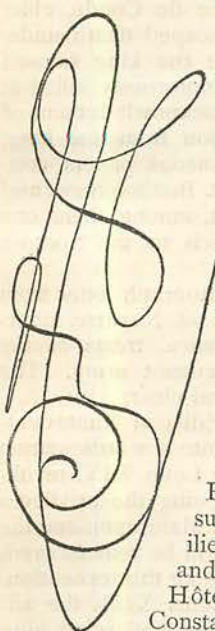

  
*enry par la grace de Dieu Roy*  
*A tout pñe et aduenir. salut, Enho l'ou grãre*  
*Celle est l'icy dea plus Insynne au roinaoynable. de*

BEGINNING OF THE EDICT OF NANTES.

## A CORNER OF OLD PARIS.


  
**F**EW sightseers in the French capital, or even people living there, have made their way to one of its most interesting buildings, which contains documents, paintings, and relics more interesting still, — the Musée des Archives.

Nowhere else can so many authentic documents relating to the Revolution be obtained. The Musée was formerly the Hôtel Soubise, belonging in succession to the noble families De Guise and De Rohan, and built upon the site of the Hôtel de Clisson, owned by the Constable of that name. It was in 1809 that the building was selected as the receptacle for the valuable collection of state papers, which to-day repays so well a careful investigation.

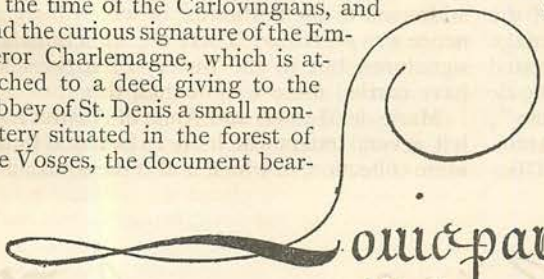
After letters signed by the Clotaires, Dagoberts, and Clovises of very early days we come to the time of the Carlovingians, and find the curious signature of the Emperor Charlemagne, which is attached to a deed giving to the Abbey of St. Denis a small monastery situated in the forest of the Vosges, the document bear-

and there are signatures of numerous monarchs, with curious sobriquets, such as le Débonnaire, le Chauve, le Bègue, le Gros, and le Simple.

The Capets follow, and countless bishops, each signature less clearly legible than the preceding; King Philip II., who went on the crusade in which Richard Cœur de Lion entirely eclipsed him; and Simon de Montfort; with many other names made familiar by history. And there before us lies the last will and testament of Louis IX., written upon a small parchment from which hangs a large seal in yellow wax fastened with silken cords. The date of this paper is 1270.

The House of Valois contributes many documents of interest; among others, in the register of the council of the Parliament of Paris, occurs an historic note relative to the trial and death of Jeanne d'Arc. The recorder of the court has roughly sketched with his pen on the margin of the page the maid herself, or rather his idea of her. She holds the sword with which she hoped to do such great things, and the banner in which she had such implicit faith, marked with the letters I. H. S. The description is given of her cruel death by burning at the city of Rouen, and heretic, apostate, idolater, liar, blasphemer of God, are only a few of the terms we find applied to her.

As a signature to a religious document, the one attached to the promise of John II., son of Philip of Valois, is assuredly the most amazing. The day


  
*ouie par la grace de Dieu*  
*et de Navarre A tout pñe et aduenir.*  
*Luy le grand n'ayail de gloirise*

ing the date "13 January, 769, Aix-la-Chapelle."

There are many donations made to the same abbey, also letters from the directors of it;

BEGINNING OF THE REVOCATION OF THE EDICT.

AUTOGRAPH OF CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

of his entering Paris upon his return from St. Denis he goes direct to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, where the great closed doors open before him. Not, however, until he has sworn to maintain the rights and privileges of the church, is he permitted to cross its threshold.

A more reverential signature is that of Charles V., king of France, to the certificate of the gift of a portion of the true cross, which he delivers to his brother Jean, Duc de Berry, telling him that with his own hands he has cut this tiny fragment from the precious relic preserved in the Sainte-Chapelle du Palais. The king further urges his brother to keep the sacred gift, or to give it away, according as he may find it best for the glorification of the Catholic faith.

Not far from the paper upon which is drawn this presentation of the true cross is the treaty establishing the Jews in France, and also the first criminal register of the Châtelet prison in Paris.

From Philippe de Commines, historian and statesman in the time of Louis XII., there is a long letter, and a despatch from the French ambassadors of Francis I. to that king, relative to the marriage of Marguerite d'Angoulême with Henry VIII. of England, should he be able to break his marriage with Catherine of Aragon; Cardinal Wolsey's hesitation about the matter rendering necessary fresh orders from the French court. The treaty of the Field of the Cloth of Gold is a large parchment, illuminated, and having heavy seals attached.

