

mediately put on his head, and being escorted by a very numerous detachment of national guards, he walked through the first court of the Temple, and found the carriage provided for him in the second. Two men belonging to the gendarmes stood at the door, one of them got into the carriage followed by the king and M. Edgeworth. The other gendarme placed himself by his comrade. A profound silence reigned among the people all the way from the Temple to the Place de Louis XV. The whole streets were lined with national guards under arms. Nothing was heard but the sound of drums. His majesty continued reading with the utmost devotion, till the carriage stopped near the scaffold. The executioners having opened the door, the king said to the two gendarmes, "Gentlemen, I recommend M. Edgeworth to your protection." As they made no immediate answer, he added with greater earnestness, "I conjure you to take care that no harm befall him after my death." Well well, give yourself no further trouble, we shall take care of him, "answered one of them, in a harsh and ironical tone of voice.

The king having thrown off his coat, was going to ascend the scaffold, when they seized his hands on purpose to tie them behind his back. As he was not prepared for this last insult, his first movement was to repel it with indignation; but M. Edgeworth sensible that all resistance would be useless, and would expose the king to outrage still more violent, persuaded him into compliance by saying: "Sire, this new humiliation is another circumstance in which your majesty's sufferings resemble those of that Saviour, who will soon be your recompense."

As he was mounting the scaffold, sup-

ported by the abbe Edgeworth, this servant of God addressed the king in this sublime expression: "*Offspring of St. Louis ascend to Heaven!*"

As soon as he came upon the scaffold advancing with a firm step to the part which faced the palace, he desired the drums to cease, and was immediately obeyed, in spite of the orders that had been received. He then pronounced with a voice loud enough to be heard at the gardens of the Thuilleries:—

"I die innocent of all the crimes which have been imputed on me. I forgive my enemies. I implore God from the bottom of my heart to pardon them, and not to take vengeance on the French nation for the blood about to be shed.—"

He was continuing when Santerre pushed furiously towards the drummers and forced them to beat without interruption. The executioners at the same time laid hold on their victim—his head was placed on the block—the fatal instrument of death descended—and the horrid deed was completed!

As soon as the king's head was severed from his body, a young man appointed to that service, seized it by the hair, and holding it up to the people exclaimed, repeatedly, *Vive la nation!* to which some of the populace replied, *Vive la republique!* but the majority appeared to be struck dumb with horror, while the affection of many led them to bathe their handkerchiefs in his blood, and his hair was sold in small parcels, probably to those whose piety, and tenderness would esteem it an inestimable relic.

BEHEADING OF DR. FISHER.

There was one prelate in England, or perhaps in Christendom, to be compared for zeal, learning, and piety, to