The September Massacres

George Lenôtre

(Thomas Carr, translation)
Gosselin, Louis Léon Théodore [Georges Lenôtre]

*The September massacres; accounts of personal experiences written by some of the few survivors of the terrible days of September 2nd and 3rd, 1792, together with a series of hitherto unpublished police reports.*

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*Translated by Thomas Carr,*
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*Cover image:*
*Massacres des 2, 3, 4, 5 et 6 Septembre 1792*
Pierre-Gabriel Berthault
PART I: LA FORCE

On the Rue Saint-Antoine, on the left for those going towards the Bastille, situated precisely across from the house that today bears the number 113, in 1792 opened the Rue des Ballets.

It was thirty paces long and ten wide and paved with old cobblestones, slightly inclined towards the gutter that ran down the middle of the road and then emptied into a sewer grate. Embedded into the stone pavement of the Rue Saint-Antoine were three houses to the right and a single house to the left—no more. They were dirty, dilapidated hovels, three centuries old. The background to the decor formed by these two alignments was the black facade of the Prison de la Force, which ran alongside the Rue du Roi-de-Sicile—at the time of the Revolution, it was called the des Droits de l’Homme. It ran into the Rue des Ballets there and formed a dead end. At the projecting angle formed by the intersection of these two streets was a large boundary stone. The prison, seen from this side, was a low building. There was only the ground floor covered by a sloping roof that reached almost as high as the building. The door was directly in line with the Rue des Ballets. Topped by a transom and protected by thick bars, it led to a narrow guard’s booth, two meters deep and three meters wide. To the left opened the guardroom. Directly across from the door one passed through the first corridor, and then, continuing straight ahead, through the second. These two corridors formed two rooms of nearly equal dimensions—five paces by four.

When one reached the second office, still turning one’s back to the Rue des Ballets, one found a door leading to a courtyard. To the right, there was first a door and then a windowed partition. The door and the partition separated the second corridor from the clerk’s office. The room was three by six meters, and was lighted by a single window overlooking the courtyard. The window was placed in a corner of the room, at a right angle with the exit of the second corridor. The courtyard was relatively small, surrounded by low buildings similar to those we have just seen. It was called La Cour du Greffe, or Première cour d’entrée. Further on, inside the prison, are other, larger courtyards—the Cour de la Dette, the Vit au Lait, the Cour des Femmes, and still others. The name of the concierge was Bault. As concierge of the prison, he was a powerful man. In those times, the concierge was the director, the absolute master of his jail.

Bault lived in the building running alongside the Rue des Droits de l’Homme. His kitchen was on the ground floor, facing the street. He had an apartment under the sloping ceiling, with an

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1 The Street of the Rights of Man
2 “They were leading me to the Grande Force. I finally arrived at that horrible prison. The entryway was extremely low and as it was dark and I was worried, I couldn’t judge the height of the door and I bumped my head hard. The strength of the blow was such that it shook my entire being. I could not keep myself from crying, “Oh, I’m fainting. Catch me!” From Unpublished Memoirs of the Internuncio at Paris During the Revolution, 1790 – 1801, by Monsignor de Salamon.
3 Memorial of Norvins, volume II, p. 186.
5 First Entrance to the Courtyard
6 Debtor’s Courtyard
7 Courtyard of Those Who Live from Milk or the Wet-Nurses’ Courtyard.
8 Women’s Courtyard
entrance which was private, official and open only to the prison’s suppliers. He had another, more secret entryway which he used from time to time.\footnote{Memorial of Norvins, volume II, p. 205. “Il Ducatel (Bault’s successor) told me to follow him to the end of a short hallway leading to his apartment and our own. (Norvins lived in La Force with one of his friends, in a room overlooking the rue des Ballets). He opened the door of the room and led me to another which led to a hidden stairway, ending in a thick armored door, which he also opened, and which led to the small street called the rue des Droits de l’Homme.}

Bault was not a cruel man. His wife dressed in the style of the sans-culottes, and when a prisoner was brought in, she was there to speak her mind. Weber, foster brother of and first valet to the Queen, recounts that when he arrived in La Force on August 19, 1792, he overheard Madame Bault questioning the commissioners. When she learned that her new pensioner had been arrested for taking part ten days earlier in the defense of the royal family and of the castle, she exclaimed, “That’s wonderful! Ça ira, ça ira!” Nevertheless, she was not cruel. In September 1793, Bault and his wife left La Force to replace their colleagues the Richards at la Conciergerie. They ending up being Marie-Antoinette’s jailers, and it is said that they proved to be humane and charitable towards their prisoner. The Baults had a daughter living with them in La Force in 1792.

In the Rue Pavée, which intersected the Rue du Roi-de-Sicile, there was a special entryway into a prison adjoining the first one. It was called La Petite Force. The facade of this gateway, which had not yet been completed in 1792, was that of a theater entrance, in the architectural style of Desmaisons: thick vermiculated pilasters and a bold vault, covering a circular peristyle in which buggies could turn around under cover. The ground floor, with its gloomy appearance, led up to three floors filled with square, barred windows.

The prison extended from behind this narrow facade all the way to the private houses running along the Rue Culture Sainte-Catherine (today called Rue de Sévigné). It was possible to reach one prison or the other, either by the covered way at the foot of the houses, or by a labyrinth of paths cutting through the buildings. La Petite Force was a women’s prison. It had its own concierge, Madame de Hanère, who lived there with her daughter. Both were courageous people, sympathetic and kind. Still, it seems that prisoners of either sex were registered first by the clerk in the larger prison, where Bault worked. Madame de Tourzel writes in her memoirs that she and her companions entered La Force by the Rue des Ballets and not by the Rue Pavée, and so, whether she knew it or not, she was kept prisoner in La Petite Force, because she was a pensioner of “Madame de Hanère.”\footnote{Memoirs of the Duchess of Tourzel, volume II, p. 252.}

The intention in the following pages is not to group together the events that led to the September Massacres. Rather, it is to indicate several facts in order to clarify the narratives that our witnesses have left for us.

Since the 10\textsuperscript{th} of August, numerous suspects were being arrested and led to the prison on the Rue du Roi-de-Sicile and to the one on the Rue Pavée. They were arrested either for their attachment to the Royal Family, or simply for being suspected of regretting the fall of the Royal Régime, which had already been virtually abolished. The tales we are going to read will be sufficiently instructive about the way in which these incarcerations were handled. It is important to note here that the prisons were filling up with aristocrats, and that everyone in Paris was aware of the fact. The government and the Revolutionary Commune governing in the Hôtel de Ville were hesitant about the means to be used to get rid of these cumbersome pensioners—by deportation, or by other means?
Speakers at public meetings and corner bawlers were stirring up the public’s wrath against the prisoners. The highly important revolutionary biography undertaken by Mr. Tourneux mentions a pamphlet, which, though undated, must certainly have been sold in Paris on the day of September the 1st. Its title was: “High Treason of Louis Capet. Aristocrats and Non-Juring Priests Discovered Plotting to Assassinate All Good Citizens of the Capital during the Nights of the 2nd and 3rd of This Month, with the Help of the Criminals and the Blackguards Detained in the Prisons of Paris, signed by Charles Boussemart, the smooth-faced patriot.” This was the kind of statement that the Commune was tolerating—or rather, encouraging—in the city.

The question of whether the government or the Commune ordered the massacres and thus tacitly assumed responsibility for them has long been debated. Despite a wealth of thorough research and passionate deductions, a written order unleashing the killings has never been found. Still, we can be sure that the government suffered through the catastrophe with no great regrets. What’s more, the Commune, by its criminal lack of measures to prevent the happenings, in fact did everything possible to provoke the explosion. The 2nd of September, whereas the killings had already begun in Paris, the Commune wrote, in the name of the people, to the members of the section of the Quatre-Nations:

Comrades, I hereby order you to indiscriminately judge all the prisoners of the Abbey, with the exception of Abbé Lenfant, who should be taken to a safe place. Written at the Hôtel de Ville, September 2nd, by Panis, Sergeant, administrator and Méhée, assistant secretary.

This hypocritical order was tantamount to permission to kill. On the same day, the members of the Commune, as if they feared that their desire might be misunderstood, upped the ante with the following ruling:

The general council of the Commune orders that all debtors, monthly wet-nurses, or soldiers in jail for disciplinary measures imprisoned in La Force be freed immediately. Nonetheless, great care must be taken to carefully examine their mittimus, in order to insure that no counter-revolutionary escapes the law of September 2, 1792. Signed by Nicoult, Columbeau, and Méhée, assistant secretary.

Historians have described the treacherous art with which the population was worked up “to the level of the circumstance.” On the 27th of August solemnly took place the burials of the patriots murdered by the aristocrats during the attack on the Tuileries. The bodies of the victims were shown throughout the city, placed in sarcophagi drawn by oxen. The widows and the orphans followed, dressed in white robes drawn in by black belts. Next the rumor was spread that the Prussians were coming, and that Paris was to be bombed. It was said that all able-bodied men would have to go off to fight the enemy.

What was to become, in their absence, of the women and the old people left to the mercy of the counter-revolutionaries who crowded the prisons, and who had sworn to exterminate the patriots? On the 30th of August, the city was glum in certain neighborhoods and restless in others. All day long, patrols circulated in the city leading the ci-devants from the city halls to the various prisons of the city. On the 2nd of September, at noon, a warning blast fired by the cannon on the Pont-Neuf was heard. A large black flag was raised over the Hôtel de Ville. The goal of this dangerous put-on was to “make heroes of men.” Instead, it made murderers.

Actually, it made only a few murderers. It would be unfair to accuse the entire population of Paris of the September Massacres. Five hundred cutthroats were enough to do the job. Among

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11 Abbot Lenfant was nevertheless massacred with the other prisoners.
12 Gazette Française, Germinal 20, year IV.
13 Name for the aristocrats who lost their titles during the French Revolution.
them, several were, appropriately, butchers. A disquieting observation is that the others were shop-holders with quiet jobs. There were fruit vendors, tailors, hatters, cloggers, watchmakers, goldsmiths, hairdressers, haberdashers, and so on. These were the people who held a reign of terror over Paris for an entire week. As for the general population, they contented themselves with watching, being curious, and sometimes applauding. They demonstrated their great love of a show, no matter what kind. Finally, there was a kind of naive, servile sense of justice that forced them to boo the guilty and embrace those who had been declared innocent. The general population was there as well, good people who fearlessly slipped among the ranks of the murderers to rescue a few of their victims, though they had to rub shoulders with criminals to do so. The following testimonies will bring loathsome figures to light. But so many others will appear, charitable and silently heroic. Suddenly from somewhere in the crowd a stranger appears among the brutes lusting to kill. He gets around a cutting question, whispers a lucky answer, begins a speech and stops the beatings.

There were five hundred murderers. How many more were there who risked their lives, sometimes unsuccessfully, in order to save the unfortunate victims whose names they didn’t know and from whom they would not accept the slightest reward.

These are the heroic walk-ons that we must follow throughout the tragedy. They will help us withstand a number of horrible scenes that we might not have been able to relate if these fine people had not intervened.
Weber’s Testimony
Marie-Antoinette’s Frère de Lait

The first of these portraits is given by Weber, one of the Queen’s valets.

Weber was born in Vienna, in early August 1755. His father, who was counselor for the local magistrate and head of the supplies office, had wed Constance Hoffmann, whose beauty was renowned and who was chosen in the month of November 1755 to be wet-nurse to the newborn Archduchess Marie-Antoinette. The two children were raised together, and Weber followed his foster-sister to France when she wed the Dauphin.

On August 10, 1792, Weber took part in the defense of the Chateau des Tuileries. He managed to escape, and made his way to the Cour des Feuillants, on the Rue Saint-Honoré, from where he decided to return to his home, on the Rue Sainte-Anne. As he was nearing his home, two strangers crossed his path and, without slowing or looking at him, whispered, “They’re after you.”

Weber entered the Hôtel de Choiseul, removed his National Guard uniform, and then left the hotel to spend the night at the home of Monsieur Arcambal, Secretary at the War Department. The next day, he requested exile from the Ambassador of England. However, Lady Gower informed him that the Embassy was not safe. She said that she, as was the case with all ambassadors, had, “residing in her home, two or three filthy Jacobins whom she could not get rid of.” She sent the fugitive to a German, Mr. Dhill, who resided on the Rue du Temple and who was known for his loyalty to the King.

On his way to the Rue du Temple, Weber passed in front of the home of one of his friends, Mr. de Mory, son of the treasurer for the East India Company. He went in and learned that the royal family was to be detained at the Temple. Upon reflection, he decided that Dhill’s home in which he had planned to seek refuge, was too close to the famous tower, and so would be carefully watched. Noticing his worry, Mr. de Mory offered him shelter in his home. This is the beginning of the part of Weber’s testimony dealing with the events of September. His text will be quoted in full.

I spent five days in absolute safety in the home of my newfound host. I knew well of Mr. de Mory’s honesty and integrity, and so I had not the slightest doubt about his intentions towards me. What’s more, my servant was the only person who knew my whereabouts. I had not hesitated in confiding this important secret to him. Judging from the lengthy experience I had had of his loyalty and his attachment to me, I knew he would never be capable of betraying me, that is, if the demagogues hadn’t resorted to the most terrifying means in order to force him to reveal my place of residence.

I had ordered him to inquire daily of certain individuals in the service of the Queen, upon my behalf, about what was happening in the city, at the Assembly, and especially at the Temple. He was to inform me every evening of his findings. However, having noticed on the first day that he was being watched, and that spies were following him everywhere, he decide to use guile in order to come to me without giving himself away. And so he used the most suitable means to trick his malevolent followers. As he left my apartment, where he was still the caretaker, he traveled first to a distant neighborhood. There he took a carriage and came back part of the way towards me, and finally walked the rest of the way. From the first day on, I had instructed him to

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14 Literally, “milk-brother,” or foster-brother. Weber had the same wet-nurse as Marie-Antoinette.
tell anyone who inquire about me that I had left for a faraway country without informing him of my exact destination.

This behavior was required by caution in a time in which I knew that all those from my battalion who had escaped on August 10th had either been arrested or were being hunted down. It worked until the 18th, at which time the Jacobins, furious at not having discovered my hideout, decided to capture my servant.

After having tried all means of seduction, in vain, the Jacobins resorted to force. Suffering from physical abuse and threatened with the guillotine if he refused to divulge my whereabouts, my servant was finally forced to betray me.

Immediately, six men armed with pikes were sent by my section to take me into custody. However, the men were so frightened by the idea of arresting a grenadier from my battalion that they asked for reinforcements. For this reason, they arrived with six of their comrades from the section in which I had taken refuge.

Thus, twelve of them arrived at the home of my respectable host, Mr. de Mory, just as we were sitting down to eat, at a time when we hardly expected such a visit. They grabbed me, and without allowing me even to take my leave of Mr. de Mory, who was deeply upset by the events, led me to the office of the section of the Croix-Rouge. Once there they added the arrest report to the day’s agenda, and reported the help that that section had given in arresting me, in order to insure its help in similar circumstances.

When the formalities were finished, I was put into a coach. The reinforcements took their leave, and the six men from my section escorted me to my guardroom on the Rue Favart, where I was held for a time. I was then taken to the convent of the Filles-Saint-Thomas on the Rue Vivienne to undergo my first interrogation.

As I was passing by the shop of the linen merchant on the Rue de Richelieu, I remembered that I had a roll of forty double louis coins in my possession. I was sure that I would be robbed in prison, and so I asked my escorts for permission to briefly enter the shop. They granted the permission on the condition that I be quick about it.

I quickly explained my situation to the shopkeeper, whispering that I had just been arrested, that I was being taken to prison, and that once there I would be robbed. I begged her to keep the forty double louis coins for me, and to give me just one hundred pounds in assignats15 for my daily expenses.

Without waiting for her answer, I threw the roll of louis on the counter, being careful to cover it with a cloth lest it be seen by her brother-in-law or the two young employees working at her side. The linen merchant replied that she couldn’t possibly give me the assignats. Her husband had left for the countryside, and had inadvertently taken with him the key to the cupboard in which they kept their money. I was nevertheless happy to have saved my roll of gold louis coins. With fifteen double louis left in my purse, I went back to my escort.

We arrived at my section, where I was interrogated by the president16 in the most detailed manner. There were several Jacobins present whom I knew to be as stubborn as they were mad. They whispered incessantly to the president. Judging from their angry gestures and the glaring looks they gave me, they were saying nothing good about me.

While I was busy answering all their questions, the linen merchant’s brother-in-law came into the room. He asked for the floor, and said in front of the entire committee, “I am too good a patriot to not denounce the citizen Wéber. I declare that he left his escort and entered my

15 Banknote used during the revolution. (Translator)
16 Collot d’Herbois, mediocre actor from the provinces
brother’s shop, and that he left a roll of double louis coins on the counter. He wanted to leave the money in safekeeping with my sister-in-law. My family will have nothing to do with a man under arrest, and so I hurried here to hand over the gold to the office of the citizen president.

After having asked me where the money came from, and what I was planning to do with it (the question was booed by the assembly), the president (accustomed to obtaining just this sort of applause in the theater), decided with not the slightest debate that the money would be consigned to the treasury of the section. He then questioned me about my place of birth, my age, and my person. When I had given satisfactory responses to his questions, he added, “Were you among the ranks of those who drew their swords against the Marseillais, on the Place Louis XV?” I answered to the affirmative, adding that I had done so solely in self-defense.

He continued, “Did you inform the Queen about what had taken place? Or did you then withdraw with the other grenadiers?”

I answered, “Neither the King nor the Queen heard anything about us. I have no idea what happened to my wounded comrades on that day. As for me, I stayed in the home of an on-duty officer until nightfall.”

“I am told that you are very close to the King and the Queen?” he asked. “They are my benefactors. I am proud to say that I would give my life for them.”

Several people who had noticed the animosity with which the president ordered my last remark to be noted, judged that I had just signed my own death warrant and exclaimed, “My God, what a stupid confession! He’s finished!”

I was kept either at the witness stand or locked up in a chapel with barred windows from four until nine o’clock in the evening. I was forced to sign the deposition of the interrogation I had undergone. Next, the president sent me to the guardroom for the night. He took notice neither of the whispers nor of the cries of impropriety coming from the members of the audience, who protested the looks of prejudice and hatred the president had shown towards me.

The next day, at ten o’clock in the morning, I was escorted in a coach to the Hôtel de Ville. There, when I had read the notes from the interrogation I had undergone the day before, a commissioner from my section read aloud the four crimes I of which I was accused:

1. Being Austrian;
2. Having suckled at the same breast as the Queen;
3. Being one of the grenadiers from the Filles-Saint-Thomas who drew their swords against the federates; and finally,
4. On the 10th of August, escorting the Royal Family to the National Assembly, in spite of orders given by Mr. Roederer.

The same commissioner added a new statement, signed by my landlord and my doorman. The statement said:

_We congratulate the section and the Watch Committee for having arrested such a dangerous aristocrat as the Citizen Weber. Please be forewarned: we can certify that he has no equal in the use of firearms, that he has taught all his aristocratic friends how to fire a pistol, and finally, that he had a stock of such weapons imported from his own country and handed out to his friends._

I asked to be allowed to speak in order to defend myself against this new accusation, but I was interrupted by jeering from the gallery, where the rabble had been taking turns watching the proceedings since August 10th, forging denunciations and applauding. A gunner from the Faubourg Saint-Antoine asked for the floor a second later and denounced me in the following
manner: “I know this citizen well. I saw him among Swiss officers and among those members of the National Guard who proved to be the most insolent when the aristocrats doubled the castle’s guard. I heard him hold forth to the crowd that day, and on the ninth of August, he formally promised to have Pétion and Manuel beheaded within the half-hour.”

This gunner, who had never before seen or heard me did not stop at just slandering me. Next, he asked an old man in a National Guard uniform sitting next to me to bear witness against me as well. The old man confirmed the testimony without having seen me, without having even bothering to look at the man he was accusing.

Pétion and Manuel, from atop their thrones, smiled complaisantly to the gunner and, after having praised his patriotism and furthermore thanked him for providing the means to sacrifice yet another victim, they ordered him to take me to the Watch Committee, accompanied by four gendarmes, and from there to the Hôtel de la Force.

The rabble’s joy on seeing me at the gunners’ mercy was complete, and the scoundrel would have continued insulting and threatening me if Manuel had not asked for the floor, to amuse them in a way which was a thousand times more heartrending for me, because the Royal Family became the butt of his coarse jokes.

The villain, hoping to amuse his friend Pétion and the rest of the assembly, joked most indecently about the Queen’s situation. Here is what he said:

“One must agree that there is nothing in the world as embarrassing as a Royal Family and its trappings. It is at long last time to sweep away this procession, to take the Queen’s maidservants away from her, and to put them all in a safe place, in order to prevent them from harming us in the future.”

Manuel’s words were approved by the entire assembly. Cries rang out from all sides: “On to the Abbey, on to La Force, with the Queen’s ladies!” Manuel went on: “I saw the King’s wife yesterday. She was no longer that haughty woman that nothing could move. I actually saw her cry. I spoke at length to her and to her son as well, and I can assure you that the young man greatly interested me. Among other things, I told the King’s wife that I wanted to refer to her service several women that I knew. She replied that she had no need of them, and that she and her sister would know how to serve each other mutually. To this I replied to the King’s wife, “Very well, Madame, since you do not wish to accept servants from me, serve yourself, and then you won’t have to worry about choosing a servant.”

As he continued spouting off such insults concerning Marie-Thérèse’s daughter, Manuel was frequently interrupted by applause from Pétion and his audience. At that moment, the gunner arrived with two commissioners. He had not lost sight of his plans against me. With the help of these two commissioners, he was to give me over to four gendarmes, who were then to take me to the Watch Committee.