A far more legible signature is that of the Queen of Scots, Mary Stuart, whose marriage contract with the dauphin of France is attested by King Henry II.; by his wife Catherine de Médicis, who spells her name "Caterine"; by Francis and Mary themselves; by Antoinette de Bourbon; by the Archbishop of Glas-

gow; and by delegates from Scotland. There is also a long letter from Mary Stuart after she became queen of France, addressed to Philip of Spain.

The signature of Prince de Condé, chief of the Huguenots, who escaped death under Francis II. only because the king himself died, and who was later traitorously killed at Jarnac, is attached to an acknowledgment of the payment of his pension from the king. There are many miscellaneous papers concerning the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and numerous letters about it, among them one from Catherine de Médicis to the Spanish king.

The larger part of an autograph letter from Henri de Bourbon, King of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV. of France, treats of the reassembling of the Huguenot army. The signature to this is bold and clear.

In this the celebrated Edict of Nantes collection are also the momentous words written eighty-seven years later by Louis XIV. revoking the edict, and suppressing the privileges granted in it. Madame de Maintenon and the Jesuit Père La Chaise, it will be remembered, were principally responsible for this revocation.

During the reign of Louis XIII. the all-powerful Cardinal Richelieu had ruled king and kingdom with a rule of iron. The Bastille was tenanted by the Prince of Condé, by marshals of France, and by numberless men of lesser rank. In the Musée des Archives are several autographic letters from Richelieu, the above autograph being the signature of a letter addressed to the Sorbonne, of which his Eminence was *proviseur*. There are signatures and signatures, but in the history of nations few have carried more weight than this.

Marie de Médicis and Anne of Austria have left several letters which are to be found in this same collection, in which is also the contract of

AUTOGRAPH OF CARDINAL MAZARIN.

marriage between Louis de Bourbon, Duc d'Enghien, and later "le grand Condé," with Claire Clémence de Maillé, a niece of Cardinal Richelieu.

Following Richelieu in power, and as unscrupulous in the wielding of it as had been his predecessor, came Cardinal Mazarin, and with him his dangerously beautiful niece. The facsimile given of Mazarin's signature is the one which he appended to the important treaty of the Pyrenees which gave to France, in 1659, Artois, Roussillon, and other towns, while it brought as a bride to Louis XIV. the long-suffering Maria Theresa, Infanta of Spain. Added to the signature of the cardinal is that of Don Luis Mendez de Haro.

Bastille first became a personal weapon for the vengeance of the sovereign, and that *lettres de cachet* were multiplied by thousands. These slips of paper, so easily obtained from ministers and favorites, were terribly dangerous in the hands of the unscrupulous, and were never more unscrupulously employed than while Louis sat upon the throne of France. Even Richelieu, during his term of power in the preceding reign, had masked his high-handed measures, giving for them ostensible reasons of state, but later this precaution went unheeded. Under Louis XV. the mania for poisoning had become so fashionable that high-born women, priests, nobles, and Italian professionals in the art were alike accused and *embastillé*.

Mons.

Je vous saie cette Lettre  
pour vous dire de recevoir dans mon Château de  
Bastille de S.

en de la recevoir jusqu'à nouvel Ordre  
de ma part Sur ce je prie Dieu qu'il vous aie,  
Mons  
Ecrit de  
cy la Sainte garde

Louis



LETTRE DE CACHET.

One of Mazarin's nieces, the fascinating Hortense de Mancini, who ambitiously counted upon becoming queen of France in the place of Maria Theresa, and who instead was married out of hand by her uncle the cardinal to Armand Charles de La Porte, left her husband, and ended her days in England, sometimes passing her time in London, sometimes in Chelsea, but always surrounded by a circle of men of letters and *beaux esprits*, among whom was the brilliant Saint-Évremond. In the collection of the Archives there is a receipt signed by her for the pension allowed her by Louis XIV. This receipt is indorsed by him, with his name scratched out, as it occurs in still another letter; this indicating that the payment has been made.

It was in the reign of Louis XIV. that the

Louis more than once gave warnings in time to his particular friends, as for example the Comtesse de Soissons and the Duchesse de Foix, thus saving them a compulsory residence in his château of the Bastille, but comparatively few fared so well. Two prisoners were sometimes placed in the same cell, and in this way the Italian exile was enabled to convey the knowledge of his diabolical art to one M. Sainte-Croix, the lover of the Marquise de Brinvilliers, who profited by his instructions to the extent of quietly removing her father and two brothers, for whom she seems to have had no further use. For a long time she escaped suspicion, but eventually she was accused and found guilty, all doubt of her guilt being destroyed by a detailed confession of it found among her own papers, which with

feminine perversity and recklessness she had carefully kept. She was beheaded and burned, and the *procès-verbal* of her trial is to-day to be seen in the Musée des Archives.

