

THE HISTORY
OF THE
FRENCH REVOLUTION



W. G. Smith del.

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LAST VICTIMS OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.

THE HISTORY
OF THE
FRENCH REVOLUTION
1789—1800

BY
LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS, FROM THE MOST
AUTHENTIC SOURCES, BY
FREDERICK SHOBERL



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APPENDICES.

A.

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THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

“Josephine Rose-Tascher de la Pagerie, Empress of the French, Queen of Italy, was born in Martinique in 1763. While very young, her father took her to France, to marry her to the Viscount Beauharnais. She was then in the prime of her beauty, and met with great success at Court. She bore her husband two children, Eugène and Hortense, and in 1787 returned to Martinique to attend the bedside of her invalid mother. She took her daughter with her, and passed three years in that island. The troubles, however, which then suddenly broke out, compelled her to return to France, where she arrived, after narrowly escaping great perils. A singular prophecy had been made to her when a child, which she used to mention when it was apparently fulfilled in her high destiny. During the Reign of Terror, her husband, who had defended France at the head of its armies, was thrown into prison and executed. Josephine also was imprisoned, but on the death of Robespierre she was liberated by Tallien, and was indebted to Barras for the restoration of a part of her husband's property. At his house she became acquainted with Bonaparte, who married her in 1796. She exerted her great influence over him, invariably on the side of mercy; protected many emigrants, and encouraged arts and industry. Napoleon used often to say to her, ‘If I win battles, you win hearts.’ When he ascended the Imperial throne, Josephine was crowned with him, both at Paris and at Milan. She loved pomp and magnificence, and was very extravagant in her tastes. A few years after her coronation the Emperor divorced her, when she retired to Malmaison. She was soon afterwards doomed to see the destruction of that throne on which she had sate. The Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia paid her frequent visits at Malmaison; but the fate of Napoleon undermined her strength, and having exposed herself, while in a feeble state of health, by walking out with Alexander, she caught cold, and died in the arms of her children in May 1814.”—*Encyclopædia Americana*.

“Josephine was really an amiable woman—the best woman in France. She was the greatest patroness of the fine arts which that country had known for years. She was grace personified. Everything she did was with peculiar elegance and delicacy. I never saw her act otherwise than gracefully during the whole time we lived together. Her toilet was a perfect arsenal, and she effectually defended herself against the assaults of time.”—*A Voice from St. Helena*.

"Josephine possessed personal graces and many good qualities. Benevolence was natural to her; but she was not always prudent in its exercise. Her taste for splendour and expense was excessive. This proneness to luxury became a habit, which seemed constantly indulged without any motive. What scenes have I not witnessed when the moment for paying the tradesmen's bills arrived! She always kept back one-half of their claims, and the discovery of this exposed her to new reproaches. When fortune placed a crown upon her head, she told me that the event, extraordinary as it was, had been predicted. It is certain that she put great faith in fortune-tellers."—*Bourrienne*.

"Eugène Beauharnais was not more than fourteen or fifteen years of age when he ventured to introduce himself to Bonaparte, for the purpose of soliciting his father's sword, of which he understood the general had become possessed. The countenance and frank air of Eugène pleased Napoleon, and he immediately granted him the boon he sought. As soon as the sword was placed in the boy's hands he burst into tears and kissed it. This feeling of affection for his father's memory increased Bonaparte's interest in his young visitor. His mother, Josephine, on learning the kind reception which the general had given her son, thought it her duty to call and thank him. Napoleon returned her visit, and the acquaintance, thus commenced, speedily led to their marriage."—*Memoirs of Constant*.

"At the period of her marriage with Bonaparte, Josephine was still a fine woman. Her teeth, it is true, were already frightfully decayed; but when her mouth was closed, she looked, especially at a little distance, both young and pretty."—*Duchesse d'Abrantès*.

B.

[Page III.]

MARSHAL AUGEREAU.

"Pierre François Charles Augereau, the son of a poor fruiterer in one of the faubourgs in Paris, was born in 1757. At an early age he entered the Neapolitan service, but in 1787 was still only a private soldier. Seeing little prospect of advancement, he quitted the army in disgust, and settled at Naples, where he taught fencing. In 1792, however, he returned to France, and became a volunteer in the republican army of the South. Owing to his daring intrepidity, his promotion was rapid beyond all precedent. In 1794 he was brigadier-general, and two years later, general of division. In the year 1796 he joined the army of Italy, and fought at Lodi and Castiglione, from which place he afterwards derived his ducal title. In this campaign, Augereau, who was as avaricious as he was cruel, amassed immense wealth. In 1799 he warmly espoused Bonaparte's cause, and on the establishment of the Empire was created marshal, and Duc de Castiglione. In 1806 he distinguished himself greatly at the battle of Jena, and, after the Russian expedition, still more so in the campaigns in Germany. He was one of the first to give in his adhesion to Louis XVIII., for which he was presented with the cross of St. Louis, and created a peer of France. On Napoleon's return from Elba, however, he again offered

his services to the Emperor, who repulsed him as a traitor, and being neglected also by the Bourbons shortly after, he retired to his country seat, where he died in 1816."—*Court and Camp of Bonaparte*.

"Augereau was a cross-grained character; he seemed to be tired and disheartened by victory, of which he always had enough. His person, his manners, and his language gave him the air of a braggadocio, which, however, he was far from being."—*Las Cases*.

"Augereau was a man wholly destitute of religious feeling. When Napoleon re-established religious worship in France, he insisted on all his ministers and generals attending a solemn Te Deum, which was chanted at the cathedral of Nôtre-Dame. On their way from the Tuileries thither, Lannes and Augereau wanted to alight from the carriage as soon as they saw that they were being driven to mass, and it required an order from the First Consul to prevent their doing so. They went, therefore, to Nôtre-Dame, where Augereau kept swearing, in no low whisper, during the whole of the chanted mass. The next day Bonaparte asked him what he thought of the ceremony. 'Oh, it was all very fine,' replied the general; 'there was nothing wanting but the million of men who have perished in the pulling down of what you are now setting up.'"—*Bourrienne*.

"Augereau was one who might possess that daring spirit which hurries along thousands of soldiers in its train; but for directing a political movement, or organizing the simplest machination, he was a mere cipher. Not only was he a mere soldier, but his manners were those of a soldier; everything about him betrayed the uneducated man. His vanity was nevertheless inordinate."—*Duchesse d'Abrantès*.

C.

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OVERTURES TO GENERAL PICHEGRU.

The following is Montgaillard's own account of these curious overtures which were made by the Prince de Condé to General Pichegru:—

"The Prince de Condé called me to Mülheim, and knowing the connections I had had in France, proposed that I should sound General Pichegru, whose headquarters were at Altkirch, and where he then was, surrounded by four representatives of the Convention. I immediately went to Neufchâtel, taking with me four or five hundred louis. I cast my eyes on Fauche-Borel, the King's printer at Neufchâtel, and I selected as his colleague, M. Courant, a native of Neufchâtel. On the 13th of August, Fauche and Courant set out for the headquarters at Altkirch. They remained there eight days without finding an opportunity to speak to Pichegru, who was surrounded by representatives and generals. Pichegru observed them, and seeing them continually wheresoever he went, conjectured that they had something to say to him, and he called out in a loud voice while passing them, '*I am going to Huningen.*' Fauche contrived to throw himself in his way at the end of a corridor. Pichegru observed him, and fixed his eyes upon him, and although it rained in torrents, he said aloud, '*I am going to dine at the châteaur of Madame Salomon.*'

This château was three leagues from Huningen, and Madame Salomon was Pichegru's mistress.

"Fauche set off directly to the château, and begged to speak with General Pichegru. He told the general that, being in the possession of some of J. J. Rousseau's manuscripts, he wished to publish them, and dedicate them to him. 'Very good,' said Pichegru; 'but I should like to read them first; for J. J. Rousseau professed principles of liberty in which I do not concur, and with which I should not like to have my name connected.' 'But,' said Fauche, 'I have something else to speak to you about.' 'What is it, and on whose behalf?' 'On behalf of the Prince de Condé.' 'Be silent, then, and follow me.'

"He conducted Fauche alone into a retired cabinet, and said to him, 'Explain yourself; what does Monseigneur the Prince de Condé wish to communicate to me?' Fauche was embarrassed, and stammered out something unintelligible. 'Compose yourself,' said Pichegru; 'my sentiments are the same as those of the Prince de Condé. What does he desire of me?' Fauche, encouraged by these words, replied, 'The Prince wishes to join you. He is confident in you, and wishes to connect himself with you.' 'These are vague and unmeaning words,' observed Pichegru. 'All this amounts to nothing. Go back, and ask for written instructions, and return in three days to my headquarters, at Altkirch. You will find me alone precisely at six o'clock in the evening.'

"Fauche immediately departed, arrived at Basle, hastened to me, and joyfully informed me of all that had passed. I spent the night in writing a letter to General Pichegru. The Prince de Condé, who was invested with all the powers of Louis XVIII., except that of granting the cordon-bleu, had, by a note in his own handwriting, deputed to me all his powers, to enable me to maintain a negotiation with General Pichegru. I therefore wrote to the general, stating, in the outset, everything that was calculated to awaken in him that noble sentiment of pride, which is the instinct of great minds; and after pointing out to him the vast good it was in his power to effect, I spoke of the gratitude of the King, and the benefit he would confer on his country by restoring royalty. I told him that His Majesty would make him a marshal of France, and governor of Alsace, as no one could better govern the province than he, who had so valiantly defended it. I added that he would have the cordon-rouge—the Château de Chambord, with its park, and twelve pieces of cannon taken from the Austrians—a million of ready money—two hundred thousand livres per annum—and a hotel in Paris; that the town of Arbois, Pichegru's native place, should bear his name, and be exempt from all taxations for twenty-five years; that a pension of two hundred thousand livres would be granted to him, with half reversion to his wife, and fifty thousand livres to his heirs for ever, until the extinction of his family. Such were the offers made in the name of the King to General Pichegru. (Then followed the boons to be granted to the officers and soldiers, an amnesty to the people, &c.) I added that the Prince de Condé desired that he would proclaim the King in the camps, surrender the city of Huningen to him, and join him for the purpose of marching on Paris.

"Pichegru, having read the letter with great attention, said to Fauche, 'This is all very well; but who is this M. de Montgailard who talks of being thus authorized? I neither know him nor his signature. Is he the author?' 'Yes,' replied Fauche. 'But,' said

Pichegru, 'I must, before making any negotiation on my part, be assured that the Prince de Condé, with whose handwriting I am well acquainted, approves of all that has been written in his name by M. de Montgaillard. Return directly to M. de Montgaillard, and tell him to communicate my answer to the Prince.'

"Fauche immediately departed, leaving M. Courant with Pichegru. He arrived at Basle at nine o'clock in the evening. I set off directly for Mülheim, the Prince de Condé's headquarters, and arrived there at half-past twelve. The Prince was in bed; but I awoke him. He made me sit down by his bedside, and our conference then commenced.

"After having informed the Prince of the state of affairs, all that remained was to prevail on him to write to General Pichegru, to confirm the truth of what had been stated in his name. This matter, which appeared so simple, and so little liable to objection, occupied the whole night. It required nine hours' hard exertion to get him to write to General Pichegru a letter of nine lines. 1st. He did not wish it to be in his handwriting. 2nd. He objected to dating it. 3rd. He was unwilling to call him *General Pichegru*, lest he should recognize the Republic by giving that title. 4th. He did not like to address it, or affix his seal to it. At length he consented to all, and wrote to Pichegru that he might place full confidence in the letters of the Comte de Montgaillard. When all this was settled, after great difficulty, the Prince next hesitated about sending the letter; but at length he yielded. I set off for Basle, and despatched Fauche to Altkirch, to General Pichegru. The general, after reading a letter of eight lines, and recognizing the handwriting and signature, immediately returned it to Fauche, saying, 'I have seen the signature: that is enough for me. The word of the Prince is a pledge with which every Frenchman ought to be satisfied. Take back his letter.' He then inquired what was the Prince's wish. Fauche explained that he wished—1st. That Pichegru should proclaim the King to his troops, and hoist the white flag. 2nd. That he should deliver up Huningen to the Prince. Pichegru objected to this. 'I will never take part in such a plot,' said he; 'I wish to do nothing by halves. There must be a complete end of the present state of things. France cannot continue a Republic. She must have a King, and that King must be Louis XVIII. But we must not commence the counter-revolution until we are certain of effecting it. "Surely and promptly" is my motto. The Prince's plan leads to nothing. He would be driven from Huningen in four days, and in fifteen I should be lost. . . . That done, as soon as I shall be on the other side of the Rhine, I will proclaim the King, and hoist the white flag. Condé's corps and the Emperor's army will then join us. I will immediately repass the Rhine, and re-enter France. The fortresses will be surrendered, and will be held in the King's name by the Imperial troops. Having joined Condé's army, I immediately advance. All my means now develop themselves on every side. We march upon Paris, and in a fortnight shall be there. But it is necessary that you should know that you must give the French soldier wine and a crown in his hand if you would have him cry *Vive le Roi!* Nothing must be wanting at the first moment. My army must be well paid as far as the fourth or fifth march in the French territory. There, go and tell all this to the Prince, show my handwriting, and bring me back his answer.'

"The Prince de Condé, after reading the plan, rejected it *in toto*."

D.

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THE CLOSING DAYS OF LOUIS XVII.

"In the year 1787 the festival of St. Louis was observed at Versailles with great splendour. The Court glittered with the general glory, popular deputations (the last that ever assembled and went up to the palace for the purpose which now brought them to the foot of the throne) presented to the King their fervent and loyal congratulations. The scene was gorgeous, and the sun showered down splendour upon all. Among the crowd of spectators who looked on in admiring wonder was Madame Schopenhauer, who, in her 'Jugendleben und Wanderbilder,' has left us an outline sketch of the continually shifting and ever sparkling scene. There was the King in his serene majesty, the Queen in her radiancy, Madame Elizabeth in her happy gravity, Louis of Provence in his classical-quoting mood, and his brother the Comte d'Artois in those fabulous white tights into which, the legend said, he had been lifted that morning by the aid of four stout valets from Picardy. There, too, was Philip of Orleans, with a brighter brow and a darker heart than any man there present. But the sketch afforded by Madame Schopenhauer does not treat of these, but of younger figures in the living picture. 'A smiling little boy,' she says, 'was sitting in a child's carriage on the great terrace, close to the palace; and a slim, pale little girl, of about eight years of age, walked by his side, holding his hand, and looking with merry eyes on the gay world around her. That boy was the most innocent sacrifice of the time—it was the Dauphin; the delicate little nymph was his sister, afterwards Duchesse d'Angoulême, one of the most unfortunate of her family.'

"Only seven years have passed, and mark the change! Death has swept through that gay and glittering throng. King, Queen, Elizabeth, and Orleans have perished on the scaffold. Hundreds of those there, who did the monarch homage, and of those who passed him frowningly by, lie now in nameless graves. The King's brothers are in exile. France itself, gagged and bound, is bleeding at the feet of the ministers of 'salutary terror.' But those ministers have still their hands on the throats of two victims not yet sacrificed. Those two, a hapless sister and a still more hapless brother, look as if Death had already his finger upon them. They are broken down in body and mind, cloistered up in darkness, bolted in from the world, divided from each other; they are scantily fed, brutally served; they never see a smiling face, nor hear a kind word drop from a friendly lip; and these young children of gaunt despair, son and daughter of the murdered, were those whom no one would now recognize as the smiling little boy seated in his miniature carriage on the terrace of Versailles, and the little girl who walked by his side, holding him by the hand, and looking with merry eyes on the gay world around her. The masters who did the will of the sovereign people had 'changed all that!'

