Orleans' papers, and they thought that I should be found to have been an agent of the Duke's about England. They found, however, nothing that could induce them to suppose that I had any correspondence with the Duke; and I was fortunate enough

to have been sent for by the *Comité du Salut Public* to hear a letter read in English, which was found on the visit of the Duke's papers. They wanted to learn if I knew anything of the writer, who he was, and what it could mean? I was much alarmed when the guard took me from St. Pelagie to the Tuileries, where the Comité sat. However, I found that this famous letter to the Duke was one from old Mr. Vernon about horses and bets, and Newmarket, &c., all of which they thought had a double meaning. In short, that unfortunate letter was once more produced at the Tribunal on the poor Duke's trial, and was one of the pretexts for condemning him to death.

They kept me all night under examination, but they found that I could give them no great satisfaction. In the morning they sent me home, and people to take the seals off my house. I never knew why they treated me so well at that moment. While I was at the Comité they received a letter from the Duke of Orleans to desire them to send him *soixante mille francs,* and I heard them say that *trente mille* was enough for his expenses. The members who examined me were Barrére, Billaud

de Varennes, Merlin de Douay, and Robespierre, who asked me himself several questions, but he was not at the Board: he was going in and out of the room. All this took place in the King's fine room in the *Pavillon de Flore,* where they held the Comité; and the same furniture remained which the poor King had. It was in that very room that all the murders were signed, even that of the unfortunate Queen herself.

I went from St. Pelagie without supposing that I was not to return, and therefore took no leave of my poor friends there. My own house was very dreary. I never was one moment happy; at every noise expecting that they were coming to arrest me. I almost wished that they had left me in St. Pelagie. I had no friends. The only person whom I saw now and then was Madame de Jarnac. She, poor woman! was not in better situation than myself. I also saw Mrs. Meyler. She came to live in my neighbourhood.

CHAPTER VII

CHAPTER VII

About the 6th of September I went one night to see Mrs. Meyler, who was ill. With her were two or three French ladies, and we supped together. I was in better spirits than for some time previously. About half-past eleven o'clock, I walked home with my servant. This was a late hour at that period in Paris. When I came into my room to undress, my maid looked very dull, and she said, "Mon Dieu! Madame, how gay you look to-night! I have not seen you look so gay or so well these many, many months."

"No," I said; "I really feel myself more comfortable than I have done this long time."

She wished, she said, that I might have nothing to damp my mirth; adding, "God forbid, that I should!"

I said, "Then don't look so dismal. I hate to see you look so!"

She asked me if I had heard anything of the Queen's trial? I was sorry she talked of that, for it made me unhappy. At that moment the trial of the unfortunate Queen was going on. I then went to bed. My maid wished me "good night," two or three times, and kissed my hands. I felt her tears on my hands. I soon fell asleep, and about six o'clock in the morning my maid came into my room, and said, "Madame, get up directly. There is no time to lose. You are to be arrested at nine o'clock; and your death-warrant is signed! I had this information last night from your grocer, who is one of the members of the Section, but he wishes you well, and advises you to make your escape. I was to have told you this last night, but I had not the heart to do so; you looked so happy, and I have not seen you so for a long time."

I only half-dressed myself. I took my diamonds, and other things which might be put into my pocket. I did not even wait to tie my petticoats on, for we did not for certain know when the wretches might come. I ran into the fields behind Monceau, but did not know where to go.

All the morning I wandered about the new Boulevards, till I got to the Porte St. Denis. Then remembering that Milor,[17] the maître-de-ballet of the Opera, and his wife, Bigotini, lived at the top of the Fauxbourg St. Denis, although I hardly knew them, I went there, as they were staunch royalists, and were known to be good people. They received me with kindness, pitied me, but could not keep me, as they expected visits in the night, and I should be searched for. They therefore thought it best for me to try and get to my house at Meudon, when it was dark. M. Milor was good enough to walk with me there at ten o'clock at night, and to return in a cabriolet, which he was fortunate enough to meet with at twelve o'clock at night.

I then went down with my dairy-maid to the village, and made the mayor get up. He was an honest labourer, who had a great regard for me, as had many others of the same class, who belonged to the municipality. I told the mayor my situation; that I expected every hour the people from Paris would arrive to arrest me; that of course when they could not find me in Paris, they

would be sure to come there. I told him that all I feared was being taken to Paris; that the people of my Section had always ill-used me, and accused me of being a royalist; and that I should be lost if I were taken again to the prisons in Paris. I entreated him to call up the municipality and arrest me, and then keep me in the castle prison of Meudon.

The mayor, who was a very sensible man, said that he could not assist me; that Versailles was the chief authority for the Seine et Oise; that I was then out of the department of Paris, which was that on Seine only, and that my Section could not touch me there. He assured me that if I would go home to bed, they would not come; that he would get on his horse and ride over to the *Comité Révolutionnaire* at Versailles; and that they should come and arrest me in the morning.

The members of Sèvres could have arrested me, but I dreaded them, as they were as bad as Paris for me, and always called me a royalist. I took the mayor's wife home with me, and she slept in the next room to me — at least for an hour, for we had hardly been longer in bed, when there came

a most dreadful thundering and ringing at my gates. My gardener went and let them in. It was the Section from Paris, who had been for that of Sèvres, as Meudon was in the department of Seine et Oise, and they could not have taken me alone. They made me get up before them and the gensd'armes, who were all in my house. They searched my things; upbraided me for making my escape, and said, "*Ah! ma mignonne vous ne nous échapperez pas* this time. You will make a good appearance on the Place Louis Quinze. We will all go and see you make your exit: it will be quite a fine sight."

While they were sealing, and stealing half my clothes, the *Comité* of Versailles arrived. They were furious at those of Paris for having dared to come into their department. They also were very angry with those of Sèvres for joining them without the leave of those of Versailles. Both were for having me, and I anticipated that they were going to fight, had not the gensd'armes interposed. At last they sent a soldier on horseback to Versailles, to one of the deputies of the Convention, who was at the head of the department of Seine et

Oise, to know what to do. He sent a written order that I should be delivered up that moment to the *Comité* of Versailles, and that I should be taken directly to the prison there called the Recollets. In short they kept me on my legs the whole day, and they drank and cooked their own dinner in my rooms, and stayed till nine o'clock at night.

From five o'clock in the morning it had been and then was, a rainy, nasty day. I was put in a cart with some wet straw, and the few things which they allowed me to take, with two gens-d'armes, four of them also following it. In this way we went through the woods to the *Comité* at Versailles, who sent me to the Recollets.

When we got to the prison, the gaoler said that he had no place prepared for me, and that I must stay all night in the guard-room of the prison; as there was a bed there, and I might lie down. I was wet to the skin, and ill with weeping all day, and so tired that I could hardly hold my head up. The gaoler's wife brought me some warm wine and some cold beef and salad. Of this I ate something, and drank the wine, drying

myself at the fire. The guards who were in the room were very civil and good. They said that they would not smoke in the guard-room, but would go and sit out on the stairs all night; and that I might safely lie down and sleep, for they would allow no creature to come into the room, or to insult me. Accordingly I lay down with my damp clothes on, and I slept till seven o'clock. I really believe that in the whole course of my life I never slept so soundly, though God knows that I was not happy; but complete misery had stupefied me.

In the morning I was taken into the prison, a dreary place; however, it was better than St. Pelagie. Here I found no prisoners but felons. I was placed in a very large room, which had been previously to my arrival occupied by about three or four hundred rabbits, and was offensive and dirty. I am sure that there was room for at least forty beds. In one corner was a miserable truckle-bed, with two old chairs and a dirty old table, a candle and candlestick, dogs and fire-irons, and a fire-place where an ox might have been roasted at full length. I had indeed an immensely large fire,

which looked comfortable. For the whole time I stayed in that prison, I was never refused fire, as they were at that time burning all the gates and barriers, rails, and green posts which were in the woods and parks round Versailles.

I was now examined and visited by the deputy who was commanding in the department of Seine et Oise. He was the terror of everybody about there; but I was fortunate enough not to displease him in the conversation we had, and ever after I found him inclined to treat me better than the other prisoners. I was much annoyed at having in the next room to me a poor Jew, who was condemned to be executed the following day, for having robbed and murdered a farmer at Rambouillet. He made a most terrible lamentation, and cried all night, which made me very unhappy. I talked to him early in the morning from my grated window, exhorting him to trust in God for pardon, and to suffer his punishment with resignation. I told him that I myself might soon be in a similar situation; and that though I had committed no crime which merited death, yet I should not complain as he was doing. They brought the cart for him at eleven

o'clock in the morning, and he confessed the crimes, and died very penitently.

