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A JOURNAL of the Occurrences at the Temple during the Confinement of LOUIS XVI. late King of France, by M. CLERY, the King's valet-de-chambre.

[CONTINUED.]

ON the 7th of October, at six o'clock at night, I was summoned to the Council Chamber, where I found a score of Municipal Officers, with Manuel as President, who, from being Solicitor to the Commune, was become a Member of the National Convention: the sight of him surprised and alarmed me. I was directed to remove, that very night, the ORDERS still worn by the King, such as those of *St. Louis* and the Golden Fleece: His Majesty no longer wore that of the Holy Ghost, which had been suppressed by the first Assembly.

I represented that I could not do it, and that it was not my part to make the decrees of the Council known to the King. I hoped by this to gain time to break it to his Majesty, and I perceived besides, by their embarrassment, that they were then acting without the authority of any decree, either of the Convention or the Commune. The Commissioners were unwilling to go up to the King, till Manuel determined them by offering to go with them. The King was sitting, and engaged in reading. Manuel spoke first, and the conversation which followed was as remarkable for the indecent familiarity of the Deputy, as for the temper and serenity of the Monarch.

"How do you find yourself?" said Manuel, "have you every thing you want?"—"I content myself with what I have," replied his Majesty. "No doubt you have heard of the victories gained by our armies, of the taking of *Spires*, of *Nice*, and of the conquest of *Savoy*?"—"I heard it mentioned some days ago, by one of those gentlemen, who was reading the Evening Journals."—"What! don't you get the Journals, that are become so interesting?"—"I never receive any of them."—"Oh! Sirs," said Manuel, turning to the Municipal Officers, and pointing to the King, "you must let the gentleman have the Journals; it is right he should be informed of our successes." Then, again addressing his Majesty—"Democratic principles are spreading: you know that the people have abolished Royalty, and adopted the Republican form of government."—"I have heard it, and I pray to God that the French people may be as happy as I have always wished to make them."—"You too know that the National Assembly has suppressed all *Orders of Chivalry*: you ought to have been told to leave off the ornaments of them: returned to the class of other citizens, you must expect to be treated like others; with this exception, ask for whatever you want, it shall be immediately procured for you."—"I thank you," said the King, "I want nothing."—His Majesty here returned to his book; and Manuel, who had been endeavouring to discover vexation, or provoke impatience in him, had the mortification of finding only a noble resignation, and an unalterable composure.

The deputation now withdrew, and one of the Officers desired me to follow him to the Council Chamber, where I was again ordered to take the ornaments from the King's person. Manuel added: "You will do well to send the crosses and ribbons to the Convention. I must also inform you (continued he) that *Louis's* confinement may last a long while, and that if it be not your intention to remain here, you had better take this opportunity of declaring

"it. It is also in contemplation, in order to render the superintendance more easy, to decrease the number of people employed in the Tower: if you stay with the late King, you will entirely be left by yourself, and you must expect hard work: wood and water will be brought you once a week, but it will be your business to clean the rooms, and do the rest of the work." I replied, that being determined never to forsake my Master, I would submit to every thing. I was conducted back to his Majesty's chamber, who said to me: "You heard what passed with those gentlemen, I would have you to night to take off the orders from my coats."

The next morning, when I was dressing the King, I told him that I had locked up the crosses and ribbons, altho' Manuel had given me to understand that it would be proper to send them to the Convention.—"You have done right," replied his Majesty.

It has been reported that Manuel came to the Temple, in the month of September, to prevail upon his Majesty to write to the King of Prussia, at the time he marched his army to Champagne. I can testify that Manuel came but twice to the Temple while I was there, first, on the third of September, then on the seventh of October; that each time he was accompanied by a great number of Municipal Officers, and that he never had any private conversation with the King.

On the 9th of October, a Journal of the debates of the Convention was brought to the King, but some days after a Municipal Officer whose name was *Michel*, a perfunder, obtained a decree again prohibiting the admission of the public papers into the Tower. He sent for me to the Council Chamber, and asked me by what authority I had ordered the Journals to be addressed to me.—In reality, without my knowing any thing of it, four Journals had every day been brought, with this direction printed: *To the valet-de-chambre of Louis XVI. at the Tower of the Temple.* I could not find out, and am still ignorant who paid the subscription for them. *Michel*, however, wanted to force me to tell who they were, and made me write to the editors of the Journals for information, but their answers, if they sent any, were never communicated to me.

This prohibition, however, of the Journals being admitted into the Tower, had its exceptions when those prints furnished opportunities of new insults. If they contained abusive expressions against the King or Queen, atrocious threats or infamous calumnies, some Municipal Officer or other was sure, with studied malice, to place them on the chimney-piece, or on the chest of drawers in his Majesty's chamber, that they might fall into his hands.

He once read in one of those papers, the petition of an engineer for the head of the tyrant *Louis XVI.* that he might load his piece with it, and shoot it at the enemy.—Another Journal, speaking of Madame Elizabeth, and endeavouring to destroy the admiration she had excited in the public, by the noble manner in which she had devoted herself to the King and Queen, asserted that virtuous Princess to have had a child by a Bishop, adding, that this young wolf ought to be smothered, with the two others in the Tower, meaning the Dauphin and Madame Royale.

These articles affected the King only for the sake of the people. "How very unfortunate are the French," said he, "to suffer themselves to be imposed upon in this manner." If I saw these Journals first, I took care to remove them out of his Majesty's way; but they were frequently carried when I was employed elsewhere, so that very few of

the articles written for the purpose of abusing the Royal Family, whether to excite the populace to regicide, or to prepare the minds of the people to suffer its being perpetrated, but what were read by the King. They only who remember the insolent writings that were published at that time, can have an idea of this kind of unprecedented torture.