"Over the separation from her aunt, Madame Royale wept throughout the first night that she was left alone to solitude, to darkness, and to tears. To her inquiries in the morning, they told her that her aunt had gone to take the air; that as to her seeing her mother, they would

think about it. Just now they were thinking what might be done with the Dauphin. Even *they* did not dare to send a Prince so young to follow his parents to their last home by the portals of the same death. 'What does the Convention intend to do with him?' said Simon;—'transport him?' The answer was in the negative. 'Kill him?' 'No.' 'Poison him?' 'No.' 'What then?' 'Why, get rid of him!' How was this to be effected? Chabot, the ex-Capuchin (and it is worthy of remark that the most sanguinary ruffians in the Convention were those who had belonged to the Church), hinted, or rather boldly pointed out the method, the manner, and the agent. 'It must be the apothecary's business,' said he, 'to disembarass us of that child!'

"But this was said before the 25th of July 1794, that day known as the 9th Thermidor, and which saw the downfall of Robespierre and his bloody faction. The idea did not perish with the faction. 'We are not going to ameliorate the captivity of Capet's children,' said the committee of public safety; 'we and the Convention know how to strike off the heads of kings; but we know nothing at all about the bringing up of their children.' Dark hints were given that the hopes of the royalists could only be extinguished by the extinction of that on which their hopes rested. In January 1795, Cambacères was at the head of a commission of inquiry on the subject, and the conclusion to which he came was that 'there was little danger in keeping Capet's offspring in prison, and that there might be a great deal in setting them free.' The gross sensualist, whose most innocent pleasure was in standing for hours to witness the playing of Punch, had no heart of sympathy for childhood and its sports. His speech was the death-blow of the Dauphin; and the pure republican who made it supped none the less joyously for it when he subsequently devoured the public treasures beneath the shield of the Empire.

"And yet at this time the hapless child was dying. Confinement, forced irregularity, and brutality were slowly slaying him. Simon and his wife had cut off all those fair locks that had heightened his youthful glory and his mother's pride. This worthy pair had stripped him of the mourning he wore for his father; and as they did so they called it 'playing at the game of the spoiled king.' They alternately induced him to commit excesses, and then half starved him. They beat him mercilessly. Nor was the treatment by night less brutal than that by day. As soon as the weary boy had sunk into his first profound sleep, they would loudly call him by name, 'Capet, Capet.' Startled, nervous, bathed in perspiration, or sometimes trembling with cold, he would spring up, rush through the dark, and present himself at Simon's bedside, murmuring tremblingly, 'I am here, citizen.' 'Come nearer; let me feel you.' He would approach the bed as he was ordered, although he knew the treatment that awaited him. Simon would buffet him on the head, or kick him away, adding the remark, 'Get to bed again, wolf's cub; I only wanted to know that you were safe.' On one of those occasions, when the child had fallen half stunned upon his own miserable couch, and lay there groaning and faint with pain, Simon roared out with a laugh, 'Suppose you were King, Capet, what would you do to me?' The child thought of his father's dying words, and said, 'I would forgive you.'

"The condition of the boy became so alarming, that, some change too having taken place in the personality of the government, a commission was instituted to examine him, and make a report accordingly. The commissioners appointed were Harmond, Mathieu, and Reverchon, who

visited 'Louis Charles,' as he was now called, in the month of February 1795. They found the young Prince seated at a square deal table, at which he was playing with some dirty cards, making card houses and the like—the materials having been furnished him, probably, that they might figure in the report as evidences of indulgence. He did not look up from the table as the commissioners entered. He was in a slate-coloured dress—bare-headed; the room was reported as clean, the bed in good condition, the linen fresh; his clothes were also reported as new; but in spite of all these assertions, it is well known that his bed had not been made for months; that he had not left his room, nor was permitted to leave it for any purpose whatever; that it was consequently uninhabitable; and that he was covered with vermin and with sores. The swellings at his knees alone were sufficient to disable him from walking. There were two beds in the apartment.

"One of the commissioners approached the young Prince respectfully. The latter did not raise his head. Harmond, in a kind voice, asked him if he would not like to walk, and begged of him to speak to them. The eyes of the boy remained fixed on the table before him. They spoke to him of the kindly intentions of the government, of their hopes that he would yet be happy, and their desire, respectfully worded, that he would speak unreservedly to the medical man that was to visit him. He seemed to listen with profound attention, but not a single word passed from his lips.

"It was an heroic principle that impelled that poor young heart to maintain the silence of a mute in presence of these men. He remembered too well the days when three other commissaries waited on him, treated him with 'candied courtesy' of speech, regaled him with pastry and wine, and obtained from him that hellish accusation of foulest crime against the mother that he loved. He had learned by some means the import of the act, as far as it was an injury to his mother. He now dreaded seeing again three commissaries, hearing again kind words, and being treated again with fine promises, that he stood in peril of being again suborned to commit some foul wrong against her whom he knew not to be beyond the devilish vengeance of man. Dumb as death itself he sat before them. Once he seemed to be about to speak, and perhaps his mother's name was upon his lips; but he buried it in his bosom, and remained motionless as stone, and as mute.

"Harmond tempted him by all the methods that are wont to make youth smile, to render it radiant, to induce it to be garrulous. Would he have a horse, dogs, birds, playthings of any description? Would he like to have playfellows? These should be sent him, and he might select from among them. Would he wish to go in the garden when it so pleased him—ascend to the summit of the tower as he thought fit? Bonbons, cakes? The commissary grew weary of asking. No word of reply dropped from the lips of the heroic and suffering child. Promises were listened to unheeded; entreaty made no impression; with menace it was just the same. That continual and painful fixedness of look never changed for a moment. The child, still remembering of what crime he had been made the accomplice against his mother, was on his guard; doubly on his guard, as perhaps he thought (and Harmond confessed that, in his opinion, Louis Charles believed) that they who stood before him had some sinister design, for the completion of which he was necessary, against his sister; against, that is to say, the 'little nymph' who on the terrace of Versailles was wont to walk by his side, to hold his hand, and to look with merry eyes on the gay world around her;

against that sister who was now suffering the like torments as himself, and whom the government of the day would not permit to share them in patience, love, and consolation with her brother.

"Harmond took the hand of the Prince in his own; he met with no resistance. He passed his hand upward to the top of the boy's arm, and felt tumours at the wrist, elbow, and joints: they were indurated swellings, the development of which had been checked by low fare, dirt, and vile treatment. The same swellings were felt at the knees. He had the symptoms of one falling into consumption. His legs and thighs were long and thin, as were his arms; his neck short; shoulders high and narrow; his head is spoken of in the report as fine in all its details ('*belle dans tous ses détails*'); and his hair, which had again grown, as long and of a superb chestnut. The commissaries asked him to walk: he obeyed without a word, crossed the room, and returned to his seat. One of them asked him to be good enough to continue walking a little longer: he placed his elbows on the table and his head in his hands, and with that reply they were forced to be content. They looked at each other, and knew not how to proceed. At this moment his dinner was brought in; they waited to see the result.

"Before this King's son was placed a red earthenware bowl, containing a black broth and some lentils. A plate (of the same earthenware) held a portion of *bouilli*, small as to quantity, almost uneatable as to quality. A few lentils scantily covered a second plate; half a dozen burnt chestnuts were scattered over a third. There was a pewter spoon, but neither knife nor wine. The Prince silently consumed this unworthy banquet, but made no remark. The commissaries inquired if he liked his dinner; if he desired to have any fruit; if he would wish to have a few raisins? The queries were unanswered; but the raisins were brought in and placed before him. He ate them, uttering no expression of thanks, nor word of any sort. The commissaries withdrew, partly perplexed, and partly awed. They had been beaten by a child—a child whose action was not the result of youthful caprice, but fixed upon principle, and that principle was in affinity with the heroic love which he bore towards his mother.

"I return now to the closing pages of the Journal of Madame Royale. After speaking of the visit of the commissaries to the Dauphin, the Princess thus proceeds: 'I took an opportunity of asking Laurent about what was of the highest interest to me, that is to say, intelligence of those relatives of whose death I was then ignorant. I particularly asked that I might be permitted to join my mother. He answered, with a troubled air, that that was a matter which did not concern him. The following day came some individuals wearing scarfs, and I made the same request to them. They also replied that it was no affair of theirs; and that they could not understand why I wished to leave the Temple, since it appeared to them that I was very comfortable there! 'Oh,' I said, 'it is frightful to be thus separated a whole year from my mother, and forbidden to hold intercourse with her, as with my aunt.' 'You are not ill?' 'No; but the most cruel illnesses are those of the heart.' 'Well, we can do nothing. We advise you to take patience, and to trust in the justness and goodness of the French.' To this counsel, as Madame Royale ingeniously remarks, she 'answered nothing.' She then reverts to her brother, who was still shut up alone. He had been occasionally conducted to the platform of the tower, that he might there take the air; but he was either unable or unwilling to walk; the process of 'getting rid' of him had gone

too far to allow of the hope of saving him. 'In the beginning of November the civil commissaries arrived; that is to say, a man from each section, who came to pass twenty-four hours in the Temple, in order to certify the existence of my brother. In the early part of the month there also appeared another commissary, named Gomin, to remain with Laurent. He took extreme care of my brother. For a long time the unhappy child had been shut up in darkness, and he was dying of fright. Gomin succeeded in obtaining a light for him in the evenings; and he remained with him to amuse him. He soon discovered that the knees and wrists of my brother were swollen, and he feared the worst consequences. He reported it to the committee, and requested permission for my brother to take exercise in the garden below. Gomin first transferred him from his old room to the small "saloon" beneath; a proceeding which gratified my brother exceedingly, for he loved a change of place. He was very grateful for the attentions of Gomin, was deeply affected by them, and became much attached to him. The unfortunate boy had been long accustomed to only the worst treatment. I really believe there is no example on earth of such refinement of barbarity having ever been used towards a child. On the 19th of December the general committee came to the Temple, on account of his illness.' There appears to have been a desire now to ameliorate the condition of both the brother and sister. To save the former had become impossible. To the latter some additional manifestation of respect was made; she was also allowed to have what fire she chose during the winter; and she notices, with pleasure, that some books which she had asked for were duly forwarded to her. She does not name them in her Journal; but I find, from other sources, that they consisted of the Letters of Madame de Sévigné and those of Madame de Maintenon, the works of Boileau and of Fontenelle, and some volumes of history. She was also permitted to ascend to the platform of the tower, for air and exercise; but she was not allowed the melancholy pleasure of seeing her brother. The authorities *may* have felt shame that she should witness what the justice and goodness of France had inflicted upon the innocent and defenceless child, in whom it so cruelly chose to see an enemy, and to treat him accordingly. 'His illness,' says Madame Royale, 'increased daily. His strength diminished in proportion. His intellect also was affected by the extreme harshness which had been for so long a period exercised towards him, and gradually grew weaker. The committee of general safety commissioned the doctor Desault to attend him. Desault pronounced his complaint as being in the highest degree dangerous; but *he undertook to cure him; and Desault suddenly died.* He was succeeded by Dumangin and the surgeon Peltan. These declared that there was no hope. Medicine was administered to him; but he swallowed it only with the greatest difficulty. Happily, the nature of his malady entailed but little physical suffering: it was rather a depression and withering away, than acute pain. He passed through several agonizing crises, however. At length fever attacked him; his strength sank daily, and at last he expired without pain. Thus died, on the 9th of June 1795, at three o'clock in the afternoon, Louis XVII., aged *ten years and two months.* The commissioners wept over him, so greatly had he won their love by his amiable qualities. He originally possessed great intelligence; but captivity, and the horrors of which he had been the victim, had greatly changed him; and even had he

lived, it is to be feared that his mind would never have recovered its original vigour.'

"These are unexaggerated terms whereby to narrate one of the most hideous national crimes that ever stained the pages of history. It is not many weeks since Monsieur de Montalembert, at his public reception by the French Academy, stated in words of burning eloquence, that the chastising of France was in consequence of her crimes, and that she had not yet expiated the murder deliberately perpetrated on Marie Antoinette. But, great as was that atrocity, and that other also of the murder of the Princesse Elizabeth, the slow, cruel killing of this noble and beautiful boy was a greater crime than all; crime, expiation for which has not yet been made. Every nation has deeds to repent over; but no nation has to veil itself before God and make confession of such a crime as this. The slaughtering of princesses was wickedness of no common degree, but this calculated butchery of a child was atrocity beyond all other. In our indignation, however, let us take care not to give it a pharisaical colouring, and gravely thank God that we are not as those publicans, our neighbours. We, too, have slain a princess on the scaffold, and murdered children of royal blood within *our* Tower. Mary Stuart at Fotheringay, and the sons of Edward smothered in their prison, are as dark shadows from which the eyes and the memories of the nation turn hastily away, or note them only to pity. Yet these were hardly national crimes; at least there was some show of reason for the hard destiny compelled upon the wife of Darnley and of Bothwell. Mary Stuart may not be compared with Marie Antoinette: for the judicial slaying of the latter, no justification can be found—none, at least, that will satisfy an impartial mind. Again, the murder of the young Princes in the Tower was not a national but an individual crime. It was the deed of Gloucester, not of the kingdom. Their blood was upon Richard, not upon the people. It is otherwise with the unparalleled atrocity whereby the young Dauphin was so cruelly slain. The spirit of his enemies was illustrated by the speech of Romme to Boissy d'Anglas. 'A few days more,' he said, 'will settle the question of the brat's leaving the Temple. He will go out, but it will not be on his legs.' When he yet lay on the bosom of his mother, who thus stood with him in sight of the populace, the latter screamed aloud for the blood of both. The axe that took the mother's life was directed by that popular arm. The same arm smote, buffeted, and struck down her young and noble son. It was ruffianly and pitiless. It nerved itself to the destroying of a child who had the beauty and the heart, the outward attractions, the inward qualities, and the bright and happy intellect which romance associates with what is princely. And all this it smote into utter and hideous ruin, and gloried in the deed. It will ill become France ever to reproach sister nations with their crimes as long as she bears in her memory the catastrophe of the Dauphin.

"That catastrophe was reached and achieved by coldly atrocious calculation. It was well remarked by Hue, that the monsters who tyrannized over France, and who were well aware of the lively interest which the fate of the princely child generally inspired, calculated crimes too systematically to risk their popularity and power by putting him to a violent death. They thought it, he says, less dangerous to undermine all his moral faculties by ill-treatment, and by constantly impairing his senses through terror. 'If it should happen,' said they, 'that in any popular commotion the Parisians should go to the Temple to proclaim Louis XVII.

King, we would show them a little idiot, whose stupid look and imbecility would compel them to renounce the project of placing him on the throne.'