This event, and my own cruel situation, brought me into so nervous a state the whole day, that I knew nobody, nor did I even swallow a bit of bread, though I understood that as I had money in my pocket I might have anything I pleased to eat or drink. About eight o'clock in the evening, as I was sitting crying by my fire, the gaoler and his wife came into the room with a bed like mine. They were kind to me, and said that they were happy to tell me that I was going to have a companion. I asked, who? They said, a very old man, and that he was English. I was hurt at the idea of having a male companion.

However, when the poor prisoner came in, I found that it was old Dr. Gem, an English physician, who had been forty years in France, and who was eighty years of age. I was indeed much hurt to see a man of his great age entering such a wretched place. He was himself much shocked and surprised to see me there, as he had heard that my fate was soon to be decided. He knew that he ran no risk of being murdered; for he was a

philosopher, and I am sorry to say an atheist. He seemed to want much to talk of these subjects to me; but I used to entreat him to leave me in what he called ignorance; for religion was my only comfort in all the trying, miserable scenes I went through. That alone supported me to the last, while he, poor man, was in despair at being shut out from the world and every comfort. I used to try and divert him, and make him laugh. He then would burst out into tears, and say, "You seem contented and happy, when you may probably in a few days be dying on the scaffold; while I, a miserable old man, am regretting a few paltry comforts." I used to make his bed and clean his part of the room, wash his face and hands, and mend his stockings; in short, do every office for him which his great age and weakness prevented him doing himself.

At that period we were allowed candles till ten o'clock, at which time the prison was shut up. My old friend used to go to bed at seven o'clock, but I remained up till ten o'clock at work. He used to get up at four o'clock and uncover the wood fire, and light a candle and read Locke and

Helvetius till seven o'clock. Then he would come to my bedside, and awake me, and many a time has he woke me out of a pleasant dream of being in England, and with my friends, to find myself in a dreary prison expecting my death-warrant every time the door opened.

My old friend frightened me sometimes, as I feared that he might die in the night, and the gaoler lived at the end of the court. Besides, we were barred into our rooms with the felons next to us. When Battelier,[18] that was the name of the deputy, came, I asked to have an audience of him. I told him before all the *Comité* of Versailles, who were there, that this poor old man might die suddenly, and asked that he might be transferred to some other prison, for that I had not strength enough to support so tall a man when he was in his fainting fits. I said, moreover, that it was cruel to leave me alone with him; and that they should allow his old housekeeper to come there and take care of him. As he was a Republican, I said, I could not conceive why they should not let him remain in his own house, with a guard, whom he had no objection to pay.

The deputy said that he thought as I did; and that he should leave the prison the next day, and be confined at his house at Meudon. I never felt more pleasure than in having this good news to tell my old friend. After the audience I was conducted up to my own room, where I found the poor doctor in bed fast asleep. For a while I sat and watched him. He awoke about ten o'clock, and I then told him the good news. He was delighted to go home, but he really felt unhappy about me. I had procured him his liberty, but mine was only to be obtained on the scaffold! He wept much, and so did I at parting. He never expected to see me again; but, however, we did both live to meet again, and I saw him the day before he died. He had from the commencement of his imprisonment a great regard and affection for me; and when I came out of prison used to walk a mile to see me every day. This old gentleman, who was well known in the literary world by, I believe, some writings, was grand-uncle to Mr. Huskisson, Under-Secretary of State.

Once more I was alone, but only for a very short period. The Terror gained ground so fast, that

the prison was soon filled with unfortunate royalists, and we were then deprived of every comfort. The little money which we had was taken from us, and our silver spoon and fork; though, strange to say, I got mine back again two years afterwards, for when the gaolers took them from us they gave us a number, and told us that our things were sent with that number to the Hôtel de Ville.

When I got out of prison I was one day looking over some papers, and found my number, which was 79. My maid offered to go to the Hôtel de Ville with it, and see what they would say to her. On delivering in my number they gave her my spoon and fork out of many others, together with the money, thimble, scissors, knives, and other articles; at which we were much surprised.

We were now deprived, in short, of every comfort, for we were henceforth fed by the nation. The gaoler was allowed about eight pence English a day for our food, and God knows he did not spend six pence. We had for constant food boiled haricots, sometimes hot and sometimes cold; when hot they were dressed with rancid butter, when cold with common oil; we had also bad eggs

dressed in different ways. A favourite thing was raw pickled herrings, of which they gave us quantities, as the Dutch had sent great quantities of them to Paris to pay part of a debt which they owed to the Republic. Sometimes we had what was called soup and bouilli, but we were always sick after eating it. Some of the prisoners thought that it was human flesh which was given us; but I really think that it was horses' or asses' flesh, or dead cows. In short, the poorest beggars in England would not eat the things which we were forced to do. Our bread was made of barley, and very dirty, and used to make our throats sore. At that time I had a very dangerous sore throat, and was not able to swallow the least thing for three days. I had no gargles, no softening things, or even a drop of clean water to cool my mouth, though I was in a raging fever. No creature who had not been in such a situation can imagine what I suffered. I prayed fervently for death. Though I was in a miserable dirty truckle-bed, yet I thought that anything was better than perishing by the hands of the executioner, and being made a show for the horrid crowds

which followed the poor victims to the scaffold. However, without care or comfort I was miserable in finding that my throat got better, and at last I was restored to perfect health. While I was ill my unfortunate female companions were all kindness to me; they even deprived themselves of the little water they could spare for my use.

Common misfortune had made us sincere, even romantic friends, and we were always ready to die for one another. The gaoler used to fill for us in the morning a wine-bottle full of dirty water, and each prisoner had his own. That was to serve for the whole day, for the gaolers would not have been at the trouble to fill them twice. Sometimes we used to get a drop of brandy from the turnkeys, who had always a great leather bottle in their pocket, and used to offer us a drop out of it. However nasty, I found it of great use to me, as I always washed my mouth with it, and was one of the only prisoners who had not tooth-ache, and who indeed did not lose their teeth, from the dampness of the rooms, which were very large. The gaoler who was in that prison when I first went there had been dismissed, and one of the Septem-

brists was now put in his place. From that period our life was a scene of agony. Once or twice I asked the gaoler for a little warm water to wash myself. This he told me would be nonsense; for nothing could save me from the executioner's hands, and as they were dirty, it was no use to clean myself.

I was much shocked one day on going into the gaoler's room, where we used sometimes to go when we wanted anything. He was sitting at a table with a very handsome, smart young man, drinking wine. The gaoler told me to sit down, and drink a glass too. I did not dare to refuse. The young man then said, "Well, I must be off," and looked at his watch. The gaoler replied, "No; your work will not begin till twelve o'clock." I looked at the man, and the gaoler said to me, "You must make friends with this citizen; it is young Samson, the executioner, and perhaps it may fall to his lot to behead you." I felt quite sick, especially when he took hold of my throat saying, "It will soon be off your neck, it is so long and small. If I am to despatch you, it will be nothing but a squeeze." He was going at that

moment to execute a poor Vendean prisoner in the market-place of Versailles. We had many prisoners taken from our prison to Paris to be tried by the *Tribunal Révolutionnaire,* who were all executed. I was in hopes that I should have remained long at Versailles.

About the 26th of October the news of the poor Queen's execution reached us. Nothing now surprised us; for we had then been used to nothing but horrors. We heard of the Queen's greatness and courage with admiration, and we all determined to try and imitate so great and good an example. All envied her her fate; as indeed we did that of every victim when their execution was over; but there was something dreadful in being dragged through a rabble to a scaffold.

