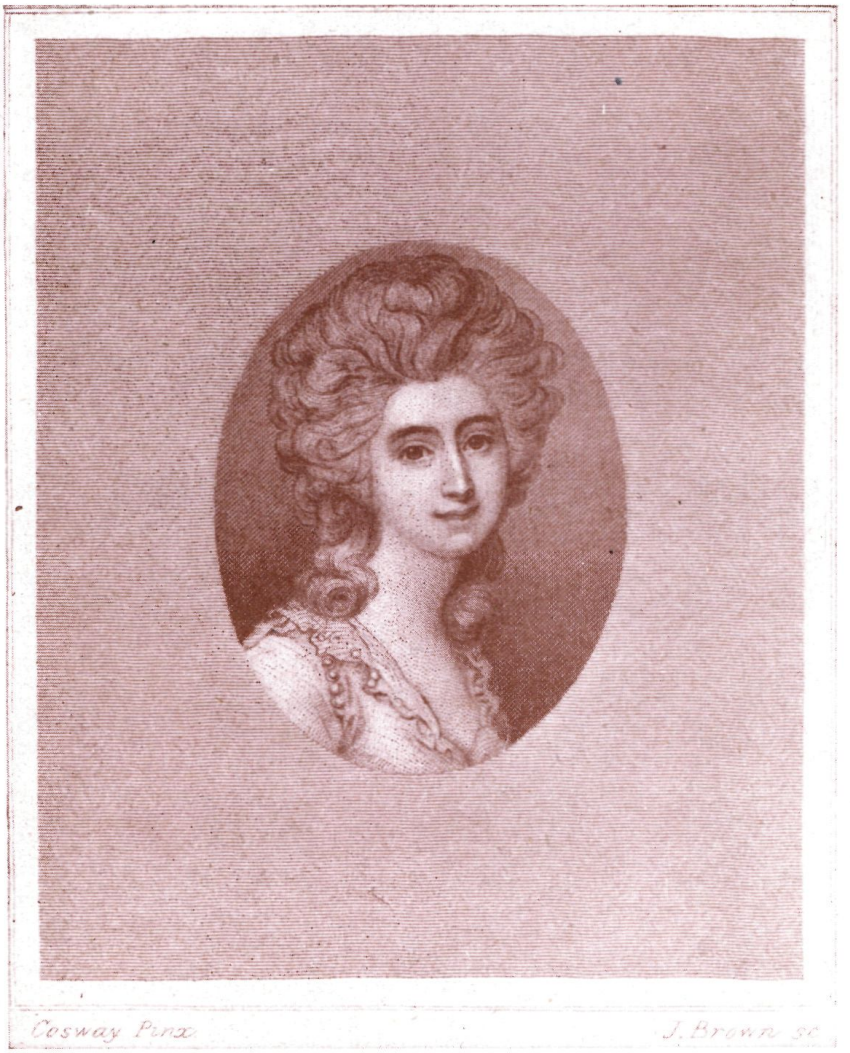
IN THE SHADOW OF THE GUILLOTINE



GRACE DALRYMPLE ELLIOTT.

Frontispiece.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE GUILLOTINE

WRITTEN BY GRACE DALRYMPLE ELLIOTT, INTIMATE FRIEND OF PHILIPPE EGALITÉ. EDITED BY HELEN KENDRICK HAYES

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INTRODUCTION

THE following "Memoirs" were written by Grace Dalrymple Elliott at the express desire of King George III. His Majesty's physician, Sir David Dundas, happened also to be the medical attendant of Mrs Elliott, and, during his visits to the Royal family, he used very often to relate some of the interesting anecdotes which that lady had communicated to him in the course of conversation, relative to her terrible experiences during the French Revolution.

The King's curiosity was aroused to such an extent, so eagerly did he desire a more graphic description of those awful times, that he desired Sir David to request Mrs Elliott to commit to paper a detailed record of her life in Paris, and to send it to him.

The lady very willingly obeyed the Royal command, and, sheet by sheet, as it was written during her residence at Twickenham upon her return from France after the conclusion of the Peace of Amiens in 1801, the accompanying narrative was despatched to Sir David Dundas at Windsor.

