

had taken his arm. They advanced some steps towards the entry-door, breaking out into the most agonizing lamentations. "I assure you," said the King, "that I will see you again to-morrow morning, at eight o'clock."—"You promise?" said they altogether.—"Yes, I promise."—"Why not at seven o'clock?" said the Queen.—"Well! yes, at seven," replied the King; "farewell!" He pronounced "farewell" in so impressive a manner, that their sobs were renewed, and Madame Royale fainted at the feet of the King, round whom she had clung. I raised her and assisted Madame Elizabeth to support her. The King, willing to put an end to this agonizing scene, once more embraced them all most tenderly, and had the resolution to tear himself from their arms. "Farewell! farewell!" said he, and went into his chamber.

The Queen, Princesses, and Dauphin, returned to their own apartments. I attempted to continue supporting Madame Royale, but the Municipal Officers stopped me before I had gone up two steps, and compelled me to go in.—Though both the doors were shut, the screams and lamentations of the Queen and Princesses were heard for some time on the stairs. The King returned to his Confessor in the turret closet.

He came out in half an hour, and I put supper upon the table: the King eat little, but heartily.

After supper, His Majesty returning to the closet, his Confessor came out in a few minutes, and desired the Municipal Officers to conduct him to the Council Chamber. It was to request that he might be furnished with the garments and whatever else was necessary for performing Mass early the next morning. M. de Firmont did not prevail without great difficulty in having his request granted. The articles wanted for the service were brought from the church of the Capuchins of the Marais, near the Hotel de Soubise, which had been formed into a Parish. On returning from the Council Chamber, M. de Firmont went directly to the King, who accompanied him to the turret, where they remained together till half past 12. I then undressed the King, and, as I was a going to roll his hair, he said: "It does not signify." Afterwards, when he was in bed, as I was drawing his curtains: "Clery you will call me at five o'clock."

He was scarcely in bed before he fell into a profound sleep, which lasted, without interruption, till five. M. de Firmont, whom His Majesty had persuaded to take some rest, threw himself upon my bed; and I passed the night on a chair in the King's Chamber, praying God to support his strength and his courage.

On hearing the clock strike five I began to light the fire. The noise I made awoke the King, who drawing his curtains, asked if it had struck five. I said it had by several clocks, but not yet by that in the apartment. Having finished with the fire, I went to his bed side. "I have slept soundly," said his Majesty; "I stood in need of it; yesterday was a fatiguing day to me. Where is M. de Firmont?" I answered on my bed.—"And where were you all night?"—"On this chair."—"I am sorry for it," said the King.—"Oh! Sir," replied I, "can I think of myself at this moment?" He gave me his hand, and tenderly pressed mine.

I then dressed His Majesty: during which time, he took a seal from his watch and put it into his waistcoat pocket; the watch he placed on the chimney-piece: then taking off his ring from his finger, after looking at it again and again, he put into the pocket with the seal. He changed his shirt, put on a white waistcoat, which he wore the evening before, and I helped him on with his coat. He then emptied his pockets of his pocket-book, his snuff box, and some other things, which with his purse also, he deposited on the chimney-piece: this was all done without a word, and before several Municipal officers. As soon as he was dressed the King bade me go and inform M. de Firmont of it, whom I found already risen, and he immediately attended His Majesty to the turret.

Meanwhile, I placed a chest of drawers in the middle of the chamber, and

arranged it in the form of an altar for saying Mass. The necessary articles had been brought at two o'clock in the morning. The Priest's garments I carried into my chamber, and, when every thing was ready, I went and informed his Majesty. He asked me if I was acquainted with the service. I told him I was, but that I did not know the responses by heart. He had a book in his hand, which he opened, and, finding the place of the Mass, gave it me: he then took another book for himself. The Priest was then dressing, and, withed the altar, I had placed an armed chair for His Majesty, with a large cushion on the ground: the cushion he desired me to take away, and went himself to his closet for a smaller one, made of hair, which he commonly made use of at his prayers. When the Priest came in, the Municipal Officers retired into the anti-chamber, and I shut one fold of the door. The Mass began at six o'clock. There was a profound silence during the awful ceremony. The King, all the time on his knees, heard Mass with the most devout attention; and received the Communion. After the service His Majesty withdrew to his closet, and the Priest went into my chamber, to put off his official attire.