"The report of the medical commissioners who opened the body of the Dauphin is appalling to read. It minutely details appearances that prove how death had been slowly working at every vital part. That he lived so long under such a complication of diseases as were forced upon him, and of which he died, is reasonable cause of more than common wonder. The days were not yet when to such a catalogue of infirmities reporters could add a few words of conclusive truth, and they contented themselves with declaring that the son of Capet fell a victim to scrofulous tendencies of long standing. How these were caused they did not venture to affirm.

"The body of the Prince was placed in a thin and roughly made coffin: a few coarse planks, without ornament—and that was all. Two or three commissaries carried this coffin out of the Temple, and followed it to the grave in the character of mourners. This seems a strange character for such personages to enact. It appears, however, that the character was not inappropriate. In the latter days of the cruel captivity they had been attendant upon the Dauphin. Their sympathy for his sufferings won his heart, and when they approached, the dying child would press their hands, or even kiss the hem of their garments. Though they had helped to slay him, they really mourned over their work, and they followed him to his last home, exhibiting, as far as they dared, a decent affliction. He was buried at night, in the humble cemetery of the humble church of Sainte Marguerite, and his grave was filled with quick-lime. There was no funeral service: the curate of the church was not the spiritual man qualified to perform one over the son of a Most Christian King. He was the first of the priests of the capital who, after the decree of the Convention, and contrary to the laws of his own Church, which he had sworn to observe, took to himself a wife. With her and her father he appeared at the bar of the Legislative Assembly, to declare and make boast of the fact. The group was received with loud approbation, and the priest was pronounced to be the best of patriots. It is clear that this best of patriots was not worthy to recite the most solemn of services over the most innocent of princesses."—*From F'ilia Dolorosa: Memoirs of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, by Mrs. Romer.*

"Gomin and Lasne, the superintendents of the Temple, thought it necessary to inform the government of the melancholy condition of their prisoner, and wrote on the register, 'Little Capet is unwell.' No notice was taken of this account, which was renewed next day in more distinct terms: 'Little Capet is dangerously ill.' Still there was no word from beyond the walls. 'We must knock harder,' said the keepers to each other, and they added, 'It is feared he will not live,' to the words 'dangerously ill.'

"At length, on the 17th Floréal, 3rd year (Wednesday, 6th May 1795), three days after the first report, they were acquainted with a decision of the authorities, appointing M. Desault to give the invalid all the assistance of his art, and he soon arrived. After having written down his name on the register, he was admitted to see the Prince. He made a long and very attentive examination of that unfortunate child, asked him many questions without being able to obtain an answer, and without giving any opinion as to his state before the commissaries, contented himself with prescribing a decoction of hops, to be taken by spoonfuls every half-hour, from six o'clock in the morning till eight in the evening: which amounted to half a bottle a day.

"M. Desault did not preserve the same silence out of the tower; he did not disguise the fact that there had been too great a delay in sending him to the child. He considered him as attacked by the germ of the same scrofulous affection of which his brother had died at Meudon, but that disease had scarcely laid its seal on his constitution; it showed itself by no violent symptom, neither by obstinate ophthalmia, nor great ulcers, nor chronic swellings of the joints. The true disease of which this child—with his stooping figure, earthy skin, and tottering gait, old before his time—was dying, was exhaustion; marasmus, which had reached such a point as to leave no hope of saving him. Desault ventured to propose to the authorities his immediate removal to the country. He hoped that a healthy air, together with assiduous treatment and constant care, might succeed in prolonging his life; but, as may readily be supposed, the committees did not pay any attention to this proposal.

"Desault came again at nine o'clock next morning; he examined the patient again, and made no change in the prescription, except that, in addition to the former, he ordered the tumours to be rubbed with volatile alkali. As he was about to withdraw, Gomin asked him whether he ought not to try to make the child walk in the garden. 'And how?' said M. Desault; 'every movement gives him pain. He certainly does require air, but it is country air he needs!' The friction prescribed was performed by Lasne. Louis Charles made no objection, besides which he would not have been able to oppose it; but it was much less easy to persuade him to take the potion prescribed, and which he had not yet consented to taste. Either because he was disgusted with life, or because he was afraid of poison, he remained deaf to all his keepers' entreaties on the subject. On the first day he steadily refused to take it. It was in vain that Gomin several times drank off a glass of that potion in his presence; his example proved as ineffectual as his words, and he gained nothing by it. Next day Lasne renewed his solicitations. 'Monsieur knows very well that I desire nothing but the good of his health, and he distresses me deeply by thus refusing to take what might contribute to it. I entreat him as a favour not to give me this cause of grief.' And as Lasne, while speaking, began to taste the potion in a glass, the child took what he offered him out of his hands. 'You have, then, taken an oath that I should drink it,' said he firmly; 'well, give it me, I will drink it.' From that moment he conformed with docility to whatever was required of him.

"Foreign invasion had been repelled by the victorious hand of the Republic, and the wonderful success of the armies had driven back the foe far beyond our frontier. But though the death of Robespierre had put an end to the Reign of Terror, revolutionary agitation still continued. The slumbers of the Directory were disturbed by La Vendée: several moderate members of the Convention, whose hands were innocent of the blood of Louis XVI., were employed in carrying on a negotiation with the heads of the Catholic and royal army. Charette, whose resources had entirely failed him, and who was destitute of the most necessary military stores, eagerly closed with the overtures made to him by the committees of the Convention; and an armistice was concluded, the published articles of which were—that the Vendéans should be allowed the free exercise of the Catholic religion; that the sequestrations imposed on the estates of the insurgents should be taken off; and that the republican government should reimburse notes to the amount of two millions of francs, mostly bearing the head of

Louis XVII., which had been signed and circulated by the chiefs of the royal army.

"It was even asserted that some secret clauses had reference to the young King's being given up to the armies of Bretagne and La Vendée, and to the re-establishment of the Catholic religion throughout France. It may be imagined how warmly these propositions were contested in the committees. The cry of a counter-revolution was raised on all sides. The insurrection of the 1st Prairial, 3rd year (20th May 1795), was organized, and armed rioters forced their way to the very heart of the Convention, demanding 'Bread and the constitution of 1793.' Under a veil of moderation, the faction which had crushed Robespierre preserved the same jealous ambition, the same dark despotism. Being better acquainted with the real situation of the Chouans and Vendéans, they did not enter into any engagement to give up the heir to the crown into their hands, and had no serious connection whatever, notwithstanding all that was said, with Baron de Cormatin, major-general in the Catholic royal army of Brittany, who was directed to go to Paris, for the purpose of trying to obtain possession of the children of Louis XVI. Yet further, in order to occupy men's minds, and to make a diversion from those hopes which already followed the phantom of royalty in the West, this sovereign faction invented, and had repeated by the pen of Mercier, and by that of several other journalists and deputies, the report of the approaching nomination of the Dauphin to the throne of Poland. This report, given to the public with a veil of local colouring which made it seem probable, together with a rumour of numerous couriers having been exchanged between the Courts of Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg—found a thousand echoes in the gazettes of Europe, and spread with the rapidity of lightning; and men already deemed they saw the descendant of the old Most Christian Kings coming forth from the Temple tower, announcing to the political world that the Empire of the Jagellons was rebuilt, with every guarantee of power and durability, on the new foundation of hereditary right, and as the price of his accession, carrying universal peace among all nations.

"And this is what his jailers—fully resolved, as they were, never to let him leave his prison, save as a corpse—promised concerning the young and sorrowing martyr. They crowned him in their journals, placed him on a foreign throne, gave him as his glorious mission the resurrection of a noble people; while feeble, miserable, already dying, he had cause to envy the lot of the little shepherd-boy to whom God denies not health, nor the sun his rays, and whose daily bit of bread is sweetened by his hunger!

"The contradictory reports assigning the Prince, now to La Vendée, then to Poland, were the general subject of conversation. Being daily brought to the Temple by the civic commissaries and the national guard on duty, they gave rise to most extraordinary interpretations and diversities of opinion, among which was that of the royal orphan's escaping from the Temple. One day the commandant of the post asked to see little Capet. 'The national guard protects the Temple,' said he, 'and I wish to see whom it is we are guarding.' Læne, Gomin, and the commissary did not know what private interest might be concealed under these words of the officer, and did not comply with his demand, as they had no orders for doing so.

"Another time (6th Prairial, 3rd year: Monday, 25th May 1795), Huyot, a shipwright, the commissary on duty, said, as he entered

the tower, 'I am come to pay my court to the King of Poland.' The austere countenance of Lasne relaxed at the ironical tone of this singular courtier. 'If he is King of Poland,' said he, 'I do not understand why the Vendéans are fighting.' 'It is but too well understood, citizens,' replied the commissary; 'their cause is that of their hearths and of their altars, of their country and of their God!—but it is an anti-constitutional, anti-republican cause; and it is impossible to make any treaty with them.'

"Yet all the while he was represented as the living standard of the enemies of the Republic, while throughout the provinces fame had raised him to the throne of Louis XIV., or banished him to bear the sceptre of Sobieski—the young descendant of the Kings of France was doomed to misery and suffering on the pallet of a prison.

"The progress of the disease was shown by very alarming symptoms, his weakness was excessive, his keepers could scarcely drag him to the top of the tower, the walking hurt his tender feet, and at every step he stopped to press the arm of Lasne with both hands upon his breast as if he felt his heart sinking within him.

"At last he suffered so much that it was no longer possible for him to walk, and his keeper carried him about, sometimes on the platform, and sometimes in the little tower adjoining the large one, where the royal family had lived at first. But the slight improvement to his health occasioned by the change of air scarcely compensated for the pain which his fatigue gave him.

"On the battlement of the platform nearest the left turret, the rain had, by perseverance through ages, hollowed out a kind of basin. The water that fell remained there for several days; and as, during the spring of 1795, storms were of frequent occurrence, this little sheet of water was kept constantly supplied. Whenever the child was brought out upon the platform he saw a little troop of sparrows, which used to come to drink and bathe in this reservoir. At first they flew away at his approach; but from being accustomed to see him walking quietly there every day, they had at last grown more familiar, and did not spread their wings for flight till he came up quite close to them. They were always the same, he knew them by sight, and perhaps, like himself, they were inhabitants of that ancient pile. He called them *his* birds; and his first action, when the door into the terrace was opened, was to look towards that side—and the sparrows were always there. As the Prince passed, they rose in the air for an instant, wheeled about, and alighted again as soon as he was gone by. The child, leaning heavily on his keeper's left arm, or rather hanging upon it, with his back against the wall, would remain motionless a long time together, looking at his birds. He saw them come and go, dip their beaks in the water, then their breasts, and then their wings, and then shake their plumage dry; and the poor little invalid pressed the arm of his guide with a gesture that seemed to say, 'Alas! I cannot do as much!' Then he would like to see them nearer, and still with the help of his guide, would advance a few paces closer, then a few more, till at last he came so close that by stretching out his arm he could have touched them. This was his greatest amusement. From this platform, enclosed between the battlements and the roof of the great tower, he could see nothing but the sky, and we can easily understand that he could not be indifferent to these little creatures; he delighted so much in their chirping, and he must have envied them their wings so heartily!

"As her brother's state grew more and more alarming, the affection of Madame Royale for him increased. One might have said that she guessed his danger. She was continually questioning the keepers and commissaries, without being able to obtain anything from them but vague words, which, though intended to reassure her, only alarmed her the more. Her entreaties to see her brother, and to be allowed to nurse him, were always refused.

"On hearing of the critical state of the Dauphin, M. Hue, in person, earnestly entreated the committee of general safety for permission to shut himself up in the tower with the child of his old master; but this gentleman, who had had the glory of being mentioned by name in the royal will, was not able to obtain the comfort of closing the eyes of the martyr's son. His request was denied, on pretence that his attendance would be useless, as M. Desault visited the child daily, and the commissaries never left him.

"Alas! M. Desault—who had desired a little change of air for him, without being able to gain his point—what could he do for his patient? What could the commissaries do?—the best intentioned of whom—only serving one day, and being besides condemned to follow the instructions of the committees—were not of sufficient consequence to authorize any measure of permanent benefit? I say nothing of the keepers—they were worthy men, certainly; but their good-will and compassionate zeal were trammelled at every step by the fear of becoming suspected and thrown into prison. Though the members of the committee of general safety were changed every month, they never departed from the rules laid down by their predecessors, and adopted the system which Mathieu had announced to the tribune of the Convention, 'to remain averse to all ideas of bettering the captivity of the children of Capet.'

"Meantime the bare prescriptions ordered by M. Desault, to acquit his conscience of his duty, had been followed for a whole fortnight without producing much improvement; often the rubbing had more effect on the keeper's skin than on that of the invalid. Still a moral improvement was taking place in the mind of the royal child. He was touched by the lively interest displayed by his physician, who never failed to visit him at nine o'clock every morning. He seemed pleased with the attention he paid him, and ended by placing entire confidence in him. Gratitude loosened his tongue: brutality and insult had failed to extort a murmur, but kind treatment restored his speech: he had no words for anger, but he found them to express his thanks. M. Desault prolonged his visits as much as was consistent with his other business—or rather, as long as the officers of the municipality would permit. When they announced the close of the visit, the child, unwilling to beg them to allow a longer time, held back M. Desault by the skirt of his coat. The secret sympathy that bound the old physician and the young invalid together betrayed itself almost involuntarily: the latter showed it plainly enough in his look, his gesture, his obedience; the former in his care, his attentions, even in his anxiety. The prisoner doubtless thought of his physician as his preserver—the physician, of the prisoner as one doomed to die. Twice, when he had left the Temple, the good and kind-hearted Desault was obliged to retire to his own house, so much was he hurt by the affecting sight of that deserted child, whom he could not tend, whom he could not cure, and yet who seemed, as it were, crying to *him* for help! The child appealed to him by his affection; the invalid attracted

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him by his suffering; and the old man, the physician, had only ^{579^A} ^{years} ^{to} ^{offer} ⁱⁿ ^{reply}. SERVANT
BOOK

"On the 10th Prairial (29th May), M. Desault came as usual at nine o'clock; the invalid's condition remained the same, and no change was ordered in the treatment.

"On the 11th Prairial (30th May), a commissary on duty, named Breuillard, who knew M. Desault, said to him, as he went downstairs after the visit, 'The child will die, won't he?' 'I fear so; but there may be persons in the world who hope it,' replied M. Desault. These were the last words the physician ever uttered in the Temple tower; and though he spoke in a low tone, they were heard by Gomin, who was following Breuillard.

"On the 12th Prairial (31st May), the commissary on duty, when he came at nine o'clock, said he would wait for the physician in the child's room, and was admitted into it accordingly. This commissary was M. Bellanger, an artist, and formerly cabinet-artist to Monsieur, residing at No. 21 Faubourg Poissoniere. He was a worthy man, and the misfortunes of his benefactors had not—in those dark times, alas! almost an exception!—destroyed the truthful devotion of his heart. M. Desault did not arrive. M. Bellanger, who had brought a portfolio full of his sketches with him, asked the Prince if he liked drawing, and then, without waiting for an answer, which indeed did not come, the artist opened his portfolio and spread it before the child's eyes. At first he turned over the pages carelessly, then he seemed interested, stopping a long time over each sheet, and when he got to the end he began it again.