Other papers, the discovery of which is said to have caused consternation in every female breast in Paris, were those in the possession of Nicholas Fouquet, the ambitious minister of finance, who committed the fatal mistake of trying to outrival his master. Not only was he more magnificently extravagant than Louis XIV. himself, but he dared to raise his hopes to Louise de La Vallière, whom the king himself delighted to honor. This was his ruin. The signature of Fouquet is that appended to a letter from him to Cardinal Mazarin, and written before the celebrated fête at his château of Vaux, where the king, the court, and Louise de La Vallière were present, and soon after which he was arrested and imprisoned in the Bastille. Later he was incarcerated at Pinerolo, where he died. His devoted secretary Pellisson shared his captivity in the gloomy fortress which cast so dark a shadow over the Rue St. Antoine, and he it was who, in his loneliness, made a companion of a huge black spider, which he learned to call his friend. A savage turnkey begrudged him even this miserable solace, and one day ruthlessly crushed the spider under his heel.

The history of Louise de La Vallière is too well known to need repetition, and no one can see without a feeling of interest the original letter from her written at the Carmelite convent in the Faubourg St. Jacques, where she practiced the most severe penances in expiation of her former life. She pleads only for others, not for herself, telling the *contrôleur-général des finances* of the poverty and distress around her, for which she solicits his aid. Sœur Louise de la Miséricorde was her name "in religion," and explains the signature.

Not far from the Musée des Archives, and also situated in the corner of Old Paris called the Marais, which Victor Hugo has made immortal in his "Les Misérables," stands the house inhabited by Mme. de Sévigné for many years. It is now the Musée Carnavelet, and contains numberless souvenirs of the Revolution, notably a collection of china plates, bearing various dates, designs, and inscriptions applicable to the Reign of Terror. These inscriptions vary in length, and their orthography is sometimes peculiar, but the sentiment expressed in them never changes:

"Vivre libres ou mourir. 1790."

"Vive la République, vive les bons sans-culottes Français."

This is the burden of them all. On one plate is a verse of the famous revolutionary song "La Carmagnole," to which men, women,

and children danced in blood-drunken frenzy, shrieking death as they sang, while the tumbrils carried their victims to the place of slaughter. This is the verse which one may read to-day from the Carmagnole:

Madam' Veto avait promis  
De faire égorger tout Paris,  
Mais le coup a manqué,  
Grâce à nos canonniers!  
Dansons la carmagnole,  
Vive le son, Vive le son!  
Dansons la carmagnole,  
Vive le son du canon!

St. Vincent de Paul, Racine, Boileau, and Fénelon; the Duc de Lauzun, husband of La Grande Mademoiselle; Comtesse de Soissons, one of Mazarin's nieces; Madelaine de Scudéry; Louise de la Querouaille, whose charms induced Charles II. of England to transform her into Duchess of Portsmouth; Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux; and Philippe d'Orléans, afterwards regent, are among the list of celebrated names attached to various papers at the Musée des Archives which are to be found in the Salle Bourbon, and with the last name, Philippe d'Orléans, the shadow from the grim Bastille deepens and lengthens. The regency was one long debauch for this man, who had become ruler during the minority of Louis XV., and for his riotous crew; it was one long, grinding toil for the people, still bearing, with the dumb patience of ignorant brutes, the burdens, the blows, and the imprisonments which were their portion. And the while "the trees which were to furnish wood to build the guillotine grew higher in the forests of France."

After the regent came Louis XV. as king, the most selfish and cynical of men. He knew of the misery existing throughout the land, knew well that ruin was bound to come; but he shrewdly calculated that the fair surface which covered the actual rottenness of things would last out his time.

It was during the reign of Louis XV. that the power of the Bastille reached that dangerous height which is apt to precede a fall, and during the same reign that Henri Masers de Latude accomplished his famous escape from the fortress prison. He had come to Paris, this inexperienced young provincial, burning with enthusiasm for the beautiful Mme. de Pompadour, whose name was on every lip, but just how that name was spoken by some among the people he did not know until he strolled one morning under the chestnut trees in the Tuileries Gardens, and overheard a conversation not meant for his ears.

"Curse the woman! She has ruined the king, and is fast ruining France."



THE OATH IN THE TENNIS-COURT. (FROM A PAINTING BY A. COUDER.)

