

to the devout, sublime, and heroic sentiments expressed by the king in this interesting conference, particularly when he spoke of his own situation, and that of his family, but above all when he dwelt on the misfortunes of his country.

After this he rose, saying, "I must now go and see my family for the last time. This will be the severest trial of all. When that is over I will fix my mind solely on what concerns my salvation."

Leaving the abbe in his closet, the unhappy monarch went to the room where his family were already assembled, and which was separated only by a door from that in which were two commissaries constantly on duty; this door was of glass, so that these men could see all that passed. In such horrible circumstances, and in this dismal room, did the king of France meet his deploring family, now rendered more dear to him than ever by his own approaching fate, and their unexampled misfortunes. Here passed a scene of woe far beyond the power of description to which the mind of sensibility alone can do justice. In such a moment the monarch must forget his crown, and the regrets of ambition must be unfelt amidst the anguish which overwhelms the broken heart. The anguish was not confined to the bosom of the king, the queen, and his sisters. The princess, his daughter, had attained that age when the heart is perhaps, the most susceptible of strong impressions, and its sensibility the most exquisite. Even the young prince who was only in his ninth year, partook deeply in the general sorrow, and while his eyes were bathed in tears, he cried sobbing to *Santerre*, "Ah laissez moi courir les rues ! j'irai aux districts—j'irai a toutes les

sections, demander grace pour mon papa." "O let me run through the streets, I will go to the districts, I will go to all the sections, and beg a pardon for my papa." At the close of this agonizing interview, which lasted more than an hour, the king returned to his own room in a state of emotion that cannot be expressed. "Why," said he addressing the abbe, after he had recovered himself, "Why do I love with so much tenderness, and wherefore am I so tenderly beloved? But the painful sacrifice is over, let me now turn my thoughts to the care of my salvation alone."

Having thus expressed himself he remained for some minutes in silent meditation, interrupted by sighs, accompanied with tears, and then began to converse on the great truths of religion; and astonished his confessor as much by the extensive knowledge he displayed on that subject, as he had before edified him by his piety.

About ten o'clock the king took a slight supper, which being over, the abbe asked him whether he would not like to hear mass, and to receive the communion. The king replied that he most ardently desired it; but he shewed at the same time, that he had little hopes of that favour being granted him. "I must have permission, said he, from this council in the Temple, who have hitherto granted me nothing but what it was impossible to withhold." *M. Edgeworth* went directly, and signified the king's request to the council sitting in the Temple. He met with many difficulties. "There are examples in history," said a member of their court, "of priests who have mixed poison with the host." "I have been sufficiently searched," said the abbe, "to satisfy you that I have no poison about me, but to render yourselves