No record of her younger days is given in the "Memoirs" themselves, and there is very little information to be obtained concerning her, before the most eventful period of her life began. However, the following facts may be of interest to the reader.

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 was a barrister who had gained a considerable reputation by winning, for the plaintiff, the celebrated Douglas and Hamilton cause, cited by Horace Walpole as one of 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, where she spent the remainder of her days, and where she gave birth to her youngest child, Grace.

As the little one grew older, and the question of her education arose, she was sent to France, and remained in a convent at Lille until the age of fifteen, when she was removed to her father's house.

In those days, children of fifteen were kept very much in the background. However clever and charming they might be, they were not allowed to be present at evening festivities, nor were they dragged forth on every possible occasion to display their accomplishments to their elders, as is the prevailing custom in these later days. But, upon one particular evening, Grace was allowed the special treat of appearing at supper, and that same night decided her matrimonial fate. Sir John Elliott, a man very much older than her father, happened to be present, and was

so struck with the young girl's marvellous beauty, that he immediately made her an offer of marriage. Naturally, the child's head was turned by the flattering proposal, and, in a moment of girlish folly, impulsively accepted the offer as hastily as it had been proffered.

As might be supposed, such a totally unsuitable union was productive of nothing but misery. There was such an absolute dissimilarity of tastes, as well as of age, that no affection ever existed between the ill-assorted pair.

After her marriage, Mrs Elliott mixed a great deal in society, where her exquisite loveliness and elegance of manners soon made her universally popular, and it was not long before she was besieged by ardent admirers more suited to her age. The inevitable happened; in an evil hour she became entangled in an intrigue, and her husband, who had tolerated her indifference, resented her infidelity, and obtained a divorce, as well as damages to the extent of £12,000.

After this unfortunate episode her brother

had Mrs Elliott again removed to a convent in France. Here she remained until she was brought over to England by Lord Cholmondeley. Subsequently, she was introduced to the Prince of Wales, who had been eagerly awaiting an opportunity of making her acquaintance, ever since the day he had gazed spellbound at her portrait, which he had accidentally seen at Houghton. So renowned was she for her personal charms, that she had portraits innumerable executed by the most eminent artists of the day. One of the best, by Cosway, we reproduce in this volume.

On meeting the original of the picture which had so fascinated him, the susceptible young prince fell an immediate victim to her charms, and a most intimate connection ensued, resulting in the birth of a daughter, who was christened at Marylebone Church, receiving the names of Georgiana Augusta Frederica Seymour; Lord Cholmondeley and one or two other intimate friends only being present.

While Mrs Elliott remained with the

prince, she of course mingled in the brilliant society he frequented, and then it was that she became acquainted, among many other persons of distinction, with the ill-fated Duc d'Orléans, afterwards known as Philippe Egalité, whose friend and confidante she became, and who is so often mentioned in her "Memoirs." His fondness for England and all things English—its people and its institutions—was well known, and at that time he was exceedingly popular in the country to which he was so much attached, especially (being a most enthusiastic sportsman himself) in sporting society.

There is no reliable evidence on record as to when Mrs Elliott again left England to reside in Paris, but in all probability it was about the year 1786. She left her little daughter in the care of Lord and Lady Cholmondeley.

The child, accompanied by a nurse and a footman of Lord Cholmondeley's, was occasionally permitted to visit her mother in Paris, but she never resided with her for any length of time.

It is said that the Prince of Wales made Mrs Elliott a very handsome allowance, and she also received an annual income of £200 from her husband's family.