I seized this moment of going to the King. He took both my hands into his, and said with a tone of tenderness, "CLERY, I am satisfied with your attentions."—"Ah Sir," said I, throwing myself at his feet, "why cannot I, by my death, satisfy those butchers, and preserve a life of so much value to every good Frenchman. Hope, Sir! they will not dare to strike the blow."—"Death," said he, "does not alarm me; I am quite prepared for it; but do not you expose yourself. I mean to request that you should remain with my son. Take every care of him in this horrid abode: bring up his mind, tell him the pangs I suffered for the misfortunes entailed upon him. The day perhaps may come when he will have it in his power to reward your zeal."—"Oh! my Master! Oh! my King!" cried I, "if the most absolute devotion, if my zeal, if my attentions have been agreeable to you, the only reward I desire of your Majesty is to receive your blessing: do not refuse it to the last Frenchman remaining with you." I was still at his feet, holding one of his hands: in that state he granted my request, and blessed me; then raising me, pressed me to his bosom, saying, "give it to all who are in my service, and tell Turgot I am pleased with his conduct. Now go." added he, "and give no room for suspicion against you." Then calling me back, and taking up a paper which he had put upon a table: "Here," said he, "is a letter I received from Petion, on your coming to the Temple; it may be of use to you in saying here." I again seized his hand which I kissed and retired. "Farewell!" he again said to me, "farewell."

I went to my chamber where I found M. de Firmont on his knees, praying by my bed-side. "What a Monarch!" said he, rising; "with what resignation and fortitude does he go to meet death! He is as calm as composed, as if he had been hearing Mass in his own Palace, and surrounded with his Court."—"I have this moment," said I, "been taking the most affecting leave of him: he deigned to promise me that he would request my being permitted to continue at the Tower, in the service of his Son. I beg you Sir, when he goes out, to put him in mind of it, for I shall never more have the happiness of seeing him alone."—"Be composed," said M. de Firmont and rejoined the King.

At seven o'clock, the King, coming out of his closet, called to me, and taking me within the recess of the window, said; "You will give this Seal to my son.....this Ring to the Queen, and assure her that it is with pain I part with it.....this little packet contains the hair of all my family, you will give her that too—Tell the Queen, my dear Children, and my Sister, that although I promised to see them this morning I have resolved to spare them the pangs of so cruel a separation: tell them how much it costs me to go without receiving their embraces once more!" He wiped away some tears; then added, in the

most mournful accent: "I charge you to bear them my last farewell!" He returned to the turret.

The Municipal Officers, who had come up, heard his Majesty, and saw him give me the things, which I still held in my hands. At first they desired to have them give up; but one of them proposing to let them remain in my possession, till the Council should decide what was to be done, it was so agreed.

In a quarter of an hour after, the King again came out: "Enquire," said he to me "if I can have a pair of scissars." I made the request known to the Commissioners. "Do you know what he wants to do?"—"I know nothing about it."—"We must know." I knocked at the door of the closet, and the King came out. The Municipal Officer who had followed me, said to him: "You have desired a pair of scissars; but, before the request is made to the Council we must know what you want to do with them." His Majesty answered: "It is that Clery may cut my hair."—"The Municipal Officers retired; one of them went down to the Council Chamber, where, after half an hour's deliberation, the scissars were refused. The Officer came up, and acquainted the King with the decision. "I did not mean to touch the scissars," said His Majesty; "I should have desired Clery to cut my hair before you: try once more, Sir; I beg you to represent my request." The Officer went back to the Council, who persisted in their refusal.

It was at this time that I was told to prepare myself to accompany the King, in order to undress him on the scaffold. At this intelligence I was seized with terror; but collecting all my strength, I was getting myself ready to discharge this last duty to my Master, who felt a repugnance to its being performed by the executioner, when another Municipal Officer came and told me that I was not to go out, adding: "The common executioner is good enough for him."

All the troops in Paris had been under arms from five o'clock in the morning. The beat of drums, the clashing of arms, the trampling of horses, the removal of cannon, which were incessantly carried from one place to another, all resounded at the Tower.

