

ART. X.—ROYAL MEMOIRS,—containing 1. *A Narrative of the Journey to Varennes.* By H. R. H. the Duchess of Angoulême; printed uniformly with Mad. de CAMPAN.—2. *A Narrative of the Journey to Bruxelles and Coblentz in 1791.* By MONSIEUR, now Louis XVIII. King of France.—And 3. *Private Memoirs of what passed in the Temple, from the Imprisonment of the Royal Family to the Death of the Dauphin.* By H. R. H. the Duchess d'Angoulême. 8vo. London. Murray. 1823.

THIS volume might have been considered under the last Article, for it exactly supplies the deficiencies of Madame Campan's work; the first two tracts give us the details of the journey to Varennes of which that lady was uninformed, and the latter takes up the history of the royal family at the very moment when Madame Campan leaves it off—the imprisonment in the Temple. They are not perhaps of so much historical importance as Madame Campan's work, because they treat of *unquestioned* topics, but they possess, perhaps, a still higher interest, and are not, we think, less entertaining. The tracts are, indeed, of very different characters, and, we will add, unequal merit, but they are, on this very account, the more valuable, and we greatly doubt whether there ever before appeared any volume under the name of royal authors to which we could so safely assign to the royal personages the real composition of the work. Frederick himself, the most voluminous as well as the ablest of them, borrowed occasionally the correcting pen of Voltaire; but we think we may assert that Louis XVIII. and the Duchess of Angoulême have not condescended to accept any such assistance, and that we have in this volume not only the facts of which they were witnesses, but the sentiments they felt expressed in the very words which the occasions prompted.

The Duchess's account of the *flight to Varennes* was given by her to Mr. Weber, her mother's foster-brother, who, after escaping the massacres, both of the 10th of August and the 2d of September, reached England in the latter end of 1792. The narrative itself is very characteristic; it is marked by the simplicity and naiveté of the age and sex of the young and inexperienced traveller. She tells what happened under her own eyes, but she neither indulges in conjectures on the causes of the events, nor in regrets at their consequences. Of such a narrative, which is very short, extracts can explain neither the merits nor defects; we shall, therefore, merely as a specimen of the writer's manner, quote her account of the escape of the royal family from the Tuilleries.

' My brother was wakened by my mother, and Madame de Tourzel brought him down to my mother's apartment, where I also came: there we found one of the body-guard, called Monsieur de Malden, who

who was to assist our departure. My mother came in and out several times to see us. They dressed my brother as a little girl: he looked beautiful, but he was so sleepy that he could not stand, and did not know what we were all about. I asked him what he thought we were going to do; he answered, "I suppose to act a play, since we have all got these odd dresses."

'At half-past ten, when we were all ready, *my mother herself conducted us to the carriage in the middle of the court; which was exposing herself to great risk.* Madame de Tourzel, my brother and I got into the carriage; M. de Fersen was the coachman. To deceive any one that might follow us, we drove about several streets; at last we returned to the little Carrousel, which is close to the Tuilleries. My brother was fast asleep in the bottom of the carriage, under the petticoats of Madame de Tourzel. We saw M. de la Fayette go by, who had been at my father's *coucher*. There we remained waiting a full hour, ignorant of what was going on: never did time appear so tedious!

'Madame de Tourzel was to travel under the name of the Baroness de Korff: my brother and I were to be her two daughters, under the names of Amelia and Aglaë; my mother was to be Madame Rochet, our governess; my aunt a female companion, called Rosalie; and my father was to be our valet-de-chambre, under the name of Durand.

'At last, after waiting a long hour, I observed a woman loitering about the carriage. I was afraid that we should be discovered; but I was made easy by seeing our coachman open the carriage-door, and that the woman was my aunt; she had escaped alone with one of her attendants. In stepping into the carriage, she trod on my brother, who was lying in the bottom of it, and he had the courage not to cry out.

'My aunt told us that all was quiet, and that my father and mother would be with us presently. My father, indeed, arrived very soon after, and then my mother, with one of the body-guards who was to accompany us.—pp. 9—13.