A band of vulgar individuals, accompanied by other assassins paid by the guards, rushed after me and yelled to those who tried to stop them, “We’ll only be gone a moment. We just want to take the man who sucked at the same tit as the Queen and who tried to kill Mr. Manuel and the Mayor out for a little walk.”

After hearing their speech, which left me terrified, I must admit, I expected to be murdered in the same manner as Mr. Foulon and Mr. de Launay, on the steps of the stairs I had to mount in order to get to the committee.

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17 Madame de Lamballe was superintendent of the Queen’s house. Madame la Marquise de Tourzel was governess to the Royal children.
Providence conspired to save me and gave me the idea to introduce myself to the commanding officer of the guardroom neighboring the dreaded stairway. The officer listened to my story with interest and, having learned the fate I was threatened with, kept me with him while the mob left to watch the appointment of Santerre. Santerre had just been made commander general of the National Guard of Paris—an office he had coveted for quite some time.

And so the assassins dispersed to witness the ceremony. The officer seized the chance to take me to the Watch Committee in a large hackney carriage that concealed us from view.

This is how I got away from the murderers. One of the most determined, I am told, had prepared his sword in order to deal the first blow to me. The others would all undoubtedly have jumped me. They would have ripped me apart, and finished, as was their habit, by triumphantly carrying away my head skewed upon a pike.

Having arrived at the Watch Committee, the gunner once more took my statement, and then he dismissed the gendarmes, and I was locked up in a room where I had to stay from noon until seven in the evening. Then two commissioners arrived to take me in a buggy to the Hôtel de la Force.

I was registered in the usual way. Sire Lebeau, who was caretaker of the prison, promised to treat me with all due respect and had me placed in a room called Condé’s room. Already present were:

The Chevaliers de Rhuilières (commander of Paris’ Mounted Guard) and de la Chesnaye (commander of the National Guard who served the king on the 10th of August); Mr. Jurieu (chief clerk for the Royal household and of the Civil List); Mr. Vochel (chief clerk at the War Department and the Artillery Bureau); and Mr. Desmarest (member of the French Academy). The three latter persons were freed several days later and replaced by Mr. Le Fauchet (the Powder and Saltpeter administrator). His father blew his brains out with a pistol to avoid being arrested. There was also Saint-Brice (Corporal in the Bodyguard of Monsieur le Comte d’Artois); the baron of Battencourt (general officer); Mr. Poupard de Beaubourg (the Baron’s man-in-waiting); (Mr. de la Merlière (Commissary of Accounts); and Magontier (first butler to Monsieur).

The concierge’s wife, learning that I had been arrested on August 10th, expressed great satisfaction, saying, “Well, well, ça ira, ça ira. “

Lebeau noticed that his wife’s comments had wounded me, and tried to console me once the commissioners had left. He explained to me that I should not be moved by political comments made in such circumstances.

The guards, followed by two large dogs, came every day at seven o’clock to open the prison doors and let us walk around in the shade of the two rows of trees in the courtyard.

They came back in the evening at eight o’clock with the same escort. Yelling loudly and ringing a bell, they warned us to go back inside. They then locked up all the prisoners. We were forced to pay for our own food. Three cooks imprisoned with us fed us for three francs per person, per day.

I spent thirteen days in the prison, but it felt more like thirteen months. The fear that consumed me came first from not knowing what fate had laid in store for the Royal Family, and then from not knowing had it held for me.

The Chevaliers de Rhuilières and de la Chesnaye seemed to be as distressed as I was. They told me that Mr. de la Porte (Minister of the Royal household and Intendant of the Civil List), a

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18 He was a knight of St. Louis. Unfortunately, I never learned his name.
19 One of them was probably the executioner, because as they we went past the Place de la Grève, he said to his comrade that he had done a lot of work there the day before.
gallant man named Durzoi (editor of the Gazette de Paris), and Mr. le Baron Backmann (Major-General of the Swiss Guard) had been guillotined one after the other. Durzoi was guillotined on the 25th of August in the Carrousel Square, now called “Egalité.” He died, shouting that he was “proud to die on the day of Saint-Louis, in the name of religion and in the name of the King.” Mr. Backmann died a hero. Since these three men, who died as victims of their loyalty to the King, were no more guilty than I of anything whatsoever, and in the eyes of the revolutionaries, we were as guilty as they, we expected at all times to be torn from the prison to incur the same fate.

I managed to escape this danger, whereas my two companions in captivity succumbed to it, as I will explain hereafter. I had been in prison for nine days, unable to guess what might become of me. Nothing that I saw or that I heard could reassure me.

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During the night of the 27th of the same month, we heard in the prison a considerable amount of noise coming from the courtyard of La Force and from the rooms above our own. The noise worried us greatly, and we learned on the following day that our concierge had been taken prisoner by force and led to the witness stand of the National Assembly. He was taken there to try to justify himself for having sent a prisoner who was drunk on wine, but who had been summoned to the bar of the National Assembly, to the Watch Committee instead. Given the man’s state upon arriving at the National Assembly, one can hardly be surprised that the answers he gave to the questions asked were not carefully weighed. The Assembly, which bequeathed upon itself the right to judge even intentions, claimed that the concierge’s act was premeditated. The concierge managed to exonerate himself. The prisoner, on the other hand, whose crime could hardly have deserved a severe punishment had he been tried by honest judges, was sentenced to be held in stocks and chains.

The unfortunate man, furious at this act of despotism, began to scream his outrage. He shouted insults at the National Assembly, at the committees, and at the mob who had been paid to scorn him. Coming down from the platform, he made a gesture that violently expressed his rage and his disgust.

The scene had been prepared by Robespierre. The bloodthirsty individual was trying to enrage the mob against the prisoners, and to persuade them to massacre them all, in an effort to make room for new prisoners, without seeming to overfill the prisons.

The scoundrel’s helpers shouted furiously, “That prisoner insulted the Nation! We want his head!” and then they headed towards the prison to take justice into their own hands.

The next day, the poor sod was judged, sentenced and taken to be executed. However, just before he was to be killed, Robespierre’s whispered to him that he would be pardoned if he declared that “all of the prisoners were armed to the teeth; that they were ready to begin a counter-revolution; and that he himself was going leave this life willingly, sure that his comrades would avenge him soon after his death.”

The poor man immediately began to shout his threats to the crowd and to flood them with these predictions. The Jacobins, however, who were only using the prisoner to give a pretext to their paid henchmen and to the mob to storm the prisons, guillotined him as soon as he had finished his speech. Such was always the fate of those to whom Robespierre was forced to confide secrets.

Encouraged by the helpers of Marat and Robespierre, the mob became more and more angry. Because the tribunals were not speedy enough for them, they proclaimed, on that August
28th, their sovereignty in the sections. The army of the Jacobins was to fulfill the functions of prosecutor, judge, and executioner.

In the meantime, the poor prisoners, who had learned of Robespierre’s scheme, expected from one minute to the next to be murdered, without being able to put up the slightest struggle. They spent their nights writing the most heartrending letters to their family, their friends, and to their acquaintances, in order to bid them a last farewell, or to implore them to get them freed.

Several of these poor men tried to find a means of escape. Being careless, they said aloud within the earshot of others, that it would be easy to use some beams lying in the middle of our courtyard to break through the wall adjoining the Rue du Théâtre de Beaumarchais.

Either there were spies in our midst, or the gendarmes, who had a sentry box on the first floor, overhead the men talking. In any case, the municipality was warned and the beams were removed the same day by twenty-some workers from the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. During all the time they were there working, they stared at us in the most dreadful manner. To us, their pantomime resembled that of those silent men who attach the final rope.

At that time, there existed a law that granted the right to counsel to all persons accused of a crime and detained. On the 30th of August, our unofficial counsel arrived and informed us that the letters we had written to our family and friends had all been used by the concierge to light his pipe. They also informed us that the guillotine was now permanently set up on the place du Carrousel. The square had just been re-baptized Place de l’Egalité,20 and there was a project to celebrate the renaming with the execution of the Prince du Poix, Captain of the King’s bodyguard and Governor of Versailles. He was being hunted down for that purpose, but so far managed to keep ahead of his pursuers. Finally, all those taken prisoner on the tenth of August were to suffer the same fate.

We were thus deprived of all means of consolation. With no hope of escaping the Jacobin’s fury, I began to transcribe the two interrogations I had suffered through, making up answers to all the questions I might be asked during the next interrogations I would have to undergo.

I was slightly reassured by this precaution, and even more so by my trust in the Supreme Being. I thus resigned myself to wait for the moment when I would have to face the new popular tribunal. We spent several days in a situation which I find it hard to accurately describe.

On September 2nd, at four o’clock in the afternoon, the guards came and called the prisoners, explaining that they would either be taken to speak to the commissioners, or taken to the borders to be deported.

We were disturbed by the serious, embarrassed looks of the guards who came and went continuously. They were accompanied by gendarmes or by National Guardsmen, and their presence worried us so much that we couldn’t undress for the night. In the end, at about one o’clock in the morning, we grew weary of hearing noises in the street we couldn’t identify, and so we threw ourselves into bed for a little rest.

I lay down on my pallet in front of the window, and suddenly my eyes were blinded by a bright light, a light made by a large number of torches leading an armed mob. This troop was being led by the guards straight to the halls of our prison.

The prison door was broken down with a clamor, and six men armed with pikes appeared and demanded Mr. de Rhulhières, one of the men staying in the same room as I. De Rhulhières, sitting up, said twice, “It is I, gentlemen, it is I.”

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20 Equality Square
A municipal officer began to speak, raising his voice in order to make himself heard by the men accompanying him, whose fury could hardly be held in check by the guards. He said, “You are accused, Mr. de Rhulières, of taking part in the conspiracy of August 10th. I have come to tell you to deliver your soul to God, because the people are demanding your head. I am not happy to be given such a mission, but it is my duty.”

Sir de Rhulières answered calmly, “I have been expecting this moment for quite some time. I believed, however, that I would be questioned first.”

After listening to this response, the municipal officer went to the door to observe the mob. Seeing that the people would not wait, he reminded them that they had “promised, no, sworn, to obey the law.” He asked the bloodthirsty mob if he could trust them to keep their promise. Trying to make them listen, he added, “My comrades, my fellow citizens, will you allow Mr. de Rhulières to be questioned at the witness stand? The crowd shouted back, “Let him come, bring him on, but be quick about it!”

Sir de Rhulières was taken away at two o’clock in the morning on the 3rd of September to be interrogated by the popular tribunal, set up in the concierge’s room.

One hour later, they came back and took away Sir de la Chesnaye in the same manner. We were worried about what had happened to Sir de Rhulières, and we took the risk of asking the guard what had become of him. “Don’t worry about him,” he replied. “He has been at the Abbey for some time now.”

We were all reassured, for we couldn’t know that this meant that the poor man had been murdered at the door of the hotel. We were pleased that the heavens had spared such a worthy man as Sir de Rhulières. We were therefore much less worried for Sir de la Chesnaye, who carried in his pocket for his justification orders from the Watch Committee, from the Hôtel de Ville, and from the Commune. Signed August 10th, it ordered him to defend himself forcibly if necessary. We couldn’t have imagined that the document that should have saved de la Chesnaye would sentence him to death.

I had now seen these two brave, loyal gentlemen accused of treason. Knowing that I was imprisoned on the same grounds, I expected that I would suffer the same fate as they at any moment.

I picked up the notebook containing my trial and the answers to all the questions I had been asked and all the accusations that had been made against me. I studied it with extreme concentration, trying to prepare myself for whatever might befall me.

With the departure of Sirs de Rhulières and de la Chesnaye, the prisoners remaining in our room were Mr. de Saint-Brice, le Baron de Battencourt, Poupard de Beaubourg, and myself. Mr. le Fauchet, Mr. de la Merlère and Mr. Magontier had been released several days earlier.

At four o’clock in the morning, we were still waiting impatiently for news of Sir de la Chesnaye. The shouting went on incessantly in the streets, and the prisoners next to, above and below us were being dragged from their rooms to stand before the hellish tribunal. This unimaginable noise worried us more and more, and we were unable to think of anything else until eight o’clock in the evening. It was at that time that we saw a mob enter the courtyard. They began to look into all the windows, into the rooms, and on the ground floor. Finding us four men lying fully dressed in their beds, they ordered the jailer to open the door to our room.

They surged in, took us by the collar, and started shaking us. They called us dandies, aristocrats, and accused us of hiding out. They swore at us a thousand times, and then added that they wouldn’t leave us be until they found out who we were. I had no idea that they were speaking about a death-march, and so I gave into the feelings of indignation that this treatment brought about in me. I grabbed one of the armed men around the chest, I grabbed another one by
his collar, and I began to shake them. I shouted at them that, “The guard must have told you that we are neither dandies nor people who would go into hiding. If you had any feelings, you would respect the sorrow of others and you should remember that the law forbids you from mistreating prisoners who have not been tried.”

They were shocked by my bravery, and so they watched me for a long moment and then they let me go. I went on, “An honest man never resists if it’s a question of obeying the law. But you are nothing but vile oppressors. You are armed and I am not. Your conduct shows me that you are cowards. I too serve in the National Guard. I too can take up my weapons when I wish, and when I do, I dare you to attack me.”

The guards had spoken well of us, and so these followers began to treat us with a little more respect. Nevertheless, they ordered us to follow them, saying that it was their duty to lead us to the tribunal set up in the concierge’s room.

As soon as we had entered the courtyard, escorted by two armed men, I lost sight of my companions in misfortune. I could only guess what all the bloody swords I saw meant. Then, cries of, “To the Abbey, to Coblenz, to the Abbey!” rang out from time to time when another prisoner made his entrance in the street, and so I resigned myself to waiting at the doors of the inquisition room.

I was admitted into the room at ten o’clock in the morning. I saw a fat man wearing a National Guard uniform adorned by a tricolor scarf sitting near a table bearing the prison registers. The prison commissioner serving as president of the popular tribunal sat next to him, and around the table sat two gunners, two hunters, and two strongmen serving the city. These were the people who made up the tribunal. A number of Marseillais and other federates filled the hearing room as spectators.

The president began his interrogation: “State your name, your age, and the country you come from.” He then began to read the article of the prison register which concerned me. The hotel clerk pointed it out to him. It looked to be about twenty lines long.

The president glanced through the article and stated that I was being detained for four crimes of treason, and especially for having spent the night of August 10th in the castle. He repeatedly (I still don’t know his motive) asked me the same question, “Why were you at the Tuileries on the ninth and tenth of August?” I answered: “I was serving in the National Guard of Versailles. However, personal matters had for some time prevented me from doing my duties. And so I paid exactly 40 sous21 a day to the citizen who substituted for me. The National Assembly then declared that any man with a permanent residence would be considered owner of that residence, and for this reason, would be obligated to do his guard duty for himself. For this reason, I had myself assigned to the section where I lived and I performed my service without fail.” I added, “For three months I stood guard, twice at the National Assembly and twice at the castle. On the ninth, at seven o’clock in the morning, I received a letter printed by Mr. Tassin (Battalion commander) ordering me to hurry to the guardroom. I was sent in as reinforcement with nineteen of his comrades, in the courtyard of the castle under the command of Lieutenant Guicher and Second-Lieutenant Laurent, and I stayed there under the order of my commanding officers to the end.”

The president listened attentively, and then asked his assistants the following questions, “Citizens, do any of you have any knowledge whatsoever of the facts the Citizen Weber has just brought forward?” Several persons stood up to attest “that they were well informed of everything

21 A shilling, or a penny—not much, in any case.
that I had mentioned, and that I had said nothing untruthful.” A short man, a hunter, confirmed implicitly that everything I had said was exact.

The president rose from his seat, took off his hat, and proclaimed, “I can see no reason whatsoever to not declare Mr. Weber innocent.” Then he began to direct the audience in cries of, “Vive la nation!” He ordered me to follow suit. I obeyed and began to shout with them, “Vive la nation!” Having finished this second ceremony, the president pronounced me innocent in these terms: “Citizen, you are free, but the country is in danger. You must enlist and leave for the frontier within the next three days.”

I thought that I was out of danger because of his pronouncements, and so I replied, “It is absolutely impossible for me, Citizen President, to obey your last order. I have a sick old mother and a poor sister. They both need my help. They have no one but me for support, and so I must return to their side. I cannot abandon them.”

The two men seated behind me responded furiously, “Citizen, now is not the time for excuses. We need men for the war. The Nation needs soldiers. We, good patriots, have not forgotten that we are husbands and fathers. Follow our example, and forget that you have a mother and a sister.”

The president took a long look at the prison official, seemingly to make him understand that it would be his fault if I perished, then stared at me and said testily, “I’m warning you, Sir, that you must enlist. You must leave now for the border. I know of no other means for you to…” He took a lengthy pause.

His looks, his gestures, and the sound of his voice suggested to me that something mysterious was going on, and so I decided on the spot to reply to the affirmative. All the while I hoped to escape as soon as possible (because I would rather have died than to bear arms against my King or against the interests of my benefactors). And so I responded with an affected serenity, “Since you need my help, Sir, I will go to the border to fight when you wish.”

My response once again inspired cries of Vive la Nation in the entire room. The president rushed through my enlistment and had me the necessary forms.

As was the custom, I was embraced at the time by the president and several persons present. A market-porter quickly cut through the crowd and made his way to me. Still, what much surprised me, and what will surely surprise my readers, is that he too embraced me, but only after having asked my permission, which was of course something that I couldn’t refuse. Then he said to me, “Citizen, you will deal with me from now on; follow me now.

Two armed men who had taken part in the ceremony grabbed me by the arm and led me forcibly to the door leading to the street with cries of Vive la Nation ringing out all around us. They made me stop there, and then they went through the small door first. This was their way of signaling to the murderers stationed outside that this prisoner should be spared. On the other hand, all those whom the tribunal sent to the Abbey or to Coblenz went through the door first, and were promptly killed in the deadly passageway. When I had reached the street, they took me once again by the arm and went on their way, placing their hats on the points of their swords and spinning them around, shouting Vive la Nation! Then we went down an alley (called the cul-de-sac des Prêtres), surrounded by thugs from that neighborhood and by the men from Marseilles.

Finally, the strongman from the Hall ordered a second halt. He stood before me and barked out an order: “Take off your hats!” Thousands of spectators immediately did so. Then, they all became silent in order to listen to my swearing in according to his order, with my arm raised to shoulder level and my hand outstretched. It was said in these terms:

22 The Priests’ dead-end street. Weber is speaking of the rue des Ballets. (G.L.)
“I swear to be faithful to the Nation and to die at my post defending the new system of liberty and equality.”

When I had unwillingly sworn to the statement, the same man turned to me and pointed to a pile of bodies stabbed and cut up with swords, and said to me in a wild, threatening tone, “You see, Citizen, that traitors get the punishment they deserve.”

He then gave me a brotherly embrace. And so I passed from embrace to embrace for over a hundred feet, each time being embraced by National Guardsmen from the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, or by other drunken individuals. When I had finally come to the end of all these caresses, my two escorts led me to the church in which the small group of persons who had been spared by the popular tribunal was gathered.

Two commissioners, after having carefully listened to my statement, said to me, “We have orders to detain you until you have been asked for by someone well known.”

I had been reading the papers that the legal counselors and the café owner brought to us each day, and so I mistakenly believed that most of my comrades had been saved. In consequence, I immediately wrote to the commander, and in case he was absent, to the lieutenant and second-lieutenant of my guardroom, asking whichever of them happened to be there to send a few of my comrades to come and ask for me, since the popular tribunal had found me to be innocent. In retrospect, considering the definition of the word innocent in the minds of those criminals, one is ashamed to have not been judged guilty. What an awful misuse of words!

In the presence of the commissioners, I handed the note to a young National Guardsman from the neighborhood of Saint-Antoine. I enclosed an assignat of 100 sous, imploring him to take a carriage for the errand and to bring back as soon as possible three or four of my comrades. I wished to spare both the guardsman and my friends the burden of such a long journey on foot.

The young uniformed man was thus led to the section with my letter. Chénier, new President of the section, had agreed with Collot d’Herbois to have me perish. For this reason, as soon as he had finished reading my letter he wrote to the section of the Arsenal, “to be careful not let me go free, and to deliver me to the section of 1792 under strong escort. He finished his note adding that he would send five men to escort me there.

I can’t possibly describe the surprise of the President of the section of the Arsenal, of the jail commissioners, or especially my own as we listened to the note being read. We kept handing back and forth to reread it. “How could this letter have come back to us like this?” we asked each other. “It’s incredible, incomprehensible. The style of this letter proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that he is even guiltier than we suspected him to be.”

In the meantime, my situation was becoming more and more perilous as the mob began to scale up to the windows of the church and demand that the commissioners give them the royalist who had, according to them, offered gold to a National Guardsman to defend the King and his family, who had distributed counter-revolutionary leaflets, and who had somehow escaped the judgment of the tribunal.

I was persuaded that they were talking about me, and at the same time I saw the mob climbing up the windows of the chapel and pointing at me in a threatening manner. I was about to

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23 The Church of the Culture-Sainte-Catherine, in the section of the Arsenal, named by the people “depot of the innocent ones.”
24 Chénier had written a tragedy espousing regicide.
25 On the tenth of August, my section, the Filles-Saint-Thomas, lost most of its gunners faithful to the King. Next, as we have already seen, it took the name of the section of the Bibliothèque, and kept that name until the second of September, the day of the massacre of the prisoners. It then took on the title of the section of 1792, which it changed shortly thereafter to the section Le Peletier.
speak to the commissioners of my fears when four National Guardsmen arrived and said to a man sitting next to me at the foot of the altar that they had come to take him to his home and that he should have no worry. This man, whose name no one could tell me, was extraordinarily handsome. He repeated incessantly to the commissioners that the popular tribunal had declared him innocent, and he insisted especially that he did not wish to leave the room, but they took no heed of his prayers, and the man was led away.