"This appeared to mitigate his sufferings, and to divert his mind in some degree from the grief occasioned by the absence of his physician. The artist often had to give him explanations of the different subjects in his collection; at first the child had remained silent, but by degrees he listened with more attention to M. Bellanger, and ended at last by even answering his questions. As he took the book again from his hands, M. Bellanger said to him, 'I should very much have liked, Sir, to carry another sketch away with me; but I do not wish to do so if it be displeasing to you.' 'What sketch?' said the Dauphin. 'A sketch of your face; it would be a great pleasure to me if it did not trouble you.' 'Would it be a pleasure to you?' said the child, and a most winning smile completed the sentence, with the mute acquiescence he gave to the artist's wish.

"M. Bellanger took a sketch in pencil of the child-king's profile; and it was from this profile that M. Beaumont, sculptor, a few days afterwards, and twenty years later the royal porcelain manufactory at Sèvres, executed the busts of Louis XVII.

"On the 13th Prairial (1st June), M. Desault again failed to come. The keepers wondered at his absence, and the poor little invalid was much distressed at it.

"The commissary on duty (M. Benoist, No. 4 Faubourg Denis) suggested that it would be proper to send to the physician's house, to make inquiries as to the cause of so long an absence. Gomin and Lasne had not yet ventured to follow this advice, when, next day, M. Benoist was relieved by M. Bidault (17 Rue de Bondi), who, hearing M. Desault's name mentioned as he came in, immediately said, 'You must not expect to see him any more; he died yesterday.'

"This almost sudden death, occurring under such circumstances, opened a vast field for conjecture; one report—which must seem surprising from

its audacity, or, to speak more correctly, from its infamous nature—was as follows: persons ventured to say that ‘M. Desault, after having administered a slow poison to his patient, had been himself poisoned by those who had instigated the crime.’

“People are safe in romancing about the dead. After having interpreted the death of M. Desault as best agreed with their particular interests, they sought to strengthen the framework of their inventions by supporting it with the sudden death of M. Choppart, who, as they said, succeeded M. Desault in the care of the royal prisoner. Well, then, we reply that M. Choppart never made his appearance at the Temple tower at all; and that the drugs were not prepared in his house, but at M. Robert’s, and afterwards at M. Baccoffe’s, apothecary, who lived nearly opposite the Temple.

“There was no note found among M. Desault’s papers respecting his visits to the Prince. From the 31st May, the day before his death, till the 5th June, no relief from beyond the walls reached the prisoner, and we have seen what assistance he could have from within. His poor keepers could offer him nothing but their pity, and that checked by the constant supervision of a commissary, who was almost always either timid or positively unfavourable.

“At last, on the 17th Prairial, 3rd year (Friday, 5th June 1795), M. Pelletan, head surgeon of the Grand Hospice de l’Humanité, was desired by the committee of general safety to continue the medical treatment of Capet’s son.

“M. Pelletan repaired to the tower at 5 o’clock P.M.

“‘I found the child,’ says he, ‘in so distressing a condition that I earnestly entreated to be allowed the co-operation of another member of the profession, who might ease me of a burden that I did not like to bear alone.’*

“All the resources of science, all the sedulousness of compassion, every instinct of pity, had been thwarted beforehand by systematic calculation, and the door was only opened to physicians when the disease was past remedy.

“The poor child bowed his drooping head like a young plant deprived of air, and whose tender root is being gnawed away by an unseen but mortal foe. Still the excess of his misery had not exhausted his resignation. There was no sign of resentment in his sunken eye, or on his wasted cheek; he suffered without a murmur, he pined away without complaining: the plant was dying on its stem; but though its brilliant hues were gone, it still retained its grateful perfume.

“Amid the agonizing tortures of the disease, which troubled his senses, which fettered and racked his limbs, he often raised his eyes to Heaven, as if he would say, ‘Thy will, O Lord, be done!’

“I am not attempting to force the tribute of a few tears over his approaching end. I know but too well how common an event at every age death is, and that it is not without reason that the cradle and the coffin of man bear the same form, and are made of the same material. But the deviation from the ordinary rule here consists in that battle between life and death, that struggle which a child is compelled to maintain against torture. Infancy is so vivacious that it took two years to dry up the wellsprings of life, to snap the last sentient fibre: iniquity succeeded! Of all the dreadful crimes invented by the genius of revolutionary wickedness, doubtless this is the worst. Robespierre

* Letter of M. Pelletan to M. Dumangin, May 1817.

was only an imitation of Cromwell; the Convention copied the Long Parliament; and the scaffold of Louis XVI. stands beside that of Charles I. But here the similarities in history end. Richard III., in England, contented himself with smothering the children of kingly ancestors. What a distance there is between the murder in the Tower of London and the tragedy of the Temple tower.

"How simple and common a thing the assassination of the sons of Edward was when compared with the slow torments of the son of Louis XVI. and when we think of Simon, Tyrrel seems worthy of regret!

"The physician—sent for form's sake to attend the dying child, as an advocate is given by law to a criminal condemned beforehand—ventured, notwithstanding, to act with as much zeal in favour of the descendant of kings as he would have shown to the lowest son of the people. He even went so far as to blame the officers of the municipality for not having removed the blind which obstructed the light, and the numerous bolts, the noise of which never failed to remind the victim both of his unhappy orphan condition and his fate as a captive. That sound, which always caused him an involuntary shudder, still disturbed him in the last mournful scene of his unparalleled tortures. M. Pelletan said authoritatively to M. Thory, the municipal on duty, 'If you will not take these bolts and casings away at once, at least you can make no objection to our carrying the child into another room, for I suppose we are sent here to take charge of him.' The Prince, being disturbed by these words, spoken as they were with great animation, made a sign to the physician to come nearer. 'Speak lower, I beg of you,' said he; 'I am afraid they will hear you upstairs, and I should be very sorry for them to know that I am ill, as it would give them much uneasiness.' The commissary, either because he was himself disposed to make this concession, or because he was induced to do so by the influence of a generous voice, yielded without making any opposition to the physician's demand, and all prepared to remove the prisoner into the room in the little tower which had formerly served as a sitting room for M. Barthélemy. The child looked on, while the necessary arrangements for this removal were being made, with a mingled expression of distrust and satisfaction. He was carried into the room in Gomin's arms, the child's hand resting on his shoulder. The poor little boy suffered a great deal during the removal, and at first there was nothing to compensate him for this increase of pain, for his eyes were merely sensible of a radiant light, the very brightness of which prevented his seeing anything distinctly; all objects around him were mingled together in a confused mass. But a moment afterwards he was well rewarded for this passing aggravation of his sufferings; he found himself in an airy room, with a large window free from bars and obstructions,* and decorated with large white curtains, through which the sky and the sun could be seen—the sky and the sun! the bright rays of a pure sun coming in at the open window! what a sight for a child so long buried in a dungeon!

"By degrees the fresh air blew upon his burning head, and reached his labouring breast. The expression of his countenance changed: distrust left his face, now lighted up by a ray of life. He opened his eyes

* The *pâté* of the Temple tower was entirely isolated; but on that side which was called the little tower side the windows looked out on the courtyards and the chapel. In one of these courtyards was a guard, called the chapel guard, which was kept up during the son's imprisonment, as it had been during that of his father.

wide, to look about his new abode; and then, a moment after, he turned them on Gomin with a look full of gratitude and affection. To know how sweet it is to live, one must first have languished almost dead with misery for two whole years.

"M. Pelletan had made no change in the treatment prescribed by M. Desault, and which was simply a decoction of hops, and friction; all that he had been able to effect was to obtain a little air for his patient, and a little light for his almost sightless eyes. Nothing more could be gained for him from human art, and he could give him but a ray of sunlight as his last boon on earth!

"And yet was this comfort really a boon? With air and light came back a little life, and with life came the power of thought—of thought, which must have recalled his sharpest sufferings and the most cruel truths—thought, bringing back so many recollections and so many fears!

"From eight o'clock at night till eight o'clock in the morning the child remained as usual alone, according to the rules laid down.

"On the 6th June, Lasne went up into his room first; he rubbed his right knee and his left wrist, and gave him a spoonful of mixture, without his making any opposition. Seeing him so well-disposed, and believing him to be really better, Lasne took him up. At eight o'clock Pelletan arrived; he felt his pulse, examined his tumours, and made no alteration in the prescription; he merely said to the child, 'Are you glad to be in this room?' 'Oh, yes; very glad!' replied the Dauphin, in a weak voice, with a sad but sweet smile, that went to the hearts of those to whom he was speaking.

"At about two o'clock Gomin came up with the dinner, and with him the new civic commissary, named Hébert. The child, propped up by his bolster, took a little soup, and then, as if wearied by the exertion, lay down again, after putting a few cherries on his bed, which from time to time his feeble hand sought for and conveyed to his lips. Citizen Hébert (he was not unworthy of his name), addressing himself to Gomin, said, 'Ah, but, citizen, you must show me your order for moving the wolf-cub.' 'We have no written order,' replied the guardian; 'but the physician, whom you will see to-morrow morning, will tell you we only acted in obedience to his orders.' 'And how long,' returned Hébert, in a loud voice, 'have the students in surgery governed the Republic? You must ask for an order from the committee; do you understand me?' On hearing this rough menace, the child let fall his cherries, and withdrew his debile hand slowly beneath the bed-clothes. The happiness of having a well-lighted room and a little fresh air was too great to be unmingled with disquietude!

"Night came again—sad, silent night! in which the timid, dying boy was left a prey to his miserable thoughts and solitary sufferings. Who can tell how much he endured through that long night, while eager hands and hateful tongues seemed contending with him for the very couch on which the light of life was waning fast away.

"Next day M. Pelletan learned that the government had acceded to his request for a colleague in the sad charge that had been intrusted to him. M. Dumangin, head physician of the Hôpital de l'Unité, made his appearance at his house on the morning of the 19th Prairial (Sunday, 7th June), with the official despatch sent him by the committee of public safety. They repaired together immediately to the tower.

"On their arrival there they heard that the child, whose weakness was excessive, had had a fainting fit (after the friction, and the usual potion), which had occasioned fears to be entertained that his end was approaching. He was a little recovered, however, when the physicians went up at about nine o'clock, accompanied by Hébert, who stood silent, and seemed embarrassed during the visit. Unable to contend with an ever-increasing exhaustion, they perceived there was no longer any hope of reviving an existence worn out by so much suffering, and that henceforward all that their art could effect would be to soften the last stage of this lamentable disease. They expressed great astonishment at the solitary state in which the child was left during the night and part of the day, and as the keepers returned for answer that they were only following the rules which had been rigorously laid down, the physicians strongly insisted in their bulletin on the necessity of giving poor little Capet a nurse. The committee of general safety made a decree next day to authorize the physicians to place some woman, whom they were themselves to select, in attendance on the child's sick bed. This permission came very late—so late that the very same day the committee of general security had to make another decree, which, we shall see, annulled the first, then, alas! of no avail!

"The physicians allowed the child, whose throat was on fire, a glass of sugar-and-water if he asked again for drink, and withdrew with a feeling of melancholy impotence. M. Pelletan's opinion was, that the young Princes would not live over the next day; M. Dumangin thought the closing scene not quite so near.

"It was agreed between them that M. Pelletan should visit the child again at eight o'clock the next morning, and M. Dumangin at eleven.

"Hardly had the physicians crossed the threshold when the tongue of Hébert became loosened, and he broke forth into the following sudden exclamation, transmitted to us by the keepers: 'I say, citizens, Marat was doctor to the body-guard of Capet d'Artois; but he was a good friend to the people for all that!'

"When Gomin went upstairs again at supper-time, he was very agreeably surprised to find the invalid a little better; his complexion seemed clearer, his eyes brighter, his voice stronger. 'Is it you?' he said at once to his guardian, with a gesture of pleasure. 'Well, you are not suffering so much,' said Gomin. 'Not so much,' said the child. 'You owe that to this room; the air circulates freely here at least, and the light enters; the physicians come to see you; and all this should comfort you a little.' He looked up at his keeper with a glance of grievous affliction. The eye, so clear a moment before, dimmed, and then sparkled suddenly again with a bright flash of light; a large tear had fallen from it and was rolling down his cheek. Gomin asked him kindly what was the matter. 'Always alone!' he replied; 'my dear mother remains in the other tower!'

"Thus we see that all the warmth and tenderness that unfortunate child had left in his heart were bound up with the idea of his absent mother. Filial love had survived all else; that love was as strong as his will, as profound as his soul. 'Love,' the Bible tells us, 'is stronger than death.' Whenever reflection overcame the feeling of his sufferings, every other thought gave way, while his sorely tried heart held sweet communion with the adored image of his mother.

"Gomin resumed: 'That's true; you are alone, and it is very dull;

but you have not here before you, as is the case elsewhere, the sight of so many wicked men, and the example of so many crimes.' 'Oh, I see enough of them,' he murmured; 'but,' added he, fixing his eyes on his keeper, and laying his hand on his arm, 'I see some good people, too, and they prevent my being angry with those who are not so.'

"On this, Gomin said to him, 'N—, * whom you have often seen here as commissary, has been arrested, and is now in prison.' 'I am sorry for it,' said the Prince; 'is he here?' 'No; somewhere else: at La Force, in the Faubourg St. Antoine.' An ordinary spirit would have deemed itself avenged; but he had the magnanimity to pity his persecutor. He paused a long while, and then added thoughtfully, 'I am very sorry; for, don't you see, he is more unfortunate than me, for he deserves his misfortune!' These words, so very simple, and withal so nobly wise, must doubtless seem surprising in the mouth of a child of barely ten years old! Yet they are given exactly as he uttered them; and it was not merely the words that struck his companion most, but the genuine, simple, touching tone in which they were spoken; so true is it that there is a sort of precocious wisdom given by distress, or, to speak in a more Christian spirit, a sort of inspiration that Heaven grants to those who suffer and are about to die!

"Night came—his last night!—which the regulations of the prison condemned him to pass once more in solitude, with suffering, his old companion, only at his side. This time at least, however, death, too, stood at his pillow. It was Lasne again who first entered his room, between eight and nine o'clock on Monday, 8th June. Gomin has acknowledged to us that for several days he had not dared to go up first, fearing that he might find the sacrifice complete.

"The physicians came, each at his appointed hour. The child was up when Pelletan visited him at eight o'clock. Lasne had thought him better than he was the day before; but the physician's account proved to him but too clearly his mistake. The interview was short. Feeling his legs very heavy, the young invalid of his own accord soon asked to lie down.

"He was in bed when Dumangin came in, at nearly eleven o'clock. The child received him with that invariable mildness which he preserved through all his sufferings, and to which that physician has borne witness.†

"The two bulletins, which left the Temple at eleven o'clock, gave notice of symptoms alarming for the life of the invalid.

"When M. Dumangin withdrew, Gomin took Lasne's place in the Dauphin's room; he sat down near his bed, but did not speak lest he should fatigue him.

"The Prince never began a conversation, and therefore said nothing either; but he looked upon his keeper with a glance of the deepest melancholy. 'How unhappy I am to see you suffering so much,' said Gomin. 'Take comfort,' said the child, 'I shall not suffer always!' Gomin knelt down, that he might be nearer to him. The child took his hand and pressed it to his lips. The pious heart of Gomin prompted an ardent prayer—one of those prayers that misery wrings from man,

* Notwithstanding all his efforts, Gomin, who remembered the fact perfectly well, could not recollect the municipal's name; and the registers of the jail have also failed to give us this piece of information.