But besides any individual interest which may be excited by this work, it is, as the translator remarks, curious on another account. The journey to Varennes affords a most extraordinary instance of the difficulty of ascertaining historical truth, and affords the strongest encouragement to historical scepticism. There have been published at least ten narratives by eye-witnesses of, and partakers in these transactions, viz. the Duchess herself—the two Messrs. de Bouillé—the Duke de Choiseul, and his servant James Brissac—Messrs. de Damas and Deslons, two of the officers who commanded detachments on the road—Messrs. De Moustier and Valori, the two gardes du corps who accompanied the king—and, finally, M. de Fontanges, Archbishop of Toulouse, who, though not himself a party to the transaction, is supposed to have written from the information of the queen; and all these ten narratives contradict each other, some on trivial and some on more essential points, but in every case in a wonderful and inexplicable manner. The editor

of the Duchess's work has collected some of these variances—and a curious chapter in the history of human accuracy they make. Madame distinctly remembers that the queen *herself* took her and her brother to the carriage at the *great risk of being herself discovered*; yet it would seem, not merely from *all* the other evidence, but from the queen's *own defence* on her trial, that this is a mistake, and that the queen did *not* conduct her children to the carriage. M. de Valori, who attended the king, says that M. de Moustier conducted the queen, and MM. de Choiseul, de Bouillé, and the archbishop agree that De Moustier, from his ignorance of the streets, led her astray, and lost a full hour before he could find the carriage. M. de Moustier, on the contrary, states that he had not the honour of conducting the queen, and does not even recollect that M. de Valori attended the king. Again—M. de Choiseul states that Madame Elizabeth escaped first, then the queen, and finally the king. M. de Valori, who followed the king, and even picked up a buckle which he had dropt, recites the same order of march, but adds that an accident threw the queen a *few minutes* behind, while *all* the other accounts agree in stating, as a fact, which had the most fatal consequences on the subsequent events, that the queen's mistake lost a *full hour* of precious time. *These* points are not very material, but we adduce them as specimens of the variances with which the events at *every post and stage* are represented by every one who describes them, not from any object or interest to conceal the truth, but from the mere inaccuracy of human observation, and the mere infirmity of human memory.

The whole affair, however, is worth an attentive perusal and consideration. It is at this moment the subject of a somewhat polemical discussion between M. de Bouillé the younger and the Duke of Choiseul, and excites considerable feeling in Paris. Nor is this to be wondered at. No single event, perhaps, ever had such important consequences as the arrest of the king at Varennes; other and perhaps as great consequences might probably have followed his escape, but they, at least, would not have been the events which followed his arrest—the 20th of June, the 10th of August, the 2d of September—the execution of the king, of the queen and of Madame Elizabeth—the anarchy, the republic, the consulate, the empire, and the double restoration—could never have occurred: what *else* might have happened, would be a vain and idle conjecture, but it is highly interesting to contemplate the progress of this affair, on which the destinies of the whole world hung, and to observe by what an extraordinary, by what an almost miraculous combination of petty accidents the design was defeated—and defeated only *at the moment and at the place* where the danger might have been considered, according to all calculation and reasoning, as past.

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II. The second tract is a relation by the present king of France of his simultaneous and more successful attempt to escape. He left Paris the same night as the king, and by the exertions of the young Count D'Avaray he effected his passage to Bruxelles. We must agree with the English editor of this work that 'it does not place his Most Christian Majesty very high in the list of royal authors, as the style is bad, the observations puerile, and the sentiments far from noble;' but we also agree with him that it has a certain degree of interest; and as no inconsiderable share of French politics has, since the Restoration, hinged on the personal character of the monarch, it is not unimportant to trace in this narrative the course of his feelings and the turn of his mind.

We know not what our readers will think of the following account of his departure from the Luxembourg:—

'As soon as my valet-de-chambre was gone, I got up again, and drawing close the curtains of my bed, I took the few effects I meant to carry with me and went into my closet, of which I shut the door, and from that moment, either from pre-sentiment, or from confidence in D'Avaray, I felt that I was already out of France. D'Avaray (who was waiting for me in the private apartments) dressed me, and when I was so, I remembered that I had forgotten my cane and a *second* snuff-box which I wished to bring away.—I was going back to look for them; but D'Avaray would not permit such rashness, and I did not persist in my intention. The clothes fitted me very well, but the wig was a little too tight; however, as it fitted tolerably, and as I was resolved, whenever I could, to keep a large round hat with a great tri-coloured cockade over my eyes, the ill-fitting of the wig did not give us much trouble. In crossing the private apartments, D'Avaray told me that there was a carriage like our own waiting in the great court of the Luxembourg; this made him uneasy, but I quieted him by acquainting him that it was my wife's, yet when we were on the stairs, he desired me to wait and went to see if it were still there. Not seeing it, he returned, saying, "*Come along With me,*"—" *I am ready,*" I replied, and we proceeded to our carriage, which was a *viz-a-viz*. By accident I had placed myself with my back to the horses. "What," said D'Avaray, "You are ceremonious?" "Faith," said I, "here I am."—He did not persist in his compliment, and directing the coachman to drive to the Pont Neuf, we left the Luxembourg.'—p. 43—47.

