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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.

I WAS in the service of the King of France and his august Family five months in the Tower of the Temple, and notwithstanding the vigilance of the Municipal Officers who were the keepers of it, I found means, by one way or other, to make memorandums of the principal occurrences that took place within that prison.

Although I have been since induced to arrange those memorandums in the form of a Journal, my design is rather to furnish materials to such as shall hereafter write the History of the melancholy end of the unfortunate Louis XVI. than to compose Memoirs myself, which is above my talents and pretensions.

Having been the only continual witness of the insults which the King and his Family were made to suffer, I alone can report and attest them with exactness; I shall accordingly confine myself to publishing a detail of the facts simply, impartially, and without mixing my own opinions.

Although I had been an attendant on the Royal Family from the year 1782, and from the nature of my situation have been witness to the most disastrous events in the Revolution, it would be deviating from my subject to describe them; indeed, most of them are already to be found in various works. I shall therefore begin this Journal at the crisis of the 10th of August, 1792: that dreadful day, on which a small number of men overturned a Throne that had been established fourteen centuries, threw their King into fetters, and precipitated France into an abyss of calamity.

On the 10th August I was in waiting on the Dauphin. From the morning of the 9th the agitation of the public mind was extreme: crowds assembled every where throughout Paris, and the plan of the conspirators was known beyond a doubt at the Thuilleries. The alarm-bell was to be rung at midnight in every part of the town, and the *Marfellois*, on being joined by the inhabitants of the fauxbourg St. Antoine, were to march immediately and besiege the Palace. Confining by the nature of my employment to the apartments of the young Prince, in attendance on his person, I knew but partially what passed out of doors, and I shall give an account of those events only to which I was witness that day, when so many different scenes were exhibited, even in the Palace.

In the evening of the 9th at half past eight o'clock, after having attended the Dauphin to his bed, I went from the Thuilleries with a view of learning the sentiments of the public. The courts of the palace were filled with about eight thousand National Guards, of different Sections, who were disposed to defend the King. I made my way to the *Palais-Royal*, where I found almost all the avenues closed: some of the National Guards were there under arms, ready to march to the Thuilleries, in order to support the battalions that had gone before them; but a mob, set in motion by the leaders of sedition, filled the adjacent streets, and rent the air on all sides with their clamours.

I returned about eleven o'clock to the Palace, by the King's apartments. The attendants of the court, and those in waiting on his Majesty, were collecting together, and under great anxiety. I passed on to the Dauphin's room, which I had scarcely entered,

when I heard the alarm-bell ringing, and the drums beating to arms in every quarter of the town. I remained in the great hall till five in the morning, in company with Madame de St. Brice, bed-chamber woman to the young Prince. At six, the King came down into the courts of the Palace, and reviewed the National Guards and the Swifs, who swore to defend him.—The Queen and her children followed the King; and although some seditious voices were heard among the ranks, they were soon drowned in the repeated cries of *Vive le Roi! Vive le Nation!*

The Thuilleries not appearing to be in immediate danger of attack, I again went out, and walked along the quays as far as the *Pont-Neuf*, every where meeting bands of armed men, whose evil intentions were very evident; some had pikes, others had pitch-forks, hatchets, or iron bars. The battalion of the *Marfellois* were marching in the greatest order, with their cannon and lighted matches, inviting the people to follow them, and "assist," as they said, "in dislodging the tyrant, and proclaiming his deposition to the National Assembly." I was but too well convinced of what was approaching, yet impelled by a sense of duty, I hastened before this battalion, and made immediately for the Thuilleries, where I saw a large body of National Guards, pouring out in disorder through the garden gate opposite to the *Pont-Royal*. Sorrow was visible on the countenances of most of them; and several were heard to say:—"We swore this morning to defend the King, and in the moment of his greatest danger we are deserting him." Others, in the interest of the conspirators, were abusing and threatening their fellow-soldiers, whom they forced away.—Thus did the well-disposed suffer themselves to be overawed by the seditious, and that culpable weakness, which had all along been productive of the evils of the Revolution, gave birth to the calamities of this day.

After many attempts to gain admission into the Palace, a porter at one of the gates knew me and suffered me to pass. I ran immediately to the King's apartments, and begged one of his attendants to inform his Majesty of all I had seen and heard.

At seven o'clock the distress was increased by the cowardice of several battalions that successively deserted the Thuilleries. About four or five hundred of the National Guards remained at their post, and displayed equal fidelity and courage: they were placed indiscriminately with the Swifs Guards within the Palace, at the different stair-cases, and at all the entrances. These troops having spent the night without taking any refreshment, I eagerly engaged with others of the King's servants in providing them with bread and wine, and encouraging them not to desert the Royal Family. It was at this time that the King gave the command, within the Palace, to the *Marshall de Mailly*, the *Duke du Chatelet*, the *Count de Parfegur*, the *Baron de Viomenil*, the *Count d'Hervilly*, the *Marquis du Pujet*, and other faithful officers. The attendants of the Court and the servants were distributed in the different halls, having first sworn to defend the King to the last drop of their blood. We were about three or four hundred strong, but our only arms were swords or pistols.

At eight o'clock the danger became more imminent. The Legislative Assembly was convened at the Riding

* A bridge across the Seine, opposite the Palace.

House, facing the garden of the Thuilleries; and the King had sent several messengers to them, communicating the situation in which he then was: at the same time inviting them to appoint a deputation to assist him with their counsel; but the Assembly, though the Palace was threatened with an attack before their eyes, returned no answer.