CHAPTER VIII

CHAPTER VIII

On the 5th of November I heard of the fate of the unfortunate Duke of Orleans. It is needless to say what I felt on that occasion. I was not aware that he had been removed from Marseilles to Paris till I heard of his death. I know that he died with great courage. He was tried, condemned, and executed in the space of two hours! A man-servant of mine by accident met the cart in which he was, in the Rue du Roule, near the Pont Neuf. He knew that there were condemned people in it, but he was shocked to death when he saw the Duke of Orleans in it. My poor servant was nearly fainting, but was determined to follow the Duke to the scaffold. There was very little mob the whole way, though by the time they got to the Palais Royal, the Duke's own palace, people began to assemble. Till that moment no creature had even an idea of the Duke's having

been tried. Under his own windows they stopped him for ten minutes. He looked, my servant since told me, very grave, and as he did in former days when he was going out on any occasion of ceremony. He was very much powdered, and looked very well. His hands were tied behind him, and his coat thrown over his shoulders. His coat was light grey, with a black collar. When the cart moved from the Palais Royal, the Duke looked at the mob with a sort of indignation. He did not alter in any way, but carried his head very high till the cart turned on the Place Louis Quinze; then he saw the scaffold before him; and my man said that he turned very pale, but still held up his head. Three other prisoners were with him in the cart — a Madame de Kolly, a very beautiful woman, wife to a farmer-general, a man of the name of Coustard, a deputy of the Convention but of the Gironde party, and a blacksmith of the name of Brouce, for having made a key to save some papers. It was nearly four o'clock when the cart got to the scaffold, and it was almost dark. Therefore, in order that the mob might see the Duke's head, he was the first who was executed.

He leaped up the ladder with great haste, looked round at everybody, helped the executioner to undo his neckcloth, and did not speak one word or make the least resistance. They afterwards held up his head to the mob.

Thus ended the life of a man who will never be forgotten, and whose last crime will cause his name ever to be remembered with horror! I dare hardly say that he had many amiable qualities, and that his horrible fate was brought about by a set of ambitious men. As I have previously observed, they left him in the hands of men still worse than themselves. Unfortunately the Court never allowed him a chance of getting out of their hands. I could say much on this subject; but I should not be believed, and the subject always makes me unhappy.

In the beginning of December, the poor Duc de Biron suffered death, nearly a month after the Duke of Orleans had been executed. I heard that he was much affected at his own situation, and showed some weakness in his last moments.

When the seals were taken off the Duke of Orleans' papers, which was soon after his death,

I was closely confined in a dungeon, without even being allowed to converse with the other prisoners. I was very uneasy, fearing that the letter which I had written to the Duke after the King's death might have been found, and that alone would have condemned me. However, nothing of mine was found, and after three weeks' close confinement, and living with rats and mice, I was allowed to mix with the other prisoners. At that time a new deputy named Crasseau came to be at the head of the department of Versailles. He was a great friend of Robespierre's, and had great powers. He came to visit our prison, and said that I seemed to have too much *luxe,* and that I was very much perfumed, and therefore was sure that I was a royalist. I said, "I certainly was, or I should not now be in prison." He said, if I was "I should go and join my friends in the *Cimetière de la Madeleine* — that was the only place for royalists." I told him that I often wished myself there, or anywhere to be out of my misery. He said that he "should take care that my wishes should be soon accomplished;" adding that "it was indeed neglect in the other deputy not to have sent me

up to the *Tribunal Révolutionnaire* before, but that he would have justice done, since I owned myself a royalist." I said, "Why, I am sure you never could doubt that, else I should not have been so cruelly used. I suppose you don't imprison the republicans. I am certain that if I had been ever so good a republican, I should have hated the Republic and have wished its destruction a thousand times, for all the misery I had suffered." On this he became furious. He said that "I should go to Paris, and that I deserved he should send me there that instant; that my name was noted at the *Comité de Salut Public;* and that I should soon be brought to the guillotine, for I had been one of the agents of D'Orléans for England, and wanted either to have made an English prince king of France, or D'Orléans. He added that he knew "I had had correspondence with the Prince of Wales; and that I was only fit to be food for the mouth of a cannon."

In short, three weeks after this I was once more removed from this prison, to my great grief and consternation; and taken at nine o'clock at night, just as I was going to bed, to the late Queen's

stables, where many of the poor people of Nantes had just arrived on their road to Paris to be tried. They were in a most miserable plight, having been marched on foot from Nantes, many of them very ill; some dying on the road, it is supposed of the gaol distemper. This, however, I doubt, as I slept on the same straw with them all night in the stables, and though they were full of vermin I got nothing dirty from them. This I impute to a sweet-scented sachet I always carried in my corset, which caused that monster Crasseau to say that I was covered with luxury.

The day after I left the Recollets for the Queen's stables, a cart covered over at the top like a waggon, with large iron bars at the end, was brought into the stable-yard. It was filled with straw, and we were put in, as many as it would hold. I understood that other carts arrived afterwards for the other prisoners, who were in all above forty, though I was the only prisoner from Versailles. Every one of them was taken to the Conciergerie but myself. I was taken to the Grue of Plessis, a terrible prison; but there was no room for me in it. On the next day there-

General Hoche

fore I was sent to the Carmes in the Rue de Vaugirard, a prison notorious for the horrid murders committed there on the poor old priests and the respectable and good Bishop of Arras.

I ought to mention that on our road from Versailles to Paris, the populace of Sèvres pelted us through the bars of our waggon with mud, dead cats, and old shoes. They were very violent, and called us dogs and aristocrats. In short we met with ill-usage all the way. I regretted having left the Recollets; there at least the air was better than in Paris, and many good, respectable people were there, such as poor farmers and old labourers, who could not make up their minds to the Republic, and who had in their own villages expressed too freely their abhorrence of the new system. Many of these truly good and pious people were executed. There were some nobles in the prison also, but few of note. When I got to the Carmes I was very unwell and tired, very dirty and uncomfortable. At the greffier-room of the prison I found General Hoche, who had just been sent there. I had not known him before, nor had I ever till then sat down in a room with any republican officer, and I

think that had I been at liberty nothing earthly could have made me make such an acquaintance. He, however, was very kind and civil to me. He had long, he said, known me by sight, and was sorry to make himself known to me in such a place.

I said, "General, if you know me, you cannot be surprised to see me here; but I assure you that I am much surprised to see you here, for I thought you one of the defenders of the Revolution." "So I am," said he, "but they seem to forget and oppress their real friends; however I hope that I shall not stay here long. I have been cruelly slandered." He asked me, who was in the prison? which I did not know, as the greffier had not done writing for at least two hours. They brought Hoche and me some dinner, very nasty. On account of our dismal situation we became afterwards very good friends. When we entered the prison, Hoche and I found many people whom we knew, and many great ladies, who all seemed to know him, such as the Duchess D'Aiguillon, Madame Lamotte, Madame Beauharnais, now Madame Bonaparte, Madame de Custine, and her husband, who was beheaded three days after I went

into the Carmes. I knew there also Madame de Jarnac, my friend Mrs. Meyler, and Madame de D'Araij. Before we went to bed, we were all as good friends as if we had been brought up together. Indeed, at every instant we all equally expected our death-warrant. They were delightful women, and bore their misfortunes with courage and good humour.

Most of the prisoners, like myself, had little reason to hope they would leave the walls of the Carmes, but for the scaffold; yet in spite of this horrid prospect, I must own that I passed many pleasant moments with those very agreeable women, who were all full of talent, none more so than Madame Beauharnais, now Madame Bonaparte. She is one of the most accomplished, good-humoured women I ever met with. The only little disputes we had when together were politics, she being what was called at the beginning of the Revolution constitutional, but she was not in the least a Jacobin, for nobody suffered more by the Reign of Terror and by Robespierre than she did.

When I first went into the Carmes I slept in a room where we were eighteen in number, and Ma-

dame Bonaparte, Madame de Custine and I had our beds close together, and we have often made our beds, and washed the room, for the other prisoners did not take much pains about it. Two old Frenchmen and their wives slept in our room: they were nobles, and virtuous, pious people. I ought to say that in none of the prisons unmarried men were allowed to sleep on the same side of the house with the women. Some who had their relations on the women's side, were permitted to come to us for an hour or two.

Madame Beauharnais had been parted for some years from her husband, the Marquis Alexandre Beauharnais. We were therefore much surprised one day to see him come into our room, as a prisoner. His wife and he were both much embarrassed at the circumstance, but in a few hours they were perfectly reconciled. A small closet with two beds, was granted to them, where they slept together. The day of Beauharnais's entrance into the prison was a sad day for that beautiful little creature Madame de Custine; for on that day her husband, a very handsome young man and son to General Comte de Custine, was taken

out of our prison, tried, and beheaded the next day!

