

*On which the Period of his Fate, and the Day of Execution, took Place and was as follows :*

At six o'clock in the morning he took his last farewell of the Queen and Royal Family, and was with them some time; the parting was affecting to the last degree; the distress of the Queen passed all description.

He left the Temple agreeable to the instructions from the Provincial Council, at eight o'clock, at which time the mournful procession set out from the Temple.

The Royal Victim sat in the Mayor's carriage, with his Confessor by his side, praying very fervently, and two Captains of National Light Horse on the front seat. The carriage was drawn by two black horses, preceded by the Mayor, General Santerre, and other Municipal Officers. One Squadron of horse, with trumpeters and kettle-drums, led the van of this melancholy convoy; three heavy pieces of ordnance, with proper implements; and cannoners with lighted matches, went before the vehicle, which was escorted on both sides by a treble row of troopers.

The train moved on with a slow pace from the Temple to the Boulevards, which was planted with cannon, and beset with National Guards, drums beating, trumpets sounding, and colours flying. The *Guillotine* was erected in the middle of the square, directly facing the gate of the garden of the Thuilleries, between the Pedestal on which the Grandfather of Louis was standing before the 10th of August, and the avenues which led to the Groves called the Elysian Fields. The trotting and neighing of horses, the shrill sound of the trumpet, and the continual beating of drums, pierced the ears of every beholder, and heightened the terrors of the awful scene.

The scaffold was high and conspicuous, and the houses surrounding the place of execution were full of women, who looked through the windows; the very slates which covered the roofs, were raised for the curious and interested to peep through.

The King alighted from the carriage, at ten minutes past ten. His hair was dressed in curls, his beard shaved; he wore a clean shirt and stock, a white waistcoat, black florentine silk breeches, black silk stockings, and his shoes were tied with black silk strings. At the foot of the scaffold he threw off his coat himself, and finding some difficulty in unbuckling his stock, he calmly thanked a by-stander, who assisted him.—His hair was then cut off, when he took leave of his Confessor, who shed a thousand tears on this mournful occasion.—He then ascended the steps of the scaffold with heroic assurance, and every feature of his majestic countenance bespoke the calm serenity of conscious innocence, and the heroic fortitude of a Christian. Having walked half round the horrid preparations, he then beckoned with his hand to be heard; the noise of the warlike instruments ceased for a moment; but soon after a thousand voices vociferated, with detestable ferocity, "*No speeches! No harangues!*" The unfortunate Monarch wrung his hands, lifted them up towards heaven, and with agony in his eyes and gesture, exclaimed, distinctly enough to be heard by those persons who were next to the scaffold, "*To thee, O God, do I commend my soul! I forgive my enemies! I die innocent!*"

He was then seized by the Executioners, dressed in black, and they immediately tied a plank of about eighteen inches broad, and an inch thick,