† Letter from M. Dumangin to M. Pelletan: St. Prix, 1st May 1817.

and love sends up to God. The child did not let go the faithful hand that still remained to him, and raised his eyes to heaven while Gomin prayed for him. It is not possible to describe how truly holy and angelic was this last infantine look.

"It may be asked, perhaps, what were the last words of the dying boy; for the reader knows those of his father, who, from the scaffold, which his virtues transformed to a throne, bestowed his pardon upon his murderers below. He knows those of his mother, that heroic Queen, who, impatient to leave the earth, where she had endured so much, begged the headsman to be quick. He knows those of his aunt, that truly Christian virgin, who, when they removed her dress in order to strike more easily, besought, with a supplicating eye, in the name of decency, that they would cover her bosom. And now, shall I venture to repeat the last words of the orphan? They have been related to me by those who received his last breath, and I will faithfully inscribe them in this royal 'Book of Martyrs.'

"Gomin, seeing the child calm, motionless, and mute, said to him, 'I hope you are not in pain just now?' 'Oh! yes, I am still in pain, but not nearly so much—the music is so beautiful!'

"Now, there was no music to be heard, either in the tower or anywhere near; no sound from without could reach the room where the young martyr lay, expiring. Gomin, astonished, said to him, 'From what direction do you hear this music?' 'From above!' 'Is it long that you have heard it?' 'Since you knelt down. Do you not hear it? Listen! Listen!' And the child, with a nervous motion, raised his faltering hand, as he opened his large eyes, illuminated by ecstatic delight. His poor keeper, unwilling to destroy this last sweet illusion, appeared to listen also, with the pious desire of hearing what could not possibly be heard.

"After a few minutes of attention the child again started, his eyes sparkled, and he cried out, in intense rapture, 'From amongst all the voices, I have distinguished that of my mother!'

"That word, as it left the orphan's lip, seemed to relieve him from all suffering; his knitted brow relaxed, and his look lighted up with that calm brightness given by the certainty of deliverance or of victory. His eye fixed on an invisible object—his ear attentive to the far-distant sound of one of those concerts that human ear hath never heard—a new existence seemed to break in upon his young soul.

"A moment after, the brightness of that gleam was gone; his arms were crossed upon his breast, and an expression of sad discouragement was visible in his countenance. Gomin looked close at him, and followed all his motions with a troubled eye. The child's breathing was not more powerful; but his eye was wandering, slowly and confusedly, and from time to time it was turned towards the window. Gomin asked him what so interested him in that direction. The child looked at his keeper a few moments, and then, as if he had not understood the question, though it was asked him again, made no reply.

"Lasne came upstairs again to relieve Gomin, and the latter went out of the room, his heart very heavy, but not more uneasy than he had been the day before, for he did not even yet anticipate so sudden a close. Lasne sat down near the bed, and the Prince looked at him long, with a fixed and dreamy eye. On his making a slight movement, Lasne asked him how he felt, and what he would like. 'Do you think my sister could have heard the music?' said the child; 'how much good it would have done her!' Lasne could not answer. The

anguished glance of the dying boy turned eagerly and piercingly towards the window. An exclamation of joy escaped his lips—then he said, looking at his keeper, ‘I have something to tell you!’ Lasne came close to him and took his hand; the prisoner’s little head leaned on the keeper’s breast—who listened, but in vain! All was said! God had spared the young martyr his last mortal convulsion of anguish. God had kept to Himself the knowledge of his last thought. Lasne put his hand on the child’s heart. The heart of Louis XVII. had ceased to beat: the hour was a quarter past two P.M.

“Lasne acquainted Gomin and Damont, the commissary on duty, with the event, and they instantly repaired to the chamber of death. The poor little royal corpse was carried from the room into that where he had suffered so long—where for two years he had never ceased to suffer. From this royal apartment the father had gone to the scaffold, and thence the son must pass to the burial-ground. The remains were laid out on the bed, and the doors of the apartment were set open—doors which had remained closed ever since the Revolution had seized on a child, then full of vigour, and grace, and life, and health!

“Concealing the agitation and sorrow he felt beneath an aspect of cold indifference, Gomin repaired to the committee of general safety; there he saw M. Gauthier, one of the members, who said to him, ‘You did very right to take charge of this message yourself, and promptly; but notwithstanding your diligence, it has arrived too late, and the sitting is over. The report cannot be made to-day to the National Convention. Keep the news secret till to-morrow, and till I have taken all proper measures. I will send M. Bourguignon, one of the secretaries of the committee of general safety, to the Temple, in order to convince himself of the truth of your declaration.’

“M. Bourguignon followed Gomin to the tower accordingly. He verified the event, and renewed the exhortation of keeping it secret, and of carrying on the service as usual.

“At eight o’clock in the evening, supper was prepared for ‘little Capet.’ Caron brought it, and Gomin proffered to take it upstairs himself. But he went up without the supper, alone, a prey to affliction the most profound. This grief, which he had suppressed for five hours before the public, broke out into weeping when he found himself beside the lifeless body of Louis XVII. Never did the impression made by this spectacle fade from his memory or from his heart; it was still fresh there when I knew the good old man in the last years of his life. He said to me, at the age of eighty (if these are not exactly his very words, I can say positively that they are the purport of what he said)—‘I had the courage to go upstairs again, and re-enter his room. After closing the door carefully behind me, I timidly raised the covering, and gazed upon him, and my heart filled with sad and tender thoughts. The lines which pain had drawn on his forehead and on his cheeks had disappeared; the beautiful curves of his mouth had resumed their sweet look of repose. His eyes, which suffering had half-closed, were open now, and shone as pure as the blue heaven. One would have said his last look had rested on some beloved form! His beautiful fair hair, which had not been cut for two months, fell like a frame around his face, which I had never seen so calm. His expression was smiling; it wore the character which it must have presented in his happier days.

“‘It was as if, now that men could do no more against him, the

calmness of his countenance had returned of itself, and that the moral grace and candour of his heart shone forth in his face.

“There he lies, still and mute, his short life and his long trials over! Why did I not pass more time with him in his prison? Now it seems to me that I was wrong not to have had more courage.

“He is dead, and I can make him no compensation; there lies his poor body, that suffered so much. Where is his young spirit, that suffered even more? Oh, my God! if Thou art just, what recompense hast Thou not given to so much patience—what a crown to so much anguish?

“An hour elapsed, during which—breathless, my eyes fixed, unable to speak—I stood by his remains. That solemn hour must have had a great influence over my whole life. A voice had spoken in my heart, and I resolved to become a good man.

“Alas! I did not kneel to pray—I did not join his little hands—I did not clasp them round the crucifix! No Christian sign, no Christian voice, no Christian act, was near the couch of the last descendant of the Most Christian Kings! Earth had given him nought but outrage, and yet at that moment his half-closed eyes seemed to look so lovingly on earth, that one might have deemed the poor child enwrapped in sweet contemplation.

“I was choking with grief. I withdrew. I thought I would go up to the platform for air, and tried to ascend the staircase by two steps at a time. I could not do it. Yet I had not now the sick boy on my arm, whom I supported there some days before; my strength had failed me. How wide the terrace seemed that evening! The night was fine and clear. I drew near the little basin—the water was dried up, and the birds were flown.

“I know not how or why the idea of the coronation of kings then crossed my mind and agitated my heart; but so it was. At that time of mourning I involuntarily remembered the birds which, at the joyous hour of enthronement, are liberated, to wing their course through the cathedral at Rheims; and suddenly, in the fever of my grief, something seemed to tell me, that they, too, were the birds of a coronation, and that the child had just been crowned!’

“At eight o’clock next morning, 21st Prairial (9th June), four members of the committee of general safety came to the tower to make sure that the Prince was really dead. When they were admitted to the death-chamber by Lasne and Damont, they affected the greatest indifference. ‘The event is not of the least importance,’ repeated they, several times over; ‘the police commissary of the section will come and receive the declaration of the decease; he will acknowledge it, and proceed to the interment without any ceremony; and the committee will give the necessary directions.’

“As they withdrew, some officers of the Temple guard asked to see the remains of little Capet. Damont having observed that the guard would not permit the bier to pass without demanding its being opened, the deputies decided that the officers and non-commissioned officers of the guard going off duty, together with those coming on, should be all invited to assure themselves of the child’s death.

“Citizen Darlot (residing at 335 Rue Michel Peltier, Temple section), the civic commissary who was to relieve Damont, soon arrived to take his turn of duty. He was followed by MM. Bigot and Bouquet, his comrades, whose duties as commissaries did not require their attendance before the next day and the day after, but who had now been

summoned on extraordinary duty. Their comrade Damont also, who entered the Temple on the 20th Prairial (8th June), did not withdraw on their arrival; he remained during the visit he had invited, and all the officers and non-commissioned officers of the guard having been assembled in the room where the body lay, he asked them if they recognized it as that of the ex-Dauphin, son of the last King of France. All those who had seen the young Prince at the Tuileries or at the Temple (and most of them had) bore witness to its being the body of Louis XVII. When they were come down into the council-room Darlot drew up the minutes of this attestation, which was signed by a score of persons.

"These minutes were inserted in the journal of the Temple tower, which was afterwards deposited in the office of the minister of the interior.

"During this visit the surgeons intrusted with the autopsy arrived at the outer gate of the Temple. These were Dumangin, head physician of the Hospice de l'Unité; Pelletan, head surgeon of the Grand Hospice de l'Humanité; Jeanroy, professor in the medical schools of Paris; and Lassus, professor of legal medicine at the Ecole de Santé of Paris. The two last were selected by Dumangin and Pelletan, because of the connection formerly of M. Lassus with Mesdames de France, and of M. Jeanroy with the House of Lorraine, which gave a peculiar weight to their signature. Gomin received them in the council-room, and detained them until the national guard, descending from the second floor, entered to sign the minutes prepared by Darlot. This done, Lasne, Darlot, and Bouquet went up again immediately, with the surgeons, and introduced them into the apartment of Louis XVII., whom they at first examined as he lay on his death-bed; but M. Jeanroy, observing that the dim light of this room was but little favourable to the accomplishment of their mission, the commissaries prepared a table in the first room, near the window on which the corpse was laid, and the surgeons began their melancholy operation.

"While these things were passing at the Temple, Achille-Sévestre, the deputy from Ile-et-Vilaine, who had voted for the death of Louis XVI., and who had said, in speaking of the Dauphin (13th April 1794), '*This child will never attain his majority!*' made the following report to the National Convention, in the name of the committee of general safety:—

"Citizens,—For some time past the son of Capet had been troubled with swellings on the right knee and left wrist; on the 15th Floréal his pain increased, the invalid lost his appetite, and was attacked by fever. The celebrated Desault, medical officer, was appointed to see and attend him, as we were convinced, by his talents and probity, that he would not fail to exercise that care which is due to humanity.

"Still the disease assumed a very serious character. On the 16th of this month Desault died, and the committee appointed in his stead citizen Pelletan, a well-known medical man, and citizen Dumangin, head physician to the Hospice de l'Unité, as his coadjutor. Their bulletin of yesterday, at eleven o'clock A.M., announced symptoms which gave cause of alarm for the life of the invalid, and at a quarter past two P.M. we received the intelligence of the death of the son of Capet.

"The committee of general safety has desired me to inform you of the event. All is verified, and here are the reports, which will remain in your archives.'

“The National Convention heard this announcement with apparent indifference. It was part of their policy not to take much notice of the Prince's last hour, though it was the welcome result of a plan they had long pursued.

“We return to the tower. The dissection over, the gentlemen of the profession retired; it was nearly five o'clock. The news of the death, announced to the Convention, had already spread in Paris. Several groups had formed on the outskirts of the Temple, at the doors of houses in that neighbourhood. The event was discussed by some fanatics with joy, but by the mass of the people with pity and commiseration, as they recollected the beauty, the graceful ways, and the generous heart of the young Prince. In particular, there was one poor woman who made her appearance in the Rue St. Martin, pale, with dishevelled hair, and holding a few remains of withered flowers in her hand, walking very fast, and uttering groans of distress. But soon escorted by some children, who thought the woman intoxicated, she reached the Temple gate, by the Rue Phélippeaux, from which the sentry repulsed her. Her cries and sobs brought Darques, the porter, and a gendarme, who asked the unfortunate woman what she wanted: ‘I want to see him again,’ she said; ‘I want to see the dear child again, who made me sit down in his little garden at the Tuileries.’ And when Darques told her no one could enter, ‘People are always allowed to go to the dead,’ she exclaimed, sobbing; ‘I want to lay the flowers he gave me in his coffin!’ Some compassionate people drew her away.

“Out of the Temple, every one knew the event: there was but one person who was not aware of it, and she was within the tower! It was now reserved for Madame Royale to learn, at one and the same time, the deaths of her mother, her aunt, and her brother. The latter was lying dead a few steps from her, in the very room beneath her own, and his sister knew it not. At eight o'clock in the evening, Gomin, who had not seen the Princess since the morning of the day before, came into her room, together with Darlot and Caron, bringing her supper. Madame was sitting, as usual, on the sofa against the window; she was writing, and had a book open before her—it was a volume of Voltaire's *Théâtre*, and she was copying the tragedy of *Zaire*. I have in my possession the first two acts of that tragedy, copied in the fastness of the Temple by the young Marie-Thérèse. How is it possible to read without emotion the following lines, traced by such a hand, in such a place, on such a day?—

“‘Ma fille, tendre objet de mes dernières peines,
Songe au moins, songe au sang qui coule dans tes veines;
C'est le sang de vingt rois, tous Chrétiens comme moi,
C'est le sang des martyrs!’”

“Madame did not address the commissaries, whose manner, apparently cold and reserved, betrayed no emotion; to make still more sure, the good-hearted Gomin had that day avoided her glance.

“On the 22nd Prairial (Wednesday, 10th June), at six o'clock in the evening, citizen Dusser, police commissary, accompanied by citizens Arnoult and Goddet, civic commissaries of the Temple section, presented

* “Oh! thou, the tender cause of these my anxious parting pains,
My daughter! think, oh! think, what blood is flowing in thy veins!
The blood it is of twenty kings, all Christian kings, like me,
The blood of martyrs,” &c.

himself at the tower of the Temple, in order, conformably with a decree issued by the council of general safety, to proceed to the official verification of the decease of the unfortunate little Capet, and the interment of his remains.

"They went up with the keepers to the second storey of the tower. A ray of sunshine gleamed through the window, and fell on the blood-stained sheet which covered the remains of the descendant of Louis XIV., now stretched on a wooden bedstead without any mattress. The sheet being removed, the victim was seen by the new commissaries, bearing the traces left by the professional men: the scalpel of science had mutilated that body, already disfigured by suffering; but it had respected the pale emaciated face, on which an expression of indescribable calmness and purity had succeeded to that of pain. His lips, so far from being contracted by death, wore the appearance of mildness and serenity: his eyes, not closed by mortal hand, had closed of themselves; or rather, one might have said, that since the fatal couch had been deserted by man, an angel had breathed on that little head, which, youthful and delicate as it was, had yet borne the crown of thorns, like the rest of his family.