This is not, it must be confessed, in a very high style either of writing or feeling; and as we are informed that the King himself corrected the press of the French copy we are rather surprised at the manner in which the few words of English are printed; but we confess that the passage which immediately follows excites different sensations.

'My joy which I felt at having escaped from my prison, a joy which D'Avaray sincerely shared, turned all our thoughts towards *gaiety*.

And, accordingly, our *first impulse*, after crossing the threshold, was to sing a verse of the parody of the Opera of Penelope—

“*Ça va bien,*

*Ça prend bien,*

*Ils ne se doutent de rien.*”—p. 46.

We should have thought the fear with which this prince regarded his own jailors might have given him some sympathetic alarm for the fate of his wife, his brother, the queen, the dauphin, and the rest of the royal family, who were at that moment in the agonies of escape: and we are a little surprised that the Prince did not express his joy in a more appropriate manner, when we find in a subsequent passage, that he possessed sentiments of religion almost amounting to superstition. When he took leave of his sister, the saint-like Elizabeth, ‘she presented him with a crucifix, saying, dear brother, you are blessed with a sense of religion, allow me to give you this image, which cannot but bring you happiness. I accepted it, as may be well believed, with equal pleasure and gratitude.’—p. 39. These sentiments were strangely evinced in the sequel. In the course of the journey, the Prince used to amuse himself in examining the physiognomies of the postilions, and in judging, by their looks, whether he was likely to be well or ill driven the next stage. On one of these occasions, he observes—

‘This postilion justified but too well the inference which I had drawn from his countenance; for nothing could drive worse—we agreed that he could be no other than the president of the jacobin society of Soissons. But although I seemed to make light of this, I felt in truth a *real anxiety*; I had within the last few miles discovered that I had forgotten at Paris the image which my sister had given me, and without being more devout than my neighbours, this loss really disturbed me, and gave me a great deal more anxiety than—*that of my cane and snuff-box!*’—p. 53.

Now, without being more devout than our neighbours, we heartily wish that the prince, who valued his image more than his cane and snuff-box, had returned thanks to Him whom the image represented, for his deliverance, instead of singing the fag end of an old song. As his Majesty was, at this period, thirty-six years of age, we are a little surprised at this exuberance of musical gaiety, which, however, seems to have been habitual; for on another occasion, in which the travellers escaped a very pressing danger in Laon—‘as soon as we were clear out of the town,’ says his Majesty, ‘we sang with all our hearts *La Victoire est à nous.*’ Again—on his passing the frontiers, he tells us that he thanked God for the recovery of his liberty; and then he adds, that he pulled off his tricolour cockade to a tune of Gluck’s opera of *Armide*, and discussed with D’Avaray the distribution of their apartments at the inn at

at Mons, 'by parodying the lines of Hippolyte and Aricie, that begin with—*under the standard of Mars*, and changing "*misfortunes*" into "*mattresses*," at which we laughed heartily.'—p. 79.

We have no objection to gaiety *en tems et lieu*—desipere in loco—but all this singing and parodying, merely because he had individually escaped, while the fate of his whole family was in fearful suspense, seems to us to have been very simple and very selfish.

Just as bad is the anxiety everywhere expressed about breakfast, dinner and supper; in one place, four pages are employed in describing his fear of having a bad meal, and his '*very great and very agreeable surprise*' at finding, on the contrary, that the eatables were tolerable, and the wine excellent. (p. 104.)

In candour, however, we are bound to extract his own expression of the feelings with which he heard of the arrest of the King.