As soon as he left the room, the mob, or to better describe them, the cannibals, climbed down from the windows and everything became calm once more in the courtyard. I began to believe that I had been mistaken, and that they were not out to get me after all.

A second later, Mr. De la Tréfontaine entered the chapel and announced that the citizen Chamilly, one of the King’s four first valets, was among us.

A young boy quietly leaning against the church’s main altar, now stained blue with blood, informed him that Mr. Chamilly had been killed at eight o’clock that morning. “These pants and this hat belonged to the man,” the boy added. “They were given to me as a present.”

Upon hearing the boy, Mr. De Tréfontaine turned away without seeing me. I stopped him to tell him that I had been summoned by my section, and that I needed to be escorted there in the light of day by men armed with pikes. Otherwise, I might be recognized and fall into the hands of the mob. Given their actions up to now, and taking into account how far I was from my section, we could be sure that they would take little heed of the law forbidding them to harm in any way a man acquitted by the popular tribunal.

Mr. de Tréfontaine was a generous, caring individual. In addition, he liked me well, and he understood the horror of my position. He left only after having assured me that he, as an honest man, would employ all possible means, be it his friends or his reputation, to insure to my personal safety. He added that he would have me summoned promptly, with no danger to me.

Around four-thirty, I learned of the horrible treatment that the handsome man who had been sitting next to me in the chapel had suffered.

A member of the committee arrived from outside and told us: “The man the National Guardsmen was taking home got only four blocks. The mob massacred him despite his escort, saying that he was an abbot and that he served the court.”

The story caused me to appeal once more to the men armed with pikes to put off my departure. It had been several hours since Mr. de Tréfontaine had left. I assumed that other matters had made him forget about me. Finally, fearing that I would not be able to convince my escort to wait until nightfall, I decided to speak to the delegation whose arrival was just being announced, and to beg of them of answer for me and to lead me to my section. My joy was unbounded when I saw several grenadiers from my own section enter into the room, dressed in civilian clothing. I had always admired these grenadiers for their fervor and their bravery, and for their unlimited affection for the Royal Family.

What a joyful moment this was for me! I forgot all about my sorrows and the danger I was in.

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26 He was in fact Abbé Bardy, highly suspected of having assassinated his brother. He was imprisoned in La Force and killed on September 3, 1792. He was sentenced to hang on January 10, but his sentence had been momentarily suspended upon appeal in other tribunals.
27 De la Tréfontaine was commissioner in charge of accounting. Before that he was grenadier at the Filles-Saint-Thomas convent, but he gave in his resignation in June 1792. He was elected to the post of commissioner on August 10 and guillotined in 1794.
28 As we will see later, Mr. Chamilly escaped the massacre. (G.L.)
The speaker for the delegation held a paper in his hand and read the following words to the president:

The section of 1792 has just learned that the citizen Weber was proclaimed innocent by the popular tribunal of the Hôtel de la Force. They have sent us to meet you, citizen president, and to thank you and the Arsenal section committee for the protection you have generously provided to a citizen of our arrondissement. The section of 1792 has thus given us this document, proving that they are demanding the citizen Weber, and that they wish to welcome him back among them.

The president turned to me and said in a half-whisper, “My dear Sir, I am charmed that your section demands you with the correct form and with so much flattery towards you. I know perfectly well of your behavior, and I am not at all surprised at your comrades’ procedure, especially after having noticed the genuine interest the municipal officer Tréfontaine has for you. The two commissioners have related their tale perfectly.” He added: “I know you through the family of Mr. de Simonin, with whom I was invited to your home in Versailles for a pleasant evening in 1788. I would be genuinely delighted to escort you back to your section.”

The president studied my enlistment documents made at the popular tribunal and handed them over to the commissioners from the Depot des Innocents. He added a report about the entire matter, which he wrote, as much as possible, to my advantage. He then had all the men armed with pikes in the delegation escorted away, in order to prevent it being said that he had saved a royalist. Next he had me led out in the opposite direction, by way of the third courtyard, by the two commissioners I have spoken of, who had at eleven o’clock that morning given me their word that they would not leave me until they were sure that I was safe.

Fearing that I would be recognized, my brave escort made several detours, in order to avoid the streets and squares where we might encounter the mobs. When we finally arrived at my section at seven o’clock in the evening, there was a great group of people there.

The delegation that had preceded me announced my arrival, and as soon as I entered into the room there was an outburst of applause. All those attending the scene testified their greatest satisfaction at seeing once more a man who had escaped the general massacre by a kind of miracle. They congratulated me in the most touching way on my return.

The commissioners from the Depot des Innocents asked the section committee for a receipt for all the papers concerning me and then took their leave.

As the committee had found my enlistment among the documents that had been given over to them, they deliberated upon the matter immediately. One of the members asked for the floor and made the following motion: “The citizen Weber was lucky enough today to be declared innocent by judgment of the popular tribunal. He enlisted in full knowledge of what he was doing and swore to go to the border. However, as he is Austrian, we cannot possibly demand this sacrifice of him, and we must prove ourselves to be as generous as he. The committee proposes to refuse the military service of the citizen Weber, and to tear up his enlistment papers.

Rounds of applause rang out from all sides by way of answer to the motion. All of my acquaintances, and scores of others I didn’t know, united to compliment me on my lucky star.

29 First Sergeant Heck. He was a German, and a brave and eloquent man. In matters of the battalion, his opinion was nearly always respected. He was always called on in critical moments. On the ninth of August, at midnight, when we were in battle position in front of the gate leading to the Carrousel, Heck, as Sergeant, was given the responsibility of going down the ranks and handing out cartridges to the soldiers. When he got to me, he nudged me twice and, rolling his eyes to the Heavens in disgust, he showed me that he had only two cartridges to distribute to each man.

30 Chief Clerk at the Office of Foreign Affairs and general administrator for the lottery.

31 Mssrs. Le Rouge, manservant, and Fay, merchant in the Saint-Antoine suburb.
After having congratulated me once again on the good fortune I had had in escaping death, they headed towards the president in order to sign my release papers.

The president, seeing my name and my status as a foreigner, remembered the promise he had made to his friend Collot d’Herbois to deliver me either to the guillotine or to the weapons of the assassins, and rescinded everything the committee had decided in my favor. He declared, “This case is much too serious to judge so quickly. The citizen Weber is accused of the crime of treason. It is inconceivable that he should be declared innocent and acquitted by the popular tribunal. I cannot take upon myself the responsibility for his release.”

Several members of the committee took my defense and tried to prove to the president that I must be freed. They held to the following simple line of reasoning: “Citizen president,” they said, “It is the Sovereign People who recognized and proclaimed the innocence of the Citizen Weber. The People were exercising their rightful power. The People created the tribunal, and they pronounced the release of this citizen. You have no right to differ from the People’s judgment, not for an instant, under no pretext whatsoever.”

Chénier could not argue with this statement, whose principles were too solid to discuss. And so he entered into the most horrible fit of anger. He was foaming at the mouth with rage, and when the people insisted on their point of view, he declared that he would rather resign his position on the spot than consent to my release. Then, noticing the silence that met his statement and thinking that he had mastered them with his eloquence and that he had the advantage, he ordered that I be locked up in the chapel facing the counsel’s table until the arrival of the guard at around eleven o’clock or midnight, at which time I would be transferred to the town hall to undergo another trial.

The National Guard arrived for this purpose a half-hour afterwards, but the president had begun to notice that all the witnesses were outraged by the judgment he had handed down against me. The outcry was becoming general and so, by precaution, he hurried to change the order and contented himself with having me taken to the guardroom.

I had hardly arrived there when the post commander gave me the order he had just received to free me.

I was unable to understand why such a sudden change had been made, and so I asked all present for the motives. Everyone there was eager to tell me. Finally, when the commander had obtained a moment of silence, he said, “The section has revolted against the president, who, acting as a true Jacobin, used every ruse in order to get you to the Hôtel de Ville. The committee and several of your comrades thought that your death would be assured if we let you appear before this tribunal, and so firmly opposed the motion. A National Guardsman32 on the verge of leaving for the border was in the audience. He debated quite eloquently with the President, using the present-day laws, and proved to him that the will of the People, once manifested, must be sacred for him and for every Citizen. The President was sweating blood; he threatened three times to resign from his position before he finally signed your release. Feeling close-pressed and watching the National Guardsman and his friends become more and more incensed, he decided to give me the order to release you. I think that the complaints of the entire section showing its discontentment contributed greatly to forcing this man, who hoped so much for your loss, to sign the document he was asked to sign.”

As soon as the commander had finished his speech, I quickly paid my new liberators tribute for the strong debt I owed them. They insisted upon leading me to my hotel and getting me settled in there. In fact, they took me there, fearing that I might fall in the hands of the

32 Goffiné
Marseillais or of other assassins. It had been pronounced to the proprietor, as well as to the other lodgers in the hotel, that the popular tribunal of the Hôtel de la Force, the sections of the Arsenal and of 1792, had declared me innocent. They took him aside and advised him that if I were denounced a second time, the entire section would come and deal with him.

After having fulfilled the duties that my situation required of me, and having listened to the best wishes of all present, I left at eleven o’clock in the evening to go and ask a night’s lodging of Mr. Autran, a stockbroker. Mr. Autran first expressed his friendship for me, and then offered to serve me or any member of my family in any way he could. One of his nephews, Mr. Perrier, who knew the danger I was in because of my situation as a foreigner, and what’s more, as the foster-brother of the queen, urged me to leave Paris as soon as possible. Mr. Perrier had at that time several connections at the Hôtel de Ville. I begged of him to take advantage of this for himself I assured him that I would leave for England as soon as it was possible to undertake the journey without exposing myself to danger once again.

I began immediately to work at having all the seals that had been placed on my door lifted, and to obtain a receipt for poll taxes paid. This was necessary in order to obtain a passport from the Hôtel de Ville, without which I could not possibly leave Paris.

Most of the royalists present at the castle on the 10th of August were no longer alive. Many others had been massacred in the prisons on the 2nd and 3rd of September. As a consequence, the Jacobins, satisfied with their victory and thinking it no longer necessary to the incite the public to anger, used their eternal pretext of a counter-revolution and made the National Assembly decree: “…the opening of the barriers, and also, in order not to interfere with business, the freedom to travel without a passport throughout France, with the condition of remaining at a distance of ten leagues from the Army and from all borders.”

The eleventh of that month, the Marseillais were informed that the foster-brother of the Queen had been spared at the Hôtel de la Force, but had also been protected by his section, which had gone so far as to resort to violence in order to tear him from the hands of the president (Chénier). They immediately began seeking out those persons who had spoken in favor of the aristocrat. They found several of them and abused them physically, swearing in public in the café of Mr. Martin (Place du Théâtre-Italien) that they would do everything possible to meet this Austrian and they would turn his insides out (an expression these galley slaves used to indicate murder). It was the favorite expression of these prisoners, most of whom had slaved in the galleys. Normal terms, such as to kill, to murder, or to massacre were not strong enough for their foul mouths. They were not shocking enough to the ear for them to use. Oh! It is true, and these men were the first to understand, that language cannot suffice to describe the cruelty and evil of bloodthirsty men when one is forced to remember those bloody deeds that have inspired horror throughout the world.

On the morning of September 11, the section managed to get forty double louis to me, and with the help of the money, friends, and negotiations, I succeeded having the official seal taken off my door by the neighborhood bailiff. I quickly gathered up my necessary belongings, my jewels, a few clothes, and the papers that interested me the most. Among these papers were several letters that I had translated from German to French on the Queen’s orders. They were actually totally insignificant, but in this moment of crisis, they could have compromised me completely. Still, I didn’t dwell on the dangers the letters exposed me to.
I went to meet Mr. Perrier with my belongings in hand. He convinced me that I must leave Paris, and then sent me off with two of his children to his property in Saint-Lubin, about twenty leagues\[33\] from Paris on the road to Le Havre.

Weber was not at the end of his troubles. Several Marseillais were overheard one day in deep conversation in the café Martin, on the place du Théâtre-Italien, where they formed a kind of club, and they swore that they would do anything whatever was necessary to find the Austrian and to “turn his soul insides out.” However, the Queen’s foster brother managed to leave Paris for Honfleur, where he planned to set sail for abroad. He was arrested at Damville and taken to the city hall, and from there taken to the tribunal for peasants who “argued about whether he should be taken back to Paris as an aristocrat, or executed on the spot.” After twenty-four hours of discussion, he was finally apologized to and freed, and he arrived with no other misadventures in Honfleur. From Honfleur he made his way to Portsmouth. On the 20th of September, he set foot on British soil. It was during this emigration that he wrote his Memoirs, whose first edition appeared in 1806.

We will not leave Weber without including several notes he added as an appendix to his tale. The notes contribute several valuable details to the story of his lucky escape from La Force and inform us more about the death of Mme. de Lamballe. They also deal with the unspeakable manner in which the murderers dealt with the body of one of the Queen’s dearest friends.

The massacre of the prisoners that began on the 2nd of September had attracted to the houses of La Force thousands and thousands of spectators. They first applauded the murderers who dealt the deathblow to the victims condemned by the popular tribunal, and in addition, they applauded the fact that so few had been spared.

I was counted among those lucky few. When the guardsmen twirled their hats on the points of their sword, shouting, Vive la Nation!, we were applauded madly. Several women saw that I was wearing white silk tights and violently stopped the two guardsmen leading me by the arms. They said to them, “Be careful. You are making the gentleman walk in the gutter.”

They were right, because it was full of blood. I was surprised that these women paid any attention to me whatsoever, especially since they had clapped their hands furiously when the men before me had had their throats cut.

While I was locked up in the Convent des Filles-Saint-Thomas, undergoing my first interrogation by the president, Mister Crétu, a pensioner of the King and grenadier at the convent, slipped in behind the guard in order to offer his services to me.

The same comrade who had met me earlier when I had been delivered from the Hôtel de la Force took it upon himself to obtain for me a passport and my forty double louis which had been deposited at the home of Collot d’Herbois. He offered to take me to his home.

He received us politely, for Mister Crétu had been stage manager working for Montansier in a traveling company of actors from the provinces. Collot d’Herbois himself had been a very mediocre actor in this company.

He told us that the money we were asking for was in the possession of the neighborhood commissioner, and that he had been given orders to free up my money for either myself or the commissioner. After much bragging about the important role he played and the talent he planned to demonstrate in the future, he finally added that everything that had happened since the 10th of August was nothing in comparison to what would soon be done. He complained bitterly that he had not been consulted concerning the manner in which the Queen should have been informed of the death of the Princess of Lamballe.

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\[33\] About 80 miles.
The man was a monster. Either he was trying to break my heart or he allowed himself get
carried away with his Jacobin fury. In any case, he paid no attention to my being there, and told,
with the joy and cold-bloodedness of a confirmed criminal that the unfortunate princess had been
murdered while leaving the Hôtel de la Force, that her body had been given to the fishwives, and
that these horrible creatures had made a game of wrapping her guts around her like a belt. They
had dragged her nude body throughout all the most popular parts of the city. Finally, they waited
for the Queen to come to her window and they raised up on a pike the head of her best friend. He
sighed with regret and added that, had he been consulted, he would have had Mme. de
Lamballe’s head served to the Queen for her supper, in a covered dish.

I was defenseless. My knees quaked. I shivered with indignation and horror. Crétu sensed
the state I was in and the new danger I was running, and so took me by the arm and helped me
leave that horrible house.

I feel bound to recount here several little-known circumstances that accompanied and then
followed the sorrowful death of the most worthy and the dearest friend of the Queen.

When the Princess of Lamballe was interrogated for the first time,34 three letters were
found in her hat. One of them was from the Queen.

This fact, which went unmentioned by all of the memoirs of that time, was certified to by
one of the officers of Monsignor the Duc de Penthièvre, who had followed the Princess to the
Hotel de Ville, at the King’s request. He distinctly heard one of the commissioners revealing the
existence of the letters, which had been discovered, unfortunately. This infamous informer had
been in the service of the Princess for eight years, and she had showered him with presents.

Hearing the news, His Highness, Monsieur le Duc de Penthièvre wrote the following
message to one of the administrators of his lands: “I beg of you, my dear Mr. de…, if any
misfortune should come to my daughter-in-law, have her body followed everywhere it is taken,
and have her buried in the closest cemetery, until I can have her brought back to Dreux.”

The administrator had one of the Queen’s officers brought in and gave him the message
His Highness, adding, “It is your duty, Sir, to do the Prince’s wishes.”

It was the 1st of September, and the mob was becoming more and more agitated. Mr. de… had three men brought in, two to take care of the Prince, and the third to take care of the
daughter-in-law. He made them wear a disguise so as not to be recognized by the brigands who
were already beginning to arrive at the prisons, and then he gave them a large sum in assignats,
and ordered that, if they couldn’t manage to save the Princess, they should spare no expense in
serving the wishes of their noble master.

She managed to live through the day of September the 2nd, and they were beginning to
hope when, on the 3rd, they were informed that the massacres continued. Finally, someone was
sent to say to Mr. de … that the criminals had just killed the Queen’s friend, and that they seemed
ready to spend their rage on her still-quivering remains.

It was then that her three faithful servants overcame the horror that the cannibals inspired
in them and, in an attempt to rescue the body of the unfortunate Princess, decided to try to blend
in with the crowd of murderers. The cannibals at first wanted to carry the body to the Hôtel de
Toulouse.35 The officers of the Prince were warned about what was happening, and trembled at
the thought. Still, they didn’t want to show any signs of resistance, and so they opened the
galleries, and awaited the horrible procession, quaking in their boots. The murderers had come as
far as the Rue de Cléry when a man spotted them and was troubled by the chagrin the Prince’s

34 At city hall, on August 19th
35 This was the residence of the Duc de Penthièvre. Today it houses the Banque de France.
officers would experience if their eyes were forced to behold the horrific spectacle. He walked up to Charlat, who was carrying the head, and asked him where he was going. “We’re going to make this little … kiss her nice furniture.” “You’re mistaken, sir, this is not where she lived. She moved. She lived in the Hôtel Louvois or in the Tuileries.” As a matter of fact, the Princess had her stables on the Rue de Richelieu and an apartment in the Castle. This is not to say that her real place of residence wasn’t at the Hôtel de Toulouse. Still, fortunately, the brigands believed this common-sensed man, and that fact spared the Prince’s faithful servants considerable sorrow. The mob of barbarians went past the hotel and made their way to the Tuileries, but they were not allowed in. They decided to return to the corner of the Rue des Ballets, in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, across the street from the notary public, and entered a cabaret. Inside the cabaret, several patrons tried to pull the body away from them, but they managed to wrest it away, escaped with it, and threw it on a pile of bodies near le Châtelet. The emissaries of Monsigneur le Duc de Penthièvre congratulated themselves on finding the body so easily, and now had only the task of finding the head.

The Princess’s head still had its beautiful hair intact when the monsters decided to take the ill-fated Princess on a tour of the final places she had seen before she ceased to exist. In their horrible state of delirium, they seemed to believe that the remains of their victim could still feel the dishonor that was being done. Just as the head was passing through the door of la Force, a wigmaker sprang forth, and with amazing skill, cut off the Princess’s hair.

The Duc de Penthièvre’s men were greatly afflicted, because they knew that the Prince would dearly have wanted to keep the Princess’s hair. And so they became even more eager to grab what was left of the head. They managed to confuse Charlat, and convinced him to leave the pike at the door of a cabaret. Two of the Duke’s men entered the cabaret with Charlat. It is said the Mr. P … chose that moment to remove the piece of iron that transfixed the head. He wrapped it in a towel which he had brought for the happenstance, informed his comrades, and quickly departed for the section of Popincourt. Once there, he announced what was in the towel—a head that he wished to deposit in the cemetery of the Quinze-Vingts. He added that the next day, he would come with two comrades to take it back, at which time he would give one hundred silver écus to the poor of the section.

He gave an account of everything he had done to Mr. de …, who recommended that he be at the section the first thing in the morning. He also filled out several depositions in hopes of finding the Princess’s body. A nearly-destroyed house had been used to store the remains of the unfortunate victims. Mr. de … spared neither his efforts nor his money to find the remains of the Princess of Lamballe, to no avail. He had the rubble searched through, but the search came to nothing. At the same time, the men sent by Mr. de … had not yet returned, and so he began to suspect their loyalty, especially since he had advanced all the money they had asked for. It was then that he was told that the three men had been arrested for the murder of Madame de Lamballe.

Mr. de … lost no time. He hurried to the section and recounted the facts in such a persuasive manner that the commissioners of the section not only freed the Prince’s men, but also authorized Mr. de … to leave with the head of the Princess of Lamballe. Mr. de … went to the cemetery of the Quinze-Vingts with a plumber, and had the Princess’s precious head—all that they had been able to save of her—sealed in a lead box. He had it sent to Dreux, where it was placed in the family tomb to await Mr. de Penthièvre.
Testimony of Pauline de Tourzel
And of her mother, the Marquise de Tourzel

At the age of fifteen, Louise-Elisabeth-Félicité-Françoise-Armande-Anne-Marie-Jeanne-Joséphine de Croy-Havré, born in Paris on the eleventh of June, 1749, married Louis-François du Bouchet de Souches, the Marquis de Tourzel, high provost of France. They had one son and four daughters. In November 1786, the Marquis de Tourzel, died at Fontainebleau, succumbing to injuries caused by a hunting accident. Pauline, the youngest of his daughters, was just ten years old at the time. His widow went into retirement and stayed there until 1789.