"The mortuary register was drawn up.

"After having signed this document in the next room, the commissioners approached the fatal couch. I know not what sentiments may have been awakened in their minds by a spectacle so extraordinarily mournful, but they looked on it for some time, mute and motionless.

"At length, breaking this long silence, 'Is not all ready?' asked one of them. 'What is the man that was sent for about?' 'I am waiting,' replied a deep voice from the shadowed part of the room; it was that of the man employed in interments, who was standing near the door, with a coffin under his arm.

"'Come nearer, and let us make haste.' And the undertaker put down his boards on the floor. He took the body of the royal orphan, and laid it naked in the bier, for he who had been cradled in purple had not a winding-sheet in which to be interred. 'Stop, here's something to put under his head,' said the youngest commissary, presenting his handkerchief; and his colleagues looked on him with a dubious glance, astonished at his weakness, perhaps at his boldness and reverence for the dead. This example gave encouragement to the good-natured Lasne, who hastened to bring a sheet to serve as a shroud—I would say, a royal mantle—for this last King of the monarchy; for it is only in this indigent and humiliating winding-sheet that his corpse will appear in history. And the fir planks were fastened down with four nails, while the sound of the hammer on the coffin of the child shook the floor of the old room and awoke the slumbering echoes in the feudal tower.

"The bier was taken down into the first court, laid upon trestles, and covered with a black cloth. As they left the threshold of the deserted room, where so much unknown suffering had passed away, poor Gomin said to Gourlet, who was walking behind the others, 'You have no need to shut the iron door now!' He was right; the prisoner was free—the prison was to remain mournful and silent—human depravity had done its work, and retired!

"It was seven o'clock when the police commissary ordered the body to be taken up, and that they should proceed to the cemetery. It was the season of the longest days, and therefore the interment did not take place in secrecy and at night, as some misinformed narrators have said

or written; it took place in broad daylight, and attracted a great concourse of people before the gates of the Temple palace. One of the municipals wished to have the coffin carried out secretly, by the door opening into the chapel enclosure; but M. Dusser, police commissary, who was specially intrusted with the arrangement of the ceremony—to the great satisfaction of Lasne and Gomin—opposed this indecorous measure, and the procession passed out through the great gate. The crowd that was pressing round was kept back, and compelled to keep a line by a tricoloured ribbon, held at short distances by gendarmes. Compassion and sorrow were impressed on every countenance. A small detachment of the troops of the line from the garrison of Paris, sent by the authorities, was in waiting for the procession, to serve as an escort. They departed. The bier, still covered with the pall, was carried on a litter, on the shoulders of four men, who relieved each other two at a time; it was preceded by six or eight men, headed by a sergeant. Dusser walked behind, with Lasne and the civic commissary before-mentioned; Damont, who was on duty the day of the death, 30th Prairial; Darlot, on duty the 21st; Guérin, the 22nd; and Bigot, who was to have been so next day. With them were also Goddet, Biard, and Arnoult, whom the Temple section had appointed to assist Dusser in making the official report of the decease, and superintending the interment. Then came six or eight more men and a corporal. They proceeded along the streets of La Corderie, Bretagne, Pont-aux-Choux, Saint-Sébastien, Popincourt, and Basroid, and entered the cemetery of Sainte-Marguerite by the Rue Saint-Bernard. The procession was accompanied a long way by the crowd, and a great number of persons followed it even to the cemetery. Those few soldiers round a little bier attracted the attention of the public, and called forth questions all along their way. In particular, there was a marked movement of interest in a numerous group that had formed at the corner of the Boulevard and the Rue Pont-aux-Choux, and which was mainly composed of women. The name of 'Little Capet,' and the more popular title of Dauphin, spread from lip to lip, with exclamations of pity and compassion. Further on, in the Rue Popincourt, a few children of the common people, in rags, took off their caps, in token of respect and sympathy, before this coffin, that contained a child who had died poorer than they themselves were to live.

"The procession entered the cemetery of Sainte-Marguerite, not by the church, as some accounts assert, but by the old gate of the cemetery. The interment was made in the corner, on the left, at a distance of eight or nine feet from the enclosure wall, and at an equal distance from a small house, which subsequently served as a class-room for a Christian school. The grave was filled up—no mound marked its place—the soil was restored to its former level—and not even a trace remained of the interment! Not till then did the commissaries of police and the municipality withdraw. They departed by the same gate of the cemetery, and entered the house opposite the church, to draw up the declaration of interment. It was nearly nine o'clock, and still daylight. The air was clear, and the aureola of luminous vapours that crowned that lovely evening seemed delaying and prolonging the farewell of the sun.

"Two sentinels were posted, one in the cemetery, and one at the entrance-gate, to prevent any person from attempting to carry off the body of Louis XVII. This precaution was taken for two or three nights."

“The 9th of Thermidor came too late to save the infant King of France, Louis XVII. His gaoler, Simon, was indeed beheaded, and a less cruel tyrant substituted in his place; but the temper of the times would not at first admit of any decided measures of indulgence in favour of the heir to the throne. The barbarous treatment he had experienced from Simon had alienated his reason, but not extinguished his feelings of gratitude. On one occasion that inhuman wretch had seized him by the hair and threatened to dash his head against the wall; the surgeon Naulin interfered to prevent him, and the child next day presented him with two pears which had been given him for his supper the preceding evening, lamenting at the same time that he had no other means of testifying his gratitude. Simon and Hebert had put him to the torture, to extract from him an avowal of crimes connected with his mother, which he was too young to understand; after that cruel day he almost always preserved silence, lest his words should prove fatal to some of his relations. This resolution and the closeness of his confinement soon preyed upon his health. In February 1795 he was seized with a fever, and visited by three members of the committee of public safety; they found him seated at a little table making castles of cards. They addressed to him the words of kindness, but could not obtain any answer. In May the state of his health became so alarming that the celebrated surgeon Desault was directed by the Convention to visit him. His generous attentions assuaged the sufferings of the child's later days, but could not prolong his life.”—*Atison*.

E.

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MADAME DE STAËL.

“Madame de Staël,” said Napoleon, “was a woman of considerable talent and great ambition; but so extremely intriguing and restless, as to give rise to the observation that she would throw her friends into the sea, that, at the moment of drowning, she might have an opportunity of saving them. Shortly after my return from the conquest of Italy I was accosted by her in a large company, though at that time I avoided going out much in public. She followed me everywhere, and stuck so close that I could not shake her off. At last she asked me, ‘Who is at this moment the first woman in the world?’ intending to pay a compliment to me, and thinking that I would return it. I looked at her, and coldly replied, ‘She who has borne the greatest number of children; an answer which greatly confused her.’ The Emperor concluded by observing that he could not call her a wicked woman, but that she was a restless intrigante, possessed of considerable talent and influence.”—*A Voice from St. Helena*.

“Madame de Staël possessed very superior powers of mind. She would have made a great man. I saw her once presented to Curran at Mackintosh's; it was the grand confluence between the Rhône and the Saône, and they were both so ugly that I could not help wondering how the best intellects of France and Ireland could have taken up respectively such residences. Madame de Staël was a good woman

at heart, but spoiled by a wish to be she knew not what. In her own house she was amiable; in any other person's, you wished her gone, and in her own again."—*Moore's Life of Byron*.

"Staal Holstein, Anna-Louisa-Germaine Necker, Baroness de, a highly gifted woman, who has been called the greatest female writer of all ages and countries, and who was certainly the most distinguished for talents among the women of her age. Since Rousseau and Voltaire, no French writer has displayed equal power. The favourable circumstances of her early life gave full development to her powers. She was born in Paris in 1766, and the elevation of her father (*see* Necker, Vol. I. Appendix A) to the ministry of finance in 1777, brought him into close connection with the most brilliant circles of the capital. Her mother, the daughter of a Swiss clergyman, a pious and sensible woman, somewhat given to metaphysical speculations, and rather stiff in her manners, directed at first the education of the lively girl, who early acquired habits of diligent application, and was accustomed to hear conversations above the comprehension of her age. Necker's house was the resort of the most distinguished men of the capital; and like other ladies of the day who made pretensions to literary taste, Madame Necker assembled around her celebrated scholars, E. G. Raynal, Marmontel, and Thomas. The encouragements to converse which the young girl received in this society, and the various excitements which it furnished to her faculties, had an important influence on the formation of her mind. To these she owed that rare conversational power for which she was so remarkable, and her tastes for intellectual contests, with an inclination to ingenious, brilliant, and striking theories, which appears in her earlier works.

"Her lively spirit found much more satisfaction in the society of her father than in that of her mother. His character, in fact, was much more like her own, and he better understood how to act on her mind. His affection for her was mingled with a father's pride, and she was enthusiastically fond of him, while her respect for him bordered on veneration. Necker, however, never encouraged her to write, as he disliked female writers, and had forbidden his wife to occupy herself in that way, because the idea of disturbing her pursuits when he entered her chamber was disagreeable to him. To escape a similar prohibition, his daughter, who early began to write, accustomed herself to bear interruptions without impatience, and to write standing, so as she might not appear to be disturbed in a serious occupation by his approach. When her father's *Compte rendu* was published in 1781, she wrote him an anonymous letter on the subject, which he recognized by the style of thought to be hers. In her fifteenth year she made abstracts from Montesquieu's 'Spirit of Laws,' accompanied with remarks; and at this time Raynal wished her to furnish a treatise on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, for his work on the colonies and commerce of the Europeans in the two Indies. Her earliest productions were 'Sophia,' a comedy written in 1786, and two tragedies, 'Lady Jane Grey,' and 'Montmorency.' Her *Lettres sur les Ouvrages et le Caractère de J. J. Rousseau*, which were printed in 1788, first attracted the public notice. In 1786 she was married to the Baron de Staël-Holstein, Swedish ambassador at the French Court, a man much older than herself, whose suit was favoured by Madame Necker's desire that her daughter should marry a Protestant, and by the promise of his King to continue him in his post several years. Her heart, however, appears to have been given to the Vicomte

de Montmorency, with whom she maintained a friendship during her life. The breaking out of the Revolution (1789) necessarily exercised a powerful influence both on her mind and fate. She was early accustomed to take an interest in public affairs. Her youth was passed amid great events, which, although occurring in another hemisphere, hastened the crisis of European States. The first period of her father's service in the ministry (1777-1781) brought his family into connection with the great world, and public affairs and political topics formed the chief subjects of conversation, even in the coteries of the ladies. Familiar with the views of her father, and with the liberal principles of several of the most distinguished French writers of the day, she was inspired with an enthusiastic love of liberty, and had expressed her feelings in her work upon Rousseau. 'Neither her disposition nor her situation,' says Madame Necker de Saussure, a near relation and intimate friend of Madame de Staël, 'would allow her to be indifferent to the general agitation, since she was placed in the focus of its influence; she admired the constitution of England as much as she loved France, and the thought of seeing Frenchmen as free as Englishmen, equal in all that was necessary to secure the rights and maintain the dignity of men, was her ardent wish; and with these views was connected the hope that her father would aid in this great work, and earn gratitude for his services; so that we need not wonder at her enthusiasm.' She has related, at length, her share in the events of her time, in her posthumous work. Her father's banishment in 1787, and his triumphant return in 1788, deeply affected her; and when the storm became too fierce for him, and he was obliged to retire from public life, she saw with grief all her hopes disappointed. During Robespierre's ascendancy she exerted herself, even at the hazard of her life, to save the victims, and published a powerful and eloquent defence of the Queen, who had always shown a great dislike to her. After the insurrection of August 10th, she delayed her departure from day to day, unwilling to provide merely for her own safety, while so many of her friends were in danger. On September 2nd, when the tocsin called the populace to riot and murder, she attempted to leave Paris, but was detained, and escaped the popular fury only by a remarkable concurrence of circumstances. She arrived safely at her father's house, which now became the refuge of the unhappy fugitives from the tyranny which preyed upon France. When Sweden recognized the French Republic her husband was again sent as ambassador to Paris, whither she also returned in 1795. The quiet which was restored with the government of the Directory gave her an opportunity of effecting the recall of some of the emigrants. Barras became her friend, and she acquired so much influence that on Talleyrand's return from America, in 1796, she obtained, through Barras, his appointment to the ministry of foreign affairs. To this period also belong two political pamphlets, *Sur la Paix*, and *Sur la Paix intérieure*, which contain her views respecting the situation of France in 1795, and express the remarkable opinion that France could arrive at limited monarchy only through military despotism. In 1796 appeared her work *De l'Influence des Passions sur le Bonheur des Individus et des Nations* (1796), which, though characterized by deep thought and enlightened views, does not contain any complete exposition of the subject. Her domestic relations at this time were not happy. Her connection with her husband, whose tastes were different, and whose talents were inferior to her own, had been, from the first,

marked by coldness; and when she became desirous of securing the property of their children from the effects of his lavish habits, a separation took place; but his infirmities rendering the services of his friends necessary to him, she again joined him. He died in 1798, while on the way, in company with her, to her father's residence. The man who exercised so fatal an influence upon the rest of her life—Bonaparte—she had seen for the first time in 1797, on his return to Paris after the treaty of Campo-Formio. His brilliant reputation, which had inflamed the lively imagination of the French, also excited her admiration; but this sentiment soon gave way to fear and aversion. She formed the design of gaining him over to the cause of Swiss independence, when an invasion of Switzerland was in contemplation, for the purpose of raising money for the Egyptian expedition; but she soon saw that her plan could not succeed. The danger which threatened Switzerland led her to Coppet, where a French guard under Suchet was posted; but when Geneva was incorporated with France, she hastened back to Paris, to cause her father's name to be struck from the list of emigrants. Necker now seemed likely to pass the remainder of his life undisturbed. Bonaparte visited him before his passage over the Great St. Bernard, and made a favourable impression upon him during a long interview, in which he spoke of his future plans. But some observations of Necker in his *Dernières Vues de Politique et des Finances* (1802), in which he spoke with freedom of the Consular constitution, and mentioned Bonaparte's design of establishing a monarchy and surrounding himself with a new nobility, offended the First Consul, who had no wish to see his plans prematurely announced, and therefore caused the work to be attacked in the journals. By his direction, the Consul Lebrun wrote a sharp letter to Necker, advising him not to meddle any more with public affairs. Madame de Staël was banished from Paris, under pretence that she had given her father false information with respect to France. During her banishment she lived with her father at Coppet, but spent much time in travelling; and once (in 1806) passed some days secretly in Paris. Her literary reputation was meanwhile increased by her *De la Littérature considérée dans ses Rapports avec les Institutions Sociales* (2 vols., Paris, 1802), and her *Delphine* (1802). The former work attracted many assailants, among whom Fontanes was the ablest and acutest. She had indeed over-estimated the influence of literature upon the character and happiness of men, and pronounced too confidently upon its history and prospects. Her romance *Delphine* contained a faithful picture of herself, as she was in her youth—a creature separated from the multitude by genius and sensibility, and struggling against the restraints of custom and her sex. Madame de Staël, who never otherwise reverted to her earlier writings, found herself obliged to defend the moral tendency of *Delphine* in a particular essay. In 1803 she made a visit to Germany, whence her father's sickness recalled her to Switzerland; but he died before she reached home. She always retained the greatest attachment and veneration for his memory. His death rendered her religious feelings more lively, and in this state of mind she wrote an admirable account of his domestic life (prefixed to the *Manuscrits de M. Necker publiés par sa fille*, in 1805), which gives us much insight into her own character. To dissipate her grief, Madame de Staël paid a visit to Italy in 1805; and from that time A. W. Schlegel, with whom she had become acquainted in Berlin, was her constant companion. The fruits of her journey to Italy was *Corinne, ou l'Italie* (1807), the most

