

propositions, were drowned in abstract declarations, producing interminable harangues. Thus had the *Tiers Etat* been debating for five weeks. But with all their mistakes of procedure they clung firmly to their principle, that they would have no verification of their powers, except in common with the other Orders. The stronger this inertia in the halls of the States-General, the more active was the public feeling without doors. Tumults were expected. Clubs, that afterwards became memorable, stimulated the popular agitation. The excessive price of bread had already produced riots in the provinces. The Court is alarmed. At length something more definite than the orations in the Palais Royal produces a terror that may end in some conflict between the Orders amongst themselves, or of the Crown with the States-General. On the 17th of June it was resolved, on the motion of the Abbé Sièyes, that the *Tiers Etat* should assume the title of "The National Assembly." The members all took an oath to discharge with zeal and fidelity the duties entrusted to their care. They passed several resolutions on the subject of the taxes and the dearness of provisions. These were not of a violent character; but they were proofs that the Commons were resolved to try their own strength. The Clergy, on the 19th, determined, by a majority, that the definitive verification of powers should be made in the General Assembly. The Nobility voted an Address to the king, in which they protested against the assumption of power by the *Tiers Etat*. On the 20th of June it was proclaimed in the streets of Versailles, that a royal sitting of the States-General would be held on the 22nd; and that in the meantime the meetings of the three Orders were suspended. At eight o'clock in the morning, Bailly, the president, and the two secretaries, were at the door of their hall. It was closed against them by military. The deputies began to collect in great numbers in the avenue of Versailles—all angry, some desperate. But they soon learn that their president, having been permitted to take away his papers from the *Salle des Menus*, has taken refuge in a large building, the *Jeux de Paume* (Tennis Court), in the Rue St. François. Upon the proposition of Mounier, each took an oath never to separate from that National Assembly, until the constitution of the kingdom was established. On the 22nd it was proclaimed that the royal sitting was adjourned till the following day. The National Assembly could not meet on the 22nd, for the *Jeux de Paume* was occupied by the princes for their tennis-play. On the 23rd the king came to the *Salle des Menus*; and one of the secretaries of state read a declaration to the effect that the distinction of the Three Orders should be main-

tained in its integrity; but that they might meet to deliberate together with the consent of the king. The resolutions of the *Tiers Etat*, on the 17th of June, were cancelled. Thirty-five articles were read, detailing the intentions of the king. Some pointed to useful reforms; others contemplated a strict adherence to established things, even to abuses. The king closed the sitting in a speech, wherein he rashly declared, that if the Three Orders could not agree to effect what he proposed—"I alone will accomplish the good of my people." The king leaves the hall, followed by most of the clergy, and all the nobles, having given his command that each order should meet in its distinct place on the following morning, but that they were now to separate. The Commons stir not. They look at each other in gloomy silence. De Brézé, the chief usher of the court, enters and says, "Gentlemen, you have heard the king's orders." Bailly said to the members around him, "I think that the assembled nation cannot receive any order." Then rose Mirabeau, the man of the most commanding power in that assembly, and thus addressed the awe-struck usher: "Yes, sir; we have heard what the king was advised to say; and you, who cannot be the organ of the king to the States-General—you, who have neither place nor right of speech here—you are not the person to remind us of what he has said. If you are commissioned to make us leave this place, you must ask for orders to use force; for we will only quit by the power of the bayonet."* Many speeches were made. The assembly affirmed that they persevered in their former resolutions; and upon the proposition of Mirabeau it was declared that the persons of the deputies were inviolable—that it should be a capital crime to arrest or detain any member, on whose part soever the same be commanded. On the 24th, the majority of the clergy joined the *Tiers Etat* for the verification of their powers in common. On the 25th between forty and fifty of the noblesse united in the same way. On the 27th the king, by letter, invited the whole body of the nobility, and the clergy, to do what he had protested against on the 23rd. On the 30th, the formal union is completed. The States-General have lost their ancient name. They are three orders no longer—they are the National Assembly.