At that time, the Queen gave her the responsibility of being the governess of the Royal children. The position had been vacant since Madame de Polignac left the country. “Madame,” said Marie-Antoinette to the Marquise de Tourzel as she turned her son and daughter over to her, “The last time I confided my children, it was to friendship. Now I am confiding them to virtue.”

As a matter of fact, Madame de Tourzel demonstrated heroic bravery and loyalty when she took on this difficult responsibility in times of great danger. From the beginning of August 1789 until August 19, 1792, she did not leave the Prince or the Princess she had been entrusted with for a single night. She followed them from Versailles to the Tuileries. She took part in the Varennes trip. She was there on the 10th of August. She asked to be imprisoned with them at the Temple. Pauline did not leave her mother, except for during the period in which the Royal family took flight. When she was forced to choose between staying with the young Prince for whom she was responsible and her own daughter, the Marquise de Tourzel did not hesitate for the slightest instant. She chose to be separated from her own child. Pauline, during the month of June 1791, was traveling in the Netherlands with her sister, Madame de Charost. They were told of the King’s flight and subsequent arrest in the town of Tournai. Pauline returned to Paris in the month of September and took up her place near the Dauphin and the Princess, who had approximately the same age as she. The daughter of Louis XVI wore a flower-printed muslin dress made for Pauline de Tourzel during her trip to Varennes.

When the Royal Family left the Castle of the Tuileries on the morning of August 10, 1792, Madame de Tourzel left Pauline in the invaded palace, and accompanied them to the Assembly. Pauline was able to avoid the gunfire and escape, along with Madame la Princesse de Tarente. They both managed to reach the banks of the Seine. There they were recognized and chased by an angry mob. They were pursued to the rue des Capucines, which governed the district. They found protection there and managed to take refuge in the hotel of the Duchess de la Vallière, grandmother of Madame de Tarente. They spent the night in the hotel. On the following day, August 11th, guarded by her brother, Mademoiselle de Tourzel returned to the Feuillants to rejoin her mother, who was sick with worry, and the Royal Family. From there she accompanied them to the Temple on the next day.

The suite that entered into the mortal tower with the King was made up of Madame Navarre and Madame Bazire, ladies-in-waiting to Madame; Madame Thibault, first lady-in-waiting to the Queen; Madame Saint-Brice, lady-in-waiting to the Prince; Madame de Tourzel and her daughter; the Princess de Lamballe; and Mr. Lorimier de Chamilly; first butler to the Prince and to the King. They were all squeezed into the small apartments of the Petite Tour. Up until that day, the apartments had housed Mr. Barthelemy, archivist of Maltese Order. Pauline slept in the kitchen on a trestle bed, next to the one set up for Madame Elisabeth.

The arrangement would not last for long.

On the day the family was moving in, the General Council for the Commune, which had
been placed in control of the Prison of the Temple, decreed that “All persons having served the King or his family shall be dismissed.” The decree, however, was completely ineffectual. On the 18th, a new decree was brought forth. “The Council authorizes its commissioners to enforce the decree of the 13th: Madame de Lamballe, her daughter [sic], Madame de Tourzel and all the chambermaids shall be placed under arrest and jailed in the dungeon of la Tour. All the king’s valets shall also be arrested and jailed in the same dungeon.”

As with the first decree, this order was not mentioned to the prisoners. However, on August 19, the Council decided that Madame de Navarre, Madame Bazire (and the ladies aforementioned) would be arrested and imprisoned separately in the Hôtel de la Force.

This is an appropriate time to hand the pen to Madame de Tourzel. Her testimony, entitled Memoirs of Forty Years, Testimony of One of Madame la Dauphine’s Ladies, was published by Lecoffre for the first time in 1861. Monsieur le Prince de Béarn and de Chalais was kind enough to allow us to reproduce these moving pages. We extend to him our most respectful appreciation.

It was around midnight on the night of August 19 when we heard a knock on the door. Through the door of our room, someone sent by the Paris Commune delivered the order that had just been given to remove the Princesse de Lamballe, my mother and myself from the Temple.

Madame Elisabeth stood up immediately, helped me to get dressed, kissed me and led me to the Queen. We found everyone awake.

Our separation with the Royal Family was heartrending. Even though we were assured that we would be able to come back to the Queen after being interrogated, a secret feeling told us that we were leaving her for a long while.

We were led by torchlight through the underground passages of the Temple. Once outside the Temple, we were put in a carriage and led to the Hôtel de Ville by a gendarme officer. When we reached our destination, we were taken up to a large room. We were then made to sit on a large bench. To prevent us from speaking to each other, a municipal officer was seated between each of us.

We stayed seated there on the bench for over two hours. Finally, at around three o’clock in the morning, someone called the Princesse de Lamballe in to be interrogated. The interrogation lasted fifteen minutes. When they had finished with the Princess, they called in my mother. I tried to follow her in, but they prevented me from doing so, saying that I would have my turn.

When my mother arrived in the interrogation room, which happened to be public, she

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36 Captivity and Last Moments of Louis 16, Original Testimonies and Official Documents Gathered and Published for the Contemporary Historical Society by the Marquis de Beaucourt, Volume II. Official Documents, p. 30.
37 Idem, p. 34.
38 Idem, p. 35
39 Session of the General Council of the Commune, August 19.
--A citizen requests to accuse the chambermaids of the Queen.
--The Council decrees that it will begin with the interrogation of the chambermaids.
--Madame de Navarre is interrogated and responds concerning several points of matter.
--Madame Bazire is heard.
--Madame Thibaut, first lady-in-waiting to the Queen, is questioned about the affair of August 10 and allowed to leave.
--Madame Saint-Brice, lady-in-waiting to the royal Prince, is heard and allowed to leave.
--Madame de Tourzel, governess to the Royal children, is allowed to leave after being interrogated.
--Mr. de Chamilly, first valet to the king, is interrogated and then allowed to leave.
--Mr. François Hue, second valet to the king, is interrogated. After the interrogation, he is sent back to the waiting
requested that I be brought in with her. They refused her request most firmly, explaining that I was in no danger, as I was in the safekeeping of the people.

They finally came to get me and take me to the interrogation room. I was taken up onto a platform facing a room crowded with a mob of people. The galleries were also filled with men and women.

Billaud-Varenne was standing. He interrogated me and a secretary noted my answers in a large register. I was asked my name, my age, and then questioned extensively about the 10th of August. I was asked to declare what I had seen heard while in the presence of the Royal Family.

They learned only what I wanted to tell them, because I was not afraid in the slightest. I felt as if I were held up by an invisible hand that has never abandoned me and has always helped me keep my courage up and my wits about me.

I asked loudly to be taken back to my mother and allowed to stay with her. Several people in the audience raised their voices, saying, “Yes, yes!” but others murmured something.

I was led back down the platform. We then passed through several corridors, and I was finally taken back to my mother. I found her much more worried than I. She was with the Princesse de Lamballe, and so three of us were reunited. We were in the office of Tallien. We stayed there until noon.

At that time, they came for us and led us to the Prison de la Force. We were put into a carriage surrounded by gendarmes and followed by an enormous mob. It was Sunday. There was an officer of the gendarmes in the carriage with us.

We were admitted to that gloomy prison though the wicket opening of the Rue des Balais, near the Rue Saint-Antoine. We were first made to enter the concierge’s lodge in order to sign the prison register.

I will never forget what happened next: I was by myself in the lodge when an extremely well-dressed man approached and said to me, “Mademoiselle, your situation interests me. I advise you to give up your courtly manners and to be more friendly with the people you will meet here.”

The man’s impertinence enraged me. I stared at him and answered that I was not about to change my behavior. Nothing could change my personality, and the expression he noticed on my face was nothing other than the reflection of the indignation I felt in my heart, horror-struck by what we were beholding.

He stopped talking and left, obviously very displeased.

During this time, my mother, who was in the next room signing the prison register, entered the room, but alas, she was not allowed to stay for long.

Madame de Lamballe, my mother and myself were separated and led to different cells of the dungeon. I begged to be allowed to remain with my mother, but they were ruthless. This is the way in which I found myself alone in that infamous place.

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room. The Council decrees that this valet will be sent back to his post.

--Discussion begins concerning the opinion to be formed regarding the evidence heard

Selected quotations from volume II of Captivity and Last Moments of Louis XVI, p. 36.

It is important to note that Pauline de Tourzel writes: “on the night between August 19 to 20, around midnight.” Thus it was at least three o’clock in the morning when the interrogations began, which is in fact the time indicated by Pauline. The statement of the interrogation is nevertheless dated “session of August 19,” though the date was in fact the 20th. We should also note that the statement makes no mention of the interrogation undergone by Madame de Lamballe.

40 Billaud-Varenne was substituting for Manuel, chief prosecutor for the Commune.

41 Secretary General of the Commune.
A few moments later, the guard entered and gave me a pitcher of water. He was a very good man. He saw me crying, desperate from being separated from my mother and begging to be taken back to her, and he was truly moved. He then reacted with a wonderful gesture for which I will be forever grateful: He left me his dog. He wanted to distract me from my pain, and so he told me, “I’m going to leave you my dog. Please don’t betray me. If anyone asks me about the dog, I’ll say that I left it here by accident.”

At six o’clock that evening, he returned. He brought me some food and encouraged me to take nourishment: “Eat, eat, it will give you strength.” However, I was in no mood to eat. “Listen,” he whispered to me, “I’m going to tell you a secret that will make you feel better. Your mother is in the cell above yours, so you’re not so far from her. What’s more, in one hour you will receive the visit of Manuel, prosecutor for the Commune. He is coming to make sure that everything is in order. Please, I beg you to not seem to know in advance what I have just told you.”

As a matter of fact, a few moments later, I heard the cell next to mine being unlocked, and then my own was unlocked. I watched three men enter, one of whom I recognized to Manuel, the same man who had led the King to the Temple.

He found the cell where I was being held very humid and said that he would have me moved. I took advantage of the situation and said to him that the humidity mattered not at all; the only favor he could possibly do for me would be to reunite me with my mother. I pleaded with him fervently, and I saw that my prayers touched him. He thought for a time and then said to me, “I have to come back here tomorrow, and we’ll see what we can do then. I won’t forget you.”

As he locked the door after Manuel, the poor guard whispered to me, “He is greatly moved. I saw tears in his eyes. Be brave, and I’ll see you tomorrow.”

This kind man (named François) gave me hope and did me more good than I could possibly express. I knelt down and said my prayers with a perfect calm and tranquility, and then I threw myself fully clothed onto the horrible trestle bed on which I was forced to sleep. I was so fatigued and full of pain that I slept soundly until morning.

The next day, at seven o’clock in the morning, my door opened and I saw Manuel enter. He said to me, “The Commune has granted me permission to reunite you with your mother. Follow me.”

We went up to my mother’s room. I threw myself into her arms, thinking that all our sorrows were over, since I was finally with her once again...

My mother thanked Manuel and asked if we could be reunited with the Princesse de Lamballe, since we had been transferred to prison with her. He hesitated and then answered, “It’s all right with me. I’ll take the responsibility.” And so he led us into the room of Madame de Lamballe, and at eight o’clock in the morning, the three of us were finally alone together. We felt quite happy to be together again and able to share our misfortunes.

The next morning, we received a package from the Temple. The Queen herself, with that great kindness she was known for, had gathered our things together and sent them to us. In the package was the dress of Madame Elisabeth which I spoke of before. The dress became for me a token of an everlasting remembrance, everlasting attachment, and will keep it all my life.

The lack of comfort of our accommodations; the horror of the prison; the grief of being separated from the King and his Family; the severe way we would be treated, if we could judge from our separation—all these things saddened me greatly, I admit, and frightened the poor

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42 Madame Elisabeth had cut one of her dresses down to the size of Pauline when the Royal Family was separated from its servants.
Princesse de Lamballe to no end.

As for my mother, she showed that admirable courage that she has always had in all of the unfortunate circumstances of her life. Her courage did not lessen her sensitivity, but rather provided her soul with the tranquility necessary for her good sense to be of use to her. She worked, she read, she spoke so calmly that one would have thought she had nothing to fear. She did seem concerned by the situation, but not at all worried.

We had been in that miserable place for nearly two weeks. One night, around one o’clock in the morning, the three of us were in bed sleeping the way one does in such a prison, with a sleep that still leaves room for worry, when we heard the locks on our door being undone. The door opened, a man appeared and said, “Mademoiselle de Tourzel, get up and follow me right away.”

I was trembling with fear. I lay still in my bed and didn’t answer. “What do you want with my daughter?” my mother asked the man. “What does it matter to you?” the man answered my mother in a harsh tone. “She has to get up and follow me.”

“Get up, Pauline,” my mother told me. “Follow him. Here we can do nothing but obey.” I got up slowly, and the man stayed in the room with us.

“Hurry up!” he ordered two or three times.

“Hurry up, Pauline,” my mother said as well. I was dressed, but I had not yet moved. I went to my mother’s bed. I took her hand to kiss it, but the man approached, grabbed me by the arm, and dragged me away.

“Adieu, Pauline. God bless and protect you!” cried my mother. I couldn’t answer her. Two large doors were already between me and her, and the man was still dragging me away. As we were going down the stairs, the man heard a noise. Looking truly worried, he made me go back up a few steps and then suddenly pushed me into a small cell. He locked the door and disappeared.

My new cell was lighted only by a small candle burnt nearly all the way down. After only a few seconds, the candle began to go out. I can’t begin to describe to you what I felt as watched the dying flame, the dark thoughts that this dying flame brought on. The dying candle was for me like the death-throes of a person, and watching it prepared me to sacrifice my life better than any mere speech ever could. And then it went out altogether, and I found myself in complete darkness.

Finally, I heard the door open quietly, and someone whispered my name. In the glow of the small lantern the man was carrying, I recognized the man who had locked me up in this dark cell. He was the same man I had met in the concierge’s room the day I entered La Force, and who had tried to give me advice.

He made me come down the stairs quietly, and at the bottom of the stairs he led me into a room. He pointed to a package and told me to dress in the clothes I would find inside. He left the room, locked the door, and I stood still there, unable to react, or even to think.

I don’t know how long I stood there like that. Finally, I was brought out of it by the sound of the door opening, and the same man reappeared.

“What! You’re not dressed yet!” he exclaimed worriedly. “You’re life is in danger if you don’t leave here soon.”

I opened the package and found the clothes of a peasant woman inside. They seemed to be big enough to go over my own, and I slipped into them quickly. The man took me by the arm and
led me out of the room. I let myself by led away without question, without thought. I was hardly aware of what was happening around me.

We were finally outside the prison on the rue du Roi-de-Sicile, I saw by the light of the moon a huge mob of people, and I was quickly surrounded. All of the men looked fierce. They had their swords drawn and seemed to be looking for a victim to sacrifice.

“They’re trying to save a prisoner!” they all shouted at once, and they began to threaten me with their swords. The man leading me out of the prison did his best to make himself heard and to get the crowd to back off. That is when I saw that he was wearing the badge of the members of the Paris Commune. The badge sufficed for him to be heard, and so the mob let him speak.

He told them that I wasn’t a prisoner. I had been brought to La Force by mistake, and he had received official orders to take me from the prison. Innocent people were not to die with the guilty. This sentence made me shudder: my mother was still locked up in the prison. I was overwhelmed by that dreadful thought, and I heard nothing else of what was happening around me. However, the man’s words did work on the mob, and they we finally letting us through when a man in a National Guardsman’s uniform cried out that it was a lie, that I was Mademoiselle Pauline de Tourzel. He said that recognized me from having seen me with the Dauphin in the Tuileries, when he was on guard. My fate should not be any different than that of the other prisoners.

The mob’s fury against me and my protector became such that I began to think that the only favor he could possible do for me would be to kill me and get it over with.

In the end, be it thanks to the man’s shrewdness, his eloquence, or just my dumb luck, we escaped the immediate danger. We were free to go on our way.

We would still encounter many other obstacles: We had to cross streets filled with people, and as I was well known, I could have been recognized and arrested at any moment. The fear of being discovered forced my liberator (I had begun to realize that such was the role that this man who had caused me so much fright wished to play) to make a decision. He left me in a small dark courtyard and went out to see what was happening in the neighborhood. He came back a half-hour later and told me that he thought it would be wiser if I changed clothes again. He handed me a set of men’s clothing—a pair of pants and a frock coat, and told me to change into them.

Though he insisted that this new disguise was necessary, I refused it outright. The thought of dying in clothes not my own was unthinkable to me. I pointed out that he had brought neither a hat nor men’s shoes to go with the disguise, and so it couldn’t possibly work. I would stay as I was.

In order to leave the courtyard, we had to either pass close to the prison doors and risk meeting the murderers there, or go through the church (le Petit Saint-Antoine) where those encouraging the murderers were assembled. Both paths were equally dangerous.

We chose to pass through the church. I had to walk down one of the aisles, nearly

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43 The Petit Saint-Antoine church had an entryway on the rue Saint-Antoine, and another leading to a courtyard which joined the rue du Roi-de-Sicile by a long passageway. The Committee of the Section des Droits de l’Homme was set up in the church. In order to reach the door of the church opening onto the rue Saint-Antoine, Pauline’s rescuer would have had to travel down the entire street in her company from the intersection with the rue des Ballets on. Unfortunately, the rue Saint-Antoine overflowed with a mob that the kind rescuer had to avoid at all costs. For this reason, Pauline notes that she and the man entered the Petit Saint-Antoine church by the passage communicating with the rue Roi-de-Sicile, and they left it by the same itinerary. The National Archives (Series N. III, Seine) have conserved a pencil drawing of the church, the passage, and their surroundings.
crawling in order to avoid being seen by the assembly. My rescuer led me into a small chapel to one side of the church. There, he told me to hide behind the broken fragments of an altar and not to move, no matter what I might hear. I was to wait for his return, which would be as quick as he could possibly make it.

I sat on my heels. Though I heard all kinds of noises, even screams, I did not budge. I had decided to await my fate there, entrusting myself to Divine Providence confidently, ready for death if such was His wish.

I waited there in the chapel for quite a long time. Finally, I saw my guide arrive, and we left the church with the same precautions we had taken when we entered there.

We had traveled for only a short distance when my liberator stopped at a house that he said was his own. He took me into a bedroom on the second floor, locked me in, and left immediately. It was about nine o’clock in the morning.

I had a moment of joy when I found myself alone, but the moment was short-lived. Memories of the dangers I had run only reminded me of the danger my mother was in, and so my fears were not assuaged in the slightest. I gave into my fear completely for more than an hour, until Mr. Hardy (it’s time for me to name the man to whom we owe our lives) returned, looking more frightened than I had ever seen him.

“You’ve been recognized,” he told me. They know that I saved you and they want to get you back. They might come here to get you. You have to leave here right away, but not with me. That would be putting you in most certain danger. Take this,” he continued, and gave me a hat with a veil and a short cape.

“Listen carefully to what I have to tell you, and whatever you do, don’t forget anything. When you leave the carriage entrance, turn right, and then take the first street to your left. It will lead you to a small square with three streets leading from it. Take the middle street, and then, near a fountain, you will find a small passage. The passage will lead you to a large street. You will find a carriage near an alley on that street. Hide in the alley, and I will arrive shortly. Now, repeat the directions to me, and then leave immediately. And do not forget the directions. If you do, I won’t be able to find you, and then what will become of you?”

I saw how frightened he was that I might not remember the directions he gave me. His fear added to my own and troubled me so that when I left the house I could hardly remember if I should right or left. Mr. Hardy was watching me from the window. When he saw that I hesitated,
he pointed me on the right way, and I remembered everything he had told me.45

My two costumes looked strange, with one worn over the other. My worried demeanor made me look suspicious, and it seemed to me as if everyone was looking at me with astonishment.

I had a difficult time reaching the place where the carriage awaited, as my legs were beginning to fail. Still, I finally spotted the carriage. I cannot begin to describe the joy I felt at that moment—I thought I was safe.

I slipped into the dark alley and waited for Mr. Hardy to appear. More than an hour went by, and still he didn’t arrive. My fears came back to me. If I stayed any longer in the alley, I feared, I would seem suspicious to passersby. But how could I leave? I didn’t know the neighborhood I was in, and if I asked anyone the slightest question, I would put myself to the gravest danger.

Finally, as I meditated about what I should do, I saw Mr. Hardy arrive with another man. They had me climb into the carriage and then climbed in with me. The other man came to the front of the carriage and asked me if I recognized him.

“Absolutely,” I replied. “You are Mr. Billaud-Varenne. You are the one who interrogated me at the Hôtel de Ville.”

“That’s correct,” he said. “I am going to take you to Danton for orders about what to do with you.”

When we reached Danton’s door, these gentlemen got down from the carriage, walked to his house, and came back shortly after. “You’re saved! We had enough of all this… We’re so glad that it’s finally finished.”

“We must take you somewhere you won’t be recognized,” they continued, “or you will still be in danger.” I asked to be taken to the home of one of my relatives, the Marquise de Lède. She was very old, and I thought that her age would place her above all suspicion.

Billaud-Varenne was against my suggestion, saying that the Marquise had too many servants, and that some of them might not keep my arrival a secret. He asked me rather to indicate a house inhabited by someone whose secretiveness would guarantee my safety.

I thought then of good Babet, our wardrobe maid, and decided that no place would be safer for me than a poor household in a secluded neighborhood. Billaud-Varenne, who had continued his questioning about this detail, asked me for the name of the street in order to give directions to the carriage driver.

45 In another passage of Memoirs of Forty Years, Pauline de Tourzel adds several details:

“I forgot to say earlier that, as we were on the way to Mr. Hardy’s house, he led me to the home of a lady who was apparently aware of my pending arrival. She approached me in the most obliging manner and offered to help or serve me in any way she could. In truth, I had no idea where I was. The woman was beautiful, with a calm face full of gentleness and kindness. My mind was still full of hideous images of the murderers I had just escaped. Their awful faces seemed to be just in front of me, and the contrast between them and this lady troubled me. I felt as if I were in a dream. It took me several minutes to come to my senses. How kind seemed her consideration and her interest in me after the many horrors I had just been witness to. I was once again in the presence of a sympathetic woman!