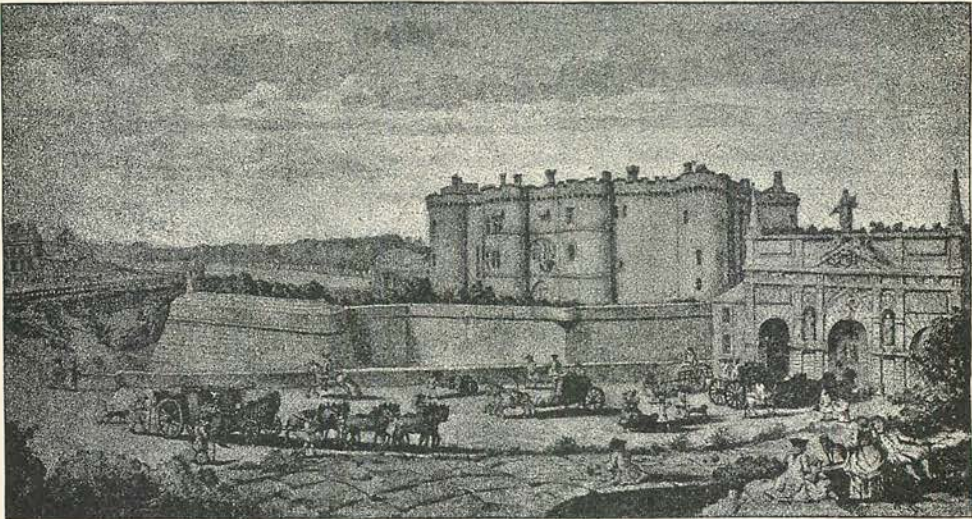
"Voltaire has rightly named her *grisette royale*, an avaricious *courtisane* who sells places, appoints to offices, revises the army list, and collects high interest on all!"

"Was not Gabrielle d'Estrées poisoned for far less than this in Henry IV.'s time? Is there no poison left, no hand cunning enough to disguise a deadly potion as a love philter, which will rid France and a suffering people of an infamous woman who rules us all?"

This is what the young man heard under the chestnut trees, and it made him thoughtful. He determined to see the Pompadour, save her, and make his own fortune at one and the same time. He forgot the tragic ending of so many others who had hoped to do the same.

Vincennes, whence he escaped, but still infatuated with the Pompadour, he weakly gave himself up to her mercy. This confidence she rewarded by promptly placing him for the second time in the prison with the eight strong towers. Even from this formidable place, from the highest cell in one of the towers, the desperate man made good his escape, accompanied by his fellow-captive D'Alègre. He succeeded in getting as far as Holland, but there he was captured and brought back for the third time to the Bastille, where he remained until after the death of Mme. de Pompadour.

In 1789 Latude found himself in Paris, and claimed from the National Assembly his ladder, manufactured from clothing sent to him in prison, and the other instruments with which



THE BASTILLE, 1788. (FROM A PRINT.)

Putting a harmless white powder into an envelope, he addressed it to the marquise at the château of Versailles, where he quickly followed it in person, and demanded to see the lady on a matter of life and death. He described the design to poison her, claimed no reward for his zeal, and only begged to be permitted to see her from time to time. The favorite was outwardly grateful but inwardly suspicious; she was not accustomed to absolute disinterestedness. Asking Latude to write his name, which he gladly did, she dismissed him with a smile, and kept the paper. In course of time the powder arrived, and proved to be harmless; the two handwritings were the same; the favorite's suspicions were confirmed, and Latude was doomed. He had dreamed of the fêtes to be given at Marly in the month of May, but when May came he and his dreams were behind the bolts and bars of the Bastille. Later he was transferred to

he had effected his escape. Prisoners of the Bastille were heroes in 1789, and they seldom asked in vain. All his prison property was restored to Henri Masers de Latude, and kept by him as relics.

There is a letter from the Pompadour in the collection at the Archives, but no facsimile of her signature is given. Although Louis XV. had allowed her to reign over him for fifteen years, and was at least supposed to care for her, he only remarked coldly and cynically, as the rain fell heavily at the moment of her death, "La Pompadour a un mauvais temps pour son grand voyage."

The shadow had been slowly but surely lengthening. It no longer fell only upon Paris, but passed out at the Porte St. Antoine far across the country, where gaunt, weary men and women were hungry for bread, and tired of the haughty nobles who treated them less well than they did their dogs. Coaches, driven

madly, tore through the streets of the wretched little villages, their occupants careless whether or no children fell crushed beneath the horses' feet, intent only upon quickly reaching their lordly châteaux. Famine had come to join hands with oppression; the very ground seemed cursed, and a wail of despair rang through the land.

Then came the troubled reign of Louis XVI. Here was a young king, good, but fatally weak; a gay court reckless of all but pleasure; and a beautiful Austrian queen destined to be the supreme martyr of history. But the wail never penetrated to them in the palace of the Tuileries, or the gardens of Versailles where the little dauphin gathered fresh flowers for his royal mother every morning in the sunshine. The Bastille still frowned down upon St. Antoine, and the mysterious affair of the queen's necklace sent many to inhabit it. The Cardinal de Rohan spent ten months there before he was exiled, and among the papers

at the Archives is a letter from him to the king, giving up his decoration of the Order of the Saint Esprit. Marie Nicole le Gay d'Oliva, whose resemblance to the queen enabled her to personate Marie Antoinette in the famous scene of the Trianon garden, the Comtesse de Lamotte and her husband, together with others of lesser note, were all *embastillé* on account of complicity in the affair of the necklace.