'The grief which I felt is easily imagined. I regretted the success of my own enterprise. I for a moment thought of retiring into France, reassuming the chains from which I had escaped, and sharing the fate of my unfortunate family; but, on reflection, I saw that, without being of any service to them, such a step would not only ruin *me*, but also one who was much dearer to me, my friend, my deliverer, D'Avaray, whom nothing could induce to leave me. \* \* Tears, which would not flow at the first moment, now relieved me, and so far allayed my agitation, that I was able to consider more calmly the new duties to which these unfortunate events had destined me.'—p. 106.

It is also to be stated, in favour of this prince's gratitude, that every part of his work expresses the most sincere and affectionate attachment to M. D'Avaray, to whom the work itself is inscribed in a dedication, which would, perhaps, have been better, if it had been less ostentatiously written. M. D'Avaray died in exile, but the king's gratitude has, we are glad to observe, survived, and finds a consolation in conferring on the father of his deceased friend, his favour and his friendship.

III. The third of these tracts is in every respect the most valuable and interesting of all, as well from the circumstances it relates as from the character of the narrator. These Memoirs were written, it seems, by the only survivor of the prisoners of the Temple,—the Duchess of Angoulême.

Her name does not indeed appear in the title-page, but the work is avowed at Paris; and there is hardly a page which does not, in our opinion, afford internal evidence of its authenticity.

The notes from which it has been composed were either made, we are informed, at the moment by stealth, and with pencils which her Royal Highness contrived to conceal from her persecutors, or were added immediately after her release from prison.

It will be observed that several passages are obscure, and one

or two contradictory: there are frequent repetitions, and a general want of arrangement. All these, which would be defects in a regular history, increase the value of this Journal: they attest its authenticity, and forcibly impress on our minds the cruel circumstances of perplexity and anxiety under which it was written; and the negligence and disorder, if one may use the expression, in which the Princess appears before us, *become* her misery better than a more careful and ornamented attire.

It is a great proof of her good taste, as well as of her conscientious veracity, that she has not permitted any polishing hand to smooth down the colloquial simplicity of her style, and the irregular, but forcible touches of her expression. It will, however, be observed, on a comparison with the narrative of the flight to Varennes, that the princess, when she wrote these later Memoirs, had acquired a greater facility of expression, and a wider range of reflection.

There are some little differences on minor points between her Royal Highness's account and those of M. Hue and Clery. These might have been easily corrected or omitted: but, again, we think the Duchess, or whoever has edited the work, has acted with perfect good taste and judgment, in leaving these passages as they were originally written. Those who will take the trouble to compare hers with the two other accounts will see that these trifling variances (and they are very trifling), instead of invalidating, support the credit of all the narrators, and prove that they all faithfully record the information which they severally received.

This work was published in 1817, but we know not by what accident it escaped our observation. It has been of late republished in Paris, and has excited a revived interest; and we are glad that we have been thus reminded of an omission for which we can hardly forgive ourselves. Our readers would not, we are satisfied, regret our extracting the whole of this short and touching narrative of the Princess; but we shall content ourselves with two or three extracts, which will, we think, induce every one who reads them to peruse the whole of this most pathetic story.

It begins the day after that at which Madame de Campan stops, and carries down the private history of the unhappy family till the respective deaths of the King, the Queen, Madam Elizabeth, and the Dauphin. Every part of the narrative is remarkable for its plainness and candour; there is no attempt at fine writing, and the natural feeling and unaffected grace with which the story is told are exceedingly impressive.

Our readers know that Madame de Lamballe was massacred at the prison of the Force, on the 2d September; that her body was exposed, insulted and mutilated in the most indecent and the most ferocious manner; her head, remarkable for its beautiful hair,

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was ostentatiously paraded through Paris; and especially exhibited at the Palais Royal to the delighted eyes of her brother-in-law the Duke of Orleans, who rose from the dinner-table to enjoy the sight; but the murderers thought their vengeance incomplete if they did not inflict this shocking spectacle on the prisoners in the Temple.

‘The 3d of September Manuel came to assure the king that Madame de Lamballe, and all the other persons who had been removed from the Temple, were well, and in security together, in the prison of La Force. At three o’clock, just after dinner, and as the king was sitting down to tric-trac with the queen (which he played for the purpose of having an opportunity of saying a few words to her unheard by the keepers), the most horrid shouts were heard. The officer who happened to be on guard in the room behaved well: he shut the door and the window, and even drew the curtains, to prevent their seeing any thing; but, on the outside, the workmen, and the gaoler, Rocher, joined the assassins, and increased the tumult.