“I believed that with her I would find the calm I was in such need of. Mr. Hardy’s apartment was on the same floor as that of this woman, whose kindness I will never forget. He led me to his apartment, as I said before, and it is from there that I left to seek the carriage that would take me to a safe haven, through many dangers.

“The person I owed my first moments of consolation to was Madame Carnot, sister-in-law of the director. She lent me the hat, the veil and the coat I was wearing when I left Mr. Hardy’s house.

“Later, my mother and I tried to meet with her to thank her for her help. Mr. Hardy told us that she no longer lived in Paris, having moved to the countryside. All our searches came to nothing, and I never again saw this person to whom I was so thankful for the generosity she had shown in welcoming me.”
I named… the Rue du Sépulcre.

The street name, in a situation such as the one we were in, struck him. I read on his face the fear that the mention of such an ill-omened name, combined with the events happening around us, inspired in him. He whispered something to Mr. Hardy and disappeared.

For the rest of the journey, I spoke of my mother and asked if she were still in prison. I hoped to go there to be reunited if she was still detained there. I wanted to go there and plead her innocence. I found it awful that my mother could risk the same threats to her life that I had just escaped. To be saved while my mother was sentenced to perish—the idea put my beside myself.

Mr. Hardy tried to calm me down. He told me that I myself could see that, since the moment when he had separated the two of us, he had spent all his time trying to save me. Unfortunately, he had spent too much time, he continued, but he hoped that he would still have the opportunity to save my mother. He added that my presence could only harm his plans. He was about to return to the prison and he would consider his mission finished only when he had reunited my mother and myself. He asked me to remain calm and reassured me, saying that he had every hope of success. When he left me, I was overcome with gratitude for the danger he was running for me, and with the hope that he would save my mother from all the perils I feared for her.

Adieu, my dear Joséphine, I am too tired to write any more. In any case, my mother tells me that she will tell you her part of the story when she writes you tomorrow.46

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46 This testimony is a letter written in Vincennes by Pauline in October 1792 to her sister, Madame de Sainte-Aldegone, who was in Brussels at the time. “You will understand,” she notes, “that we could not keep a copy of the letter. It was delivered by members of our family who had immigrated to Belgium. Many other refugees were made aware of it, and copies began to multiply. Many years later, Mr. de Béarn, who happened to be at Riberpré at the home of Mr. d’Aubusson, found one of the copies in the possession of one of his daughters. She had acquired it by way of Mademoiselle de Vitrolles. Mr. de Béarn finally discovered the details concerning my escape that he had never been able to obtain from me. I had always felt a horrible disgust when I was forced to think back upon those sad moments.”
Pauline has told you of the sad trials she underwent, but she neglected to tell you of the manner in which she withstood them. She proved that patience and courage are not incompatible with youth or kindness. Mr. Hardy told me that she did not for one moment show signs of weakness during her ordeal, and I myself did not see her show her temper during her time in prison. She helped lessen my pain, but at the same time, she added to my worries. The thought that I was making her share the dangers that my age should normally have protected me from tormented me incessantly, and prevented me from taking comfort in her being near me.

Pauline told you that a stranger who entered the room where we were sleeping took her away from me one night. The situation left me desperate and beside myself, but I put my faith in the goodness of God, Who protects innocence. A secret feeling made me think he would watch over her and that he was taking her away from me in order to protect her. Thus I found consolation for having lost the loving care she brought to me. I did not suffer so much, except for the moment when she was taken from the room, when I heard the locks of the door clicking shut. I couldn’t follow her, either with my eyes or ears, and I had no way of knowing if she was being taken outside the prison.

You can guess that I did not sleep a wink for the rest of the night. My worries tended to overcome my faith, and I waited impatiently for it to be time for someone to enter our room to bring us our breakfast.

When they finally came, we learned that passions were high in Paris from morning to night, and that massacres were feared. The prisons were being threatened, and several of them had already been stormed.

It is then that I understood that they had taken Pauline from me to save her life. I regretted only not knowing where she had been taken. I could clearly see the fate that was being reserved for Madame de Lamballe and myself. I cannot say that I didn’t fear that fate, but at least I was able to bear the idea with resignation. It seemed to me that if there were ways to save myself from the dangers I foresaw, I would find them only a clear head, and so I thought of nothing but keeping my wits about me.

This was not an easy thing to do, because of the extreme agitation of my cellmate, who asked me questions incessantly and gave in to frightening conjectures that troubled me greatly. I tried to reassure the Princess, to calm her, but seeing that I couldn’t succeed, I asked her to please stop speaking to me. Actually, when we spoke, we were only voicing our fears, and thus increasing them. I decided to read instead. I picked up first one book and then another, but nothing could distract me from my fear. I tried several more books, but I could concentrate on none of them.

I remember then that I had noticed a thousand times that no pastime could fix the attention as much as working with one’s hands, and so I took up my needlework. I worked for two hours, and when I had finished I felt calm enough to think that, no matter what predicament I found myself in, I would have the necessary tranquility to neither say or do anything that might bring harm to me.

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47 This letter from the Marquise de Tourzel to her daughter, Madame de Sainte-Aldegonde, was published for the first time in 1861, along with the testimony of Pauline, in Memoirs of Forty Years. It is thus not a repetition of the Marquise’s much longer testimony, Memoirs of Madame de Tourzel, which was published in two volumes by the Duc des Cars (Plon et Co., 1883).
Around dinnertime, they came to get my friend and myself, and they took us down into a small courtyard. There we met several other prisoners and a great number of badly dressed, savage-looking people. Most of them were drunk.

I had not been in the courtyard long when I saw another man enter. He was not nearly as badly dressed as the other people there were. His expression was gloomy, but not cruel. He walked around the courtyard two or three times. As he was finishing his final trip around the courtyard, he passed very close to me, and without turning his head towards me, whispered, “Your daughter is safe.” He continued on his way and left the courtyard.

Fortunately, I was momentarily paralyzed by my surprise and my joy. Otherwise, I would not have been able to resist speaking to the man, or perhaps falling at his feet. When my strength came back to me, he was gone, and so I didn’t have to try to keep myself from expressing to him the feelings of gratitude that overwhelmed me.

Knowing Pauline was safe gave me newfound courage, and feeling that such a dear part of myself was saved made me think that I had nothing to fear for the rest. I began to ask questions of the people around me. They answered and then questioned me in turn. They asked first my name, and I gave it to them. Then they said that they knew me well, that they had heard about me, and that I did not have such a bad reputation. Still, they knew that I had accompanied the King when he had tried to flee the kingdom; they said that this act was unforgivable. They could not understand how I could have done such a thing.

I answered that I did not regret my actions in the slightest, because I had only done my duty. I asked them if they didn’t believe that one must keep one’s promises, and they responded unanimously that it is better to die than to break a promise. “Well,” I told them, “I thought the same, and yet I am being blamed for keeping my promise. I was the governess of the Dauphin, I had sworn to the King that I would never leave him, and so I followed him on his journey in the same way I would have followed him anywhere, no matter what might happen to me.”

“She really couldn’t do otherwise,” they all began to say. A few others added, “Still, it’s unfortunate to be connected to people who do such horrible deeds.”

I spoke for a long time with these men. It seemed to me that they were touched by everything that is fair and reasonable, and I couldn’t help being surprised that these people, who seemed to be good people otherwise, could coldly commit crimes that not even greed or vengeance could justify. During our conversation, one of these men noticed a ring I was wearing and asked what its inscription said. I took it off and handed it to the man. But then one of his companions, who seemed to be taking a liking to me, feared that his friend would discover some sign of loyalty to the King on the ring. He grabbed it, gave it back to me and told me to read out loud what was written, and that they would believe what I read. And so I read. “Domine salvum fac Regem et Reginam et Delphinum.” “That means,” I added, “God save the King, the Queen and the Dauphin.”

Everyone around me was taken aback, indignant about what I had said, and I almost lost the good will they had begun to show me.

“Throw that ring on the ground,” they cried. “Trample it!”

“It’s impossible for me to do so,” I replied. “I can do nothing more than to take it off my finger and put it in my pocket, if the sight of it makes you angry. I am devoted to the King because he is good and because I know his kindness more than others do. I am devoted to the Dauphin because I have taken care of him for several years now, and I love him like I love my own children. I bear in my heart the same vow that is expressed on this ring. I cannot break my vow by doing what you ask of me. I am sure that you would despise me if I consented, and I
would like to deserve your esteem. And so I refuse to trample the ring. “Do as you wish,” several of the people said, and I put the ring back in my pocket.

Other people as mean-looking as those surrounding me arrived from the other side of the courtyard. They asked me to come and help a woman who wasn’t feeling well. I went over and saw a young, pretty woman who had fainted. People were around her trying to bring her to, but she seemed to be suffocating. They had loosened her dress so that she could breathe more easily, and just as I was nearing the woman, one of the men began to cut the laces of her bodice with the tip of his sword. I shuddered to think that she would be helped in such a way and asked permission to undo the laces myself. As I was working on them, one of the onlookers noticed she was wearing a locket and feared that it might contain a portrait of either the King or the Queen. He slid in close to me and whispered, “Put that it your pocket. If they find it on her she’s in trouble.”

I couldn’t help laughing at the simplicity of the man, which caused him to ask me so intensely to take upon myself an object that he deemed too dangerous to carry. And then I was more and more surprised at the mixture of pity and ferociousness that those around me displayed. The woman, who happened to be the wife of the King’s first valet (Madame de Septeuil), had regained consciousness, and was led out of the courtyard. That left only me, and they came to get me a short while later. The unfortunate Princess de Lamballe had disappeared while I was answering the questions of the people around me.

These men told me that the prisoners were being led in turn out to meet the mob gathered at the prison doors. After undergoing a kind of mock trial, the prisoners were either acquitted or massacred.

In spite of all that, I had the feeling that nothing would happen to me, and I became even more confident when I realized that the same man who had brought me news of Pauline was leading the group that was coming to get me. I thought then that this man, who had already freed me spiritually by reassuring me about the fate of my child, could never be my executioner. He had to be there to protect me. I took courage in the idea, and I presented myself to the tribunal.

I was interrogated for about ten minutes, at which time a group of awful men grabbed me. They led me through the prison doors on the side of the Rue des Balais. I cannot begin to describe to you the horrible spectacle I witnessed.

A small mountain was piling up against the wall there. It was made up of scattered body parts and bloody pieces of clothing—the remains of those who had been massacred. A great many murderers surrounded the bloody heap of cadavers. Two men armed with bloody swords had climbed up to the top of the heap. They were killing the prisoners who were being brought to them one by one.

The prisoners were made to climb up on top of the heap of dead bodies in order to swear their loyalty to the Nation. However, as soon as they reached the top of the hill, they were struck down, murdered and given over to the mob. Their bodies were thrown onto the bodies of those who had come before them, and the awful mountain continued to grow.

When I was close to the heap, they tried to make me climb on top of it. However, Mr. Hardy took me by the arm, and he and eight or ten other men took my defense. They assured the mob that I had already sworn my loyalty to the Nation, and using both force and skill, managed to tear me from the hands of the wild mob and lead me out of their reach. Some distance from there, we met a carriage, and they put me into it without asking the passengers already inside to get down. Mr. Hardy climbed beside me, accompanied by four of the gentlemen surrounding us. Two others climbed up behind, and two others sat beside the drivers and encouraged him to drive as fast as possible. We quickly left the prison behind us.
As soon as I was able to speak, my first reaction was to ask about Pauline. Mr. Hardy informed me that she was in a safe place and that she would soon be given back to me. I asked him for news of my friend at the prison, the Princesse de Lamballe. Alas, his silence sufficed to inform me that she no longer existed. He told me that he would have liked to save her, but had not found the means to do so.

During the journey, I was surprised at how much the men with me in or on the carriage were driven by the desire to save me. They continually told the driver to hurry up, and they seemed to fear all the passersby. What’s more, each one of these men seemed to be genuinely interested in keeping me alive. Their zeal almost cost the life of a fine man who was sheltering your brother. Pauline will tell you the story. It is truly touching.

Finally, I arrived at the home of our relative, Madame de Lède. Your sister came to meet me there. After devoting a few minutes to the joy of seeing her again, I decided to express my gratitude to the people who had helped me escape. All of them seemed to be poor and so I thought that would not possibly refuse if I gave them money. Still, when I tried to pay them, none of them would accept my offer. These people that they had decided to save me only because others had proven to them that I was innocent. They were quite content to have saved an innocent person, and they could not possibly take money for having done the right thing. In the end, I was not able to convince any one of them to accept any recompense whatsoever—all I could obtain from them was their names and addresses. I hope that one day I will find the means to compensate them for what they did for me so generously.

We stayed for two quiet days in the home of Madame de Lède, and then on the evening of the third day, I was told that someone wished to speak to me in person. I went to his apartment, and there I found a very tall, bearded man with the most frightening appearance. The man informed me that I could cross Paris safely because I had been tried and judged innocent. However, my daughter had escaped without appearing before the court, and so she might be captured from one minute to the next and taken back to prison. He advised me to have her taken far away from Paris as soon as possible, so that no one could discover where she was hiding. Having said all this, he left my room.

The man’s warning left me in the worst state. I sent straightaway for Mr. Hardy, and when he arrived, I told him everything that had just transpired. He himself was shocked at the man’s interest in me, but he said that I must not lose a minute making up my mind. He said he would come to see me early the next day in order to decide on the arrangements to be made for my departure, and that he would see to everything personally.

The next day Mr. Hardy arrived as promised. He informed me that he had rented two rooms in Vincennes, and that everything was ready for our arrival. No one living in the house where we would be staying knew us. We left a short while afterwards with Mr. Hardy, who took us in a carriage. We encountered a problem at our arrival in Vincennes. At the gate we were asked for our passports before we could go any further. Mr. Hardy’s guile and presence of mind saved us once again. He managed to convince the guards that Pauline was my chambermaid, and that I was your old cleaning woman.

The four of us have moved in together, without permission to leave the house, or even to show ourselves at the window of our room. And so I am writing to you of our unhappy exile. I know neither when nor how we will be able to leave this hiding place.

Adieu, my dear Joséphine. Before leaving Paris, we had the pleasure of seeing your brother. He is hiding in the home of some good people, and I pray he will not be found. Pauline will tell you his story, which will surely interest you, even if it is not nearly as tragic as ours.
Madame de Tourzel and her daughter stayed in Vincennes until December, at which time they went to stay in their castle outside of Dreux, the Château d’Abondant.

Their desire to see the Royal Family, who were imprisoned in the Temple brought them back to Paris after the execution of Louis XVI. Kind Mr. Hardy obtained a passport in their names and rented an apartment for them on the Rue Bourgtibourg not far from his own home. Mademoiselle Piou, a dressmaker, was in charge of the mourning clothes for the orphan of the Temple, and by her intermediary, Madame de Tourzel managed to get news of the prisoners and of the Dauphin. She received the visit of Abbé Edgeworth, and then in the springtime, returned to the Château d’Abondant with her daughter.

They were both arrested in the castle. On Thermidor 48, after five months of detention at the Bénédictines Anglaises and two months in Port-Libre (formerly the Convent of Port-Royal), they obtained their freedom.

One year later, when the “Enfant du Temple” died, the harsh conditions of Madame Royale’s were tempered slightly: Madame and Pauline de Tourzel were granted permission to visit the orphan. Though they did not manage to accompany her when she was sent back to Austria, and in fact, her attempts to obtain permission resulted in Madame de Tourzel being jailed for three days in the Prison des Quatre Nations (l’Institut). On January 15, 1797, Pauline married Citizen Béarn and left her mother. She moved to Méillant, in the Berry region. When she came back to Paris in the spring of that same year, she endured new threats and was forced to flee to Switzerland during the coup d’état of Fructidor 49. At long last, peace returned and their noble family, so miraculously rescued, survived until the Restoration.

Madame de Béarn’s account of the day she returned to the Tuileries is quite moving. She had not been back to the garden since she left it on the morning of August 10, 1792. The day she returned, before even the arrival of Louis XVIII, an apartment was designated for her. She wrote, “The next day, all those who had come to appear before the King were gathered in one of the larger drawing-rooms. Couriers arrived every fifteen minutes for news. At long last, a final courier announced that the King would arrive soon after. We all stood up and formed a line. My heart was pounding and my legs were weak. Suddenly, the doors opened wide, and a voice rang out, speaking words that for so long had not been spoken in France: “The King!”

When I heard the words, my spirit was troubled. Memories of my youth came back to me. The past became the future. I could see no more, I could hear no more, and then a cry, “Ah, it’s Pauline!” brought me back. I found myself in the arms of the dear Princess who had broken into tears. My own tears flowed as well. With her head resting on my shoulder, the Princess stood there for a moment without speaking.

Pauline de Béarn went with the Duchesse d’Angoulême one early morning to the Cimitière de la Madeleine. They left alone at seven o’clock, with neither suite nor escort, to visit the graves in which the bodies of Marie-Antoinette and Louis XVI were resting. Pauline remained friends with the daughter of Louis XVI, and she was made one of her ladies-in-waiting. She was certainly her most intimate, dearest friend, and they remained together until 1830.

In 1816, Louis XVIII bestowed upon Madame de Tourzel the title of Duchess. She died at the Château de l’Abondant on May 15, 1832, at the ripe old age of 82.

As for Hardy?

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48 Eleventh month of the French Republican calendar.
49 Twelfth month of the French Republican calendar.
The only information we possess about this strange character is supplied by Memoirs of the Duchess of Tourzel and by Memoirs of Forty Years. Here is a brief summary:

Throughout the duration of the Revolution, Hardy kept under his protection the two noble women he had saved. It was he who rented two rooms in Vincennes in a secluded street, in the homes of trustworthy hosts. He came to see them once every ten days. They received no visitors; they wrote no letters; they opened their windows only with Hardy’s permission. His power over them was absolute. Pauline said, “We abstained from everything he forbade us.”

Later, it was Hardy who went to Switzerland to meet Pauline’s sister, Madame de Charost, who had emigrated, and brought her back to Paris. “Our family,” adds Madame de Béarn, “was not ungrateful towards those to whom we owed our lives. We did much for Mr. Hardy, and only a few years ago my mother was helping out another one of the individuals who had brought her back to her home.”
Memoirs of an Old Man

To whom do we owe the following narrative? Obviously not to a great writer, nor even to a man used to writing down his observations or clearly expressing his thoughts. The form is so crude that certain sentences are almost indecipherable. What’s more, in addition to being clumsy, the author, like a man taking up the pen for the first time in order to set his words down to posterity, enjoys using a solemn tone and searching for deplorably complicated expressions and turns of phrase. 50

Despite these faults, and despite all the author’s beautiful discourse in the style of Livy, 51 which detracts from the general interest, these pages are so clearly the deposition of a well-placed witness that we will publish them without changing anything. Who was the witness? No one knows. The original pamphlet was entitled Souvenirs d’un vieillard ou les Faits restés ignorés des 10 août, 3,4,5,9 et 12 septembre 1792. 52 It was printed without the author’s name in Brussels in 1842. However, it was signed JOVIN. The first part deals with the events of August 10, and will not be reproduced here. We will commence Memoirs with the page on which the account of the massacres of La Force begins.

The Interrogation and Release of Monsieur le Comte de Chamilly

On September 3, 1792, I was informed by meat-hawkers and other suppliers traveling to the Halles market that the prisoners were being slaughtered at the prison de la Force, and that most of the cutthroats were butchers, whose names were then given to me. I immediately realized the great influence I might have in calming these lost men, who all knew me. I had recently and unofficially accomplished remarkable things in their own best interest, notably when they were sent to the market of the cour des Miracles, when the police, in order to compel them to go there, had wanted to resort to force and had appeared at the Halles market, with two hundred men from the center of town, artillerymen and two cannons.

I was driven by the same feelings that had driven me in the midst of the looting and carnage of August 10 to recognize and discover happiness in the midst of peril. I convinced myself that I would be no less happy than I had been during my first try at the Tuileries, that I had become a veteran in such circumstances of assassinations and carnage, and that I should not waver nor fear heading to the prison of La Force if I could be of help. Thus thinking, any other observations became superfluous, and so I sneaked quietly out of the house unbeknownst to my family, and I proceeded there. Still, before arriving at the Prison, I was struck to my soul with repugnance: the Rue des Balais offered the perspective of a lake of blood and of the cutthroats, who, standing in two ranks, carried out the horrible massacre organized by the Commune of Paris.

Two of the Commune’s members, wearing the imposing Communal scarf, were sitting with the prison registry in order to embolden by their presence the murderers they were paying, as well as to encourage them and assist them in the execution of the crime, by first delivering the death sentence, and then handing over the victims to them.

I noticed that their vile followers reeked of wine, and that, in order to confront and deride the mute and trembling crowd, they were forcing themselves to drink in turns directly from

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50 For the sake of readability, I have chosen to use a few periods now and then. (Translator.)
51 Titus Livius, 59 B.C.-17 AD, Roman historian.
52 Memoirs of an Old Man or The Unknown Facts from August 10; and September 3, 4, 5, 9, and 12, 1792.
twelve-pint pitchers, and they were using their cutlasses, reddened and steaming with blood, to cut the bread they pretended to devour ravenously. I concluded from the sight that I would have to renounce on the project I had formed to bring them back to the spirit of tolerance, and I was thus disconcerted for a few moments.