With these introductory remarks, we will now leave the lady to tell in her own fashion her interesting story.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE GUILLOTINE

CHAPTER I

OUTBREAK OF THE REVOLUTION

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 dine at the Duke's château of Raincy, in the Forest of Bondy, near Paris. We returned to Paris in the evening, meaning to go to the Comédie Italienne. We had left the city at eleven o'clock in perfect tranquillity; but on our return at eight o'clock to 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 order of the police; that Paris was in a 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 Allemagne (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, thinking it would be very imprudent for him to appear in the streets at such a moment, and offered him my own. On hearing of the state of affairs in Paris and the events that had transpired during our short absence,

he seemed much surprised and shocked; he told me that he hoped it would be nothing, and added that my servant, had in all probability exaggerated. However, I persuaded him to get into my carriage, and, at his request, set him down at the *Salon des Princes*, a club frequented by all the nobility, where he said he should meet people who would tell him the latest news. When we got to the club, however, we found it shut 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 cavalry and infantry, commanded by the Maréchal de Broglie. They 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 awe-inspiring but beautiful spectacle 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 allowed no carriages to pass without the name of the owner being given. I gave *mine*, and my horses were conducted through the ranks of cavalry at a foot's pace, without any suspicion getting abroad that the Duke of Orleans was in my carriage. We went directly to the Duke's house at Monceau. By this time it was about a quarter-past nine o'clock.

On the Duke's arrival we found the greatest uneasiness and confusion prevailing among his servants, 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 imprisoned in 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 full of anxiety as to his fate.

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 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 would then 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 the Place Louis Quinze. I was very anxious about the Duke's situation, and wished much to know the nature of public opinion concerning him; we therefore mixed in the groups, and of course heard different sides of the

question: some were full of the Duke's praises, others as violently denouncing 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 the Duke what I had heard. 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; to show his Majesty, by such a move, 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 the scene of innumerable riots and horrors indescribable. The murder of De Foulon and Flesselles, Prevôts des Marchands, is too well known for me to relate here. Unfortunately, I was indiscreet enough to try to go to my jeweller's that evening, and I met in the Rue St

Honoré a torchlight procession of the soldiers of the French Guards carrying the head of M. de Foulon. 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 abuse me as being one of poor Foulon's friends, and to level at me the same accusation as at the unfortunate Foulon, that of wishing the people to live on hay. I did not attempt to go further, but returned home almost dead of fright. 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. His Majesty was just getting up, and would take 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 am here to receive 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. That same night he returned to Paris.

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 madly in love with Madame de Buffon, driving her about all day in a curricle, and

accompanying her to all the *spectacles* in the evening; therefore he could not possibly be planning conspiracies. Indeed, the Duke's misfortune lay in his being surrounded by ambitious men, who won him over to their side 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. With the exception of the Duc de Biron (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, in the beginning, he might have been got 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 unfortunate 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 ruining him.

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 most bitterly lament the fact that I possessed so little influence over him; for I ever detested the Revolution, and those who caused it. My

conduct at that time is well known to all the friends of the King and Queen, and to 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. Sometimes I fancied he realised whither he was being led, 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 all my efforts to lure him away from them were unavailing, He only laughed at me, saying that "I

was a proud Scotchwoman, who loved nothing but kings and princes."

But my thoughts have caused a digression: 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 house, conversing with two men. On seeing me he came out, and asked me to serve 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 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 booming of the cannon, which proclaimed the taking of the Bastille, on which these gentlemen went off in a great hurry. The Viscount de Noailles and the Duc de Biron came in directly afterwards, and as I saw I could have no conversation with the Duke, I went away. The Duke followed me into the garden. I had only time to entreat him to go once more to the King and offer his services. He was very angry with me, asked me whether I was paid by his enemies to give him such advice, and then unceremoniously left me.

I went home extremely unhappy, for I now recognised that what I had not dreaded had indeed come to pass, and that he was at open war with the King. From that moment I considered him entirely in the hands of his factious followers. In the course of that same day, in addition to the taking of the Bastille, 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 torchlight. The same day they went to the country-house of M. Berthier, 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 forced him to get out of the cabriolet, and hung him up to a gibbet. 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 some of the scenes enacted upon that dreadful day!