Louis XVI. accomplished many reforms during his reign. He revised the penal code, abolished torture and feudal servitude, and assured the civil rights to Protestants. The original documents of all these acts are to be found at the Musée. He generously came to the aid of America when she determined to establish her independence, and rendered valuable assistance to the cause of liberty, but was weak beyond words when his own people claimed liberty as their right and turned it into license.

The three orders of the States General held their last *séance royale* at Versailles, on May 5, 1789, after which the first two orders, the nobles and the clergy, retired; the third order, the deputies of the people, determined to work on alone. Louis XVI. refusing at first to recognize them, they could obtain no hall for their meeting until the 20th of June, when they de-



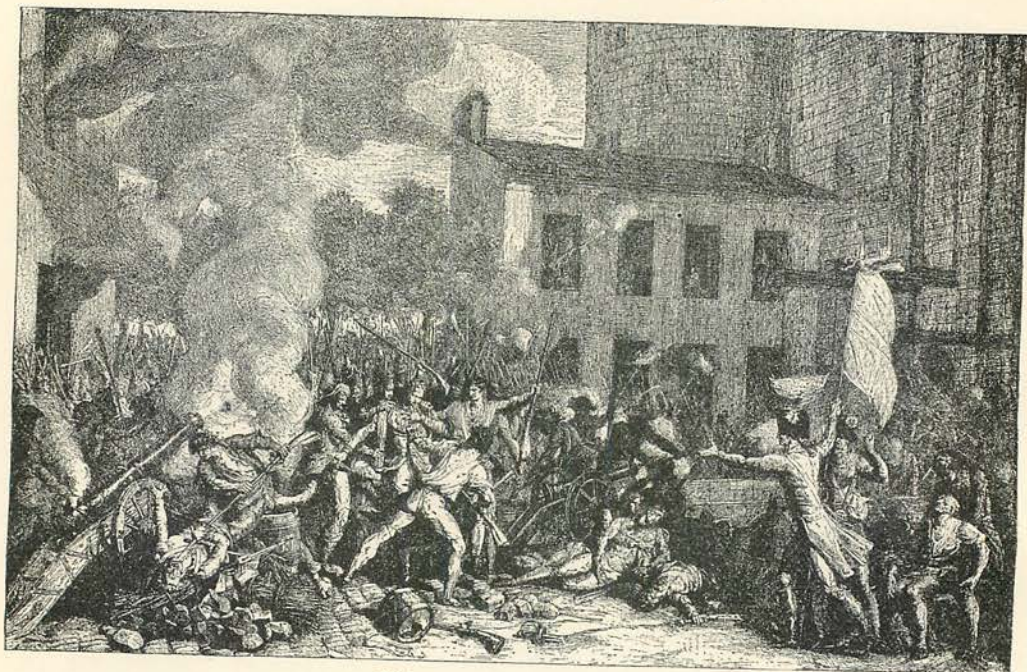
MARIE ANTOINETTE. (AFTER THE PICTURE BY I. F. WARTELL.)

termined to assemble in a tennis-court at Versailles. At this meeting all the deputies, with the exception of one, took a solemn oath to consecrate themselves to the interests of their country, in the following words: "Nous jurons de ne jamais nous séparer de l'Assemblée nationale, et de nous réunir partout où les circonstances l'exigeront, jusqu'à ce que la constitution du royaume soit établie et affermie sur des fondements solides."

This oath is always referred to as *Le serment du jeu de paume*, and the scene in the tennis-court has been immortalized by David and others.

A writer of the time says that the excitement inside the great hall was equalled only by the fury of the elements outside, where a terrific storm raged. Thunder echoed the frantic vows of patriotism made by the deputies, while vivid lightning illuminated passions blinding as itself. The original *Serment du jeu de paume*, with its long list of signatures, is to be seen at the Musée, and it is to be noted that Robespierre then signs himself De Robespierre; whereas later the aristocratic "de" is dropped.

The days went on, and Louis XVI. continued to make entries of his personal expenses in the famous "livre rouge." *Payé à la reine*, followed by sums of different amounts,



THE TAKING OF THE BASTILLE.

is a frequent entry, and the beautiful Austrian, born and brought up in the belief of the divine right of kings and queens, spent the money right royally. How could she know of that gaunt and hungry crowd clamoring for bread, when only smiles and sunshine and obsequious flattery were around her—had always been around her? No poor mother with a wailing child, no case of distress, ever came under Marie

of the darkening shadow which had been growing and deepening through the centuries?

Louis XVI. also wrote daily, with fine delicate characters, in the second "livre rouge," his personal diary. It creates a strange sensation to hold these books in one's own hand; to take up the small loose pages and read the words which by the light of after years have become so pathetic.

Guillotins

Judi Soir 21 Janvier 1790

AUTOGRAPH OF GUILLOTIN.