I never saw a scene of more misery than the parting between this young couple. I really thought that she would have dashed her brains out. Madame Beauharnais and I did not leave her for three days and nights. However, she was young, full of spirits, and a Frenchwoman, and at the end of six weeks she got into better spirits; so much so, indeed, that poor Madame Beauharnais, who really seemed to be attached to her husband, became very unhappy. I was her confidante, and did everything in my power to persuade Beauharnais to spare his wife's feelings, who had entertained a sincere friendship for Madame de Custine before this event. I am far from supposing that any improper connection was formed; but certainly Beauharnais was more in love than it is possible to describe; and the little woman seemed to have no objection to his attentions.

But, alas! this did not last long; for the Convention imagined, or pretended to imagine, that there was a conspiracy in our prison. We were all denounced by Barrère; and they asserted that

we had laid a plan to set fire to the prison. In short, so cruel yet absurd was the accusation, that when the *Comité du Salut Public* sent for fifty prisoners out of our number to be tried for the conspiracy, the gaoler, who was a horrid Jacobin, laughed at the soldiers, and said, "A conspiracy! why the prisoners here are all as quiet as lambs." However, fifty were led out of our prison to the scaffold for that same conspiracy. Amongst the number, who were all men, was poor Beauharnais; the Chevalier de Chansenets, brother to him whose life I saved; the young Duke de Charost; the Prince of Salms; a General Ward, an Irishman in the French service, and his servant; and a young Englishman of the name of Harrop, who had been sent to the Irish college for his education, and whose parents had never sent for him home. He had been imprudent, and had abused the Republic in some coffee-house, in consequence of which he was arrested. He was only eighteen years old. Two other young men, in going down the prison-stairs, which were formed like a well, took hold of each other's hands, and leaped down. They were dashed to pieces; but as the number was to

be fifty, they took two other people to make up the number.

I never saw such a scene as the parting of Beauharnais, his wife, and Madame de Custine. I myself was much affected at poor Beauharnais' fate, for I had known him many years. He was a great friend of the poor Duc de Biron, and I had passed weeks in the same house with him. He was a very pleasant man, though rather a coxcomb. He had much talent; and his drawings were beautiful. He took a very good likeness of me, which he gave poor little Custine when he left us. His poor wife was inconsolable for some time; but she was a Frenchwoman, and he had not been very attentive to her. The other lady I never saw smile after his death.

The whole fifty were executed the next day. They came into our ward to take leave of us. I knew several of them, and poor Chansenets showed great courage, more than his poor brother did with me. I took leave of the Prince de Salms, but I did not pity him much; he had almost been a Jacobin. The Duc de Charost was a sort of madman; he was a descendant of the great Sully, and

had married Mademoiselle de Sully, who was immensely rich. Hoche, who was at this period very closely confined in a dungeon, we never saw; but they allowed him at last to mix with the other prisoners, and he was then a great deal on our side. He was a very handsome young man, with a very military appearance, very good-humoured, and very gallant. His father had been body-coachman to Louis the Sixteenth, and he himself was brought up from an infant in the depôt of the French Guards. I believe that he was an excellent officer, at least I have heard Pichegru say so. Hoche was liberated before the death of Robespierre, and a command was given him. At the time he left the prison we had little hopes of escaping from the guillotine. Every day prisoners went from our prison to that fatal end, and we were almost in despair.

A poor man and his wife, who used to keep a stall for puppets in the Champs Elysées, were brought to our prison for having shown a figure of Charlotte Corday, which was handsome. These poor people were honest, good creatures, and though we could do them no good, yet they

Charlotte Corday

used to render us every service in their power. We were in hopes, as they were poor, that they would have escaped; but alas! they were dragged also to the terrible scaffold, and we all wept their loss sincerely. In short, the scenes became so dreadful, that it was impossible to exist much longer in such a state of constant woe, to see husbands forced from their wives' arms, children torn from their mothers, their screams and fits, people when they could get a knife even cutting their own throats! Such were the horrors going on in the Carmes, and we expecting, and indeed being told, that every day might be our last. This was what I believe we all wished, yet the idea of the means was dreadful.

But even in all these moments of distress my health was perfect; and God Almighty never forsook me, as I bore my misfortunes with calmness and resignation. I found all my comfort in religion. We hardly knew anything from out of doors, and were often in fear of the mob breaking into the prison, and renewing the scenes of September — scenes which we could not forget, for the walls of our refectory, and even the wooden

chairs, were still stained with the blood and brains of the venerable old priests who had been murdered there on that horrible day!

I forgot to mention that General Santerre — the same who had conducted the unfortunate King to the scaffold, and who had ordered the drums to be beat that his august voice might not be heard by the people — was also a prisoner in the Carmes. He never could live in friendship with me, though he was always attentive. Many of our great ladies were very intimate with him, and thought him a good-natured, harmless man. He assured us all, when we used to abuse him about his conduct on the 21st of January, that he had orders if the King spoke to have all the cannons fired at him, and that it was to avoid that measure he had acted as he did. He always swore that he regretted the King's death. This, however, I never believed. He was liberated before the death of Robespierre, owing, I believe, to his giving our gaoler good beer, for he was a brewer. He used to send us little trifles for our comfort, and I will say that he never lost an opportunity of serving us. When he was at liberty he sent me a pound of

the finest green tea I ever drank, and some sugar. He also sent us a pie; but the gaoler liked that too well to give us any of it.

I was very ungrateful to Santerre, as I never saw him but once after I left the prison, and that was in coming out of the Opera. I was ashamed to be seen speaking to him, though he lived a good deal with some of the ladies who had been in prison, and whom he really had served, in getting them their liberty after the death of Robespierre sooner than they otherwise would have done.

He said that he had never spoken to the Duke of Orleans in his life till after the King's death. This I readily believe, for the Duke had often declared to me that he never had spoken to Santerre, though he always passed for one of his chief agents.

[Here the manuscript terminates.]

After an imprisonment of full eighteen months in various places, Mrs. Elliott was again restored to liberty. She had been fed during her incarceration upon pickled herrings, at the rate of twopence a-day, with one bottle of water for all purposes.

Her captivity was shared, latterly, with Madame Beauharnais, afterwards Madame Bonaparte, and also with a notable person, Madame De Fontenaye, subsequently Madame Tallien. All three, indeed, very narrowly escaped destruction, for they were ordered for execution, and their locks shorn, on the very day that France was delivered by Providence from the monster Robespierre. On emerging from prison she immediately sent for a broker, and disposed of such an amount of her property as enabled her to pay and discharge her establishment of servants, sold her house in Paris to General Murat * (afterwards King of Naples), and took a cottage at Meudon. Here she lived, subsisting on her remaining property, and mixing in the higher circles in Paris during the Consulate and Empire.

By the law of France, after the Revolution, it became necessary for all resident foreigners to adopt a native of the country, to inherit their property. Mrs. Elliott, accordingly, selected the daughter of an English groom in the stables of the

* It was afterwards sold to General Lannes, Duc de Montebello.

Duke of Orleans. This young person, who was educated by her, had a remarkable talent for music; and inherited whatever property Mrs. Elliott possessed at her death.

Of the great man who filled the world with the fame of his conquests, Mrs. Dalrymple Elliott used to relate many anecdotes of the period when he was comparatively little known. She had even received an offer of marriage from him, which, however, she rejected.

On returning to Paris, one day, and paying a visit to Madame Beauharnais, she found her under the hands of the hair-dresser. On the sofa lay a magnificent blue and silver dress. On observing it, Mrs. Elliott, in admiration, exclaimed: "How very charming! And where may you be going in this splendid attire, dear?"

"Oh, stay a few moments," replied Madame Beauharnais, who spoke tolerably good English, "till the hair-dresser is gone, and I will tell you all about it. Look at that dress: it is from your country." She then related to Mrs. Elliott that she had been married that morning to General Bonaparte, at the Municipality, and that he had

obtained the command of the army of Italy. She had no affection for him, she said, but Barras had recommended her to accept him. "How could you marry a man with such a horrid name?" said Mrs. Elliott. "Why, I thought," replied Madame Beauharnais, "that he might be of service to my children. I am going to dine at the Directory by-and-by, and shall go a part of the way with Bonaparte."