Still, in the midst of the mob I trembled at the thought of the cruel suspense that the prisoners must be suffering from. They, from the interior of the prison, could not help but hear the deplorable cries of the victims who, at the very door of the prison, were being ruthlessly struck down and stabbed by the weapons of these murderers, and then dragged to the rue Saint-Antoine, where they were torn apart by these madmen or trampled underfoot, only half-alive and still quivering.

Human restraint prevents me from describing the horrible picture of what happened before my eyes until the moment when suddenly I heard the cutthroats begin to cry, “Now we need the head of the king’s valet de chambre!” and as if a signal had just been given, they all took up the cry and repeated it incessantly.

Thus inspired and determined to enter into the prison, I managed to reach the first room where the court had established itself. The first prisoners whom I saw appear before the municipal officers, serving as leaders in the carrying out of the murders, were sent à l’Abbaye; these two words were at once a signal and an irrevocable death sentence.53

Then I saw one of the prisoners appear, who, in the midst of several policemen, was being led by roughly led out, held by the collar, by his shirtsleeves, and by the tails of his coat. The men presenting him in such a way announced to the municipal officers that it was the king’s first valet de chambre, and according to the will of the people, they wanted his head. “Ecce Homo!” responded one of the barbarians wearing the imposing scarf, and then, fearing that his followers had not understood, he added, extending his right arm and pointing with his index finger to the victim he was delivering to them, “That’s the man!”

The followers grabbed the man immediately, searched him and robbed him of everything they found in his pocket, and the poor victim, almost dying from pain, still seemed to want to help them, by leading their criminal hands to the objects he knew he had on his person.

It was in this way that the respectable Count54 was robbed of a knife, a flask, a very old ornamental antique watch, and of his wallet, which was found to contain seven hundred and eighty-five francs and two bills drawn on the bank of Guillaume, worth about twenty-five sols.55

While the search was being carried out, the victim, upon whom the death sentence had just been pronounced, experienced such a fright that he fell into a state of the most heartrending agony. In just a few instants he lost the normal face of a man; all the membranes which usually maintain the normal complexion of the human face became so irritated that they were moving at ten times the speed of a watch’s works on the half-second beat; and the old man, his hands

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53 One of the striking indications that the massacres were not at all due to an explosion of popular fury, but rather that they were the result of a clever preparation, of a previous agreement, was that the judges of La Force, in order to avoid any scenes of violence inside the prison, never pronounced the death sentence in front of the condemned prisoners. They merely said, “Take the gentleman to l’Abbaye.” The unfortunate man, thinking that he was merely being transferred from one prison to another, quietly followed his own executioners. At l’Abbaye the death sentence was, “Take the gentleman to La Force.” The similarity of procedures is, in a way, proof that orders had been given and that the various groups of murderers obeyed a common command.

54 Claude-Christophe Lorimier d’Etoges de Chamilly, first valet de chambre to Louis XVI, was sixty years old in 1792. He had followed the King to the Temple, which he had left on the evening of August 19, at the same time as Madame de Tourzel, Madame de Lamballe, and others. Chamilly was guillotined on Messidor 5 (10th month in the French Republican calendar), Year II (G.L.)

55 A former monetary unit in France, equal to 12 deniers.
religiously folded together, turned his face as if to gaze to heaven and beg for clemency, repeating endlessly, “My God! My God! You alone know that I did harm to no one.” “No, gentlemen,” he said to his executioners, “I have done nothing wrong, I assure you, etc…” Still, he was finally dragged away by the monsters, and already the wretched man, though staggering, had taken his first steps towards death when Providence permitted and desired that I, taking part in his pain, cry out in the following terms:

“Can it be possible, gentlemen of the Municipality, that you can be so mistaken as to believe that the people to whom you will one day, perhaps even before tomorrow, be obligated to give account of your administration—is it possible that at this moment Ecce Homo is the only judicial form that you claim to follow in order to pass judgment on the lives of men, and deliver unto death all those whose heads are asked of you? This old man upon whom you have just handed down this death sentence has been accused of no wrong-doing, no complaints have been made against him, and you don’t even know his name, as you asked no questions and made no demands of him before uttering his death sentence. As we can all testify to these facts (having been interrupted only by approving voices, I continued), should we abandon the cause of this old man when we know that justice is the people’s motto? Who will leave here with me? I swear that I am going out to obtain the people’s opinion.”

“I’ll go,” a young man, dressed in the clothes of a civilian gunner said, touching me on the shoulder. We went out straightway, leaving the Count surrounded by an audience, who, having supported me with their approval, were able to hold off the Count’s persecutors for a few moments.

After listening to the succinct report that I gave publicly, the people disclosed their will and stated that the King’s first valet de chambre would be peacefully interviewed and heard, and that the objects stolen from him would be given back. We hurried back to the office, but before entering, we heard the sinister cry: A l’Abbaye!

During our absence, the murderers had convinced the court to reiterate the death sentence of this poor victim whom they had once more in their power.

“Stop all that!” I ordered the municipal officers. “The people have spoken, the king’s valet will be peacefully questioned and heard. Be forewarned that if you refuse to do so, the people will find the means to force you to respect the law they have prescribed to you. You are hereby summoned, and those who are calling for the prisoner’s head likewise, to give back to you, or to place on your desk, all the objects that they have stolen from the prisoner. Let Justice rule! I say, that is the will of the people, not the blood, theft and pillage which has been happening before your eyes and in your presence, and of which the people are now informed.”

The two officers stood up and consulted in whispers, one of them, very disconcerted, seemed undecided as to the Count’s fate, but his colleague told him, “Do as you wish. As for me, like Pilate, I wash my hands of the whole affair, and I am going to continue, because we must have blood…” He took his seat and the policemen immediately brought him a prisoner whom he sent to his death.

The other officer went into the second room of the office. We went in after the King’s valet de chambre, whom he had approach the desk and stand to his left. The objects that had been stolen from him were brought in and placed on the desk, and the officer began his questioning. The Count then stated that his name was Christophe de Chamilly.

The questioning took place in an atmosphere of great disturbance, but while it was going on, still accompanied by the young gunner, I left the office many times in order inform the people and to calm them. Finally, I obtained a unanimous vote that, even if the Count were presumed to be guilty, he would still be led to his home and placed there under strict guard so that he could be
called upon when needed. These were the requests I made in my appeal to the people, who adhered to them with passionate enthusiasm.

On this occasion I saw death up close, but I did not fear it, and when the cutthroats drew their sharp daggers on me in the rue des Balais, and were about to strike me down with them, and when I saw the gunner become pale with fright, I remained calm and spoke to the murderers in the following way:

“You who audaciously dare to act against the will of the people who are observing your conduct and watching you from nearby, do you think you can frighten me with your blood-stained bayonets and cutlasses? Look at my arm (I told them, and held it out beneath their weapons) and see if I tremble.” The words *bravo, courage, Vive la Nation,* and *don’t strike him!* all blended into one cry, and every voice echoed the cry again. Many people left the crowd and came towards me; they surrounded me and accompanied me as far as the further room of the clerk’s offices, which troubled the cutthroats who, frightened by the movements of the crowd, remained silent.

“The interrogation is definitively finished and your decisions are annulléd,” I said to the municipal officer as I entered the room; the people have just unequivocally pronounced their decision and concluded that the Count, the King’s first *valet de chambre,* shall be led at this very instant to his home. You are to this effect summoned to leave your seat and protect him with your presence, and to accompany us to his home while we take him there. Don’t waste time; the people are impatient to see him appear. Bring the objects that were left with you, and be quick about it. Get up and let’s go.

As my words were supported and reiterated by those who accompanied me, the officer left his seat with a serious and pensive air about him; and we left the prison. Then, as he presented himself before the people, he paled and began to tremble.

The satisfaction that the crowd felt and demonstrated was touching. I swear that I noticed it and saw tears of emotion being shed, and that, in the middle of this storm, on this day of alarm and of misfortune, I tasted happiness for a second time.

We then proceeded down the Rue des Balais. The Count was held up by the officer at his right. I held him by the left arm and kept my right arm over his head, in order to guarantee that, insofar as possible, I would shield him from the first blow meant for him. When we had arrived at the Rue Saint-Antoine, the cutthroats dared to try to force him to kneel over the hacked-up cadavers there, but pushed hard against the crowd, which opened up before us good-naturedly to allow us to pass, and we continued on our way.

At a certain distance, I saw two public conveyances (carriages) coming our way. I signaled to the coachman driving the first one, and he stopped. I introduced myself and asked the people inside to be kind enough to let us use the carriage in order to accommodate the Count of Chamilly, whom we had the pleasure of taking back to his home. They congratulated us let us use the carriages. Those who obtained the use of the second coach followed us.

From the first step we had taken outside the prison, cries of “Vive la Nation!” cheers and clapping of hands resounded until our carriages were out of sight.

Unfortunately, when we arrived at the Boulevard Montmartre, we lost a few minutes listening and replying to the questions asked by the General Santerre’s aide-de-camp, who had been dispatched to us in order to inquire why the crowd was following our carriage. I informed him that the Comte de Chamilly had just escaped from the arms and the steel of the cutthroats, 56 Long live the Nation!
who, at the Prison de la Force, continued to massacre the prisoners without anyone at all coming to their aid. The messenger took his leave and we continued on our way.

Unfortunately, we lost a few more minutes when the same aide-de-camp came back and congratulated the Count on the behalf of the General, and informed him that the Convention had just received official news of the victory won over the Prussian army, which had been soundly thrashed between Verdun and … I thanked the messenger on behalf of the Count, and implored him to speak to the General about what was happening to the poor prisoners, but my request was ineffectual.

A short distance from Chaussée d’Antin, our carriage was stopped for a third time, and quickly approached by more than twenty people. A young man appeared at the door and tried to open it, but he in such a hurry that he couldn’t manage. The others present opened it for him, picked him up and practically placed him on the lap of the Count, whom he embraced, saying and then repeating over and over, “Oh! My Father! Is it really you? Are my eyes playing tricks on me?” The Count, who responded to him with more embraces, said to him kindly,

“Turn around and embrace the man to whom I owe my life. —Is it possible, Sir? asked the young man as he embraced me, that I am indebted to you for the joy I feel right now at recovering and embracing my father. It should be noted here that for the Count, whom this young man called Father, the young man was not really the son, but rather the nephew.

We finally arrived at n°10 of the Chaussée d’Antin, and after responding to the concierge, in order to announce the existence of and arrival of the Count (who then left me the task of opening the carriage doors of the mansion), I let the carriages drive in close to the vestibule.

Only a small number of our group entered into the sitting room with the Count. The crowd that had followed him was served something to eat and drink.

I was too concerned about the fate of the prisoners in these precious moments to not want the officer to quickly finish his snack and return to their side. The flattering hope that was forming that I might be able to be of some help to the prisoners, and it revived the memory of having, on August 10, experienced a moment of joy that could happen again, and in favor of these victims whom I knew to be exposed to the murderers’ fury.

Still, the officer refused my requests, stating that the Count’s being returned to his home and his possessions being returned to him had to be set down in a written statement. I claimed that it would easier to simply write out a receipt, but he insisted, had paper brought to him, and wrote out the report, which he then made each of us sign. This fruitless measure, needlessly undertaken, brought unforgettable sadness to us, because we were retained for at least an hour, and these minutes, alas! added to those wasted during the reuniting of the uncle and the nephew, and finally, those squandered when we twice waited to listen to and answer the General’s messenger—these minutes, I say now with grief in my heart, were paid for with the cruel martyrdom of the unfortunate Princess, whom I was unable to help.57

Thus leaving the Count and his nephew amidst those who were congratulating them on the fortunate turn of events, we climbed into the carriages which were waiting for us, and I asked the coachman to drive us as quickly as possible to the Prison de la Force. I had noticed in the small registry court several persons of the charming feminine persuasion, who had seemed to me to be separately held and closely guarded by the miserable followers of the Commune. The dangers I knew them to be exposed to excited my zeal and drove me to arrive in time to be of assistance to them. The gunner, as well as a Mister Dehanne, shared my feelings and promised to

57 The Princesse de Lamballe. It was probably around eleven o’clock when the jailers brought the Princess down from her cell. It was probably around noon, September 3, when she was slaughtered.
help me. As for the request I made of the municipal officer, with whom I had become somewhat friendly during the drive, he suggested and promised to take back us into the prison through the building on the Rue Pavée (in the Marais), and he did. We crossed its courtyard without hindrance, and thus arrived in the second room of the prison offices, at which point the officer took his seat.

Those members of the audience who had assisted me with their support recognized me, and expressed their regret that I had been absent. They painted a horrible description of the cruelly martyred Princess undergoing unheard-of tortures. Even after having thrown herself on their mercy, she was unable, neither by her pain, her cries, her tears, nor by the efforts she made to not be taken outside—still, her executioners would not be swayed. They told me how those who pitied her and wanted her to be saved deplored her death, but did not have the courage to speak up. She was still alive a half an hour before we arrived.

I declare that I, from that moment on, have constantly regretted that I did not have the chance to speak up to save the victim, even if it would have meant putting my own life in danger, and perhaps sharing her fate.
Concerning the Release of Mademoiselle de Tourzel\textsuperscript{58}

When Mademoiselle de Tourzel appeared in the office, the audience began to cry out and protest loudly, saying that at her age, she could not be suspected of having been involved or initiated in matters of importance, and that she should not be interrogated nor frightened in any way. All the objections, observations and applications were made vehemently in regards to her youth and her sex, and this induced the officer to simplify his questions, and thus made it easier for this charming young lady to answer without distress. The officer ordered her to be freed, the audience applauded with joy and enthusiasm, and the crowd approved with expressions of delight and endless applause.

We led her to the rue Saint-Antoine and placed her with religious care in the safekeeping of one of the worthy persons who had hurried to offer their help. I heard later that the person was the kindly and deserving deputy Tallien, and that he had taken great honor in protecting her and taking her back to her family.\textsuperscript{59}

\textsuperscript{58} The narrator obviously knows little about the way in which Pauline de Tourzel was saved. Nevertheless, his story is fairly accurate. It was, we think, around noon when Madame de Lamballe was murdered. At the same time, the author of \textit{Memoirs of an Old Man}, busy taking Mr. de Chamilly back to his mansion, was absent from La Force. He reappeared \textit{one-half hour after the death of the Princess}, he said, or at twelve-thirty, and it was at this time that he observed the release of Mademoiselle de Tourzel. This chronology does not coincide with the chronology of Rétif de la Bretonne (quoted by M.G. Bertin in Madame de Lamballe, p. 327)—\textquotedblright I arrived\textquotedblright, said Rétif, \textquotedblright in the rue Saint-Antoine, at the far end of the rue des Ballets, at the same time that an unfortunate man, seeing his predecessor being murdered, instead of just standing still in shock, took to his heels and fled from the office. A man there, who was not one of the murderers, but rather one of those unthinking machines, of which there are so many, stopped him with his pike. The poor man was attacked from behind by pursuers and murdered. The man with the pikeman told us coldly, \textquoteleft I didn\textquoteleft t know they wanted to kill him.\textquoteright After the prelude I was about to take my leave when I observed another scene that struck me. I saw two woman come out of the prison: I have since known one to them \textit{to be [or by way of]} the charming Madame Saint-Brice, lady in waiting to the \textit{ci-devant} Royal Prince, accompanied by a young person of about sixteen years of age. It was Mademoiselle de Tourzel. There murder stopped for a moment; something was happening inside... I congratulated myself, thinking that everything was over. Finally I saw a woman appear, as white as a sheet, held up by a guard. She was told in a vulgar voice, \textquoteleft Cry \textit{Vive la Nation!}—Non! Non!\textquoteright she said. She was forced to climb onto a pile of bodies, and then one of the murderers grabbed the guard and pushed him away. \textquoteleft Oh,\textquoteright cried the unfortunate woman, \textquoteleft Don\textquoteleft t hurt him!\textquoteright She was told once again to cry, \textquoteleft \textit{Vive la Nation!}\textquoteright but she refused disdainfully. And so one of the murderers grabbed her, tore off her dress, and cut her belly open. She fell and was finished off by the other killers. I could never have imagined such horror. I wanted to run away, but my legs failed me, and I fainted.\textquoteright

Thus Rétif assures us that he saw Pauline de Tourzel before the death of Madame de Lamballe, whereas the author of \textit{Memoirs of an Old Man} claims that she had already been dead a half-hour before Pauline was freed.

It should also be noted that, in her letter to her sister, Pauline does not mention having appeared before the improvised tribunal that was sitting in the office. She does not speak either of the horrible pile of bodies that blocked the rue des Ballets at its intersection with the rue Saint-Antoine. We must think that, given her young age, she was spared the sight of the carnage and that Hardy led her immediately to the right as they left the office, by way of the rue du Roi-de-Sicile, towards the passage that led to the Petit Saint-Antoine church.

\textsuperscript{59} I know well, and it can be read in the \textit{Moniteur} of the time, that Tallien, accused at the Assembly of having been the instigator of the Massacres of the 2\textsuperscript{nd} and 3\textsuperscript{rd} of September, denied the charge and took credit for having given the order to save Mademoiselle Pauline de Tourzel. It is possible that Mr. Hardy acted under the orders of Tallien, but I saw only Mr. Hardy, and he alone was my liberator.” (\textit{Souvenirs de Quarante Ans}).
Interrogation, Death-Sentence and Liberation of Mme La Duchesse de Tourzel\textsuperscript{60,61}

Mme de Tourzel was brought into the office and had hardly given her names when some impudent fellow dared to dictate and prescribe to the officer the questions that should be put to her, as to what ideas she had formed of the concentrations which had taken place at the Tuileries on August 9\textsuperscript{th} and 10\textsuperscript{th}, as to the time at which the King had gone to bed on the 9\textsuperscript{th} and risen on the 10\textsuperscript{th}, as to the time at which he had reviewed his Swiss Guard on 10\textsuperscript{th}; if the Queen had accompanied him, etc. etc.

As to the time of the getting up, the going to bed and the pastimes of the Dauphin her pupil, etc. etc.

As to her departure and her journey to Varennes, why and with what object she had accompanied the Royal Family, by what gate and at what time he had left the Tuileries, which carriage she had driven in, where the said carriage was waiting and who was in it, who drove it, etc.

He then proceeded to certain ridiculous and calumnious imputations to establish his complaints as to the conduct of the worthy Duchess, who replied to her perfidious persecutor by keeping silence and treating him with contempt.

Irritated against this enemy who appeared to have sworn the destruction of the Duchess, the said audience expressed themselves first in murmurs and then proceeded to threats; when at last the officer gave way and briefly ordered the Duchess to raise her hand and take oath not to give the Royal Family any news of her release and not to conduct any correspondence with them, the Duchess, though trembling all over, appeared to hesitate at this moment; nevertheless, aided by the opinions of those who supported me, I invited and urged her to give this promise; she gave way, and raising her right hand level with her chest, submitted to the condition not to give any news of her release and not to conduct any correspondence with the Royal Family, and then lowered her hand.

Prompted by the unknown person, the officer at once said to her: “Raise your hand and now take an oath never to see or even to approach the person of the Dauphin whose governess you were but are no longer”; the Duchess went pale and depicted her grief with an expressive movement, for she let fall her hand as if the right arm had at that moment been struck by lightning and pronounced with the decisive accent of despair: “I cannot do it!”

“No, she will not do it, I would have sworn it and I knew it,” cried the vile fellow; “Send the treacherous woman \textit{à l’Abbaye}.—\textit{à l’Abbaye, à l’Abbaye},” he repeated, “she deserves it at least as much as the woman who was sent there in your absence.”\textsuperscript{62}

“No reprieve for this woman, she has no further claim to your indulgence: she is an enemy of France, I tell you, and it is she who is preparing the mind of her pupil to become the tyrant of the French, etcetera. … \textit{à l’Abbaye, à l’Abbaye}.”

\textsuperscript{60} This section is drawn from Lenôtre, G. [pseud.] The September massacres; accounts of personal experiences written by some of the few survivors of the terrible days of September 2nd and 3rd, 1792, together with a series of hitherto unpublished police reports. London: Hutchinson & co. ltd., 1929.

\textsuperscript{61} This narrative is in complete agreement (though much richer in details) with the story given by Mme de Tourzel in her Mémoires. As these Mémoires were only published in 1883, this agreement is a proof of the truth of the Souvenirs d’un Vieillard. It is necessary, however, to remark that Mme de Tourzel did not bear the title of duchess until after the restoration.

\textsuperscript{62} Mme de Lamballe. She was, as we have seen, murdered about noon. Mme de Tourzel did not appear before the tribunal until much later, about three o’clock in the afternoon. According to her account, she descended from her cell about eleven o’clock with the Princess de Lamballe and says she remained for four hours in the small court.
The policemen, ever on the watch, followed him in pronouncing and repeating the words of this ill-omened signal; the municipal officer, who for a moment seemed to me to remain lost in thought, only raised his head to pronounce the sentence of death.

We were thrown into as great consternation as the Duchess against whom the fatal sentence was pronounced, and we thought her really lost when we saw the policemen seize hold of her.

“No, sir,” I said with all the vehemence with which I was again inspired from heaven, “I shall not be so weak as to permit you to ignore that a misunderstanding has preceded and alone determined the sentence pronounced by you; but if this misunderstanding is brought to your knowledge and if your mind is impressed by it I feel the absolute certainty that it will be rectified by you and that on that account you will be praised and honored for evermore by the people who are always the friend of justice. You have, sir,” I continued, “imposed on the lady de Tourzel the condition of taking an oath never to see nor to approach the person of the Dauphin; she has very simply submitted to your condition by replying in these terms: ‘I cannot do it.’ This reply has only been called in question by the man who has constantly shown himself before you to be her cruel enemy and cowardly accuser; what value therefore can attach to the application it has pleased him to give to the words? He was maliciously represented them to you as a refusal, whereas, literally interpreted, they constitute a formal acceptance; and finally he has carried his baseness to the point of demanding and instigating the death-sentence.