Some few minutes after, the Department of Paris, and several Municipal Officers made their appearance, with *Raderer*, then *Procurator-General Syndic*, at their head. *Raderer*, doubtless in concert with their conspirators, strongly persuaded the King to go with his family to the Assembly, asserting that he could no longer depend upon the National Guard, and declaring that if he remained in the Palace, neither the Department nor the Municipality of Paris would any longer answer for his safety. The king heard him without emotion, and then retired to his chamber with the Queen, the Ministers, and a few attendants; whence he soon returned to go with his family to the Assembly. He was attended by a detachment of Swifs, and National Guards. None of the attendants, except the *Princes de Lamballe*, and the *Marchioness de Tourzel*, were permitted to follow; the latter, that she might not be separated from the young Prince, was obliged to leave her daughter, then seventeen years of age, at the Thuilleries, in the midst of the soldiers. It was now near nine o'clock.

Compelled to remain in the apartments, I waited with terror the consequences of the step the King had taken, and went to a window that looked upon the garden. In about half an hour after, the Royal Family had gone to the Assembly, I saw four heads carried on pikes along the terrace of the *Feuillans*, towards the building where the Legislative Body was sitting; which was, I believe, the signal for attacking the Palace: for at the same instant there began a dreadful firing of cannon and musketry. The Palace was every where pierced with balls and bullets; and as the King was gone, each endeavoured to take care of himself, but every passage was blocked up, and certain death seemed to await us all. I ran from place to place, and finding the apartments and stair-cases already strewed with dead bodies, took the resolution of leaping from one of the windows in the Queen's room down upon the terrace, whence I made across the *parterre* with the utmost speed to reach the *Pont-Tournant*: but a body of Swifs, who had gone before me, were rallying under the trees. Finding myself between two fires, I ran back in order to gain the new flight of steps leading up to the terrace on the water side, intending to throw myself over the wall upon the quay, but was prevented by the constant fire that was kept up on the *Pont-Royal*. I continued my way on the same side till I came to the Dauphin's garden gate, where some *Marfellois*, who had just butchered several of the Swifs, were stripping them.—One of them came up to me with a bloody sword in his hand, saying:—"How, citizen! without arms? take this sword, and help us to kill." However, another *Marfellois* seized it. I was, as he observed, without arms, and fortunately in a plain frock; for if any thing had betrayed my situation in the Palace, I should not have escaped.

* The title of the new law officer of the Directory of the Department.

† A bridge at the bottom of the garden, which, on being turned, cuts off the communication from the adjoining square, called *Place Louis Quinze*.

Some of the Swifs, who were pursued, took refuge in an adjoining stable; I concealed myself in the same place. They were soon cut to pieces close to me. On hearing the cries of these wretched victims, M. le Dreux, the master of the house, ran up, and I seized that opportunity of going in, where, without knowing me, M. le Dreux and his wife invited me to stay till the danger was over.

In my pocket were letters and newspapers directed to the Prince Royal, and a card of admission to the Thuilleries, on which my name and the nature of my employment were written; papers that could not have failed to betray me, and which I had just time to throw away before a body of armed men came into the house, to see if any Swifs were concealed. I pretended, by the advice of M. le Dreux, to be working at some drawings that were lying on a large table. After a fruitless search, these fellows, their hands tinged with blood, stopt and coolly related the murders of which they had been guilty. I remained at this asylum from ten o'clock in the morning till four in the afternoon, having before my eyes a view of the horrors that were committed at the *Place de Louis Quinze*. Of the men, some were continuing the slaughter, and others cutting off the heads of those who were already slain; while the women, lost to all sense of shame, were committing the most indecent mutilations on the dead bodies, from which they tore pieces of flesh, and carried them in triumph.

In the course of the day, Madame de Rambaut, one of the bed-chamber women to the Dauphin, having escaped with great difficulty from the massacre at the Thuilleries, came for refuge to the house where I was; but we made signs to each other not to speak. The sons of our hosts, who soon after came in from the National Assembly, informed us that the authority of the King had been suspended, and that he was kept in sight, with the Royal Family, in the short-hand writer's box,* so that it was impossible to approach his person.

On hearing this, I would fain have gone home to my wife and children, at a country house about five leagues from Paris, where we had lived about two years; but the barriers were shut, and I also thought myself bound not to desert Madame de Rambaut. We agreed therefore to take the road to Versailles, where she resided, and the sons of our host accompanied us. We crossed the *Pont Louis Seize*,† which was covered with the naked carcasses of men already in a state of putrefaction from the great heat of the weather, and, after many risiques, escaped from Paris through an unguarded breach in the walls.

In the plain of Grenelle we were met by peasants on horseback, who, threatening us with their arms, called to us from a distance, to stop, or that we should have our brains blown out. One of them, taking me for one of the King's Guards, levelled his piece at me, and was going to fire, when another proposed to take us to the Municipality of Vaugirard, saying—"There's a score of 'em already, the harvest will be the greater." At the Municipality our hosts were known, but the Mayor, addressing himself to me, asked why I was not at my post when the country was in danger? "Why," said he, "do you quit Paris? It has

* In the original 'La loge du redacteur du Logographe,' a box set apart for the short-hand writers of a paper called the *Logographe*, which professed to give the debates word for word.

† A new bridge near the Thuilleries.