Mois de Juillet, 1789:

- |                    |     |  |
|--------------------|-----|--|
| Samedy . . . . .   | 4.  | Chasse des chevreuil au Butard. Pris un et tué vingt-neuf pièces.            |
| Dimanche . . . . . | 5.  | Vêpres et salut.   |
| Lundy . . . . .    | 6.  | Rien.  |
| Mardy . . . . .    | 7.  | Chasse du cerf à Pont-Royal. Prix deux.                                      |
| Mercredy . . . . . | 8.  | Rien.  |
| Jedy . . . . .     | 9.  | Rien. Députations des États.   |
| Vendredy . . . . . | 10. | Rien. Réponse à la députation des États.                                     |
| Samedy . . . . .   | 11. | Rien. Départ de M. Necker.   |
| Dimanche . . . . . | 12. | Vêpres et salut. Départ de MM. de Montmorin, Saint-Priest, et de la Luzerne. |

Antoinette's personal knowledge to which she did not give personal relief. And very carefully she taught her own children to be pitiful and kind to those less fortunate than themselves. The dauphin's baby hand more than once gave his beloved flowers to envious little ones outside the gilded gates of Versailles; the boy running afterwards to his mother, whom he adored, for a word of approval. How could she know

De Robespierre

AUTOGRAPH OF ROBESPIERRE.

On that Sunday, the 12th of July, while the king prayed, Camille Desmoulins, a young and vehement revolutionist, a friend of the people, mounted on a chair in front of the Café de Foi



in the Palais Royal, and harangued a crowd of malcontents and democrats. "It is necessary for us to select a distinctive badge by which we shall know each other," he cried. "What color will you choose? Shall it be green, the color of hope, or the blue of Cincinnatus, the color of American liberty and the democracy?"

"Give us green!" they shouted back — "green, the color of hope!"

Some hand furnished bits of green ribbon, but far too few to supply the crowd, and a hundred arms reached up to the trees above, tearing down branches and leaves, until all were furnished with the color of hope.

The king's journal continues:

*Juillet, 1789.*

Lundy . . . . . 13. Rien.  
Mardy . . . . . 14. Rien.

And while he writes a great hoarse cry sounds far off — "*À la Bastille!*" At any price Paris had determined to become free; and so long as the dark shadow of the monument of despotism stretched across the city freedom seemed unreal. The question has often been asked, Why was the hatred of the people expended upon the Bastille, which had been essentially the prison of the great? The answer lies, I think, in these words: "*La Bastille, c'était la prérogative royale; celui-là renversée, ce qui restait en France de pouvoir absolu s'écroula.*" The people felt this by intuition. It was not merely a prison and a citadel, this great mass of stone with bolts and bars and grated cells: it represented a principle. Once leveled to the ground, a great moral force would be withdrawn from the crown.

Tavernier was the first prisoner released; but liberty came too late — he was mad. Two others were found in a cell of one of the towers, and four men in other parts of the building — seven in all. The mysterious man with the iron mask, the supposed brother of Louis XIV., had disappeared; Cagliostro the "Sorcerer" had gone to London, whence he had written that he would return to France when the Bastille had become a public promenade. All the secrets which those walls could have told none will ever know.

On the 16th of the same month an order was issued by the deputies of the people for the immediate demolition of the Bastille, which order, together with many other papers relative to the great state prison, can be seen to-day at the *Musée des Archives*. The outline of the building still remains clearly marked on the stones of the wide *Place de la Bastille*, where the column to Liberty stands.

The narrow street of *St. Antoine* has disappeared, with its quaint shops and their quaint names — "*Pâtisserie de la Pomponnette,*" "*Au*



LOUIS XVI. (FROM A PRINT.)

*bon Diable,*" "*Au fichu de Marie Antoinette,*" and many others. And the swinging lamps are gone which hung from ropes fastened across the street from side to side; and the women knitting, "counting the stitches as later they would count heads falling on the *Place de la Révolution.*" No shadow darkens the *Place* from the tall slender column which has taken the place of the prison with the towers.

A perfect model of the Bastille, made from one of the stones of the building, stands in one of the great rooms of the old *Hôtel Soubise*. Around it hang twenty-seven of the prison keys: another of these keys was sent by Lafayette as a present to Washington, and now hangs in the hall at *Mount Vernon*.

The capture of the Bastille was only the beginning of the end for the principal characters of the French Revolution. The *via dolorosa* which was to be trodden by so many innocent feet and which led at last to the guillotine had not yet been entered upon; *la guillotine* had not yet been invented; the gamins of Paris could not yet chaff one another about "*Fin de la soupe,*" "*La dernière Bouchée,*" or "*La Mère au Ciel,*" all of which names they gave to Dr. Guillotin's life-destroying invention, about which he writes a letter that is in the *Archives* collection.