CHAPTER II

Conversations with the Duke of Orleans—Sketch of Marie-Antoinette—Unpopularity of the Duke of Orleans with the Court—He visits England —The Netherland Revolutionists—My Passport stopped—Colonel Gardiner, English Minister at Brussels — Gross insult offered to the British Government—Interview with the Belgian Revolutionary Leaders—Infamous Conduct of Capuchin Priests — My Return to Paris — The Festival of the Federation at the Champ de Mars—Louis XVI. — Marie-Antoinette — Talleyrand — The Duke of Orleans daily drifting into the hands of the most violent Revolutionists—Conversations with the Duke — Marie-Antoinette visits my House and Gardens — Intrusted with a Commission by Marie-Antoinette—The *Chevaliers de la Poignard* —A Leader wanted for the Royalists.

FROM this period I saw little of the Duke of Orleans. I went to stay at the château of a friend of mine at Ivry, near Paris. Many events happened in the course of the summer, with which those who have read the history of the

French Revolution will be familiar. 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 the inhuman outrages perpetrated during that bloody period.

The Duke came twice to dine with me in the country, and I found his manner much altered. He was very low-spirited, which never was his natural demeanour. I constantly gave expression to the fears I entertained on his account, but he only laughed at me, 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 be abandoned, 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 day. 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 fishwomen had gone to Versailles with some of the Faubourgs, 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 Lafayette must be at the bottom of it; but added, "I dare say that they will accuse me of it, as they lay every disturbance to my account. I think that this, like all the other projects of Lafayette, is a mad scheme." 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 even they must acquit him of all responsibility in regard to the events of that day,—a day, which, in my opinion, decided the fate of the Royal Family, and which showed the country what 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 the proceedings were dropped. 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 favour, 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, now literally cast mud in her face. 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 graciously condescended to send one of her equerries, M. de Chatiers, after me, to ask me how my daughter was. Her Majesty had been good enough to think her a beautiful child, and had taken great notice of her when she was about three years old. While at St Cloud, she 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 tastes were more in conformity with 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 for one moment that Madame Elizabeth, the King's sister, and a woman of spotless reputation, was Marie Antoinette's most

intimate friend. Was she likely to have connived in the Queen's dishonour? The idea is not to be entertained for a moment; 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 attachment for the Queen continued till her last moments. This fact, I think, affords sufficient proof that the aspersions cast upon her good name were for the most part groundless.

Lafayette's treatment of the Royal Family during their captivity in the Tuileries was very harsh. He was always reporting that they desired to escape, in order to make himself of consequence both to the royalists and his friends the *rebels*. These reports always resulted in some new insult to the Royal Family.

At this time the Duke of Orleans came more and more under the ban of the Court's and the royalists' displeasure, without gaining any more power in his own party, who were constantly making use of his name while committing horrors in con-

junction 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 more kindly, and the King appointed him High Admiral of France, which occasioned great surprise 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, including the Duke of Orleans. 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 issued 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 suggestion, but one which I believe the Duke was foolish enough to listen to, and, indeed, eager to accept. For that purpose they entrusted him with 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, including an assertion 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 very desirous of becoming Duke of Brabant himself, or at least of getting the dukedom into his own family. I saw him as active in Belgium as he had 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 religious factionists; the second might be compared 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 at Enghien, 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, 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 ; but that if I insisted on his going on my account he would, though 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 agreeing, I went that same day, and found Vandernott and Vannpar together. I sent in

my name, and was very well received. I stated my complaint, asserting 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,

LOUIS JOSEPHE PHILIPPE,
Duke of Orleans, known as "Philippe Egalite."

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, etc., on horseback, with a cross in one hand and a sword in the other. In the rear came the hangmen of the villages and towns, carrying gallows and racks. In the evening these poor deluded people returned to their villages, hopelessly drunk, and behaving like madmen.

I witnessed many terrible scenes in Brussels, similar to those in France, but here religion was at the root of the evil. 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 trimmed with narrow silver-lace, a white dimity waistcoat, white cotton stockings, net ruffles with fringe round them, and a powdered bob-wig.

All sorts of outrages were being perpetrated. The Austrians got possession of Brussels, 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, and other necessaries, 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.

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, saw 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 fell every day more and more into their clutches.

