

A grand-son of France, settle a quarrel by means of arms ! cried the Queen.

—Monseigneur the Count d'Artois on the ground like a simple gentleman ! added Amelot crossing himself, that is impossible.

—Does not honor command a grand-son of France to act in this circumstance like a gentleman ?

—But, said the King, my brother's illustrious rank.....

—Sire, I took the liberty to answer, the rank of the Count d'Artois will not prevent him from being dishonoured if he refuses to give satisfaction to those whom he has offended.

—Reflect on what you say, Sir, said the Queen with emotion.

—It is because I reflect, Madam, that I hold to preserving the blood of the Bourbons without a stain : it is in this case that etiquette should be set aside ; as the desire of conforming to it might be taken for cowardice.

—My brother shall not fight, however, said Louis XVI.

—So much the worse, Sire, for I am persuaded that he will regret when it is too late that he did not follow the only route pointed out by honor, the public opinion, and a certain power difficult to resist.

—I expected better things from your prudence, said the Queen with a reproachful air.

—I cannot take this for a compliment, Madam, I answered, for in no case should we covenant with a man's renown, be his rank what it may.

—The Count d'Artois is in a particular situation, said the King, I charge myself with the reparation of his imprudence.—Monsieur Amelot, continued he, addressing the Minister, you will instantly write a letter *de cachet* to the Chevalier de Crussol, by virtue of which, you must forbid his losing sight of my brother, and make him responsible for whatever may happen.

Seeing that my presence was unnecessary, and fully resolved to have an explanation with the Count d'Artois, I left them