The extraordinary change in the resistance of the Court to the union of the three orders was, in all probability, produced by the apprehension that the French guards could not be relied upon in any contest with the National Assembly, if the military power and an insurgent populace should be brought into conflict. There were

* *Historie Parlementaire.*"

regiments of foreign troops in the king's service, and these might be gradually concentrated in the neighbourhood of Paris, where bread-riots were becoming very fearful. On the 18th of July, Mirabeau stated in the National Assembly that there were twenty-five thousand troops between Paris and Versailles, and that twenty thousand more were expected. He moved an Address to the king that he would cause the troops to be removed. The king replied that the troops were there to maintain order, and secure the freedom of their deliberations. Necker, who had become powerless to advise or to control, begged for permission to resign. On the 11th of July he was dismissed; and was requested to depart secretly from Versailles. On the 12th it became known that the ministry of Necker, from which so much had been expected by the people, was at an end; that other men hostile to the popular cause were in the royal confidence. Marshal de Broglie, who was minister of war, with the command of the troops, was reported to have written to the prince de Condé, that with fifty thousand men he would disperse these wolves, the national deputies; and the fools who applauded them. Foulon was named intendant of marine—Foulon, who had said that if the people were hungry they might eat grass. The 12th of July was a Sunday. There were movements of troops from the suburbs of the city. Placards were issued in the name of the king inviting the inhabitants to keep their houses. The popular curiosity became more intense. At noon the Palais Royal was filled with eager crowds. A young man, who was hereafter to take a leading position, Camille Desmoulins, came out from the Café Foy with sword and pistol in hand, and mounting a table, cried "To arms." A multitude rush forth, with green cockades, or green boughs in their hats. They seize from an image-shop a bust of Necker, and a bust of the duke of Orleans, and, draping them in crape, bear them about in procession. Prince Lambesc, at the head of the Royal German regiment, encounters the procession, and disperses the people with musket and sabre. There are other fights between the Parisians and the foreign soldiery, the French guards taking part with the populace. The cry "To Arms" goes through all the city. The night falls upon a population maddened with rage or fear. In the morning, the cry is again "To Arms." Thousands of fierce men are in the streets, searching for guns and ammunition in every public place. A municipal authority is hastily formed at the Hôtel de Ville. Public criers proclaim that all men should resort to their districts to be enrolled. In a few hours the National Guard of Paris is constituted, each man wearing a red and blue cockade. But how to arm them? Smiths are making

pikes; gunpowder has been obtained; but muskets are wanting. The great day of the 14th dawns; and the tidings go forth that at the Hôtel des Invalides there are ample stores of guns. By nine o'clock on that morning the Hôtel has been ransacked; and twenty-eight thousand fire-locks are in the hands of these furious volunteers. "To the Bastile" is now the cry that gives a precise direction to the popular violence.

France had many Bastiles, where, without legal trial or sentence, men suspected of designs against the government, or who had given offence to a courtier or a royal mistress, might be shut up even to the end of their days, under the authority of a *lettre de cachet*, through whose mysterious agency they vanished out of society, and were as if dead. The great Bastile of Paris was a fortress built in the fourteenth century—a massive stone structure of nine towers, surrounded by a deep ditch. Other ditches, with draw-bridges, and strong barriers, were between the fortress and the street St. Antoine. The Bastile had become celebrated throughout Europe, by the remarkable narrative of the escape of two men, De Latude, and D'Alegre, in 1756. Their adventures made the construction of this horrible prison familiar to Englishmen. The labour they went through for eighteen months—in plaiting ropes out of the threads of their linen, to form a ladder for their descent of eighty feet from the platform to the ditch; and in removing the iron bars from the chimney by which they were to gain the platform—this labour was almost incredible. But the perseverance of these two fellow-prisoners indicated how strong was the desire of escape from a den where men went mad, under the sense of injustice and the pressure of despair. In England, the Bastile was the great symbol of the tyranny of the French government. Cowper described it in 1785 as "the house of bondage worse than that of old which God avenged on Pharaoh;" and he thus looks forward, almost with a prophetic eye, to the catastrophe of the 14th of July, 1789:

"Ye horrid towers, the abode of broken hearts,
Ye dungeons and ye cages of despair,
That monarchs have supplied from age to age
With music such as suits their sovereign ears,
The sighs and groans of miserable men!
There's not an English heart that would not leap
To hear that ye were fallen at last."*