I wish that the Court would have believed in 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, though she knew that I saw the Duke every day, which showed that I was honoured by her good opinion. 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 the 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 in its sympathies 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, 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, and giving the conspirators an opportunity of confining the King and his family more closely. 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 situa-

tion was more distressing. These nobles were what were called *Les Chevaliers de la 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 set up a standard as a rallying point for the royalists, in any part of France, I really think the King might have been delivered; but 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 of War, say that he and his brother would have repaired to any standard raised by a chief of the House of Bourbon, and, if need be, shed their life-blood for the King. I have heard other generals say as much, and I am certain that three parts, at least, of France would have done the same.

What a misfortune for the world that

such a leader was not forthcoming! 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 he did not care about riding under such conditions, and in such company.

CHAPTER III

Conduct of Monsieur, since Louis XVIII—Gentleness of Louis XVI—Royal Family escape to Varennes—Brought back to Paris—Their brutal treatment by the Mob—Position of the Duke of Orleans—His disposition—He joins the Army—The Mob break into the Tuileries, and insult the King—Marie-Antoinette's last appearance in public—The 10th of August—My Flight to Meudon—Return to Paris—Adventures—Murder of the Swiss Guards—Extraordinary escape of Marquis de Chansenets.

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 Hôtel 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 the disgrace of 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 États, 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 in this infinitely preferable fashion, 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 occupied was very terrible. The faithful Garde de Corps, who 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 using 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 remember. This was another dreadful event.

I left Paris that evening for Spa, 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 interesting 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 to 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 to 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 released soon after.

After this, I remained always either at

Issy or in Paris, till I bought my house at Meudon. I often saw the Duke of Orleans, but was so disappointed at the very unfortunate turn everything took in regard to 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 passed out of his care, 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, the Comte de Beaujolais, with him.

In the course of this summer, the 20th of June, the Poissardes and the Faubourgs, 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, to murder

her, it was supposed. 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 Majesty 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 Evénemens Imprévus*, 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 significantly 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 insisted upon going away in the evening, and I never heard of them more. My maid reminded me 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 to maintain the utmost secrecy, saying 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 a patrol 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, as I had worn out the soles of my shoes or stockings. My shoes

were of 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 quarters 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 Boulevard de l Ancienne Opéra, and I found to my very great surprise that the person she wished me to serve was the Marquis de Chansenets, the 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. 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 Chansenets 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 Faubourg St Germains on the new Boulevards.

On Chansenets' arrival there he saw Mr Huskisson, 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 very secluded part of Paris. 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 occupied one of the top floors. 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 his experiences and witnessed 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

MARIE ANTOINETTE AND HER CHILDREN.

From a Painting by Mme. Vigée-Lebrun.

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, etc. 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 Meyler not knowing what to do with her miserable prisoner (he being extremely ill with a nervous fever), and fearing 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 of September, when an order came out that every section was to 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

The Princesse de Lamballe's Murder—Incidents in the Escape of the Marquis de Chansenets—My Adventures in aiding him—Domestic Spies—Terror during Domiciliary Visit—Interview and Conversation with the Duke of Orleans—The Duke procures the escape of the Marquis to England.

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 Princesse 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 Par 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 myself 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 our-

selves 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 hidden. I had all my curtains festooned up; my chandeliers and candelabra lighted, which in all formed about twenty candles, as bedrooms 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 directly. Obviously, she had not the faintest idea that he was still in the 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. Mere words could not describe 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 alight, day was breaking, and my room looked more like a ballroom than a scene of the horrors which were passing. They all came

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 exceedingly tired. 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, indulged in 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 inspection, 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 in 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 the door of my room, 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 obvious 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 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 revolu-

tions ought to be of great use, and better our children, for they were very dreadful for those who witnessed them, and were directly affected by their harsh measures.

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 it is a case of sink or swim. 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 *ancienne 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.

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 that 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, as some part of it was 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 vindi-

cate 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, 4th September, the Duke came to breakfast with me before eleven o'clock. He was very low-spirited. I inquired 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 replied, "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 hidden 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 im-

possible; 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 the 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 I obtained his consent, but at last he observed 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 the ardour of his pursuers.