Mrs. Elliott saw no more of her until after Bonaparte became First Consul, when she went to the Tuileries. The First Consul, it is known, was fond of children. On this occasion Madame Bonaparte drew his attention to some beautiful children who were walking in the gardens of the Tuileries. He inquired "who they were?" "They are the children of an English gentleman, Mr. Clarke," was the reply.

"English!" he exclaimed with bitterness. "I wish the earth would open and swallow them up."

"Well, General," remarked Mrs. Elliott, "that is not very gallant to me."

"Oh!" replied Bonaparte, "I don't consider you to be English — you are a Scotchwoman."

"Ah!" she rejoined, "I am prouder of being an Englishwoman than of anything."

Bonaparte could not bear to see women with uncovered shoulders, which was the fashion in Paris at that time. "Make a huge fire," he would say, "I am sure the ladies will perish with cold."

After the conquest of Italy, Barras, who became acquainted with the indiscreet conduct of Madame Bonaparte in her husband's absence, strongly urged her to leave Paris immediately and join him, assuring her that Madame Letitia, the General's mother, (who highly disapproved of the marriage of the First Consul with Madame Beauharnais,) had set out to inform Bonaparte of her intrigue with a young officer. She instantly adopted his advice, and fortunately for her, arrived before the General's mother reached the camp, whose story was thus anticipated and discredited.

At the period of the signing the Treaty of Peace at Amiens, in 1801, Lord Malmesbury, the British Plenipotentiary, met Mrs. Elliott in society, and recommended her to return to England with him. Of this opportunity she availed herself,

travelling under the assumed name of Madame St. Maur. For a short time she resided at Brompton, at the house of a Mrs. Naylor, where lodgings had been procured for her, by her direction, by her maid, Madame La Rue. It was during her residence here, that, one day when she was out shopping with Mrs. Naylor, her attention was drawn to a post-chaise and four by a gentleman thrusting out his head and regarding her with fixed attention. She soon recognized in the traveller the Hon. Charles Wyndham, brother of Lord Egremont. It afterwards appeared that he was travelling to Brighton to join a party, at which the Prince of Wales was to be present, at the Pavilion, then the mansion of the Earl, and subsequently the property of the Prince. On his arrival, when the party was assembled, he piqued their curiosity as to the person he had encountered on his way, a lady whom they all knew, and for whom, as we have seen, the Prince entertained the warmest regard — "Who do you think the lady was?" he said. Having raised their curiosity to the highest pitch, at length he said, "One from the grave — Mrs. Elliott, even more beautiful

than ever." The Prince was so delighted at the intelligence, that he returned that very night to town, and sent her a most affectionate letter, begging her to go to him. Accordingly, dressed in the simplest manner, she went to Carlton House, and was received with great warmth by the Prince; and their old friendship was renewed.

Mrs. Elliott remained in England until 1814, when the Bourbon family was restored to the throne of France. During the whole period of her residence here, from 1801 to 1814, the lady who has kindly contributed much of the information here collected resided with her, and she also accompanied her to Paris, and remained with her ten weeks. The cruelties and privations which Mrs. Elliott had endured during her iniquitous confinement produced a most injurious and lasting effect on her constitution. She was long an invalid, and for six months was tenderly nursed by the lady here alluded to.

Mrs. Elliott returned to Paris at the same time as the Royal Family of France, to whom restoration was accompanied with very painful reminiscences. It was with bitter feeling and tears that

the poor Duchess d'Angoulême regarded this event: hers indeed had been a life of poignant grief and troubles! The Duc de Bourbon was also most unhappy on the occasion. In England he said he had lived tranquilly, and was loth to leave it. "What do I go to France for," he said, "but to meet the murderers of my son?"

Mrs. Elliott had the satisfaction of seeing the Marquis de Chansenets (whose life she had saved at so great a risk of her own) reinstated as Governor of the Tuileries.

We have referred to her exquisite beauty. Mrs. Elliott's daughter, Lady Charles Bentinck, who was always very affectionate to her, used to say, that on looking round on the brilliant assemblage of lovely women to be found in the Opera House of London, she saw no one comparable to her mother for beauty and elegance of manners.

The late Duke of Cambridge, on one occasion, passing along the Edgeware Road, observed the panel of a carriage on which the royal arms were quartered, and inquired into the circumstance. He afterwards went to Carlton House and mentioned what he had learnt; on which the Prince sent an

intimation that the quartering of the royal arms would not be permitted, there being no precedent for it since the days of the merry monarch, Charles II.

The chequered life of this greatly-admired and lovely woman quietly terminated at Ville d'Avray. She had witnessed with most intense grief the overthrow of the French monarchy, and the cruel murder of Louis the Sixteenth, but fortunately did not survive (it is believed) to see the fresh troubles of France in 1830,* which finally terminated in the expulsion of the elder branch of the Bourbon family.

Thus ended the life of this remarkable woman; at one time cherished by the Princes and nobles of the land — at another, the miserable companion of nobles and peasants, reduced to one common level of wretchedness, expecting one moment to be led away to the scaffold, amidst the yells of an infuriated and brutal mob, and at another to perish from starvation and neglect.

THE END

* Mrs. Elliott died May 15, 1823.

NOTES

[1] The domain of Raincy, situated at eleven kilometers from Paris, between the forest of Bondy and the road to Meaux, had been for twenty years the property of the Duc d'Orléans. Philippe Egalité's father had purchased it in 1769 from the Marquis de Livry, for the sum of one million francs. The château had been built by Levau in 1650, for Bordier, Secretary of State and Queen's chancellor.

In 1874, after many vicissitudes, the domain was sold to a limited joint-stock company which divided it into lots and the château was demolished.

[2] The present Parc Monceau is but a small part of the Monceau Gardens, which at that time included the immense space between the Rues du Rocher, de Monceau and de Courcelles. On this property, which originally was a part of the village of Monceau, the Duc d'Orléans, then Duc de Chartres, erected in 1778, a sumptuous residence. It was the celebrated architect Carmontelle who had imagined and designed what was nicknamed "Chartres' Folly," in allusion to the enormous sums spent on it by the duc.

The main entrance was then opposite the Beaujon Hospital, between the present Rues Rembrandt and de Lisbonne. The Monceau Gardens, as they were at that period, have been described with minute exactness by Thiéry, in his *Guide de Paris*.

[3] Mademoiselle Agnès de Cépoy had been married, in 1784, to Louis Marie, Comte de Buffon, who became colonel of cavalry, and who was the son of the great naturalist. She separated from him two years after the début of her liaison with the Duc d'Orléans. M. de Buffon obtained a divorce

in 1793 and died on the scaffold the year following. Madame de Buffon was likewise arrested and confined in the Collège du Plessis, where she found herself in the company of the poet Rocher, André Chénier, Sophie de Marigny, the Comtesse de Duras and the celebrated comédienne Montansier.

All contemporaries do not seem to have shared Miss Elliott's prejudices with regard to her. The Comte de la Marck, who was an intimate friend of Mirabeau, expresses himself as follows: "Monsieur le duc d'Orléans was sincerely loved by Madame de Buffon. She was a person of little wit, but possessed much charm and sweetness of character. She was incapable of intrigue; she never had the will nor the wish to do so. She sacrificed much for M. le duc d'Orléans by publicly proclaiming her liaison with him; for she was banished from society, in which she had always lived before. She left her husband and remained with a very small fortune. M. le duc d'Orléans never added to it. She lived in a simple manner on her modest income, in a very small house, where I often saw her. She was not jealous and never sought to lure M. le duc d'Orléans away from Madame de Genlis, whom she considered a superior woman, apt to give him good advice. I am positive that at the beginning of the Revolution, when M. le duc d'Orléans was in England, he earnestly urged Madame de Buffon to leave for America with him, where they would live together. She declined the proposition, giving as a pretext that she would not be able to survive to the grief caused by the regrets which M. le duc d'Orléans might have for having done so rash a thing. I am likewise positive that after the massacre of Madame de Lamballe and during the King's trial she implored the Duc d'Orléans to tear himself from the evil advice of those who led him and that she then spoke to him with much energy and severity."