The attack on the Bastile had been expected by the governor, De Launay. He had placed artillery on the tops of the towers. He had a hundred and fourteen men in the fortress, with arms and ammuni-

* "The Task," book v.

tion, but with scanty store of provisions. The Committee at the Hôtel de Ville sent a deputation to the governor, to beg him to remove from the towers the cannon which commanded the quartier St. Antoine. The cannon were drawn back from the embrasures. But St. Antoine was not so easily quieted. That quarter was the residence of a great artisan population. Paris had been growing during the century into a very considerable manufacturing town; and in the Faubourg St. Antoine, especially, the working people were collected together in large numbers, in consequence of an edict of Louis XVI., intended "to relieve them from the restrictions which are injurious to their interests as well as to their freedom of trade." They had privileges then granted which relieved them from the tyranny of the guilds.* But the agglomeration of a vast working population, at a time of public excitement and of private distress, was a serious danger; and thus in every stage of the French Revolution the Faubourg St. Antoine was a terrible power in the hands of those who worked upon the popular passions. About noon of the 14th of July, Thuriot de la Rosière, an advocate, has demanded to see the governor of the Bastile, to warn him of the cry which has gone forth in the more polite quarters of Paris, and to exhort him to surrender. De Launay and Thuriot went upon the battlements; and there they saw a vast multitude swarming towards the grim towers, along every street and every alley of the Faubourg. Thuriot shows himself from the battlements; descends; and addresses the crowd from a window in the governor's house, with some words intended to calm their fury. He receives only their curses; and an attack commences in downright earnest. This roaring multitude have resolute men amongst them. Four with axes make their way from the roof of a neighbouring house to the outer wall of the Bastile, jump down into the court, and begin hewing at the chains of the drawbridge. The drawbridge at length falls; and the crowd pours into the exterior court. Another drawbridge impedes their progress. They rush at it; and are received with a fire of musketry. Dead and wounded men are carried forth, and the sight rouses the gathering multitude to additional fury. Large numbers of the French guards come to assist in the attack. De Launay fires upon the Swiss and the Invalides who defend the fortress. There have been five hours of this contest without a reasonable expectation of the stronghold being taken. The garrison has only lost one man. Nearly two hundred of the assailants have been killed or wounded. But the Invalides wished

* Tocqueville, p. 139.

to surrender—the Swiss expressed their desire to resist. De Launay in his despair of being able finally to repel a mob of thousands, animated by one spirit, attempted to apply a match to the powder magazine, but he was stopped by one of his officers. Moved by that almost instinctive fear of a raging multitude which the bravest may feel, he was now inclined to capitulate, but not to surrender. He wrote a note to the besiegers, to the effect that he had twenty thousand pounds of powder within the magazine, and would blow up the Bastile, and thus destroy its neighbourhood, himself and his besiegers, if they did not accept a capitulation which would leave him and his garrison to go free. The note was given to Elle, an officer of the French guards; and he gave his assurance, in which his men joined, that if the drawbridge were lowered, the garrison should receive no harm. It was lowered. The furious crowd rushed in, passed the Invalides and the Swiss who were ranged in the inner court. The French guards could not wholly protect those to whom safety had been assured. It was determined to take De Launay to the Hôtel de Ville. As he moves along the yells of the multitude grow louder; the efforts to protect the unfortunate man are less and less availing. Hullin, one of the besiegers, even fights against the mob to defend his prisoner. Hullin is struck down and De Launay is murdered. Major De Losme, one of the officers of the Bastile, was surrounded. He had always shown kindness to the prisoners, and one of the crowd, who had been under his charge, now seized a musket to defend him. De Losme was killed. Two of the Invalides were hanged by the mob. Many of the besiegers have been exploring the dungeons of the Bastile, where they find only seven prisoners. Others linger around the hated place, shouting and singing in frantic joy. A vast number have marched off to the Hôtel de Ville, conducting their prisoners to receive judgment for the guilt of having been faithful to their duty. The officers of the French guard demand that the Invalides and the Swiss shall go free, as the reward of themselves and their men for their aid in this day's work. Another murder, that of Flesselles, a magistrate, was perpetrated that evening. Through the night Paris watched as if a foreign enemy were approaching to sack the city. The windows were lighted; patrols were in all the streets; orators were still haranguing the populace, amongst whom Marat was conspicuous. St. Antoine gave itself up to a frenzy of delight, and the pains of hunger were less keenly felt in the time of triumph and of revenge. The occurrences at Paris were imperfectly known at Versailles; but at midnight the duke de Liancourt entered the king's bed-cham-