At half after eight o'clock, the noise increased, the doors were thrown open with great clatter, when SANTERRE, accompanied by seven or eight Municipal Officers, entered at the head of ten soldiers, and drew them up in two lines. At this movement, the King came out of his closet, and said to SANTERRE: "You are come for me?"—"Yes," was the answer.—"A moment," said the King, and went to his closet, from which he instantly returned, followed by his Confessor, His Majesty had his will in his hand, and addressing a Municipal Officer (named JACQUES ROUX, a Priest), who happened to stand before the others, said: "I beg you to give this paper to the Queen—to my wife."—"It is no business of mine," replied he, refusing to take it; "I am come here to conduct you to the scaffold." His Majesty then turned to GOBEAU, another Municipal Officer. "I beg," said he, "that you will give this paper to my wife; you may read it; there are some particulars in it I wish to be made known to the Commune."

I was standing behind the King, near the fire-place, he turned round to me, and I offered him his great coat. "I don't want it," said he, "give me only my hat." I presented it to him—his hand met mine, which he pressed once more for the last time. "Gentlemen," said he, addressing the Municipal Officers, "I should be glad that Clery might stay with my son, as he has been accustomed to be attended by him; I trust that the Commune will grant this request." His Majesty then looked at SANTERRE, and said: "lead on."

These were the last words he spoke in his apartments. On the top of the stairs he met MATHEY, the Warden of the Tower, to whom he said: "I spoke with some little quickness to you the day before yesterday, do not take it ill." MATHEY made no answer, and even affected to turn from the King while he was speaking.

I remained alone, in the chamber,

overwhelmed with sorrow, and almost without sense of feeling. The drums and trumpets proclaimed His Majesty's departure from the Tower....An hour after, discharges of artillery, and cries of *Vive la Nation! Vive la Republic!* were heard.... THE BEST OF KINGS WAS NO MORE!

BUONAPARTE'S EXPEDITION.

Extract of a Letter from Alexandria, written by an Officer of Engineers to his Father, 12 Pluviose.

"The conquest of this country is completed. All the important posts are occupied, and the others, which are all incapable of making any resistance, require only to be visited to be reduced. The imposts are raised in every district. The requisitions of horses are carried into effect without any difficulty. Fortifications begin to be erected on every side, and to assume an imposing aspect: they are the true and only means of doubling and tripling our forces. The General in Chief is on the eve of undertaking an expedition into Syria, every preparation for which is completing with the greatest activity. We have formed a Legion of Dromedaries. They are animals of extraordinary velocity, and are capable of making a journey of 30 leagues a day: with them the greatest distances soon disappear. Shall we over-run that which separates us from India?—This is the only means by which we can take an active part in the war that rages in Europe. In every other respect we should only remain spectators: but this is the last part that Buonaparte has to perform.—It appears that our affairs are in the very best posture with respect to India. Admiral Sercei, we are informed, has obtained great advantages; six vessels from Brest have augmented his force, and given him the superiority in these seas. Perhaps it was in consequence of the arrival of this important intelligence that the General in Chief determined to visit Suez, and to make a pretty long residence there. He wished to make himself acquainted with all the points to a sufficiently great distance. His curiosity had a most been very dear to France. The flowing of the tide in the Red Sea, which, perhaps, had not been accurately calculated upon, surrounded him, General Casarelli, and his Staff, in the midst of marshes, and they saved themselves with great difficulty. The town of Belbeys will arrest the march of the Turks; but enemies so enactive, and so destitute of all knowledge of tactics, doubtless will not have the advantage of attacking us. The General appears resolved to prevent them. He can easily do them so much injury, that, under a Government so feeble in its resources, and so slow in carrying its measures into execution, it will be impossible to re-establish their army during a whole campaign."

Buonaparte's idea of tranquillizing Egypt reminds us of the speech of Galgacus, where he describes the enormities of the Romans;—*ubi SOLITUDINEM faciunt PACEM appellat.* If Egypt, ravaged and unpeopled, be capable of disturbing the peace of the French, it is an extraordinary phenomenon."

LUDLOW, FRASER, AND ROBINSON,

INFORM their Friends and the Public, that they have opened a Wholesale Store in this City, next door to Mr. A. Crookshank's Auction Room, where they have for sale a general Assortment of MERCHANDIZE, received by the *America* from Liverpool, and *Scipio* from London, which they will dispose of on the most reasonable Terms.

Saint John, July 2, 1799.

JUST IMPORTED

In the Brig *Susannah*, William Stockton master, from *Tobago*, and for SALE by DANIEL KING, At his Store, North side Market Wharf, 140 Puncheons fine flavoured *TOBAGORUM*, which he will sell on the most reasonable terms. St. John, May 24, 1799.