‘Several officers of the guard and of the municipality now arrived: the former insisted that the king should show himself at the windows; fortunately the latter opposed it; but, on his majesty’s asking what was the matter, a young officer of the guard replied, “Well! since you will know, it is the head of Madame de Lamballe that they want to show you.” At these words the queen was overcome with horror; it was the only occasion in which her firmness abandoned her. The municipal officers were very angry with this young man; but the king, with his usual goodness, excused him, saying, that it was not the officer’s fault, but his own, since he had questioned him.

‘The noise lasted till five o’clock. The prisoners learned that the people had wished to force the door, and that the municipal officers had been enabled to prevent it only by putting a tri-coloured scarf across it, and by allowing six of the murderers to march round the tower with the head of the princess, leaving at the door her body, which they would have dragged in also. When this deputation entered, Rocher shouted for joy, and brutally insulted a young man who turned sick with horror at this spectacle.

‘It was hardly over, when Petion, instead of exerting himself to stop the massacres, coolly sent his secretary to the king with some money. This man was very ridiculous, and said a thousand things which at another moment would have made one laugh. He thought the queen was standing up out of respect for him; because, since this dreadful scene, *she had remained standing and motionless, perfectly insensible* of all that was going on. The municipal officer, who had given his scarf to tie across the door, took care to make Clery pay him the value.

‘The drum continued to beat to arms all night, and the two princesses, who could not sleep, *listened to the sobs of the queen*, which never ceased.’— pp. 18—23.

What painter ever imagined such a picture, as the blind brutal vanity of this secretary, which imagined that the form, congealed



gealed by grief and horror which stood statue-like before him, was immoveable out of respect to him! What poet ever represented a more intense scene of misery than is told in the few words that in the sleepless wretchedness of that night the only distraction of the princesses was listening to the ceaseless sobs of the queen! Not less striking is the account of the day of the king's execution.

'On the morning of this terrible day, the princesses rose at six. The night before, the queen had scarcely strength enough to put her son to bed. She threw herself, dressed as she was, upon her own bed, *where she was heard shivering with cold and grief all night long.* At a quarter past six, the door opened: the princesses believed that they were sent for to see the king; but it was only the officers looking for a prayer-book for the king's mass. They did not, however, abandon the hope of seeing him, till the shouts of joy of the infuriated populace came to tell them that all was over!

'In the afternoon, the queen asked leave to see Clery, who had remained with the king till his last moments, and who had probably some message for her. The two other princesses were anxious that she should receive this shock of seeing Clery, in hopes of its occasioning a burst of grief, which might relieve her from that state of silent and choking agony in which they saw her.

'In fact, Clery had been intrusted by his master with delivering to the queen her wedding-ring, with a message that he never would have parted with it but with his life. He had also given him a parcel with the hair of all his family, saying, that it had been so dear to him, that he had carefully preserved it till that moment. The officers reported that Clery was in a frightful state, and in despair, at not being allowed to see the princesses. The queen made her request to the commissioners of the Commune; she also demanded mourning for her family. Clery was kept for a month longer in the Temple, and then released.

'The princesses had now a little more freedom; the guards even believed that they were about to be sent out of France; but nothing could calm the agony of the queen. No hope could touch her heart; because life was indifferent to her, and she did not fear death. She would sometimes look upon her children and her sister *with an air of pity which made them shudder.* *Fortunately* the affliction of the young princess increased her illness to so serious a degree, that it made a diversion in the mind of her mother, and her despair gave way to maternal alarm.'—pp. 52—55.

*Fortunately!* what a touching expression of extreme affliction! This poor young creature calls her own illness *fortunate*, because it for a moment distracted the grief of her unhappy mother, and this is the only word by which she expresses her own feelings. All her thoughts are employed about her mother, and she forgets every thing about herself but her fortunate malady.

We shall conclude with the account of the treatment of the Dauphin, which we give chiefly for the purpose of adding to the other

other testimonies on this point, that of the Duchess—that this interesting child was not, as was reported, poisoned; he was only poisoned, she says, by filth, by harshness, and by cruelty.