Not the least of Marie Antoinette's trials must have been her husband — a good, kind,



THE DAUPHIN.  
(FROM A MINIATURE IN POSSESSION OF MRS. EDWARD VERY.)

amiable gentleman, who was never intended by nature for a king. To her, the proud daughter of the lion-hearted Maria Theresa, the "king" for whom the nobles of Hungary enthusiastically swore to die, it was inexplicable that Louis XVI. should give in step by step, yield privilege after privilege, without a murmur. Oh for the day of *le roi soleil*, with his famous words, "*L'état c'est moi!*" Oh for a king who could be king in more than name! But the descendant of St. Louis wrote tranquil entries in the journal in that delicate handwriting of his, filling at the same time the collection now at the Archives with documents which laid low one by one the bulwarks of his throne. Then came October, and the frightful days of the 5th and 6th at Versailles, when Lafayette found himself powerless to control the people, and the fishwomen of Paris went to the royal château to insult the *Autrichienne*, and in triumph escorted the weak king and his hapless queen and frightened children back to the capital.

A paper at the Archives tells us that the formidable *dames de la halle* were so pleased with themselves after this exhibition of patriotism, that they sent an address to the National Assembly, which that august body answered by an invitation to assist at one of its sittings,

proving by their response that they had a wholesome fear of the political zeal of the *poissardes*.

There is a letter at the Musée addressed to Louis XVI. by Roederer, a deputy to the Assembly, suggesting that he forget the occurrences of June 20 and unite his interests with those of the people in view of a foreign war, which the king consented to do. It seemed as if there was scarcely any concession which he was not willing to make. But the shadow had fallen too deeply on St. Antoine in earlier days to be forgotten, and the faubourg marched with cannon upon the Tuileries; the place was no longer safe, and the royal family took refuge in the building where the National Assembly held its sittings. A marble slab in the Rue de Rivoli of to-day marks the spot. Three hot August days were spent in a stifling *loge* at the back of the hall, and while the decree was pronounced suspending Louis XVI. as king, the poor little dauphin, too young to understand the significance of what was occurring, mourned the loss of his pet dog Moufflet, killed in the general massacre at the Tuileries.

Soon followed the decree transferring the unhappy family to the Temple, where for a while they were allowed to be together. They were still together when the massacres in the prisons took place, where the young and beautiful Princesse de Lamballe was murdered. It needed the imagination of fiends to devise the details of this victim's death, and no pen could calmly write them. After cutting off the head, the body was left to foul desecration, and forcing a wigmaker to wash the bloodstains from the poor dead face, and brush and curl and perfume the soft, fair hair, the people placed their trophy on a pike and paraded it through the streets of Paris.

"Suppose the Lamballe says good-morning to Antoinette?" cried a voice in the crowd; and the brutal proposition was hailed with delight.

The royal family were assembled in the queen's bedroom at the Temple when suddenly they heard a tumultuous shouting in the garden below, the queen's name being loudly

ce 18<sup>bre</sup> à 4 h.  $\frac{1}{2}$  du matin  
 cest a vous ma soeur, que j'écris pour la dernière fois, je viens d'être condamné  
 non pas a une mort honteuse, elle ne l'est que pour les criminels, mais a  
 aller rejoindre votre frère, comme lui innocent, j'espère montrer la même  
 fermeté que lui dans ces derniers moments, je suis calme comme on l'est  
 quant la conscience ne reproche rien, j'ai un profond regret d'abandonner  
 mes pauvres enfants vous savez que je n'existoit que pour eux, et

called. One of the soldiers left to guard the prisoners, knowing what ghastly thing it was which was to be held up at the window, and touched with pity, rushed in to save them from the shock; but he was too late. He found Marie Antoinette fainting in the arms of Mme. Elizabeth, the frightened children clinging to her, and the king standing spellbound by the horror of the sight which was before him.

Louis XVI. being removed to a separate apartment of the Temple, even the sad comfort of suffering together was taken away. Royalty had for some time been abolished; the Republic, one and inseparable, had been proclaimed; the National Assembly had become the National Convention, and *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*, the nation's watchword. Liberty for all but Louis Capet and his family. In December of 1792 we find a letter from M. de Malesherbes to the president of the Convention, offering to defend Louis XVI., if the people will allow him a defender at his trial; and soon after this his defense was presented to the Convention by M. de Sèze, assisted by De Malesherbes and De Tronchet, and signed by all. The tomb of M. de Sèze, in the great cemetery of Père la Chaise at Paris, bears the inscription, *Défenseur du Roi*.

On January 20, 1793, the executioner Sanson writes for directions for conducting Louis to the place of execution, and on the following day, at twenty-two minutes past ten in the morning, the king steps upon the fatal scaffold as the Abbé Edgeworth exclaims, "Fils de St. Louis, montez au ciel!"

The celebrated *acte d'accusation* was read to Marie Antoinette by Fouquier-Tinville at her so-called trial on October 14, 1793, and the queen of France, we are told, answered all the charges with heroic serenity. But when the infamous Hébert brought the frightful calumnies prepared in the Temple and signed by the terrified, half-intoxicated child, who had been forced to drink, and by his sister, who did not understand the meaning of the words, Marie Antoinette preserved a dull silence. When questioned as to what she had to answer to the charge, she still did not speak, a fact to which one of the jury drew the president's attention. Then it was that the tortured woman gave the memorable reply which thrilled all who heard it: "If I have not answered, it is



MME. DE LAMBALLE. (FROM A PRINT PUBLISHED BY FURNE.)

because nature refuses to answer such a charge made to a mother. I appeal to all mothers who may hear me."