ber, and told him how the Bastile had fallen. "It is a riot," (*émeute*) said the king. "No, Sire, it is a revolution," replied the duke. The danger which now threatened the throne, and all who surrounded the throne, was manifest. The power was passing away from the National Assembly into the hands of an armed populace.

On the morning of the 15th of July the king suddenly appeared in the midst of the National Assembly, to announce that he had given orders to the troops to withdraw from Paris and Versailles, and that he relied upon the Assembly to restore order and tranquillity. The deputies loudly applauded: as the king returned to the palace the people vociferously shouted. A deputation of the Assembly proceeded to Paris to proclaim at the Hôtel de Ville the glad words that Louis had that day spoken. The king, it was held, had authorized the establishment of the National Guard. A commander must be found. In the hall was a bust of La Fayette; and a deputy pointing to it, the friend of Washington was elected commander by acclamation. In the same way Bailly was constituted Mayor of Paris, in the place of Flesselles, the Provost of the Merchants, who had been shot the night before. The Parisians had now confidence in the king, and the king had confidence in the Parisians. He announced to the Assembly that he would visit his good city. He would dismiss his ministers; he would recall Necker. But some who surrounded the king had not his trust in the disposition of the people. On the morning of the 17th the king is on his way to Paris attended by a large number of the deputies. The count d'Artois (the king's brother), the prince de Condé, and others of royal blood marshal de Broglie, the Polignacs and several of the recent ministry, are on their way to the frontiers. The queen vainly attempted to prevent the king going amongst a dangerous populace. "The king was of a weak character, but he was not timid,"* and he kept to his determination. His reception was such as to fill him with hope for the future. Loyalty and patriotism joined in the universal cry—"Vive le Roi—Vive la Nation."

The obnoxious ministers have fled from Versailles. One, the most obnoxious, Foulon, is reported to have died; for a sumptuous funeral has proceeded from his house. On the morning of the 22nd of July some peasants of Vitry, near Fontainebleau, are leading into Paris an old man bound with ropes to the tail of a cart. On his back is fastened a bundle of grass, and a collar of nettles is round his neck. It is Foulon, who has been denounced as a

* Durmont—"Souvenirs sur Mirabeau," p. 81.

speculator in famine—one who said the poor should eat grass if they could not get bread. He is dragged to the Hôtel de Ville to be judged. La Fayette arrived. Anxious to save the trembling man of seventy-four from the popular fury, he proposed to consign him to the prison of the Abbaye, that he might be tried according to the laws. "What is the use of trying a man," cried a voice, "who has been judged these thirty years?" The crowd rushed upon their victim; dragged him out of the hall; and in a few minutes he was hanging to a lantern at the corner of the street. His head was cut off; a bundle of hay was stuffed into the mouth; and this trophy of mob vengeance was carried through the city. The same night Berthier, the son-in-law of Foulon,—Intendant of Paris, and hated as a tax-levier,—is brought in a carriage to the Hôtel de Ville, surrounded by National Guards, sent by the municipals to protect him. The protection avails him not. The superseders of law have him in their clutches. He fights against them with dogged resolution. But the lantern has its prey, and another ghastly head, and a bleeding heart, are carried in horrible procession. The municipal authorities of Paris have been trampled down by murderers. Bailly and La Fayette indignantly resigned their offices; but they were won back again, when the municipality was re-organized, under the name of La Commune.