perfect and brilliant of her works, combining in a happy manner the charms of romance with a faithful picture of Italy. In 1810 she went to Vienna to collect materials for a work upon the manners, literature, and philosophy of Germany, which she had planned on her first visit to that country. Many passages had been struck out from the manuscript of this work by the censors of the press; and no sooner was the impression completed than the whole edition was seized by Savary, minister of police. It first appeared entire at London in 1813, and was printed at Paris in 1814. This work is rich in acute and ingenious ideas, but has justly been criticised as containing many erroneous views. Madame de Staël was now persecuted with more bitterness, and her exile from Paris was extended to banishment from France. About this time, during her residence on her father's estate, she formed a new connection, which strongly illustrates the peculiarity of her character. A young officer from the South of France, by the name of de Rocca, who had distinguished himself by his bravery in Spain, rendered infirm by his wounds, came to reside at Geneva. Some expressions of sympathy which fell from Madame de Staël made a deep impression upon him, and inflamed his heart and his imagination. 'I will love her so passionately,' said he, 'that she will marry me at last.' Circumstances favoured his wishes; Madame de Staël, in the midst of her sufferings, had cherished the hope of consolation in a new union, and accepted the hand of the officer. The marriage, however, remained a secret till her death. While she wished to leave a place where she feared to involve others in her fate, she saw the danger and difficulties of a flight, watched by spies and informers, and was reluctant to abandon the graves of her parents and her second country, and wander like a criminal by land and sea. But in the spring of 1812, the last moment when flight was possible, she resolved upon departure, having been already threatened with imprisonment if she left her residence for a day! She hastened through Vienna to Moscow, and on the approach of the French army went to Petersburg, and soon after, in the autumn of 1812, to Stockholm. Here appeared her work on suicide (*Reflexions sur le Suicide*), which she had just completed, and which points out to the unhappy the aids of religion and morality. In the beginning of the next year she went to England, where she was received with the most flattering attention. After a long exile, the sufferings of which she has described in her *Dix Années d'Exil*, she landed at Calais in 1814. The allied princes treated her with great distinction, and her influence contributed not a little to hasten the removal of the foreign troops from France. On the return of Napoleon in 1815, she returned to Coppet. It is said that Napoleon invited her to return to Paris, that she might assist in the preparation of the new constitution, but that she refused, adding, 'He has dispensed with the constitution and me for twelve years, and now he loves neither of us.' After the Restoration she received from the government public stock to the amount of two millions of francs, the sum which her father had left in the royal treasury at the time of his dismissal from office. Surrounded by a happy domestic circle—a beloved husband, an excellent son, and an amiable and highly accomplished daughter, who was united to a man of distinguished merit, the Duc de Broglie—esteemed and courted by the most eminent men of the capital, and cheered with the hope of seeing her country's wounds healed by a free constitution, she lived in Paris, with the exception of a short absence, till her death. Until her last sickness she was employed on her *Mémoires et Con-*

siderations sur les principaux Evénements de la Révolution Française (Paris, 1819, 3 vols.). Few persons were more favourably situated than Madame de Staël for appreciating the importance of the events of which she treated. She had three principal objects in this work—the justification of her father's public life, a faithful delineation of the course and character of the Revolution, and a development of the political principles consonant with the spirit of the age (see the remarks on it in Bailleul's *Examen*, 2 vols., 1819). The completion of this work was interrupted by her death. She had suffered much since the beginning of 1817, and in the beginning of that year her disease took a decided character. Although reluctant to leave her friends, and dreading, as she said to her physician, the thought of the dissolution of her body, she was not afraid to die. To the last moment she retained her tranquillity, and expressed her hope of again meeting her father. 'I think,' she said one day, as if awaking from a dream, 'I think I know what the passage from life to death is, and I am convinced that the goodness of God makes it easy; our thoughts become confused, and the pain is not great.' In the morning of 14th July 1817, she replied to the question of her nurse, whether she had slept, 'Soundly and deeply.' Those were her last words. Her body was embalmed, and deposited in the family vault at Coppet. See the *Notice sur le Caractère et les Ecrits de Madame de Staël*, by Madame Necker de Saussure, prefixed to the complete edition of her works published at Paris in 1821, in 17 volumes; and Schlosser's 'Parallel between Madame de Staël and Madame Roland' (in German and French, 1830). The taste of Madame de Staël is not altogether correct; her style is irregular, and has too much pretension; her attempts at effect, and her occasional tendency to exaggeration, sometimes mislead her judgment, and cause her to give a false colouring to facts. But in all her works we find original and profound thought, great acuteness, a lively imagination, a philosophical insight into the human heart and into the truths of politics and literature. Her son, Augustus, Baron de Staël, born 1789, died 1827, is favourably known by his *Notice sur M. Necker* (1820), and his valuable *Lettres sur l'Angleterre*. He left a son, the only descendant of Madame de Staël."—*Encyclopædia Americana*.

F.

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MURAT, KING OF NAPLES.

"Joachim Murat was born in 1767. His father, who had once been steward to the wealthy family of the Talleyrands, was the keeper of an humble country inn. From early youth Murat was distinguished by his daring courage and his skill in horsemanship. He was originally intended for the Church, but having in his twentieth year run away with, and fought a duel for, a pretty girl of the neighbourhood, all his ecclesiastical hopes were crushed by the notoriety which this affair brought upon him. He therefore entered the army, made himself conspicuous by his revolutionary enthusiasm, and in one month fought not less than six duels! He soon gained promotion, and in the affair of

the sections made himself so useful to Bonaparte, that when appointed to the command of the army of Italy, that general placed him on his personal staff. Shortly afterwards Murat was promoted to the rank of general of brigade, accompanied Napoleon in his Egyptian expedition, and returned with him to Paris, where he married Caroline Bonaparte, his patron's youngest sister. On the establishment of the empire he was created marshal of France, and in 1806 invested with the Grand Duchy of Berg and Cleves. In 1808 he entered Madrid with a formidable army, and sullied his reputation by his exactions and cruelties. He was afterwards appointed to the throne of Naples, but was rendered constantly uneasy by the system of jealous espionage pursued towards him by Napoleon. In 1812 he joined the Emperor in his Russian expedition, and was placed over the whole cavalry of the grand army, in which position he rendered himself so conspicuous by his daring that the very Cossacks held him in respect and admiration. When the French reached the heights which overlook Moscow, Murat, glancing at his soiled garments, did not think them worthy of an occasion so important as that of entering the Sacred City. He retired, therefore, to his tent, and soon came out, dressed in his most magnificent costume. His tall plume, the splendid trappings of his steed, and the grace with which he managed the animal, drew forth loud shouts of applause from the Cossacks who were under the walls of the city. As an armistice had been previously agreed upon, he remained for two hours in the midst of his new admirers, who pressed round him, and even called him their Hetman, so delighted were they with his courage and generosity. When Napoleon quitted Russia, Murat was left in command; but he was unequal to his trying duties, and returned dispirited to Naples, greatly to the Emperor's dissatisfaction. In the German campaign of 1813 he fought nobly at Dresden and Leipsic, but immediately after this last battle, deserted the Imperial standard. On Napoleon's escape from Elba, Murat put an army of 50,000 men in motion, in order, as he said, to secure the independence of Italy, but was defeated by the Austrians and English. After the battle of Waterloo he wandered about for some months as a fugitive; but being discovered, was seized, tried, and ordered to be shot, by Ferdinand, the then reigning King of Naples. When the fatal moment arrived, Murat walked with a firm step to the place of execution. He would not accept a chair, nor suffer his eyes to be bound. He stood upright, with his face towards the soldiers, and when all was ready, kissed a cornelian on which the head of his wife was engraved, and gave the word thus: 'Save my face—aim at my heart—fire!' Murat left two daughters and two sons; the elder of his sons is a citizen of the United States, and said to be a youth of very superior promise."—*Court and Camp of Bonaparte*.

"With respect to Murat's beauty and the nobleness of his figure, which have been so much insisted on, it is a point which will bear discussion. I do not admit that a man is handsome because he is large, and always dressed for a carnival. Murat's features were not good, and I may even add that, considering him as detached from his curled hair, his plumes, and his embroidery, he was plain. There was something of the negro in his countenance, though his nose was not flat; but very thick lips, and a nose which, though aquiline, had nothing of nobleness in its form, gave to his physiognomy a mongrel expression at least."—*Duchesse d'Abrantès*.

"Murat," said Napoleon, "is a good soldier—one of the most brilliant

men I ever saw on a field of battle. Of no superior talents, without much moral courage, timid even in forming his plan of operations; but the moment he saw the enemy, all that vanished—his eye was the most sure and the most rapid, his courage truly chivalrous. Moreover, he is a fine man, tall, and well-dressed, though at times rather fantastically—in short, a magnificent lazzarone. It was really a magnificent sight to see him in battle heading the cavalry.”—*Lord Ebrington's Account of his Conversations with Napoleon at Elba.*

G.

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THE 13TH VENDEMAIRE 1795.

The following is an extract from Bonaparte's own account of this memorable transaction, which was dictated by him when at St. Helena to Las Cases:—"As soon as Napoleon found himself invested with the command of the forces destined to protect the Assembly, he despatched Murat with three hundred cavalry to the Sablons, to bring off the artillery to the gardens of the Tuileries. One moment would have been too late. This officer, on arriving at the Sablons at two o'clock, fell in with the head of a column of the section Lepelletier, which had come also for the purpose of carrying off the artillery; but his troops being cavalry, and the ground a plain, the section retreated, and at six in the morning the forty guns entered the Tuileries. From six o'clock to nine Napoleon visited all the posts, and arranged the positions of his cannon. All the matches were lighted, and the whole of the little army, consisting of only five thousand men, was distributed at the different posts, or in reserve at the garden and the Place Carrousel. The *générale* beat throughout Paris, and the national guards formed at all the debouches, thus surrounding the palace and gardens. The danger was imminent. Forty thousand national guards, well armed and trained, presented themselves as the enemies of the Convention, who, in order to increase its forces, armed fifteen hundred individuals, called the Patriots of 1789. These men fought with the greatest valour, and were of the greatest importance to the success of the day. General Cartaux, who had been stationed at Pont Neuf with four hundred men and four pieces of cannon, with orders to defend the two sides of the bridge, abandoned his post and fell back under the wickets. At the same time the national guard occupied the garden of the Infanta. They professed to be well affected towards the Convention, and nevertheless seized on this post without orders. The sectionaries every moment sent women, or themselves advanced unarmed, and waving their hats over their heads, to fraternize with the troops of the line. On the 13th of Vendemiaire, at three o'clock, Danican, general of the sections, sent a flag of truce to summon the Convention to dismiss the troops and disarm the Terrorists. This messenger traversed the posts blindfolded, with all the forms of war. He was then introduced into the midst of the committee of forty, in which he caused a great sensation by his threats. He was sent back towards four o'clock. About the same time seven

hundred muskets, belts, and cartridge-boxes were brought into the hall of the Convention, to arm the members themselves as a *corps de reserve*. At a quarter after four some muskets were discharged from the Hôtel de Noailles, into which the sectionaries had introduced themselves; the balls reached the steps of the Tuileries. At the same instant Lafond's column debouched by the Quai Voltaire, marching over the Pont Royal. The batteries were then ordered to fire. After several discharges St. Roch was carried, and Lafond's column routed. The Rue St. Honoré, the Rue St. Florentin, and the adjacent places were swept by the guns. About a hundred men attempted to make a stand at the Théâtre de la République, but a few shells from the howitzers dislodged them in an instant. At six o'clock all was over. There were about two hundred killed and wounded on the part of the sectionaries, and nearly as many on the side of the Convention. The faubourgs, if they did not rise in favour of the Convention, certainly did not act against it. It is untrue that in the commencement of the action the troops were ordered to fire with powder only; but it is a fact that when once they were engaged, and success had ceased to be doubtful, they fired without ball. On the 14th of Vendemiaire some assemblages still continued to take place in the section Lepelletier; they were, however, promptly dislodged, and the rest of the day was employed in going over the city, visiting the chief houses of the sections, gathering in arms, and reading proclamations. In the evening order was completely restored, and Paris once more perfectly quiet."

H.

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MARSHAL LANNES.

"Jean Lannes, who for his impetuous valour was called the Rolando and the Ajax of the French camp, was born in 1769. His parents were poor, and intended him for some mechanical pursuit; but he was resolved to be a soldier. One of the first actions in which he was engaged was that of Millesimo, where he distinguished himself so highly that he was made a colonel on the field. At the bridge of Lodi he exhibited equal intrepidity. He had taken one ensign, and was about to seize a second from the Austrians, when his horse fell under him, and twelve cuirassiers raised their sabres to cut him down. Lannes instantly sprang on the horse of an Austrian officer, killed the rider, and fought his way through the cuirassiers, killing two or three, and wounding more. Soon afterwards he was made general of division. In the Egyptian expedition he was always foremost in danger. He returned to France with Napoleon, whom he assisted to overthrow the Directory. He accompanied the First Consul over the St. Bernard, and fought nobly at Montebello, which afterwards gave him his title, and at Marengo. Lannes was afterwards sent as ambassador to Portugal, and on his return was made marshal of France, and then Duc de Montebello. He was not very successful in Spain; he took, indeed, Saragossa, but stained his character there by perfidy as well as cruelty. After the fall of this place he retired to an estate which he had purchased near Paris; but

being recalled to the field, a cannon-ball at the battle of Essling carried away his right leg and the foot and ankle of the left. Napoleon showed great grief upon the occasion. On the ninth day of his wound, Lannes, grasping the Emperor's hand, said, 'Another hour and your majesty will have lost one of your most zealous and faithful friends.' And so indeed it proved. Lannes possessed dauntless courage, but was vulgar, and even coarse in his manners."—*Court and Camp of Bonaparte*.

"About the time of his marriage Lannes was twenty-eight years of age, five feet five or six inches high, slender and elegant, his feet, legs, and hands being remarkable for their symmetry. His face was not handsome, but it was expressive; and when his voice pronounced one of those military thoughts which had acquired for him the appellation of the Roland of the army, his eyes, said Junot, which appear so small, become immense, and dart flashes of lightning. Junot also told me that he looked upon Lannes as the bravest man in the army, because his courage was invariably the same. The same coolness with which he re-entered his tent he carried into the midst of the battle, the hottest fire, and the most difficult emergencies. Besides this, Junot considered him to possess the most rapid conception and accurate judgment of any person he had ever met with, except the First Consul. He was also amiable, faithful in friendship, and a good patriot. One curious trait in his character was the obstinacy with which he refused to have his hair cut short. In vain Napoleon entreated him to cut it off; he still retained a short, thick queue, full of powder and pomatum."—*Duchesse d'Abrantès*.

"Marshal Lannes was one of the most gallant men our armies could at any time boast of. His life was too short for his friends; but his career of honour and glory was without a parallel."—*Duc de Rovigo*.