‘Obliged to choose between the situations of municipal officer and guardian of the Dauphin, Simon had preferred the former, and they had had the cruelty to leave the poor child absolutely alone. Unheard-of and unexampled barbarity! to leave an unhappy and sickly infant, of eight years old, in a great room, locked and bolted in, with no other resource than a broken bell, which he never rang, so greatly did he dread the people whom its sound would have brought to him; he preferred wanting any thing, and every thing, to calling for his persecutors. His bed had not been stirred for six months, and he had not strength to make it himself—it was alive with bugs, and vermin still more disgusting. His linen and his person were covered with them. For more than a year he had had no change of shirt or stockings; every kind of filth was allowed to accumulate about him, and in his room; and, during all that period, nothing of that kind had been removed. His window, which was locked as well as grated, was never opened; and the infectious smell of this horrid room was so dreadful, that no one could bear it for a moment. He might, indeed, have washed himself, for he had a pitcher of water, and have kept himself somewhat more clean than he did; but, overwhelmed by the ill treatment he had received, he had not resolution to do so, and his illness began to deprive him of even the necessary strength. He never asked for any thing, so great was his dread of Simon and his other keepers. He passed his days without any kind of occupation. They did not even allow him light in the evening. This situation affected his mind as well as his body, and it is not surprising that he should have fallen into a frightful atrophy. The length of time which he resisted this persecution proves how good his constitution must have originally been.’—pp. 109—111.

To this work is added a most curious paper, quite new to us, giving an account of a visit made by a committee of the Convention to this poor little prince, a few months before his death. It exhibits the most extraordinary instance of sensibility and firmness in so young a child that we have ever met with. Every one knows that the infamous Hebert outdid all other infamy, by a deposition against the Queen relative to her son. How far he tampered with the child to obtain a colour for this *un-nameable* calumny, does not appear; but it is admitted, that the child was induced, by what means can never be known, to put his name to a deposition against his mother and his aunt, and that *from the moment he had done so, he never spoke again!* He was docile, obedient and courteous, but he never spoke again! He understood all that was said to him, showed a perfect sense of his situation, and even diverted himself with building houses of cards, and similar quiet amusements, but he never spoke again! This deep but calm impression, this unbroken but not sullen silence, in so young a per-

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son, gives the finishing touch to that high wrought tragedy which we have been contemplating; and perhaps the Queen's animated appeal to the maternal hearts of her hearers was not so pathetic, so irresistible, as the unconquerable silence by which her poor child expressed at once his resentment and his sorrow.

We have only to add, that all these tracts, but particularly the last, have been translated with singular attention to the simplicity and naiveté of the diction, and that some very interesting biographical and explanatory notes are added, which were much wanted in the French editions; perhaps the notes to the first tract are more numerous than was necessary, but on the whole we prefer an error on that side to the absolute and sometimes perplexing silence of the original publications.

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ART. XI.—1. *Annuaire Historique Universel.* Paris. 8vo. 1822.

2. *Histoire des Evénemens de la Grèce.* Par M. Raffenel. Paris. 8vo. 1822.

**M**ORE than nineteen centuries have now elapsed since the Greeks ceased to exist as a free people; and during nearly a fifth part of that period, they have been subject to a tyranny more oppressive, than the records of any age or the annals of any nation furnish to our notice and abhorrence. Since the hour when at their public games they were insulted by the voice of the Roman herald with the promise of restored liberty, they have gradually descended lower in the scale of misery, till at length it appears no longer possible for any refinement of cruelty to add to their degradation.

That the progeny of the most illustrious people which ever acted a part on the great theatre of the world should be sunk to this state, that the descendants of those heroes who stood in the breach of civilization, and with their bodies stemmed the tide of Asiatic barbarism, should now suffer the miseries which were then averted; that the children of those sires who by their lessons of wisdom and songs of enthusiasm taught succeeding ages to reason; and to imagine, should now be incapacitated from listening to the language of their forefathers—these are considerations sufficient to excite the indignation of the dullest sensibility, to awaken the resentment of the coldest philanthropy, and to stimulate both to an active co-operation in a cause which pleads so powerfully for itself by recollections of past glory and exhibitions of present suffering. And such would most probably be the case, were it not for the peculiar circumstances in which Great Britain is now placed. After a war of unparalleled extent and severity, she at last pos-  
sesses,