The doings of Paris were not without successful imitations in the provinces. On the 20th of July, Arthur Young was at Strasbourg, where he first heard the news of the overthrow of the Bastile. He writes, "The spirit of revolt is gone forth into various parts of the kingdom. The price of bread has prepared the populace everywhere for all sorts of violence." He soon saw the course which the violence was taking in the rural districts. He was at Besançon on the 27th. There he heard of châteaux burnt or plundered, the seigneurs hunted down like wild beasts, their wives and daughters outraged; "and these abominations, not inflicted on marked persons, who were odious for their former conduct or principles."* In his inn at Dole there were "a gentleman, unfortunately a seigneur, his wife, family, three servants, an infant but a few months old, who escaped from their flaming chateau half naked in the night; all their property lost except the land itself; and this family valued and esteemed by the neighbours, with many virtues to command the love of the poor, and no oppressions to provoke their enmity."† The inquiries of Arthur Young led him to believe that the burnings and plunderings had not been committed by troops of *brigands*, but by the peasants only. The

* "Travels in France," p. 146.

† *Ibid.*, p. 149.

notion of brigands going through the country in troops eight hundred strong, and even to the number of sixteen hundred, was the prevalent belief in the towns. People came around Young to ask for news. "They were much surprised to find that I gave no credit to the existence of brigands, as I was well persuaded that all the outrages that had been committed were the work of the peasants only."*

The National Assembly, all things being tolerably quiet in Paris proceeds with its self-appointed work of sweeping away all ancient things, for the purpose of building up a wholly new system for the government of twenty-five millions of people. The Assembly had been long occupied in drawing up a Declaration of the Rights of Man. Some who were concerned in the preparation of this document, amongst whom was Dumont, considered it a puerile fiction. It declared that "men are born free and equal." It is not true, writes the fellow-worker of Mirabeau. Are men born free? They are born in a state of weakness and necessary dependence. Are they equal? By equality do we understand equality of fortune, of talent, of virtue, of industry, of condition? † The metaphysical difficulties of the National Assembly were quickly absorbed in one vast measure of sweeping change. At a nocturnal sitting of the 4th of August, after a Report of a Committee on the troubled state of the kingdom had been read, it was proposed by two noblemen that all taxes should be proportionably paid by all, according to their income, as well as all other public burthens; that all feudal rights should be made redeemable by a money value; that *corvées* and all personal services should be abolished. A Breton deputy, in the dress of a farmer, rose and exclaimed, "Let the title-deeds, the terrible instruments which for ages have tormented the people, be brought here, and burnt—those parchments by which men are required to be yoked to a wagon like beasts—which compel men to pass the night in beating the ponds, to prevent the frogs from disturbing the sleep of their luxurious lords. Declare the compulsory redemption of these services, and thus stop the burning of the châteaux." Dumont saw the extraordinary scene of the 4th of August, when a work "which would have demanded a year of care and deliberation, was proposed, voted, resolved, by general acclamation. I know not how many laws were decreed: the abolition of feudal rights, the abolition of tithes, and the abolition of the privileges of provinces—three articles which in themselves embrace a whole system of jurisprudence and of policy, were decided, with ten or a dozen others, in less time than a parliament of England would have taken for the first

* "Travels in France," p. 155.

† "Souvenirs sur Mirabeau," p. 98.

reading of a Bill of some importance."* Mirabeau was not present at that sitting. The next day he said to Dumont: "Behold our French; they take an entire month to dispute about syllables, and in one night they overturn all the ancient order of the monarchy."

On the 12th of August, Arthur Young, being at Clermont, hears of the famous decrees of the 4th. "The great news just arrived from Paris, of the utter abolition of tithes, feudal rights, game, warrens, pigeons, † &c., has been received with the greatest joy by the mass of the people." Sensible men, however, complained of the injustice of declaring what will be done, without regulations of what was to be done at the moment of declaring. About a fortnight later he was "pestered with all the mob of the country shooting." The declaration of the National Assembly, "without any statute or provision to secure the right of the game to the possessor of the soil, according to the tenour of the vote, has, as I am everywhere informed, filled all the fields of France with sportsmen, to an utter nuisance. The same effects have flowed from declarations of right relative to titles, taxes, feudal rights, &c. In the declarations, conditions and compensations are talked of; but an unruly, ungovernable multitude seize the benefit of the abolition, and laugh at the obligations or recompense." The barriers that stood between a people long misgoverned and oppressed, and all the ancient restraints of their servitude, being suddenly broken down, their excesses could scarcely be matter of wonder. There is very little exaggeration in what Mr. Eden wrote to Mr. Pitt from Paris, on the 27th of August, 1789: "It would lead me too far to enter into the strange and unhappy particulars of the present situation of this country. The anarchy is most complete: the people have renounced every idea and principle of subordination; the magistracy (so far as there remain any traces of magistracy) is panic-struck; the army is utterly undone; and the soldiers are so freed from military discipline, that on every discontent, and in the face of day, they take their arms and knapsacks, and leave their regiments; the church, which formerly had so much influence, is now in general treated by the people with derision; the revenue is greatly and rapidly decreasing amidst the disorders of the time; even the industry of the labouring class is interrupted and suspended. In short, the prospect, in every point of view, is most alarming; and it is sufficient to walk into the streets, and to