[4] To understand the atrocious circumstances of Foullon's death, one must recall the acts through which he had attracted to himself a universal hatred. The populace hated him for

his wealth which he had acquired in military supplies in the course of the Seven Years' War, for the share he had taken in the monopoly which in this year of plentiful crops, was the cause of the famine in Paris; the *patriotes* were aware that attached to the War Department during the Three Day ministry, he had contributed to the service of repression his genuine talents as an organizer, providing all the German regiments which surrounded the capital, claiming that only one day was necessary to "subdue the Parisians." On the 13th of July, he had almost forced from the weak Louis XVI the order to fire on the people. And lastly, he had perceived the danger in which the intrigues of the Orleanists placed royalty and had advised the King to have the Duc d'Orléans confined in the Bastille and beheaded at once. Imprudent words which were fatal to Foullon, for its seems proven that it was the *habitués* of the Palais-Royal, in the duc's pay, who kept up and guided the people's fury on the Place de Grève.

After the King's visit to Paris, July 15, which denoted the defeat of the policy of repression, Foullon went into hiding; he caused the rumor to be circulated that he had died of apoplexy, had one of his servants who had died opportunely buried under his name with great pomp, and took refuge at M. de Sartines'. But his presence being suspected by the servants, he betook himself to his estate at Viry. The peasants who had suffered through his hardness of heart and avarice and who had not been deceived by his ruse, arrested him on the threshold of his property; they thrust into his mouth a handful of hay with which he wanted, as it was said, to feed the people; about his neck they placed a collar of nettles and on his back a sheaf. In this gear, he wended his way to Paris. They walked all night; at two o'clock in the morning, having reached the Barrière d'Italie, the cortege turns over its prisoner to Acloque, president of one of the poorest and most famished districts, that of Saint-Marcel, who took him to the Hôtel de Ville. It was five o'clock in the morning.

The electors, who were in session, placed him under a strong guard out of harm's way and had seals put on his papers. The meeting of electors, re-assembled at nine o'clock, ordered his imprisonment at the Abbaye Prison in the safe-keeping of the people and the commander of the national guard, under the charge of *lèse-nation*. Foullon was to be transferred there at nightfall, so as not to attract attention. But the report of his arrest has spread. At noon tumultuous cries arise from the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville. The multitude gathered there asks for the death of Foullon. Lafayette, who was visiting the districts, is recalled; Bailly and some of the electors known to the multitude go down into the Place to speak words of peace to the crowd. Their efforts are in vain; the rumor has spread that Foullon, without the knowledge of the municipality, has escaped. The fury redoubles.

Foullon, who was confined in the Queen's room, is compelled to show himself at the window. Shouts of joy arise. At the same instant the gates are broken, the doors burst open, and the multitude overruns the stairs, the courtyard and the main hall of the Hôtel de Ville, asking loudly for Foullon.

Moreau de Saint-Méry, so as to gain time, says that a trial is necessary. "Yes," replies the crowd, "let him be tried at once and hanged!"

A court of justice composed of seven members is constituted by acclamation. The curates of Saint-Etienne-du-Mont and of Saint-André-des-Arts, being chosen, decline.

After these delays, which heap the measure of exasperation, Foullon is brought in. He takes his seat on a chair which has been placed on a table. He wishes to speak. These words are heard: "Respectable Assembly, generous and just people; besides, I am in the midst of my fellow-citizens. I fear nothing! . . ." The excitement has again started and with redoubled fury. A few persons with the outward appearance of respectability, mingled with the crowd, encourage it. A well-dressed individual addressing the bench,

exclaims angrily: "What need is there of judgment for a man who has been judged for thirty years?"

Three distinct times, Lafayette strives to calm the people. He might, perhaps, have succeeded, when a new crowd from the Faubourg Saint-Antoine and the Palais-Royal invades the hall. The table on which Foullon was is thrown down, when Lafayette makes one last effort. "Let him be taken to prison!" he shouts. Foullon crosses the hall without being ill treated; but an instant after, seized by many hands, he disappears in an eddy of the crowd and suddenly his body is seen swinging from one of the lamps opposite the Hôtel de Ville; the rope having broken twice, it was necessary to secure a new one.

A butcher cuts off the head; it is carried about Paris; it is shown to his son-in-law, Bertier, who was to suffer the same fate, a few hours after. As to the body, it is exposed to view, and the public which files past throws its mite into the hat of the assassins. Foullon's remains, wrapped in a filthy cloth, were delivered to the turnkey of the Châtelet at nine o'clock at night.

[5] It does not seem that Foullon's son-in-law, Bertier de Sauvigny, *intendant de la généralité* of Paris, was so universally hated as his father-in-law. Besides, he has had defenders.

He was, according to M. de Boislisle ("Mémoires sur la généralité de Paris," Introduction) a good administrator and had made a number of reforms.

But he had been unable to escape the unpopularity attached to his family and to his office; he was accused of having ordered the wheat to be cut, while still green, to serve as fodder to the cavalry troops called to Paris, and to have supplied cartridges not only to the troops, but to those who had signified their willingness to assist in the repression intended by Foullon.

A price was therefore set upon his head after July 14.

[6] On October 5, at noon, the King mounted his horse for

a hunt in the woods of Meudon, followed, as usual, by a small escort.

It was believed that there was nothing in the situation to make one uneasy. The Queen was at Trianon, at the Orangerie. The Assembly, displeased, nervous, irritated by the King's delay in sanctioning the decrees of the 4th of August, was discussing the veto. The sky was overcast, but there was no rain. No one dreamed that tragic events were near, when, about two o'clock, a horseman who had come at full speed from Paris, came to notify M. de Saint-Priest, Minister of the King's household, that Paris was in a state of riot, that a mob of 15,000 men and women, armed with pikes, knives, guns, dragging cannons and uttering horrible threats against the King and specially against the Queen, was marching on Versailles.

M. de Saint-Priest at once informed the Queen and fifteen horsemen rushed in all directions to seek the King; meanwhile troops were being assembled on the Place d'Armes.

The mob concentrates in the Champs-Elysées; Stanislas Maillard, one of the conquerors of the Bastille, succeeds in having the women give up their weapons and all start towards Chaillot. On the passage of this strange procession the stores are closed, to the rising anger of the crowd, who is beginning to be hungry and thirsty. At Sèvres, it is with great difficulty that Maillard is able to calm the crowd by having some loaves and wine, obtained by threats, distributed.

They stop at Viroflay. Maillard explains that they must affect peaceful airs, shout: *"Vive le Roi!"* and sing: *"Vive Henri IV!"* and it is to the accompanying noise of royalist songs that the procession enters Versailles. In the meantime, the Marquis de Cubières, had rejoined the King on the heights of Meudon, and had given him M. de Saint-Priest's letter. Louis XVI reads it and mounts his horse without saying a word. At this moment, a chevalier de Saint-Louis, whom no one had noticed, approaches and says: "Sire, I come from the Ecole Militaire; those marching on Versailles

are only women who are coming to ask for bread. I beg Your Majesty not to be afraid." "Sir," replied Louis XVI dryly, "I have never been afraid in my life."

The hunt returned to Versailles by an out-of-the-way road.

At the Assembly, where the session had been rather lively, they were discussing the Declaration of the Rights of Men. It was Mirabeau who notified Mounier, the president, of the approach of the manifestation. At three o'clock, Target introduced a committee of fifteen women, led by Maillard.

Maillard was pale and tired, his clothes were in disorder. He made a bad impression on the Assembly.

In violent terms, he declares that the people have no bread, and if it is lacking, it is because of the monopolies. Robespierre seconds him.

The people demand reparation for the insult to the national cockade by the gardes du corps at their banquet; the concentration of troops about the King causes them anxiety; the Flanders regiment recently called to Versailles against the wishes of the Assembly, must be sent away; a stop must be put to the manœuvres of the monopolists; the Assembly must therefore send a committee to the King, or else Maillard will go himself with the women. With regret, Mounier starts for the château.

Louis XVI, having returned to the château, found in the council chamber his gentlemen and his ministers. Varied advice is offered him. M. de Narbonne wished to disperse the mob by the use of force, others wished to get the King away, or at least the Queen. Louis XVI refuses all this advice, and the Queen does not wish to abandon the King. Besides, the coaches had been stopped by the people on the watch, and were unable to enter the château.