But, sir, this reply, ‘I cannot do it,’ is, I maintain, equivalent to expressing clearly and positively that the will is not to do it, and that it will not be done; that one would fear to compromise oneself by doing it, and that one will not expose oneself to the risk of doing it; this reply, I say, must be understood in this way, and it would be in accordance with the principles of justice that the lady de Tourzel should be summoned by you, sir, to explain aloud and clearly the meaning of the reply which she has given in order that you may consider its bearings.”

The officer, who seemed impatient to get finished, replied angrily: “Very well, then; let her explain clearly and without delay.”

Then Mme de Tourzel was able to free herself at once and the same time from the refusal which she had given, and from the arms of death, by saying to the examining officer: “In reply to what you required and demanded of me I replied absolutely in the sense which this gentleman has just interpreted to you.”

“You hear her,” said the officer to those present, and then to the lady de Tourzel: “Taking that as the meaning, raise your hand and say Vive la Nation!” which she did; then the officer ordered her liberation.

The accuser and the policemen remained silent, astonished and discomfited, and the Duchess was immediately approached and congratulated by those who had testified by their behavior that they took a lively interest in her and participated in her distress.

We left the office and went out of the prison in a crowd; we walked down the Rue des Balais as far as the corner of the Rue Sainte-Antoine: cries of joy and the clapping of hands were heard and repeated by all those who looked upon her.

But arriving near the terrible and repulsive pile of corpses from which the blood was still gushing forth the murderers came to Mme de Tourzel and wished to force her to kneel down on the bodies which formed the base and to take the oath. It was with the sole intention of sparing her from casting her eyes on such a repugnant scene that I then ventured to cover her face and ears with a large hat; thus we passed through the crowd which hastened to make way for us.

At a certain distance the Duchess got into a carriage which I secured form the people who occupied it, and still assisted by the young gunner and also at this moment by the sieur
Deshannes and even by…, etc. etc., who to my astonishment followed us, we drove her to the Faubourg Saint-Germain to the house indicated by her.\footnote{Mme de Lede’s house. (G.L.)}

As soon as I had informed the concierge of Madame’s arrival and replied affirmatively to the question which he hastened to put to me—that she was alive and about to appear immediately, he left me and ran to announce the happy news whilst I let the carriage in and had it brought up to the vestibule.

The Duchess got out assisted by all those who eagerly crowded round her and held out their arms to her whilst shedding tears of astonishment and joy.

As I was telling the coachman to drive back into the road and wait for me, a person approached him and gave him a folded paper; “Excuse me, sir,” I said to him, “it is I who engaged and occupied this cab which I still require; you may be assured that I shall settle with the driver to his satisfaction.”

“I do not doubt it for a moment,” he replied to me, “but please do not object to his receiving what I have the pleasure to offer him in these happy circumstances; take this, my friend,” he said. The driver accepted it as I pronounced the words: “So be it.”

The same person very civilly offered to accompany me to the drawing-room. I agreed to her invitation and on entering the Duchess who, holding in one hand a notebook and in the other a pencil, was carefully collecting the names and addresses of those who had accompanied her, which made me presume that she had the intention of responding to the interest which we had shown that we bore her by acts of liberality whose acceptance appeared to destroy the merit of an action and degrade him who should have the baseness to claim or the weakness to accept payment or recompense for services which ought freely to be rendered to humanity when danger is manifest; nevertheless, thinking that the Duchess would doubtless feel offended if I disdained to accept what on this occasion might be addressed to me at my home, I informed the sieur Deshannes, who shared my feelings, that I had the intention of not making myself known, which he approved. We had reached this point when the Duchess approached us with the most captivating kindness. …But in reply to her request I replied:

“Having done nothing which could merit the attention of Madame la Duchesse, I beg her to excuse my replying and, if she pleases, merely to permit me to present myself to obtain news of her health, and I beg her to believe in the sincerity of my respectful devotion.” (I terminated thus, bowed and withdrew.) The Duchess then addressed herself to the sieur Deshannes and received from him a similar reply.
Testimony of Maton de la Varenne

P. A. L. Maton de la Varenne was born in Paris in 1760 into a family of the noblesse de robe. Maton de la Varenne was born in Paris in 1760 into a family of the noblesse de robe. He was a lawyer, but several years before the Revolution, his state of health forced him to give up that activity. Still, he used his knowledge of the law to continue giving consultations. He was not a “man of business” but a “man of law” as one used to say in those times.

Despite his poor health, Maton was enterprising and greatly determined. He declared himself an enemy of the Revolution from the outset. On August 10, he was implicated, arrested, and incarcerated in the Prison de la Force. We are about to read the testimony of his tribulations there. This story was written shortly after the events there and published under the title of: *Les Crimes de Marat et des autres égorgeurs ou Ma Résurrection où l'on trouve non seulement la preuve que Marat et divers autres scélérats, membres des autorités publiques, ont provoqué tous les massacres des prisonniers, mais encore des matériaux pour l'histoire de la Révolution française.*

When he was freed, Maton continued to be involved in the Royalist fight after Thermidor. He was forced into hiding after Fructidor 18, and then retired to Fontainebleau at the beginning of the Empire and lived there during his retirement. He died in Fontainebleau on March 26, 1813.

I needed information for a case I was interested in, and so I spent the afternoon of August 24, 1792 at City Hall and at the Commune. While I was there, I spoke to the secretary (Tallien), and on returning home, I saw that the carriage entrance was blocked by policemen. Before entering, I asked a neighbor what was happening, and he replied that I was being looked for. At first, I was stunned. After a few moments, however, I came back to my senses, and upon reflection, decided that I must have been mistaken for someone else. I went up to my apartment, which was entirely lighted up with the door standing wide open. The apartment was full of men, some of whom were armed. “What do you want with me?” I asked.

“Sir,” they politely answered, “We were sent by the section of the Théâtre-Français to search your apartment, and…” “You surely have written orders,” I interrupted. “Show them to me.” They did so immediately. The orders were to search everything in my home, and that my papers be sealed, *if they found any*, and that I then be arrested. I replied, “Do your duty.”

“We’ve already finished,” they answered. (As a matter of fact, they had searched everywhere before my arrival. They had even looked under the beds to see if I wasn’t hiding any priests there.) “We must admit that you are guilty of nothing. You’ll just need to come to city hall to give a short statement, and that will be all. Still, you should probably have some supper first.

While I was having an egg, they wrote out their statement, which said the following: “We found in the home of Sir Varenne nothing that might be in opposition to the Revolution or that might connect him to the events of the tenth. On the contrary, all the writings in his home indicate his patriotism.”

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64 Class of nobility that could not be handed down to descendants.
65 *The Crimes of Marat and the Other Cutthroats, or, My Resurrection, Where One Finds Not Only the Proof that Marat and Various Other Scoundrels, Members of the Public Authorities, Provoked the Massacres of the Prisoners, but Also Other Materials for the Study of the French Revolution.*
66 11th month of the French Republican calendar.
67 12th month of the French Republican calendar.
Next after having a drink served to the men who had come to search my home in the way I have described, I walked to the Watch Committee at city hall. One of the men accompanied me, carrying several bundles of my papers, most of which concerned my clientele (I had formerly served as a lawyer in the Parliament).

I am planning on demanding them when I need them.

My guide (from whom I could easily have escaped en route if I had thought I had anything to fear) led me into a small office where a man wearing a scarf was seated. I saw a man brimming with respect for the sublimeness of his own functions, affecting the tone of an important man, using bizarre expressions that revealed his pettiness, glancing at me contemptuously, with a nearly shaved, huge, ridiculously round head. This was the man I met in the office. I learned later that his name was Leclerc. I informed him of what had happened to me and encourage him to question me, announcing at the same time that I needed to be home for business matters the next day, and that my health would not allow me to spend the night there. I asked him to read the statement and then set me free, offering at the same time both a physical and a monetary deposit if he need it. “I cannot,” he said. “You have been denounced.” I insisted, asking him to call in a few of his colleagues to consider my request. A young man named Parein entered the room. I had tried several cases against him in court, and he had always proven to be an underhanded individual. I left the room immediately. A short time later, he crossed the antechamber where I was waiting and announced to me that my petition had been thrown out.

I returned to discuss the decision with Leclerc, but could only obtain the following sentence, pronounced with all the ridiculous seriousness of the man: “Stand down. The Watch Committee has made its decision.”

They took me into a kind of kitchen with no chairs, only a few boards on the tiles of the floor to sit on. I was resigning myself to wait when a man told me to follow him. We crossed a courtyard into a central building which I didn’t know existed, and then I walked through a gauntlet of a hundred stern-faced men, armed with swords, pikes and rifles. Their threatening comments made me fear for my life. Finally, I arrived at a narrow, dirty stairway that led up to a sort of attic full of people of different states of well-being. They had been arrested like me, and to lie on, they had only straw ground down almost to dust. At first, terror froze my very senses, and I began to think foreboding thoughts. I was giving myself up to those thoughts when one of the individuals who had searched my home appeared and asked for me. He seemed to have been touched by my honesty. He led me down from the room with him and locked me up for the night in a small office with a young man, about thirty years old, named Crouta. Crouta was a

68 City hall was at that time located in the Palais de Justice in the mansion of the Premier Président.
69 The following excerpt from the *Republican Courier*, n°452, dated day 11 of last Pluviôse (January 30, 1795) should suffice to acquaint us with the man. “Those who are familiar with the events in Lyon will most probably remember the infamous shooting of 209 persons. They were executed following a sentence, or to be more precise, an order to assassinate, handed down by the temporary commission presided over by the Jacobin Parein. Parein is one of those who continue to fan the flames of discord and encourage murder. Still, several details of this massacre are not yet known.—They first called out a conscripted battalion to do the execution. Trembling with fear from what they were doing, they fired, but only managed to kill fifteen or twenty people. They were told to fall back, and a battalion of the Parisian Revolutionary Army advanced. These men fired confidently, but still didn’t manage to kill everyone. Since some of the poor wretches were still standing, others maimed, the cannibals fell on them and began murdering them with their swords, pistols and even pickaxes. Then they threw them in a collective grave that had been dug for that purpose. During the night that followed the massacre, one could hear the moans of the wounded who had been buried alive. Some of them managed to dig their way up through the bodies piled up on them and, hidden by the darkness, escaped to neighboring villages. It is said that a few even managed to flee to Switzerland. We can wonder if they should be treated as immigrants.” (Maton)
watchmaker on the rue du Harlay. He had been arrested for shouting at the mayor, Pétion, who was passing through the neighborhood. He was trying to defend his mother, a former schoolteacher named Bataillot. She had been arrested when a few of the Pope’s speeches were found in her home. They had been promised that they would be heard out the next day.

A lamp, two straw-stuffed chairs, a door lying on the floor, and a trestle bed made up the little furniture in this miserable little room in which my two unfortunate companions had already spend four days and nights. We comforted each other as we could, and then, as we were becoming more and more drowsy, we tried to give ourselves up to sleep.

The young man slept on the door, while his mother and I lay down together on the trestle bed. The schoolteacher stayed in one of the chairs. Thinking about what was happening to me, I became persuaded that there must be a plot to take me before the fearsome tribunal established on August 17 (abolished by decree on December 1, 1972 and replaced by that of March 10, 1793, by which Robespierre had had so many innocent people sentenced). I could not conceal from myself either the number of enemies I possessed nor their animosity towards me: in the previous May I had published a strongly worded pamphlet on behalf of two unfortunate men (Lami-Evette and Durand). They had been sentenced to the scaffold, and I managed to save them from it. The pamphlet was entitled *Crime committed by the Investigation Committee of the National Constituent Assembly and by several forgers made and paid by that committee*. The work had been favorably quoted by various journalists and the edition was soon sold out. As the functions of the Investigation Committee were the same as those of the Watch Committee in whose hands I now found myself, it was hardly surprising that certain members seemed to resent me.

The next day I was told that Panis and Sergent, leading members of the Committee held the greatest sway over the fate of those arrested, and that I should speak them. I wrote to them, and received the response that they would both come to see me around eight o’clock that evening. I had to resign myself to wait, but I waited in vain, and I spent that night in the same state as I had spent the previous one. During the course of the day, they had brought into our room with us: a young man, whom the guards disarmed ostentatiously before our eyes, but who was then taken from the room as soon as the guard realized that I had spotted him as a spy; a young woman of about eighteen years of age named Laborde, who had been seized when she refused to say what had become of her husband, who was a justice of the peace; a respectable sexagenarian called Mr. Brousse; and finally a private individual of about forty years of age found in the possession of a weighted stick resembling the one carried by Colnot d’Angremont, who had been decapitated several days before—the man was therefore suspected of being one of his accomplices. He was taken out after only an hour and sent to the Abbaye prison.

Thirty-six hours of this treatment had exhausted me. On Sunday, I begged all the Members of the Commune and of the Committee crossing through the corridor to have me questioned, or to have me sent home on bail. Leclerc, with his absurdly stern face, was there to make sure my entreaties were for naught. I repeated them insistently with his colleague

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70 He died two years later, of consequences of the suffering experienced during the events I am hereby relating. (Maton’s note).
71 It is worth noting that during the time period of this work the word “citizen” was not yet in common use.
72 The following extract from the records of the Paris Electoral Assembly from March 8, 1793, will give some idea of the man: “The Electoral Assembly, after hearing the report given against the Citizen Leclerc, ex-administrator of the police, considers that Leclerc was named judge solely thanks to false declarations with which he inspired the confidence of the Assembly, and so states that Leclerc has lost the Assembly’s confidence, which it deems necessary to undertake the delicate responsibilities of a judge. Given that, according to its principles, the Assembly cannot
Chartray, who very kindly promised me that he would see to it that I could go home that night. Around three o’clock in the afternoon, he was just sending the subsequent order when the arrival of Panis was announced, and he told me to take up the matter with him.

I went to see Panis immediately, though admittedly with no small amount of disdain, because I have never like asking for anything whatsoever from an idiot. I mentioned several claims of mine that should have allowed me the hope for prompt justice.

This man, who, with his hard heart, ugly face, and crass ignorance, should have remained rotting in his former misery, but who nevertheless managed to get into the Convention, watched me suffer without taking pity on me, as I was persecuted without legitimate cause, spitting blood, and he denied my request, just as he had listened with disdain to the cries of those who had gone to his home to beg for my liberty.

The failure of the appeal I had just made did not prevent me from waiting for him once more, guarded by a sentry, in a sort of antechamber adjoining his office, still hoping to overcome his murderous inflexibility. While I was waiting there, I saw: first, a young woman with her maid, who called her Madame la Princess, and who had been arrested two days earlier; a federate from Marseilles whose eyes gleamed with the lust for killing, and who swore, “Triple Goddamn it! I didn’t come one hundred and eighty leagues to be done out of sticking one hundred and eighty f... heads on the end of my pike!” (As a matter of fact, he took part in the prison massacres I will speak of later); a gendarme who spoke thusly, “About a week ago they almost blew the prisons apart. Watch out, because it might just happen”; a young clerk who said, “Now they’re getting ready to kill the traitors. Not one of them must escape”; and finally, bloodthirsty Marat, who was choosing which victims he would single out, etc.

Everything I saw and heard froze me with fear, and I was returning to my companions in misfortune with feelings of deep despair when I was recognized by a man named Rossignol, an inhabitant of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. He said to me that, “this time he had me where he wanted me, and that he was going to get revenge for my putting him in prison, and that I was going to pay for all the harm I had done him.” My readers should know what this harm consisted of.

A premeditated murder had been committed on January 27, 1791. The victim was a private individual in whom I was interested, and the police authorities for the fourth district tribunal had charged several persons with the murder. Among the many accused was a certain butcher’s apprentice and Rossignol, who has since become a general in the Army for some strange reason. I was the defense attorney in the case. Despite the efforts of Parein, whom I have already mentioned and who happened to also be incriminated, on the following May 30, I managed to obtain a judgment (since enacted) suspending his previously announced death sentence, and at the same time, thanks to a better informed decision, causing Rossignol and to be change its own nomination, the Assembly considers that the case should be sent before the General Council General of the Commune, and encourages the Council to take the case before the courts, etc.” The minutes of the meeting are signed Lubin fils presiding, with the Mayor and the secretary. Leclerc nonetheless remained judge. Today he is vegetating in a minor position. (Maton’s note).

73 His ignorance is demonstrated by his absurd writings. I am presently reading Prémices aux patriotes (First Fruits for the Patriots), from 1790, in which he speaks of writings of mud (doubtlessly like his own) the darkness of the aristocrat’s hell, of verbal trash, of infernalities, of the putrid breath that corrupts excellent facts, of learning to live virtuously, of suffering the wages of doing so, of tigers who come to rejoice in torturing us or our brothers, and of the executioners of civility. These disgusting tirades bear his signature, after which he describes himself as a public defender or man of the law, here slowing the course of a formerly unheard-of wickedness.

74 Three hundred and sixty miles.
found guilty. (This butcher’s apprentice, whom I had defended so heatedly, was stabbed to death on December 31, 1792).

Rossignol’s threats should no longer surprise anyone. Having reached the Provisional Commune several days earlier in some way or another, he could now carry out his threats. He did so the next day. Nothing noteworthy happened for the rest of the next day, with the exception of the comings and goings of Caron-Beaumarchais, who had been arrested on the 23rd or 24th and sent to the Abbaye prison. That evening, a young woman, around 36 years old, was brought in. I believe her name was Lebrun. She explained to us that she had been arrested when she refused to divulge the hiding place of a Count who lived with her.

Three sleepless nights and two days during which I had managed to obtain only very inadequate nourishment had reduced me to a state of weakness that only those who know me well could imagine. I accosted anyone who passed by wearing a scarf, and I told them that to detain anyone like this without allowing them to be heard was proof of their barbarity, their hidden infamy, and that they were concealing malicious plots against me. One of the men I addressed recognized me and said quite pleasantly that just the day before he had been reading one of my pamphlets, and that if it caused me the loss of my freedom, I should congratulate myself.

A few moments later, the same Bataillot who had spent nights on a chair was freed, and the latest arrival was sent to the Prison de la Force.

Suffering from extreme fatigue, I was once again protesting loudly that justice was being denied me when a gendarme appeared and called for me. He was holding a paper in his hand, and he announced that I was to be taken to prison. I asked to see the order he was carrying, and he showed it to me without causing any difficulties. Here are the terms of this new lettre de cachet: “The concierge of the Hôtel de la Force will receive, until further orders, Sir Maton-de-la-Varenne, who calls himself a man of law,”75 etc., etc.,” signed Rossignol and Cally.

When I saw Rossignol’s signature, I was overcome with anger and indignation. In a fury, I went to the Watch Committee, which closely adjoined the office I was in at the time, and I explained to the municipal officer there the grievances I had against the man. Since having heard his threats the day before, I had had a copy of the judgment I won against him brought to me from my office. I gave it to the officer I have just mentioned and asked him to use it to help me. He answered with much kindness that I was right, and then took it in to the Committee for them to read. However, he could not convince them to rescind the order, and so he had come to announce their refusal in person. I then asked to be allowed to appear before the Committee to speak my case, but this justice was also refused me.

As I could no longer oppose any form of useful resistance, I asked a gendarme for and was granted fifteen minutes alone, and used the time to receive the consolations of the venerable Broussin. That night, he had admitted to me that he was a non-juring priest, but that he had only been arrested because he was suspected of having dealings with Durozoi,76 to whom he had never spoken, and because he had taken the precaution of wearing a wig. When I asked him if he had chosen not to divulge his situation to the Section where he had been originally taken, he responded that he had to confess even if it meant risking his life, and so he had let it be written on his statement. Here are the final words he told me while he embraced me: “Christian charity cannot prevent us from seeing that many victims have been chosen, but remember that not a hair can fall from our heads if Providence has not chosen it to be so for the greater good. Goodbye,

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75 Calls himself a man of law! Monsters, I did not say anything of the kind to you, because you never consented to listen to me! (Maton’s note).
76 Editor of the Gazette de Paris, beheaded on August 24, 1792 (Maton’s note).
perhaps we will meet again soon in eternity.” I left him upon those words, sobbing,77 and went to
find the coach the gendarme had had driven into the courtyard of the Town Hall. I got into it at
around three o’clock in the afternoon, with a relative who had not left me only at night during the
detention I have just described, and we left for the Hôtel de la Force, to which she wished to
accompany me.

The various remarks I had overheard at the town hall made me fear a forthcoming
massacre so strongly that, on the way to La Force, I implored my relative to appeal to all my
acquaintances and to petition personally for my freedom. While I was explaining my fears to her,
we arrived at the Quai Pelletier, where a large crowd had gathered to see the passing of the Abbé
Sauvade, of Guillot and of Vimal, sentenced to death for counterfeiting assignats de Passy. We
were already near the end of the Quai, just about to cross la Grève, from which we could see the
guillotine, when two men, seeing us in a coach with a gendarme and taking us for criminals, said
to each other, “Let’s guillotine those two while we’re waiting for the others.” The comment
reached my ears. Before the crowd heard them, I managed, with the gendarme’s help, to direct
the coach down another street, and I stopped in front of the Hôtel de la Force, whose deadly
wicket was waiting to greet me. It was August 27, 1792.

I must now tell the scenes of horror posterity might refuse to believe, if they were not
confirmed by all our present generation, and if the punishment awaiting its authors were
incontestable proof.

After having signed my name in the same register that contained the record of Rossignol
and the charge of murder against him, and after having paid the various attendants what they said
they were entitled to, I asked to be placed in the section called de la Dette,78 which I knew to be
the cleanest and most comfortable. My request was speedily satisfied, as the concierge knew that
I had rendered important services to several prisoners. A cot was taken up to the chamber de la
Victoire for me.