The influence of these sanguinary writings was also observable in the conduct of such of the Municipal Officers as had not before shewn themselves so hard hearted or distrustful as others.

One day after dinner, having just written an account of expences in the Council Chamber, and locked it up in a desk of which they had given me the key; my back was scarcely turned, when *Marinot*, a Municipal Officer, said to his colleagues, though he was not on duty, that they ought to open the desk, and examine its contents, to ascertain whether or not I had a correspondence with the enemies of the people. "I know him well (added he) and am sure he receives letters for the King." Then accusing his colleagues of remissness, abused them violently, threatened to impeach them all before the Commune as accomplices, and went out to put his threat into execution. A minute was immediately drawn up of all the papers in the desk, and sent to the Commune, where *Marinot* had already laid his information.

Another day, on seeing a draft-board, (*damier**) which, with the permission of his colleagues I had sent to be mended, brought back, he pretended it might contain a correspondence, had it entirely taken to pieces, and, when he found nothing, made the workmen paste it together again before him.

Once my wife and her friend coming to the Tower as usual on the Thursday, I was speaking with them in the Council Chamber, when the Queen and Madame Elizabeth, who were walking, saw us, and nodded to us. This notice of mere affability was observed by *Marinot*, and it was ground enough for him to have my wife and her friend arrested as they were going out of the Council Chamber. They were examined separately: my wife being asked who the lady was that accompanied her, declared she was her sister; while to the same question the other had replied that they were cousins. This contradiction furnished subject for a long written statement,† and the most serious suspicions: *Marinot* pretending that this lady was one of the Queen's Pages in disguise. However, after a most painful and insulting examination, that lasted three hours, they were set at liberty.

They were still permitted to come to the Tower: but we redoubled our caution. I had often in those short interviews managed to slip into their hands notes written with a pencil, which had escaped the searches of the Municipal Officers, and which I concealed with great care. These notes related to some information their Majesties wished to have: luckily on that day they had not received any; if one had been found upon them, we should all three have been in the greatest danger.

There were others of the Municipal Officers who had the most extravagant whims. One ordered some macaroons to be broken, to see if there was no letter concealed in them. Another, on the same pretence, had some peaches cut before him, and the stones cracked. A third, one day, compelled me to drink the essence of soap‡ prepared for shaving the King, affecting to apprehend it was

* It was a single sheet of pasteboard.

† Procès Verbal.

‡ It was common for gentlemen to use soap prepared in a liquid form.

poison. After dinner and supper, Madame Elizabeth used to give me a gold-bladed knife to clean, which the Municipal Officer would often snatch out of my hand, to examine if I had not slipped some paper into the sheath.

Madame Elizabeth having commanded me to send a book of devotion to the *Dutchess de Serent*, the Municipal Officers cut off the margins, for fear any thing should have been written upon them with a secret ink.

One of them one day forbade my going up to the Queen to dress her hair; Her Majesty was to come down to the King's apartments, and to bring her powder and combs herself.

Another would follow her into Madame Elizabeth's chamber, to see her change her cloaths, which she usually did at noon: I represented to him the indecency of such behaviour, but he persisted, and her Majesty was obliged to give up dressing, and leave the room.

When the linen was brought from the wash, the Officers made me unfold article by article, and examined it always by day-light. The washer-woman's book, and every paper used for packing, were held to the fire, to ascertain whether there were not any secret writing upon them. The linen, after having been worn by the King, Queen, Prince and Princesses, was in like manner examined before it was given out.

There were, however, some of the Municipal Officers who were not so hardened as their colleagues: but most of these becoming suspected by the Committee of Public Safety, have fallen victims to their humanity, and those who are still alive have been long groaning in confinement.

A young man called *Toulan*, whom, by his manner of speaking, I thought to be one of the greatest enemies of the Royal Family, came up to me one day, and pressing my hand, said with an air of mystery:—"I can't speak to the Queen to-day, on account of my comrades; let her know that I have executed her commission, that in a few days I shall be on duty, and that I will then bring her an answer."—Amazed on hearing him speak thus, and fearing that he was laying a snare for me, I answered, that he was mistaken in addressing himself to me on such errands.—"No, I am not mistaken," replied he, pressing my hand with still more warmth, and retiring. On my informing the Queen of this conversation, she told me I might trust *Toulan*. This young man was afterwards involved on her Majesty's trial, with nine other Municipal Officers, accused of having agreed to favour her escape at the time she was at the Temple. *Toulan* was put to death.

Their Majesties, for three months that they had now been shut up in the Tower, had been accustomed to the sight only of Municipal Officers, when on the first of November a deputation from the National Convention was announced to them. This deputation consisted of *Drouet*, the Post-Master at *Varennes*, *Chabot*, formerly a Capuchin, *Dubois-Crance*, *Duprat*, and two others whose names I do not recollect. The Royal Family, and particularly the Queen, shuddered with horror at the sight of *Drouet*, who insolently seated himself by her: *Chabot*, following his example, also took a chair. They asked the King how he was treated, and if he was supplied with necessaries. "I complain of nothing," replied his Majesty, "and only request that the Committee will supply my valet-de-chambre with 2000 livres, or leave it with the Council, to defray the small current expences, and that we may have some linen and other cloaths, of which we are in the greatest need." The Deputies promised it should be attended to, but nothing was sent.