* "Souvenirs sur Mirabeau," p. 100.

† One of the exclusive privileges of the seigneurs was to have dove-houses for flocks of birds to feed upon the grain of the lands of which these lords neither owned nor captivated any part.

look at the faces of those who pass, to see that there is a general impression of calamity and terror."*

The scarcity consequent upon a bad harvest was growing more fearful, especially in Paris. The furious multitude, filled with vague suspicions by incendiary journalists and orators, ascribed the enormous price of bread to other than natural causes. "The people," says Dumont, "attributed the scarcity to the aristocracy. The aristocrats had caused the corn to be cut down whilst in the blade: the aristocrats had paid the bakers not to make bread; the aristocrats had thrown the grain into the rivers. There was no lie, no absurdity, that did not appear probable."† A foolish display of loyalty at Versailles turned the follies of the people into a new channel of rage against the Court. A regiment of Flanders had come to Versailles; and the officers of the king's body-guard gave an entertainment on the 1st of October to the officers of this regiment. The king and queen entered during the banquet. The orchestra played "*O Richard, O mon Roi*," and shouts of "*Vive le Roi*" awoke the sentiment of loyalty even amongst officers of the National Guard who had been invited. Some of them turned their national cockade, showing only the white beneath. Even black cockades were to be seen. There was an evident re-action against the popular cause. The Parisians heard of these demonstrations; and an insurrectionary feeling was fast spreading amongst the half-starved populace, who had broken open baker's shops, and attempted to hang a baker, who was saved by the National Guard. At daybreak on the morning of the 5th of October, a woman went into a guard-room, and took a drum, which she beat as she marched along. Crowds of market-women came forth, for this day, being Monday, was an idle day for them. They began to cry "Bread." There was no bread in the bakers' shops, and they would go to Versailles, to fetch the baker and his wife. The crowd of women increased to hundreds; and they soon filled the Hôtel de Ville. In four or five hours they were joined by a body of men, who obtained muskets and two pieces of cannon from the municipal stores. The excesses of the women, who wanted to burn the building, were stopped by Maillard, an usher of the court, who told them that he was one of the conquerors of the Bastille. By the consent of a superior officer he proposed to lead the women away on the road to Versailles, where they wanted to go, that the authorities might have time to collect their forces, and stop the tumult. On the troop of Amazons went, with this tall man in black as their

* Tomlin's "Life of Pitt," vol. ii. p. 74.

† "Souvenirs sur Mirabeau," p. 122.