But I was still uneasy, 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

The Murder of Louis XVI—The Duke of Orleans promises not to vote—Visit of the Duke of Orleans and the Duc de Biron to me—Conversation relative to the Death of the King—The Duke of Orleans breaks his solemn promise—Anecdote of an attached Servant of the King—General Terror—My Illness; the Duke sends to me—Anxious to get away to England—The Duke unable to assist me—I upbraid him for his conduct in voting for the King's Death—His Defence—The Comtesse de Perigord's horror for her situation; begs my aid to get away—Monsieur de Malesherbes — Another Domiciliary Visit — Madame de Perigord concealed in a Closet—Melancholy position of the Duke of Orleans—I am arrested.

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 about 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 and not daring to have a roof over 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, his conviction 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 humour. 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. Everyone 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 an outrage was about to be perpetrated in 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 Mesdames 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 the present state of affairs would be ameliorated. 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 garnie*.

I went there at about half-past seven o'clock, and found the Duc de Biron and the party there assembled 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 proof of the Duke of Orleans' dishonour.

I never felt such a horror of anybody in my life as I did at that moment. I was overcome with shame and sorrow 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, out of affection for poor Biron, had refused to emigrate, though his heart was always with the Princes. 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 that fondly-cherished illusion was dispelled for ever. I even threw away the little gifts he had sent me which I had in my pockets and in my room. My indignation burst forth afresh at sight of 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 fishwomen 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 noble head fell upon the scaffold!

Meudon is on a mountain, and with a glass I could have seen the Place Louis Quinze, where this horrid 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 in the event of any attempt being 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 gamekeepers 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 in which his Majesty indulged.

The day of the King's death was the most dreary day I ever saw. The clouds even seemed to mourn. Hardly anyone was about; the murderers seemed ashamed to show their faces and even 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 began a veritable reign of terror. Robespierre became all-powerful. People did not dare to speak above their breath. The most intimate friends 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 that might contain proofs of conspiracies against the Republic. These soldiers generally robbed people, or made them give them money, threatening, in case of refusal, to denounce them.

I wished to remain quietly 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 annoying visits from the municipal officers, not of Meudon, for they were kind to me, but of Sèvres and of Versailles. 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. He brought with him a very affectionate letter in which the Duke regretted that he did not dare to come to me, but entreated 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 fatal 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 do not look well," he said, "but I hope you are recovered from your recent indisposition?" 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 daresay 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 state of mind 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 affairs best. 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 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 Revolutionists like money, and I have hopes for you. I will do what I can with some of the leaders, but Robespierre is all-powerful, and to him I never speak."

The Duke wished me to make breakfast, and I drank some tea, but felt so very uncomfortable that I could talk of nothing but 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 Faubourg 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, 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 favour 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, 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 thereby accomplished her own ruin. 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 had wanted to see me again, 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

LOUIS XVI.

From a Painting by Duménil.

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 at all frightened. I had then got used to it, and had nobody hidden 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 them and her in my house for ten days or more.

This was, I think, in March, near the time when Dumouriez left 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 gendarmes 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 his ease about the money I possessed, which I had placed on his estates. He thought, in case of his death, he could make an 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 upstairs. 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 conceal herself in a cupboard, 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 the 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

Taken to the Guard-room, where I pass the night—Walked between Soldiers to the Mairie to be examined—The Duchesse de Grammont and the Duchesse du Chatelet before the Mairie also—Their miserable Fate—Frightful Scenes at the Feuillants—Encounter the Duke of Orleans there—My examination and alarm—Brutality of Chabot, the Capuchin—Civility of Vergniaud—Letter of Sir Godfrey Webster—I am allowed to depart, but stopped by Chabot—The Duke of Orleans arrested, with the Comte de Beaujolais—Affecting Scene between the Duc de Biron and the Comte de Montpensier—The Duc de Biron sent to St Pelagie—Madame de Perigord leaves her Children with me—I am sent to St Pelagie—Meet Madame du Barri—Her Violence at her Execution—Fatal Letter of Mr Vernon—I am released.