Mounier, who was accompanied by twelve women, was ushered in. The King received them with kindness and ordered all the bread to be found in Versailles distributed to them. One of the women, Louison Chabry, was so affected that she fainted.

Astonished and captivated by Louis XVI's kindly air, they left the château in an enthusiastic mood. Believing them to have been won over by a bribe, the crowd wished to attack them: they were obliged to return to the King and secure from him a written order against the monopolists.

While these events were taking place at the château, time had flown; it was midnight and raining.

At Paris, the national guard, assembled to protect the Hôtel de Ville after the departure of the women, wished also to march to Versailles. The guard resented the insult to the national cockade; the idea of bringing the King back to Paris, which had been growing in the capital since the month of August, was in great favor there. "General," said a corporal, "the people lack bread, misery is at its height, the committee on supplies deceives you or is deceived. This position cannot last; there is only one thing to do; let us go to Versailles! People say that the King is an imbecile; we shall place the crown on his son's head, a regency will be established and conditions will improve."

Lafayette mounted his horse and for several hours seemed to oppose this movement. But people were becoming excited; gangs from the Faubourg Saint-Antoine and from the Faubourg Saint-Marceau were invading the square; it was necessary to start.

Lafayette secures from the Hôtel de Ville an order signed by two commissaries, and at five in the evening they start.

The national guard arrived at Versailles about twenty minutes of twelve, wet, famished, in disorder. While crossing Viroflay, Lafayette had made them swear fidelity to the King and to the Constitution. Without losing any time, he presented himself before the Assembly, protesting that law and order would be respected; he asked that the King recall the Flanders regiment, and that he speak a few words in favor of the tricolor cockade. Then he went towards the château, which he entered alone. When he crossed the Œil-de-Bœuf, the courtiers, in dejection, looked at him in silence,

Someone said: "Here comes Cromwell!" "Sir," replied Lafayette, very pale, "Cromwell would not have entered alone." Louis XVI received the general with dignity and affability. The latter said that the people had sworn love and fidelity to the King, and that order would be maintained. The Parisians demanded that the King confide the care of his person to them; that he communicate to the Assembly through his ministers a report on the food supply of the capital, so as to reassure those who were alarmed by the approach of winter; that he hasten the work of the Assembly, finally that he come and dwell at the Tuileries in accordance with the loudly expressed wish of the Parisian population.

Louis XVI acceded to all of Lafayette's demands, excepting to the latter, to which he made an evasive reply.

Lafayette at once orders to the château a battalion of the national guards composed of former French guards.

He then attended to the finding of lodgings for his troops, and the sending of patrols through the streets of Versailles.

After Lafayette's departure, Mounier and some deputies called upon the King and were well received. He assured them that he had no intention of going away. He requested them to return to the Assembly.

These having left, the King had his apartments cleared and decided to go to bed.

Marie-Antoinette was awake. She authorized M. de Frondeville to take a hundred horses, but only if the King's life was in danger.

Madame de Tourzel and the royal children slept on the ground-floor. It was agreed that at the first sign of danger she was to bring them up to the Queen. Later she received an order to bring them up to the King instead.

Mounier kept the Assembly in session for a few moments; then, Lafayette having assured him that order would not be disturbed, he dismissed it.

At that moment, a patrol of national guards, commanded by a second-lieutenant, attempted to enter the château to make

sure that all was well; being stopped by the watch, they broke one of the gates of the Rue des Réservoirs and entered the park. . . .

Lafayette, after having presented himself once more at the château at three o'clock in the morning, and having talked for a time with M. de Montmarin, returned to L'Hôtel de Noailles, which he had made his headquarters, and threw himself fully dressed on a field-bed.

A half hour after, the château was invaded.

What had happened?

Simply this: throughout the entire day of the 5th, the gate had been kept closed. On the morning of the 6th, the former French guards who composed the watch opened it — by chance, or at a mysterious password — at half past five, as they had been in the habit of doing.

At this moment single individuals, then numerous groups, assemble on the Place d'Armes; they seem to have no particular aim in view; they approach the gates; then seeing that they are allowed to do as they will, they enter, some in the Cour des Ministres, others in the Cour de la Chapelle, whose door was open; then finally into the Cour Royale.

Soon the conversation becomes animated; they call one another's attention to the gardes du corps who, furious, are looking down from the windows. The crowd becomes excited. A clash is inevitable. A report rings out; a cabinet maker, Lhéritier, is killed.

No one knows how this happened. M. Batiffol, who has written an excellent study of the October days, claims that a man had attempted to climb up the columns which support the balcony of the royal chamber; he was shot down with a pistol ball.

M. Mathiez has a different version: the garde du corps, on duty at the bottom of the marble stairs, overrun by the crowd, instead of calling the national guards to his assistance, fell back on his corporal who, to free himself, fired his carbine.

However that may be, the now enraged crowd invaded the

marble staircase; a garde du corps named Deshuttes, found behind a door, was surrounded, disarmed and, in the twinkling of an eye, thrown to the ground; he had hardly fallen when a man with a long black beard, named Nicholas Jourdan, a rag picker from the Faubourg Saint-Marceau, some say, a model, say others, dressed in a costume of antique fashion, chops off his head with an axe.

During that time, the corporals of the guards assemble their men at the head of the stairs. One of these, M. Miomandre de Sainte-Marie, attempts to parley; he is seized by his shoulder-belt, struck and has great trouble to escape. The guards, having been unable to fire, barricade themselves in the halls. But the door of the great hall is shattered and they disperse. One, M. de Varicourt, struck on the head with a pike, falls; he is immediately beheaded by Jourdan.

The guard Miomandre de Saint-Marie can, however, through a partly open door, warn one of the Queen's femme de chambre of Her Majesty's danger; surrounded, struck from all sides, his devotion almost costs him his life.

Marie-Antoinette, notified by her maids, rushes half undressed through the door on the right of her bed, towards the King's apartments.

But she must cross the Œil-de-Bœuf.

The connecting door is locked on the outside. The maids knock, call, tremble at the thought of being rejoined by the invaders. At last, two valets open the door and close it immediately they have entered. The Queen is saved. Meanwhile, Louis XVI, awakened by the noise, has arisen. Realizing the Queen's danger, he descends the little stairway which opens on the Cour des Cerfs and reascends by the secret passages leading to the Queen's apartments. She was no longer there; he returned to his rooms by way of the Œil-de-Bœuf.

On the ground-floor, Madame de Tourzel, notified by the captain of the guards, M. de Saint-Aulaire, carries the Dauphin to the King's room, where Madame Elisabeth was

already. Marie-Antoinette herself went after Madame Royale.

In Versailles, the tocsin rings, the national guards assemble. The battalion of Récollets, commanded by Dr. Goudran, the first to reach the courtyard, charges up the marble stairway and clears the Salle des gardes du Roi, which the rioters were about to pillage.

The national guards rush from all sides; they deliver some gardes du corps who were being attacked by the mob, and charge the pillagers. At a quarter past five calm had been re-established.

In the meantime the château was filling up.

All those who dwelt there grouped themselves about Louis XVI. The royal family is assembled in the Council Room. The Dauphin is hungry; he weeps; the Queen is indignant.

In the Council chamber, the King, surrounded by his ministers, receives Lafayette. He advises Louis XVI to show himself to the people and to speak to them so as to quiet them. Lafayette himself appears on the balcony; he beseeches the people to be calm, to leave the disturbers whose excesses dishonor and compromise the Revolution.

Suddenly a voice arises: "Let the Queen appear on the balcony!" At the entreaty of Lafayette, she comes forward, the Dauphin and Madame Royale on either side.

But shouts arise: "No children!"

She quickly pushes her children away and stands alone and unmoved, face to face with the mob.

Before this proud attitude, applause breaks out; fury gives way to enthusiasm. Even the gardes du corps are cheered; they appear on the balcony; they exchange their shoulder-belts and hats for the bonnets of the grenadiers of the national guards.

But from the crowd comes the cry: "Let the King come to Paris!" This had been the main topic of conversation throughout the day. Many said that their day would be

wasted did they not bring Louis XVI back to the Tuileries. . . .

The cries of the mob brought on Louis XVI a state of amazement hard to describe.

M. de Saint-Priest approached him and advised him to accept. All delay was useless; it was the best way to get rid of those bandits.

"Ah, Monsieur de Saint-Priest," said the Queen, "why did we not go last night!"