general. As the day advanced the affair became more serious. La Fayette and the Committees of Districts were at the Hôtel de Ville. The National Guard, the French Guards (now called Grenadiers), the rough men from the Faubourg St. Antoine—all gathered round La Fayette, demanding to go to Versailles. The Commune deliberated till four o'clock, and then ordered La Fayette to march. Meanwhile, Maillard, with his female host, had reached Versailles about three o'clock. The women demanded to enter the National Assembly. Fifteen were admitted, with a soldier, who had belonged to the French Guards. The soldier said Paris was starving; they came for bread, and for the punishment of the king's body-guard, who had insulted the national cockade. Mounier, the president, could only get rid of the troublesome visitors, upon the condition that he should accompany the deputation to see the king. They were admitted to the presence of Louis, who spoke to them affectionately; and they quitted the kind-hearted king crying "*Vive le Roi*." The women outside, growing more violent, said that they had been betrayed by their deputation; but they were pacified for a time, by a written paper, signed by the king, declaring that every care should be taken for the provisioning of Paris. A conflict then appeared imminent between the men of St. Antoine and the king's body-guard. The cannon which had been brought from Paris was pointed against the guard; but the powder was wet, and the men sulkily said, "It is not time yet." In this night of peril, Mounier pressed upon the king the acceptance of the articles of the constitution, which assent he had not previously given. The king yielded. When Mounier returned to the hall of the Assembly, it was filled with women, who interrupted the proceedings. There was a discussion upon the criminal laws. A fish-woman called out—"Stop that babbler; that is not the question; the question is about bread." At midnight, La Fayette, with fifteen thousand of the National Guard, arrived. He had made the men under his command swear fidelity to the law and the king. He entered the Salle des Menus; told the president that the men had promised to obey the king and the National Assembly; and then, attended by only two commissioners, went to the king, and having explained to him the state of affairs, received orders to assign to the National Guards the external posts of the palace; the body guard and the Swiss remaining in the interior. At three in the morning the Assembly separated, and La Fayette went to rest. About six in the morning a mob of the Parisians, mingled with some of Versailles, got over the iron railing of the palace, and forced their way into the interior. The subsequent occurrences

of that terrible 6th of October are differently stated by various authorities. There is one description by the side of which all other descriptions look pale; and yet the facts which "History will record" are more definite than the general truth as coloured by the glowing imagination of Burke.* The mob of assassins and plunderers, when they had penetrated into the interior of the palace, directed their furious steps towards the queen's apartments. They were probably guided by some spy about the royal family. Madame Campan looked out of the ante-chamber, and saw a faithful guard, covered with wounds, who kept the passage from the hall against many men, and cried out "Save the queen; they come to assassinate her." She bolted the door; the queen jumped from her bed, and made her way to the king's apartments. The assassins did not reach the queen's chamber, says Madame Campan. The body-guard had taken refuge there, and there also the king had arrived. To the famous apartment called the *Ceil-de-Bœuf* the guards had been sent by the king; and in his own apartment, to which he had returned, he was joined by the queen and her children. The mob were thundering at the door of the *Ceil-de-Bœuf* when a detachment of the French Guards arrived, under the command of serjeant Hoche, a man famous in after days. They came to save their brother soldiers; and they soon cleared the palace of those who thirsted after blood. Two of the guards had been killed on the staircase; and a ruffian cut off their heads, which were carried about on pikes. La Fayette arrived. The mob outside cried that the king must go to Paris. Louis showed himself on a balcony; and so did the queen with her children. La Fayette took the queen's hand, and raised it respectfully to his lips, and then the mob shouted "*Vive la Reine*." It was agreed that the king and the royal family should go to Paris; and the Assembly voting that they were inseparable from the king, a hundred deputies were selected to accompany him. At one o'clock, a most unregal procession was in motion—National Guards mingled with shouting and singing men of St. Antoine; cannon, with pikemen astride them; waggon-loads of corn, lent from the stores of Versailles; hackney-coaches; the royal carriage; carriages with deputies; La Fayette on horseback; and, swarming round the king and his family, vociferous women, crying "We shall no more want bread; we are coming with the baker, the bakeress, and the baker's boy." As the darkness deepens, the multitudinous array reaches the barrier. Mayor Bailly harangues the king; and then, at the *Hôtel de Ville*, there are more harangues. The king says he comes with pleas-

* See "Reflections on the Revolution in France."

ure and with confidence among his people. The mayor attempts to repeat the speech, but omits the word "confidence." "Say with confidence," interposes the queen. Before wearied royalty can sleep, with hasty accommodation in the palace of the Tuileries, long since disused, the king has to be shown to the people from a balcony by torchlight, wearing the tricolor cockade. In a few days the Tuileries looks something like a palace. There was an interval of tranquillity. The harassed king, the slave of circumstances, soon manifested an outward show of that confidence which he had professed to feel. An Englishman in Paris writes, on the 18th of October, "this morning I saw his majesty walking in the Champs Elysées, without guards. He seemed easy and cheerful."*

* Trail to Romilly, in "Romilly's Memoirs."