IT was two o'clock when we entered the guard-room to which I was taken. 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 worker 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 returned 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 Duchesse de Grammont and the Duchesse du Chatelet. I believe that there were not ten chairs in the room, and the women were fainting from fatigue. The Duchesse 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 Grammont 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 told her, she said, of the aid I had so often rendered to various royalists, 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 anything 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 again 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 ladies and gentlemen 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 to 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 witnessed, while I waited, the 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. I felt much frightened as I mounted the steps to the chair, which was very high. 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'Orleans' 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 not have done otherwise, but 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 handwriting; therefore can we with honour break open and read a private letter directed to that great man? No! it shall not be; we will keep the letter, and send it safely to Mr Fox."

A heated discussion followed, 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 Faubourg 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 a good humour and favourably inclined towards me, except Chabot. Osselin wanted to conduct me home in one of the coaches belonging to the Comité, for they all had 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'Orleans 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!" "Then it is plain," said Chabot, "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 have 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'Orleans 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 that it was a sin? You

are very impudent to say so here; for we are fifty members in this room, and we all voted for the death of the tyrant Capet, not to be kings ourselves, but only to rid the world of that detested race. And now we will see what we can do for this would-be-king, who was always turning to those enemies of liberty, the English, with some of whom he is now in correspondence, and so are you. I shall not let you escape. Send her to La Force," he cried, "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 gendarmes to escort him to Marseilles, for it was there they took him and the little Comte de Beaujolais. They confined them in one of the deepest dungeons of the Fort St Jean, 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. 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 entrust them. She entreated me to adopt them as my own. She then put the two children in my arms, and a very affecting scene took place. 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 under 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 seized 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 this seizure of my papers, they ate some dinner, though 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 all became 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 I 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 examining the Duke of Orleans' papers, and they thought that I should be found to have been an agent of the Duke's in regard to England. They found, however, nothing that could lead 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 examination 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, etc., all of which they invested with 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 permitted the seals to be removed from 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 Barrère, Billaud de Varennes, Merlin de Douay, and Robespierre. The last-named asked me 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 Flora*, where they held the Comité; and the same furniture remained which the poor King had. It was in that very room that all the warrants for the executions 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

My Flight on being warned that I am to be arrested—Incidents of my Flight—Reach Meudon—I am pursued and sent to the Prison of the Recollets at Versailles—Brutality of the Section—A Condemned Jew—Dr Gem imprisoned in the same room with me—Our miserable Food—I procure the Discharge of Dr Gem—Deprived of everything—And pray for Death—Brutality of Gaoler—Young Samson, the Executioner—The Queen's Death.

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 know for certain 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, the maître-de-ballet of the Opéra, and his wife, Bigotini, lived at the top of the Faubourg 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.

I then went down with my dairymaid 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 to 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 gendarmes, who were all in my house. They searched my things; upbraided me for making my escape,

and said, "*Ah! ma mignonne, vous nous n'échapperez pas cette fois.* 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 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 gendarmes 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

feet 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 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 gendarmes, 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, 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. 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 fireplace where an ox might have been roasted at full length. I had indeed an immensely large fire, which looked com-

fortable. 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 distressed 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, made me in 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 whom, and was told it was to be 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 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, perform for him those small services 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 awakened 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 (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, having gained a reputation, I believe, by 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 forks; though, strange to say, (and here I will digress a little), 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 my money, thimble, scissors, knives, and other articles, at which we were much surprised.

Well, as I say, we were now deprived of every comfort, for we were henceforth fed by the nation. The gaoler was allowed about eight English pence a day for our food, and God knows he did not spend sixpence. We had for 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, 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 very old beef. 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, nor even a drop of clean water to cool my mouth, though I was in a raging fever. No creature who has not been in a similar situation can imagine what I suffered. I prayed fervently for death. Though I was in a miserable, dirty truckle-bed, yet I thought death in this vile prison 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.