This appeal actually penetrated the blood-soaked brains of those around her, and so struck the imagination of Robespierre that when the details of the trial were brought to him as he sat at a café in the Palais Royal, he shivered the plate before him as he exclaimed, "*Sacré imbécile d'Hébert!*" understanding too well that this latest insult to the queen had passed the bounds of prudence and must inevitably arouse sympathy for her. The widow of Capet had at this time been removed from the Temple to the Conciergerie, where in her narrow prison cell two guards watched her day and night. The end was drawing very near.

At half-past four in the morning of the day that she was to die, Marie Antoinette wrote the letter found on the preceding page to Mme. Elizabeth, who was still in the Temple. The signature cannot be seen.

She mounted the guillotine, the hundred and fiftieth victim of the Revolution, her crime being the fact that she was the daughter of an empress, the wife and mother of a king. And right royally she died; they had not the sat-

# LOUIS CHARLES CAPET

AUTOGRAPH OF LOUIS CHARLES CAPET.

isfaction of seeing a moment's weakness, a single quiver of fear.

I have held in my hand the actual original order, written over a hundred years ago, for the execution of Marie Antoinette, dated half-past four o'clock in the morning of the 16th of October, the very hour at which the queen wrote her letter to Mme. Elizabeth. The order is addressed to the Citoyen Henriot, "Commandant-Général de la force armée Parisienne."

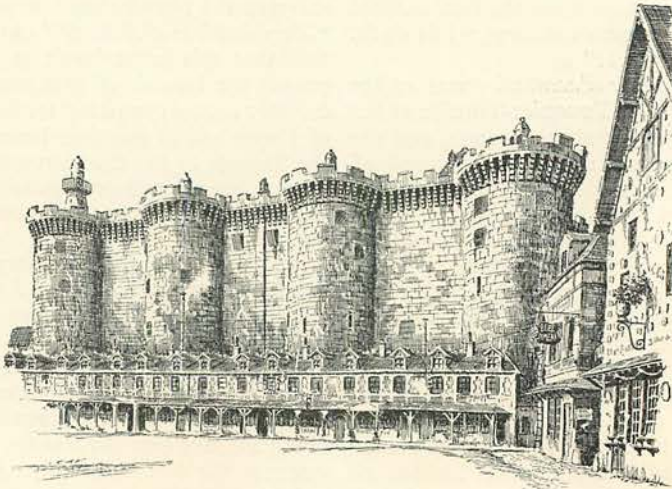
The signature of David the painter, become deputy of the city of Paris to the National Convention, is found attached to the judgment condemning the Girondists to death; as it is to an endless number of revolutionary papers. The man seemed to revel in infamy. As court painter he had received many favors from the royal family, yet he persecuted them with an implacable hatred. When sent with others to interrogate Mme. Elizabeth in the Temple, that princess welcomed him as a friend, and courteously asked him to give her a pinch of snuff from his box, as she had a bad cold. "Learn," he answered insolently, "that you are not worthy to put your fingers into my snuff-box"; and placing a little of the tobacco in his hand he familiarly offered it to the sister of his king. She quietly turned her back upon him. From a window in the Rue St. Honoré David made a pen and ink sketch of the unhappy Marie Antoinette as the terrible procession passed which escorted her to her death, and a chron-

icler of the times says that in drawing it "hate guided his hand." But for the fall of Robespierre his own turn would have come to taste death by the guillotine, but he was included in the amnesty of the fourth *brumaire*, and under Napoleon became painter to the government.

There are letters and signatures at the Hôtel Soubise of Mirabeau, that "monster of eloquence"; of Buonaparte before he had changed his signature to Napoleon; of Camille Desmoulins; of Carnot, ancestor of the present President of the French Republic; of Mme. du Barry, Alexander Beauharnais, Cardinal de Rohan, Thomas Paine, Madame de Staël, and many others too numerous to mention. There is also the treaty between France and the United States, of which James Monroe and Livingston were the signers on the part of the Americans.

Eyes tired of reading puzzling handwritings can rest themselves by looking at the beautiful pictures of Boucher, and examining the curious painting of the "Ship of Salvation"; and he who goes once to the Musée des Archives will probably return for a second visit to the old hôtel, with its open court inclosed by high stone walls, and its fine façade, wide staircase, and noble rooms; but well worth seeing as all these are, it is the marvelously interesting collection of papers, yellow with time and weighty with the import of the words written upon them, which will draw him back once and again to this delightful corner of Old Paris.

*Elizabeth Balch.*



THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE BASTILLE ON THE AVENUE SUFFREN.