"The education of Lannes had been much neglected. However, he improved greatly; and to judge from the astonishing progress he made, he would have been a general of the first class. He had great experience in war. He had been in fifty-four pitched battles, and in three hundred combats of different kinds. He was a man of uncommon bravery, cool in the midst of fire; and possessed of a clear, penetrating eye, ready to take advantage of any opportunity which might present itself. Violent and hasty in his expressions, sometimes even in my presence, he was ardently attached to me. In the midst of his anger he would not suffer any one to join him in his remarks. On that account, when he was in a choleric mood, it was dangerous to speak to him, as he used to come to me in his rage, and say, such and such persons were not to be trusted. As a general, he was greatly superior to Moreau or to Soult."—*A Voice from St. Helena*.

I

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THE BATTLE OF LODI.

The following is Bourrienne's account of the celebrated battle of Lodi:—

"It now remained to cross the river; but thirty pieces of cannon placed in battery, some at the further end of the old bridge, and some a little above, and others a little below it, on the left bank, in

order to produce a cross-fire, seemed to render such an enterprise next to impossible. More than one brave republican general recommended a pause, which must have ended in a retreat; but Bonaparte, keeping his eyes fixed, and his hand pointing at the bridge, said, 'That is the way to Milan—to Rome—to the possession of all Italy; we must cross, let it cost what it may. It must not be said that the tributary Adda stopped those heroes who had forced the Po!' On this occasion the French were pretty well supplied with artillery, and their first operation was to open a heavy fire across the river on the enemy's guns. General Beaumont, who commanded their cavalry, was sent to pass the Adda at a ford about a league above the bridge, and he took with him some flying artillery, with which he was to cannonade the right flank of the Austrians. By an inconceivable imbecility, the ford was not sufficiently guarded, and Beaumont, though not without difficulty, passed through it with his horses and guns. As soon as Bonaparte saw that the heads of the French cavalry were forming on the left bank of the Adda, and that the manœuvre gave great uneasiness to the Austrians, he pointed his sword at the bridge and sounded the charge. It was on the 10th of May, and about six o'clock in the evening, when 4000 picked men, shouting *Vive la République!* advanced on the bridge, which was literally swept by the enemy's guns. The first effect was tremendous; the French were involved in a murderous hailstorm of cannon-balls, grape-shot, and musket-balls. They stopped—for a moment they wavered. Then Bonaparte, and Lannes, and Berthier, and Masséna, and Cervoni, and Dallemagne, and Dupas threw themselves at the head of the columns, which dashed across the bridge, and up to the mouths of the enemy's guns. Lannes was the first to reach the left bank of the Adda, Napoleon the second. The Austrian artillerymen were bayoneted at their guns before Beaulieu could get to their rescue, for this doomed old general had kept his infantry too far in the rear of the bridge. By this means also the French infantry was allowed time to debouch from the *île-du-pont*, and form in pretty good order. The battle, however, was not over. Though stupid, Beaulieu was brave, and the Austrian troops had not yet lost their dogged obstinacy. They concentrated a little behind the river—they put their remaining artillery in battery, and for some minutes it seemed doubtful whether they would not drive their foes back to the blood-covered bridge, or into the waters of the Adda. But in addition to Beaumont, who acted with his cavalry on their right flank, Augereau now came up from Borghetto to the opportune assistance of his comrades. Then Beaulieu retreated, but in such good order that the French made few prisoners. The shades of night closed over a scene of horror: between the town and the bridge of Lodi, and the scene of the prolonged action on the left bank, 2500 men and 400 horses on the part of the Austrians lay dead or wounded, and the French could not have left fewer than 2000 men in the same condition, although Bonaparte owned only to the loss of 400. This battle, which he used to call 'the terrible passage of the bridge of Lodi,' carried his fame to the highest pitch, while the great personal bravery he displayed in it endeared him to the troops. The men, who cannot always appreciate military genius and science, know perfectly well how to estimate courage, and they soon idolize the commander that shows himself ready to share in their greatest dangers. It was on this occasion that the soldiers gave Bonaparte the honorary and affectionate nickname of 'The Little Corporal.' He

was then slight in figure, and had almost an effeminate appearance. 'It was a strange sight,' says a French veteran, 'to see him on that day on foot on the bridge, under a *feu-d'enfer*, and mixed up with our tall grenadiers—he looked like a little boy!' Those men of routine and prescription, the Austrian officers, who adhered to the old system of warfare, could not comprehend his new conceptions and innovations. 'This beardless youth ought to have been beaten over and over again,' said poor Beaulieu, 'for who ever saw such tactics!' A day or two after the battle of Lodi, an old Hungarian officer, who did not know his person, was brought prisoner to the French commander-in-chief. 'Well,' said Bonaparte, 'what do you think of the state of the war now?' 'Nothing can be worse on your side,' replied the old martinet. 'Here you have a youth who absolutely knows nothing of the rules of war: to-day he is in our rear, to-morrow on our flank, next again in our front. Such gross violations of the principles of the art of war are not to be supported!'"

"Some one having read at St. Helena an account of the battle of Lodi, in which it was said that Bonaparte displayed great courage in crossing the bridge, and that Lannes passed it after him, 'Before me!' cried Bonaparte with much warmth; 'Lannes passed first, and I only followed him. It is necessary to correct that on the spot.' And the correction was accordingly made in the margin of the book."—*Hazlitt*.

"'Vendemiaire and Montenotte,' said the Emperor, 'never induced me to look on myself as a man of a superior class; it was not till after Lodi that I was struck with the possibility of becoming famous. It was then that the first spark of my ambition was kindled.'"—*Las Cases*.

K.

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MARSHAL JUNOT.

"Andoche Junot was born of humble parents in the year 1771. At a very early period he enlisted in the army; but of his military exploits nothing is known until the siege of Toulon, when he was a simple grenadier. Here he was fortunate enough to attract the notice of the young commandant of the artillery. During a heavy cannonade, Bonaparte, having occasion to dictate a despatch, inquired if any one near him could write. Junot stepped out of the ranks, and while penning the despatch, a shot struck the ground close by his side, and covered both with dust. 'This is fortunate, sir,' observed the grenadier, laughing; 'I was in want of sand.' 'You are a brave fellow,' said Napoleon; 'how can I serve you?' 'Give me promotion; I will not disgrace it.' He was immediately made a sergeant; not long afterwards he obtained a commission, and in 1795 was nominated aide-de-camp to his benefactor. In the campaign of Italy, Junot exhibited daring courage, and, it is said, great rapacity. In Egypt he served with distinction as general of brigade, and soon after his return was placed over a division. Into the Legion of Honour he entered as a matter of course; but to the particular favour of Napoleon he owed the governorship of Paris, and the embassy to Lisbon, which was a most lucrative mission. He entered Portugal at the head of a powerful

army in 1807, levied oppressive contributions, punished all who ventured to speak against his measures, and allayed partial revolts by bloody executions. About this time he was created Duc d'Abrantès; but being soon after defeated by Sir Arthur Wellesley at the battle of Vimeira, he was compelled to evacuate Portugal, and remained until 1812 in complete disgrace. In the Russian campaign he headed a division, but could not obtain the marshal's truncheon. On his return a protracted fever seized him, which ended in settled derangement. He died at his father's house in 1813. In his person, Junot was eminently handsome; in his manners, coarse; in his character, rapacious and cruel. He had, however, a considerable share of moral as well as physical energy."—*Court and Camp of Bonaparte*.

The following is the portrait given of Junot by his wife, the Duchesse d'Abrantès:—"Junot had a superior mind; he was a stranger to falsehood, and was endowed with a generosity which his enemies have endeavoured to represent as a vice. He possessed in an eminent degree the qualities of a good son, a warm friend, and an excellent father. I recollect Mr. Fox telling me one day how he was struck, the preceding evening, when leaving the Opera, on seeing Junot paying as much attention and respect to his mother as he would have done to the first peeress in England. Having begun life with the Revolution, Junot was absolutely one of its children. He was scarcely twenty when the first roll of the drum was heard. A war-cry rang throughout the kingdom; the most sober panted for combat; all were tired of repose. Had not Junot been my husband, I should tell how all at once he became a young Achilles. During the whole of the campaigns in Italy he accompanied Bonaparte in those fields of glory, and was not sparing of his blood. To a brilliant and creative imagination Junot joined an acute understanding. He learned everything with inconceivable rapidity. He was ready at composing verses, was an excellent actor, and wrote wonderfully well. His temper was warm, sometimes passionate; but never was he coarse or brutal."

"Of the considerable fortunes which the Emperor had bestowed, that of Junot, he said, was one of the most extravagant. The sums he had given him almost exceeded belief, and yet he was always in debt; he had squandered treasures without credit to himself, without discernment or taste, and too frequently, the Emperor added, in gross debauchery. The frequent incoherences which had been observed in Junot's behaviour towards the close of his life arose from the excesses in which he had indulged, and broke out at last into complete insanity. They were obliged to convey him to his father's house, where he died miserably, having mutilated his person with his own hands."—*Las Cases*.

L.

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BERNADOTTE, KING OF SWEDEN.

"Jean Baptiste Jules Bernadotte was born in 1764. His father was a lawyer. In 1780 the son entered the military profession, and was still a sergeant in 1789. When the Revolution broke out he embraced

its principles with enthusiasm, and obtained quick promotion in the army. In 1794 he was general of division at the battle of Fleurus; and in 1796 he served in Jourdan's army. He afterwards led reinforcements to the army of Italy; and shortly before the 18th of Fructidor, Bonaparte chose him to carry to the Directory the banners taken at the battle of Rivoli. After the treaty of Campo-Formio, Bernadotte was appointed ambassador of the French Republic to the Court of Vienna. He was next placed in the ministry of war, but being speedily removed from office, retired into private life till the 18th of Brumaire, when Napoleon called him to the Council of State. Here he opposed the establishment of the order of the Legion of Honour, which gave great umbrage to the First Consul. In 1804, on the establishment of the Empire, Bernadotte was created a marshal, and soon afterwards received the grand decoration of the Legion of Honour. He greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Austerlitz, and in the same year the Emperor created him Prince de Ponte-Corvo. From the close of 1807 to 1809 he commanded the French army which remained in the North of Germany. At the battle of Wagram he led the Saxon allies, who fought with great skill and bravery. In consequence, however, of an altercation with the Emperor, he quitted the service, and went to Paris. In 1810 he was appointed successor to the Swedish throne, by the name of Charles John. In 1813 he issued a formal declaration of war against Napoleon, placed himself at the head of the Swedish army in Germany, and contributed greatly to the victory of the Allies at Leipsic. In the following year he obtained the cession of Norway to Sweden. In 1818 he succeeded to the throne by the title of Charles XIV., and did everything in his power to promote the welfare and happiness of his subjects, with whom he was deservedly popular. It is remarkable that Bernadotte is the only sovereign who retained a throne acquired during the late wars in Europe.—*Encyclopædia Americana*.

“‘Bernadotte,’ said Napoleon, ‘was ungrateful to me, as I was the author of his greatness; but I cannot say that he betrayed me; he in a manner became a Swede, and never promised that which he did not intend to perform. I can accuse him of ingratitude, but not of treachery. Neither Murat nor he would have declared against me, had they thought it would have lost me my throne. Their wish was, to diminish my power, but not to destroy me altogether. Bernadotte is a Gascon, a little inclined to boasting.’”—*A Voice from St. Helena*.

M.

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BATTLE OF ARCOLE.

“This day was the day of military devotedness. Lannes, who had been wounded at Governolo, had hastened from Milan; he was still suffering; he threw himself between the enemy and Napoleon, and received three wounds. Muiron, Bonaparte's aide-de-camp, was killed in covering the general with his own body. Heroic and affecting death!”—*Napoleon's Memoirs*.

We subjoin Napoleon's own account of the battle at the bridge of Arcole, as dictated by him to Las Cases at St. Helena:—

“It was five o'clock in the morning, and the enemy knew nothing of our proceedings. The first shots were fired on the bridge of Arcole, where two battalions of Croats, with two pieces of cannon, were in bivouac as a corps of observation, to guard the rear of the army, where were all the parks, and to watch the parties which the garrison of Legnago might detach into the plain. That place was only three leagues off; the enemy had been so negligent as not to advance any posts to the Adige; they looked on this space as impracticable marshes. The interval between Arcole and the Adige was not guarded: the enemy had contented themselves with sending some patrols of hussars, who thrice a day rode over the dikes, and reconnoitred the Adige. The road from Ronco to Arcole meets the Alpon two miles from Ronco, and then reascends the right bank of that little stream for a mile, up to the bridge, which turns perpendicularly to the right, and enters the village of Arcole. Some Croats were bivouacked, with their right supported on the village, and their left towards the mouth of the rivulet. This bivouac had in front the dike, from which it was separated only by the rivulet; by firing in front they took the column, the head of which was advancing on Arcole, in flank. It was necessary to fall back hastily to that point of the road, the side of which was no longer exposed to the left bank. Alvinzy was informed that some firing had taken place at the bridge of Arcole, but he paid little attention to the circumstance. However, at daybreak, the movement of the French could be distinguished from Caldiero and the neighbouring steeples. Already the reconnoitring parties of hussars which every morning rode along the banks of the Adige to ascertain the events of the night were received with a fire of musketry on all the dikes, and pursued by the French cavalry. Alvinzy then received from all quarters certain intelligence that the French had passed the Adige, and were in force on all the dikes. It seemed to him folly to suppose that a whole army could thus have been thrown into impracticable morasses. He rather thought it must be a detachment placed there to harass him, whilst he should be attacked in force from the side of Verona. But his reconnoitring parties on the Verona side, having brought him intelligence that all was quiet there, Alvinzy thought it necessary to repulse these French troops beyond the Adige, for the security of his rear. He ordered one division to advance by the dike of Arcole, and another towards the dike which runs parallel with the Adige, with orders to fall furiously on all they should meet, and drive them all into the river. Accordingly, towards nine o'clock, these two divisions made a brisk attack. Masséna, who was intrusted with the left dike, having allowed the enemy to advance, charged them furiously, broke them, caused them considerable loss, and took a great number of prisoners. The same thing was done on the dike of Arcole: they waited until the Austrians had turned the elbow of the bridge; they then charged and routed them, and took many prisoners. It became of the utmost importance to gain possession of Arcole, because that was the point from whence to debouch on the rear of the enemy before they could be formed. But this bridge of Arcole, by its situation, resisted all our attacks. Napoleon, in person, tried a last effort; he seized a standard, rushed towards the bridge, and fixed it there. The column he led had half cleared the bridge, when the flank fire caused their attack to fail. The grenadiers

of the head of the column, abandoned by the rear, hesitated, they were disposed to retire, but they would not forsake their general; they seized him by his arms, his hair, and his clothes, and dragged him along with them in their flight, amidst the dead, the dying, the fire, and the smoke. The general-in-chief was thrown into a marsh, where he sunk up to the middle; he was in the midst of the enemy; but the French perceived that their general was not amongst them. A cry was heard of 'Soldiers! forward, to rescue the general!' These brave men instantly turned, and rushed upon the enemy: they drove them beyond the bridge, and Napoleon was saved."

END OF VOL. IV.