The common bond of suffering and 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 gone to the trouble of filling them twice. Sometimes we used to get a drop of brandy from the turnkeys, who had always a great leather bottle in their pockets, 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 toothache, and who indeed did not lose their teeth, on account of 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 Septembrists was now put in his place. From that period our life was one long agony of suffering. Once or twice I asked the gaoler for a little warm water to wash myself. This he told me was ridiculously unnecessary; for nothing could save me from the executioner's hands, and as they were dirty, it was no use to be clean myself.

I got a great shock 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, "Your neck will not be much trouble, 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. 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 ; although there was something dreadful in the idea of being dragged through a rabble to a scaffold.

CHAPTER VIII

Death of the Duke of Orleans—Melancholy feelings on the Event—Nothing found among his Papers concerning me—Crasseau the Deputy—His Brutality to me — Imprisoned in the Queen's Stables — The Prisoners from Nantes—Conveyed to Paris—Insulted by the way—General Hoche—Madame Beauharnais —Madame Custine—The Marquis de Beauharnais is sent to the same Prison—Affecting parting between the Count de Custine and his Wife—The Reign of Terror—Santerre—I am released.

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 intensely shocked 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 of 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, condemned 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 can hardly permit myself to admit 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 power. 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 Magdalene* — 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 the other deputy had been very neglectful in not having 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'Orleans for England, and wanted either to have made an English prince or d'Orleans himself king of France. 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.

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 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 therefore 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 of 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 who are 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, but I did not know, as the greffier had not done writing for at least two hours. They brought Hoche and me something they called dinner, which was almost uneatable. 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 each expected with equal certainty to receive her 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. She is one of the most accomplished, good-humoured women I ever met with. The only little disputes we had when together were on political subjects, she being what was called at the beginning of the Revolution Constitu-

tional, but she was not in the least a Jacobin, for nobody suffered more during the Reign of Terror at the hands of Robespierre than she did.

When I first went into the Carmes I slept in a room where we were eighteen in number, and Madame Bonaparte, Madame de Custine and I had our beds close together. We have often, besides making our own beds, 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 separated 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 circum-

stance, but in a few hours they were perfectly reconciled. A tiny room containing two beds was granted to them, where they slept together. The day of Beauharnais' 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 was in better spirits ; so much so, indeed, that poor Madame Beauharnais, who really seemed to be attached to her husband, had cause for great unhappiness. I was her confidante, and did everything in my power to persuade Beauharnais, who had entertained a sincere friendship for Madame de Custine before this event, to spare his wife's feelings.

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 absurd was this cruel 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 de 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 fifty were to be executed, 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 dépôt 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, none of us entertained any hopes of escaping from the guillotine. Every day prisoners went from our prison to that awful death, and we were almost in despair.

A poor man and his wife, who used to keep a little "*theatre de marionettes*" in the Champs Elysées, were brought to our prison for having exhibited a figure of Charlotte Corday. These poor people were honest, good creatures, and though we could do them no good, yet they 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, though we could not bear to think of the manner of our death.

But even in all this 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 that was taking place 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 beaten that his 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 am afraid I was very ungrateful to Santerre. I never saw him but once after I left the prison, and that was in coming out of the Opéra. 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 was always looked upon as 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, 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[1] (afterwards King of Naples), and took a cottage at Meudon. Here she lived, subsisting on her remaining property, and mixing in the

[1] It was afterwards sold to General Lannes, Duc de Montebello.

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 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 that great man the fame of whose conquests rang through the world, 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 hairdresser. 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. The First Consul, it is known, was fond of children. One day, while Mrs Elliott and Madame Bonaparte were walking with him in the gardens of the Tuileries, Madame Bonaparte

called her husband's attention to some very beautiful children who were passing. 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."

"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 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 recognised 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?" said he. 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 by very painful reminiscences. It was with bitter tears in her eyes that the poor Duchesse d'Angoulême regarded this event, for 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. "I shall but 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 risk to 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 the brilliant assemblage of lovely women to be found in the Opera House of London, she saw no one comparable to her mother both for beauty and elegance of manners.

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.