"It is not my fault," he replied.

"I know it!"

(Mémoires de Saint-Priest).

About eleven o'clock, the clamors becoming louder, Louis XVI came to a decision. He appeared on the balcony and said:

"My friends, I shall go to Paris with my wife and children; it is to the love of my good and faithful subjects that I confide that which is most precious to me . . ."

Applause broke out.

The deputies who were present at the château proposed to have the Assembly meet in the Salon d'Hercule.

But Mirabeau refused to allow the Assembly to deliberate in the palace of the Kings. It was decided to send to the château a committee composed of twelve members led by the Abbé d'Eymar, who soon reported the King's resolution to return to Paris, and to transfer the Assembly to that city. The remainder of the day was taken up in preparing for the departure. As the people were becoming impatient only the absolutely necessary things were taken.

At one o'clock, Louis XVI entered his coach with the Queen and their children.

Madame Elisabeth and Madame de Tourzel accompanied them.

On either side of the coach were Lafayette and the Comte d'Estaing on horseback.

The national guards marched ahead, without order; then came the women, the men with pikes, the soldiers of the Flanders regiment, the hundred Swiss, the dragoons, and last came the royal coach.

The women sang at the top of their voices, jumping, waving branches decked with ribbons, and repeating the well known refrain: "We are bringing back the baker, the baker's wife and the little baker boy!"

Carts laden with wheat and flour, met on the way and brought back to Paris by force, followed, ornamented with foliage.

And behind these, closing up the march, came the gardes du corps unarmed, bare-headed or wearing the bonnets of the national guards.

At six o'clock in the evening, in the fog, in weather sombre, cold and rainy, the procession entered Paris.

[7] Duc d'Arenberg, Louis-Englebert d'Arenberg, d'Arschot and de Croy (1750–1820), was a brother of the Comte de la Marck, the intimate friend of Mirabeau.

[8] William Gardiner (1748–1805) was in Belgium as Envoy-extraordinary from Great Britain since the month of December, 1789. He left Brussels at the beginning of the year 1792. He died in 1805.

[9] Lord Gower was appointed English Ambassador to Paris in 1790.

[10] Spa was one of the centers of what Forneron called *l'émigration joyeuse*. "There had withdrawn," says Forneron, "the Princesse de Lamballe with Mesdames de Lage and de Ginestons. She had there made the acquaintance of the beautiful Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire, at whose house at Spa, assembled Mr. Crawford, an English colonel, the Lavals, the Luxembourgs 'dancing merrily while their châteaux were being plundered!'" The Princesse de Lamballe returned to France on the advice of her father, the Duc de Penthièvre. Everyone knows what her end was to be.

When Miss Elliott reached Spa, Belgium was the center

of emigration; the Comte de Provence, who had left France by way of the North, had been able, thanks to the devotion of his friend D'Avaray, to escape the dangers which threatened him, and take refuge in Brussels. The Comte d'Artois had gone to meet him there with Calonne and Breteuil.

[11] The minutes of the meetings of the revolutionary municipality of Meudon are yet to be published. M. de Grouchy, in his article on Châteaux of Meudon, Bellevue and Chaville (Revue de l'Histoire de Paris, Volume XX) has made use of the matter which relates to the château, but it is Miss Elliott who best shows us what a small commune in the environs of Paris was during the Revolution. We see at least that former servants and purveyors of the château, having become municipal officials, were not, in direct opposition to what happened elsewhere, and notably at Versailles, very terrible demagogues, and that they knew how to respect the *beau monde*.

[12] La Chronique Parisienne informs us that "Evènements Imprévus" was played July 18, 1792, on the stage of the Théâtre Italien. This play was not in the répertoire; the fashionable play of the Théâtre Italien was at that time "Roméo et Juliette or *Love in death*," which had been produced for the first time in the first days of July.

[13] Louis Pierre de Champcenets was born in 1748. He was a captain of dragoons when he was appointed Governor of the Tuileries in November, 1789, shortly after the King's return; his father, Jean François de Richebourg, Marquis de Champcenets, had already held that post.

Without intending to repeat here the events of the 10th of August, we shall call attention to what extent the decrees of the Assembly and the lack of foresight on the part of the court had made the task of the defenders of the Tuileries difficult. The constitutional guard, which took the place of the former King's household, dissolved by a decree of the Assembly, had not been replaced; the King continued the pay of the former guards, believing, no doubt, that he was

keeping to himself, without arousing the suspicions of the Assembly, a body of devoted servants.

There were Swiss attached to the service of the château, but the court, when planning to send the King to Normandy, had sent one of its battalions in the direction of Rouen to watch over the coming in of grain. Therefore, there were left about 800 men, garrisoned at Courbevoie, and about an equal number of nobles devoted to the royal family. The other troops, mounted police, or national guard, were under the authority of the governor of the château only while on duty. The national guards, the gunners, the mounted police which assured order in Paris, and which defended the approaches to the Tuileries, were under the orders of Mandat. His tragic end rendered useless the clever arrangements he had made. It was therefore the Swiss and the devoted followers grouped in the interior of the château and led by Champcenets, who bore the brunt of the fight; the terrible losses sustained by the besiegers proved that they did their duty with courage and intelligence. Champcenets took refuge in England after the dramatic incidents related by Miss Elliott; he remained there until his death.

[14] Huskisson (1770–1830). He became private secretary to Lord Gower in 1790.

[15] M. Albert Terrade, who has been fortunate enough to secure the testimony of a witness, has published in the "Mémoires de la Société historique de Versailles," a most realistic account of the memorable meeting at which the Duc d'Orléans voted the King's death.

M. Fossé-Darcosse, who lived to a very advanced age, retained a most accurate recollection of that day. Almost a child he had mingled with the crowd which, as early as the 15th January, surrounded the Manège, and had succeeded on the 16th in slipping into one of the galleries. His heart filled with emotion, he witnessed that permanent sitting which, begun at 8 o'clock at night, did not end until thirty-six hours later. The presence of so many patriots was easily explained,

it was the time when the Convention was voting on the 3rd question of the King's trial.

"What penalty shall be inflicted on Louis?"

The roll call began and hour after hour deputy followed deputy to the platform, uttering the single word: "Death! Death!" Only a few, Robespierre, Couthon, Barbaroux, Danton, explained their votes. A feeling of lassitude was creeping over the galleries when Philippe Egalité was called. At this name, silence became general, and even the *Knitters* interrupted their work for an instant. Philippe Egalité slowly mounted the steps of the platform and said:

"Solely influenced by a sense of duty, convinced that all those who have attacked or will attack the sovereignty of the people deserve death, I vote for death."

There was an interval of frigid silence made up of stupefaction and disgust, then suddenly, all the people in the galleries who had come to ask for the head of Louis XVI, broke out in insults, and it was amidst hoots and hisses that Egalité resumed his seat in the Assembly.

[16] The family of Ollivier de Sénozan, which possessed in the eighteenth century the *comté* and the *marquisat* of Rosny, was a family of eminent magistrates allied to the greatest names of the ancient aristocracy. President Ollivier de Sénozan through his marriage with a Lamoignon de Malesherbes, left at his death in 1740, a daughter married to Prince Tuigry-Montmorency and two sons, the elder of which died at 22 years of age. It is the wife of the second son, Jean François Ferdinand Ollivier de Sénozan de Taulignan, who was for a short time mixed up in the life of Miss Elliott.

[17] The English edition bears the name Milor, which is an error. It is Milon, not master of the ballet, but a simple supernumerary in the ballet of the Opera, who is in question.

As to Bigottini, who descended no doubt from the former Arlequin of the Comédie Italienne, she also was a supernumerary in the dances. It is only in 1790 that Milon and

Bigottini dwelt together at No. 170 Faubourg Saint-Martin, where they lived until 1792, at which time Milon left the Opera. They then came to settle in the Faubourg du Temple, near the old gate, thus not too far from the Opera, where Bigottini was still appearing in 1794.

[18] Deputy from Marne at the Convention, Jean César Battelier was mayor of Vitry-le-François, his native town, when he was elected. After having been identified on the side of the *Montagne,* he succeeded in being forgotten at the time of the Thermidor proscriptions, was commissary of the Directory in the Marne Department and concluding a final evolution, died Imperial Prosecutor in 1808.

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