Upon entering the room, I was welcomed quite civilly by the six prisoners already there,
among whom was Constant, who had given his profession as hairdresser to be a savage and
swallow rocks, at the Palais, at that time called le Palais Royal, and at the St. Germain fair. He
was arrested for an act of indecency committed there on the stage with a scantily clad woman,
whom he was trying to put over as a savage like himself. They were taken in and both sentenced
to two years’ imprisonment, six months of which remained to be served. With his kind ways,
Constant had ingratiated himself with the concierge, who had him placed in La Dette, where he
earned good deal of money shaving people and cutting their hair.

I also recognized one of my clients, a man named Durand, who cried over my unfortunate
situation. He made me change my bed for his, which was a much better one, and took good care
of me until we were separated, as I will tell later.

I began to feel somewhat more calm, thanks to a certain time taken to think over my
problems, to the hope I placed in the zeal of my friends, and more than anything else, thanks to a
good dinner. I went down into the garden for a little fresh air before it closed. I saw a great
number of people there who had once borne great titles: notably the Chevalier Saint-Louis de
Chesnaye, with whom I had been in regular contact for over ten years, through his functions as
treasurer of the Musée de Paris, of which I am also a member. There were also the Chevaliers de
Rhulière and de Saint-Brice; Abbés Bertrand, former member of the Grand-Conseil and brother

77 As I report his last words, my heart is broken at the thought of this mortal separation, and I cry tears of blood over
the fate of the unfortunate ecclesiastic, of whom I will speak again.
78 Debtor’s prison
of the ex-minister, Lebarbier de Blinière, Episcopal vicar, suffragan bishop (Episcopal vicar); Flost, former vicar (curate) of Canflans-l’Archevêque, another deputy of the Constituent Assembly; de Chamilly, Louis XVI’s first valet, and Guillaume the elder, the solicitor. They had all been arrested on the tenth, either after having been denounced or for their known opinions. We consoled each other mutually, and promised that the first one of us to obtain his freedom would do everything within his power to help free the others.

I returned to my room and we were all shut in for the night with enormous locks and bolts. I went to bed and thought until the next morning about what I should do in order to hasten my release. At the break of day, I wrote to several of my friends who had aided me in various matters from time to time: to Danton, Minister of Justice at the time, then Deputy to the Convention, and finally decapitated on Germain 16 (April 5, 1794); to his father-in-law, Charpentier, café owner on the Quai de l’Ecole; to Camille Desmoulins, secretary at the Seal, then deputy. My friends, especially one of whom had invited me to lunch at his home on the day of my arrest, replied that the stormy circumstances we were involved in made them fear compromising themselves. Danton promised to try to help but did nothing. His father-in-law spoke to him and did not even mention me, even though he had promised to plead my case. Desmoulins, whom I had pleaded against in 1790 and won, and whom I thought to be my enemy, proved to be above all resentment. He saw me only as a persecuted man, and did all he could to convince Panis to either question me or release me. The death penalty that was inflicted upon Desmoulins and Danton can in no way prevent me from speaking of the generosity they showed towards me. As for Panis, he stated to the person trying to deliver my letters that he no longer wished to receive appeals.

May the tears he caused so many unfortunate men and their families to shed fall like burning drops on his heart. May remorse tear his soul.

And so went my days in prison, in perpetual correspondence. One major disadvantage I felt was that I could neither send nor receive sealed letters, nor could I see anyone from the outside. Even though we couldn’t receive outside communications about our situation, nevertheless, a rumor began that all the prisoners in the capital had been threatened with impending murder. Abbots Bertrand and Flost fought against the rumor. The latter mentioned the numerous non-juring priests who had been arrested, saying, “If God allowed us to be relegated here, it was not to send us to our deaths.” The reasoning of this pious man, uttered with an unction that goes straight to the heart, tempered our fears and each of us mustered his courage once again. Still, news that reached us on the evening of August 31 almost made us lose that courage. Pétion, who like Marat was the idol du jour, and who, like that other monster had become a figure of execration, had come at five o’clock to the Legislative Assembly accompanied by his Municipal Council. One of its members had spoken the following atrocious words, “We have had the subversive priests arrested, and have had them placed in a private prison, and in two days, the land of liberty will be purged of them.” And in fact, on September 2 and 3, their throats were cut, but let’s not get ahead of ourselves.

My imprisonment had lasted around four days when I received a letter announcing that my case was going to be seriously taken into consideration, and that my correspondent hoped to embrace me the same evening. The next morning, in another letter, he lamented the slowness in

79 Decapitated under Robespierre. (Maton’s note).
80 Seventh month in the French Republican Calendar.
which justice was being done for me. He referred to Rossignol who had sent me to prison, and said that the rossignol\textsuperscript{81} doesn’t always sing.

Several moments later, I was handed a letter from my mother which said:

“The Mayor’s secretary (Jozeau, a former lawyer) told me that you will have to write for the Municipal Council a memorandum claiming that it is urgent that the appear Wednesday before the Sainte-Geneviève tribunal. There are so many delays in the business there that nothing can be done in regards to your release for another two days. You should also write a letter to Mr. Sergent requesting a permit to speak to you (she didn’t get the permit). Don’t worry, be patient, and rest assured that we are neglecting no option, before God or before man. Especially, watch your health.”

And so I began immediately work on a memorandum in which I listed the circumstances of my arrest:

“In addition to the pleas on which I am basing my demand for release,” I wrote, “there exists an equally important matter. My home was burgled last June 10. The prosecution of the burglar, a man called Lapointe, is being conducted in the fifth district, and I have been called to testify there on September 5. Must I be ruined while the guilty party triumphs, and that because I am not free?”

This Lapointe, whose first names were Louis-Claude, had become a café waiter after having been accused several times of theft, and then imprisoned in Bicêtre, where he regained his freedom by promising to denounce his associates. He was re-incarcerated for the theft of the Couronne furniture store, and was once again released under the same circumstances.

He was imprisoned once again on July 7, 1792 for the burglary of my home, and managed to leave La Force prison on the following September 3, by saying to the murderers that he was there solely for owing me 120 livres. Finally, on last Messidor\textsuperscript{82} (June 26, 1794), he reaped punishment for his crimes at the Place de Grève.

I must return to my memorandum. One of my former colleagues offered to present it to the Commune one September 1. However, his business affairs prevented him from going there. That problem, combined with the events of the following day, made my just demands moot.

Here my heart is torn, my eyes fill with tears, grief suffocates me, and the pen falls from my hands. Let us take pity on the just and generous nation that allowed such crimes to be committed, crimes that had never in the history of man been seen.

I have already said that all verbal communication with persons outside the prison was forbidden, and that all letters entering or leaving the prison were opened by the concierge. For this reason, no news from the outside was to reach us.

However, someone started a rumor. It might have stemmed from love of storytelling, or from fear, or one of the turnkeys might have indiscreetly confided it to one of us. In any case, as we went down to the garden on September 2, around 7 o’clock in the morning, I heard a prisoner say to another that the Châtelet had almost been forced the night before. There would have been a massacre there if sufficient forces hadn’t arrived in to time to prevent it. When I was finally released, I learned that the report was false. It nonetheless left me in a state of agitation, though I was careful to communicate my fears to no one.

Soon after, we learned that Verdun was besieged, and that troops to defend it were being sought. Thereupon, many young persons imprisoned either for fines pronounced against them by the criminal police, or for crimes not involving capital punishment, resolved to offer their

\textsuperscript{81} Nightingale
\textsuperscript{82} Tenth month in the French Republican Calendar.
strength to their country, and to atone for their crimes in a glorious campaign, or even by the shedding of their blood. I agreed to note down their intentions in a memorandum that they sent straightaway to the National Assembly.

Around 2 o’clock in the afternoon, a tall, badly dressed man came in to find someone named Joinville, who was that day in charge of the wicket opening onto the Rue des Ballets, and whispered something into his ear. Joinville seemed for a moment to be dumbfounded by what he had just heard and then replied loudly: “Let them come and murder them, if they want. My God, I’m not stupid enough to get myself killed for the prisoners.” I learned this fact only after my liberation. The person from whom I learned it is incapable of telling a lie. She came to bring me some news which hadn’t reached me, and heard Joinville responding to the man of whom I have just spoken. She was highly alarmed by what she heard.

A name named Maignen, who had been waiting for fifteen or sixteen months for his case to come up in court, had decided to build a kitchen in the garden with stones he found there, left lying after the demolition of some building. He had obtained permission from someone, most likely the concierge, for his wife to come in every morning at the opening of the gates to bring him supplies and fix his meals. The fine quality of this food had begun to bring in regular customers, and soon, nearly all of the prisoners at La Dette, not excepting even the richest, bought their meals there. On this day, however, contrary to custom, supplies were limited, and were already begin to lack at the time when their distribution was usually only just beginning. We didn’t know what to attribute this to.

Around three o’clock, a gendarme who had entered our section of the prison for a reason I am unsure of, told one of our ranks, who informed us immediately, that a massacre had just been committed near the Pont-Neuf. Seven people had been sent from the Mairie to the prison of the Abbaye, and were stopped and killed there. As early as the day before, half-drunk women had been talking about it publicly on the terrace of the Café des Feuillants, in the Tuileries. Speaking of the prisoners, they said, “Tomorrow we’re going to f…up their souls in the prisons!” Several months ago, an architect named P… assured me that he had gone by the terrace at that exact moment. These statements, and what the person had whispered to Joinville, prove that the massacre of the prisoners was planned in advance.

Around seven o’clock, prisoners began to be called away regularly, and they did not come back. Everyone had a different understanding of this strange procedure, but our spirits became calmer when we managed to persuade ourselves that the dire need of troops had caused the memorandum I had drawn up that morning for the National Assembly to be accepted. All those not detained for serious crimes were thus being released to fight. Such was especially the opinion of our unfortunate friends, Rhulière and de la Chesnaye, with whom I was speaking when at eight o’clock we were suddenly all locked in our rooms. Alas! They had no inkling of the tragic fate that awaited them. Confined to our rooms, we heard the wicket leading to the garden being constantly opened and closed, and the guard Baptiste went from one room to another to get the prisoners, all who left their confinement with the greatest joy. He called mainly upon prisoners who were only charged with misdemeanors, and so our fears were banished for the day.

Our dinner was light because of the scarcity of provisions. This, coupled with the fact that I had walked all that afternoon in the garden, had made me hungry. Kind Durand searched his entire room to find us something to eat. A small piece of bread divided among seven men, and a glass of wine left over in a bottle were all that we had for nourishment. I resigned myself to my hunger, and I was about to go to bed when I saw in the garden a young man named Duvoy who had not yet been locked into his room. As pride was useless, I asked him if he couldn’t find me
something to eat. He pulled himself up to our window by its bars and offered me two eggs. However, as I could not possibly find wood to cook them, I was forced to refuse.

I was trying to go to sleep when the door to my room was opened with a terrible crash, and Delange, who had been detained for a misdemeanor, was taken away. A moment later, he was followed by an old man of seventy-three named Berger, who had been imprisoned for eighteen months for a similar charge.

The other rooms in our hall were opened again and again. There were five of us left in my room. Everyone but me was indulging in the hope of being released before daybreak when they came to get Durand. He was waiting in his bed, fully dressed in order to not keep the guards waiting. He shook my hand, promised to send me news without fail, and left the room. At the same time, we heard the voice of Delange, who, after having been released, insisted on going back to his room to gather up his belongings, especially his pet, a small white poodle. His requests were to no avail, because the guards wanted to prevent the prisoners from being informed of the horrible scenes that were already taking place.

While the rooms were being emptied, was glimpsed from our room a man named Caraco, who undoubtedly feared, because of the nature of his crime, that he would not obtain the freedom that was, according to general rumor, being granted to everyone else. He climbed up the pillars of the gallery that had been uninhabited since the fire in La Force, and reached the roof, from where he dropped down into the street, and was promptly murdered there. Duvoy also tried to escape, but fortunately for him, his lack of agility prevented him from doing so. I say “fortunately,” because he survived.

Around midnight, a man named Barat, who, thanks to the location of his room, was within earshot of what was happening, called Gérard, my roommate, and said to him the following words which I will never forget, “My friend, we are dead men. They are killing all the prisoners as soon as they leave the prison. I can hear their screams.” Immediately after hearing this horrible thing, Gérard said to us, “Our last hour has arrived. We have no resources left.” I had left my bed to be able to listen and to hear. I said to Gérard (and I forced myself to think so) that the noise was coming from the mob in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, who were forcefully enlisting men to march to the help of Verdun. They were probably going down the streets to reach the Hôtel de Ville.

At one o’clock in the morning, the wicket leading to our quarters was again opened. Four men in uniform, each holding a drawn sword and a flaming torch, were led upstairs into our hallway by a turnkey. They entered into the room next to ours, broke into a chest there, and searched it. They left the room and went back downstairs to the gallery, where they began questioning a man named Cuissa as to the whereabouts of Lamotte. Several months earlier, Lamotte, pretexting a hidden treasure, and promising to reveal its hiding place, had been invited to dine at the home of one of these armed guards, and there he had swindled him for three hundred livres.

The unfortunate man they had in their custody (and who lost his life that night) responded, trembling with fear, that he remembered the event well, but was unable to say what had become of the prisoner. Determined to find Lamotte and to confront him with Cuissa, they took him back upstairs and began to search the other rooms. Their search proved to be futile, because one of them said to another: “Let’s go look through the bodies, because G…damn it, we have to know what’s become of him.

At the same time, I heard them calling for Louis Bardy, called Abbé Bardy. I have since learned that he was taken away and murdered within the hour. He was accused of having five years earlier, along with his concubine, murdered and hacked to pieces his brother, then auditor
in the Accountant’s Office in Montpellier. He was said to have baffled the science of all his judges by his subtlety, his skill, the eloquence of his replies, and by the legal difficulties he managed to raise. He had formerly requested, but without success, my legal assistance. I hope that he died an innocent man.

One can well imagine the state of fright the words, “Let’s go look through the bodies” threw me into. I could see no other solution but to resign myself to my imminent death. And so I made out my will, which I ended on the following note, “I request of those men who find my dead body and rob it, I enjoin them, out of respect for the dead, and for the sake of the laws they are breaking with these murders that one day the Nation will ask them to account for; I enjoin them to forward my will, along with the letter attached therein, to the proper addresses.”

I had just put down my pen when once again I saw two men in uniform men appear. One of them, who had one sleeve covered with blood all the way to the shoulder, and who was carrying a bloody sword, was saying, “I’ve been hacking off arms and legs right and left for two hours now. I feel more tired than a mason after two days plastering.” They spoke then of Rhulière, and promised each other that they would torture him and take him through each degree of the most cruel suffering. They swore with frightful oaths that they would cut off the head of the one among them who put him out of his misery with the point of his sword. When the unfortunate soldier was finally handed over to them, they took him away, shouting, “More power to the law!” Then they stripped him and began striking him with all their might with the flat of their swords. The blows soon began to take his skin off. His entrails were showing and his entire body was streaming with blood. Finally, screaming the most horrible of screams for over a half an hour, and fighting with all his courage against his murderers, Rhulière died.

Three quarters of an hour later, around four o’clock in the morning, they came to get Baudin de la Chesnaye, and forced him to dress. Since his room was underneath my own and our windows were open, I heard the turnkey say to him when he tried to take his hat, “Leave it. You won’t be needing it any more.” He went out and walked with the calmness of a philosopher between the two men of whom I have just spoken. They went down to the concierge’s office, where de la Chesnaye was subjected to a kind of questioning. The official then ordered him to be taken to l’Abbaye, which in other words meant, kill him. He went out through the fatal wicket, and gave a cry of horror when he saw the pile of dead bodies outside. He covered his face with his hand, and then fell under the blows of the pikes.

He, like the man before him, was accused of having been involved in the affair of the tenth. Alas! He was innocent. Sixty years of virtue, something which seemed hereditary in his family, should have promised him a better end to his life.

Since his death, which has left a lasting wound in my heart, I have learned that his room was closely searched, and that nothing was found in his papers that could have justified his imprisonment, and that the mistake his murderers made was admitted in a certificate delivered to his respectable widow. 83 I learned from her one day when I was visiting to offer a few words of consolation, that a man named Toussaint, who had been servant to an attorney in the Parliament named Châtelain, had boasted of having been one of the judges at the Prison de la Force on the night of September 2. He said that he had sentenced the same la Chesnaye to death, and he is now indebted to him for the pension he receives thanks to having been present at the taking of the Bastille.

83 André Baudin de la Chesnaye was married to Anne-Louise Jeuneux. (G.L.)
A great number of prisoners from the various buildings of the prison such as Standé dit l’Allemand, André Roussey, Abbé de la Gardette, Simonot, de Touze de la Neuf-Ville, and others suffered one after the other the same fate as poor La Chesnaye. Each time the wicket was opened I feared that I would hear my name pronounced and look up to see Rossignol enter my room. My agitation, however, did not prevent me from trying to think of ways to escape the fury of the murderers if the chance arose. I took off my robe and my nightcap and put on a coarse, dirty shirt, a shabby tailcoat with no jacket and an old hat. In the fear of what was now happening, I had had them brought to me two days earlier. I thought that dressed thusly I would not be taken for one of the many educated men who were being killed as traitors. We will see that that precaution was unnecessary.

Around five o’clock Abbé Blinières and Abbé Bertrand were escorted away. A man in the garden cried, “à l’Abbaye!” but a federate standing by the wicket said that they should not be harmed. I have no idea what happened to the former, but I know that the latter made it through, because I saw him a year later.

At six-thirty, men came once again to the two ecclesiastics’ room, this time to take away the solicitor (Guillaume l’aîné), who shared the room with the Abbots. The events he had witnessed since the prison closing the day before made him fear that his life was in great danger, and so he hesitated to open his door, which he had in fact barricaded from the inside. The men who were trying to break down the door to get at him, shouted out the worst blasphemies, called him an enemy of the nation and a scoundrel, and finally went away to get help. They had only just disappeared when I (despite the state of fear I myself was in) went to watch from my window. He could not see me but I told him that just resisting was a very dangerous thing to do. “Well, Sir,” he replied, without knowing to whom he was speaking with any great certainty, “You don’t kill people without first giving them a proper hearing.” The men came back just then with reinforcements, and the solicitor opened his door to them. They grabbed him and took him away. I worried about him for several weeks, and then finally learned that he had been released.

After each incident I have just written about, several of the individuals who, according to the language they used among themselves, were dealing out justice to the traitors, spread out in our gallery and shouted that the others should be released. Decombe de Saint Geniès was the first man released. His cry of Vive la Nation! was heard by the remaining prisoners, who responded in kind. Another one of them, Benjamin-Harel-la-Vertu was lead away in triumph.

We know that all of the rooms of my corridor except my own were empty. There were four of us in the room who seemed to have been forgotten, and as a group we prayed to the Eternal Father to ask him to help us escape from the great danger we were in. While we were in this situation, a thousand times more horrible than death, the turnkey Baptiste came to visit us alone. He spoke of the innumerable murders he had seen committed, and told us that he had

84 Stande de Vollemart, or Jean-René Lallemand. Lists, by G. de Cassagnac.
85 André Roussay.
86 Or Guillaume Simonet.
87 Louis Touzé de la Neuville.
88 Jean Etinne de Roussière. A judgment dating May 1, 1812, ordered the correction of his name, written Roussières. Lists, by G. de Cassagnac.
89 Jean Rossignol’s Memoir, were published (Plon Press) in 1896 by Victor Barrucand. The manuscript of the great general does not contain one word mentioning the massacres. The notebook corresponding to that part of his life has disappeared. (G.L.)
90 He most probably escaped. G. de Cassagnac’s Lists, established from the archives of the Commune, contain no name resembling that of Blinières. (G.L.)
saved us by protesting that we were only in prison for assault. The others had wanted to kill him because of us, he said, but we had nothing left to fear. He had taken responsibility for us.

His assertion that he had saved us seemed to me to be a way imagined by him to stimulate our generosity. I had seen the man carry out orders given to him, trembling and lacking the courage to answer. Nevertheless, I took his hands and begged him to lead us out, promising to give him 100 Louis d’or personally, or have them sent to him, if he led me to either my home or one of my relatives’ home. A noise we heard made him leave quickly.

Just after we heard another noise. We were lying on our stomachs near the window, and from it we saw a dozen or so men armed to the teeth. Most of them were covered with blood. There were in the garden, holding council in whispers. “Let’s go back into all the rooms. No pity, no survivors.”

Upon those words I pulled out a pocketknife and opened it. I was wondering where I would strike myself when I realized that the blade was too short to do any immediate mortal damage, and thus doing so would be delivering myself in advance to the torments already threatening me. Faith in God helped me, and I decided to wait for things to happen. I repeated In Manus several times, encouraging my companions in misfortune, especially Gérard, to confide themselves to Providence.

Between seven and eight o’clock, four men armed with staves and swords came in and ordered us to follow them. One of the men, about six feet tall, dressed in a gendarme’s uniform, took Gérard aside. They spoke in low voices and made gestures that made me suspect some sort of corruption. The conversation finished with these words from the prisoner: “As you can see, comrade, I was arrested for having merely slapped an aristocrat.” Unfortunately for him, the charge he was being detained for was of a much more deadly consequence. I don’t believe that I should speak of it.

During the conversation I have just described, I was looking everywhere for a pair of shoes so that I could get out of the court slippers I was wearing. Finally, forced to give up my search, I went down with the others, dressed as I described previously. Constant, known as le Sauvage, Gérard and a third man whose name escapes my memory were allowed to move freely. As for me, four swords were held crossed in front my chest. My comrades obtained their freedom without having to appear in the office of the concierge (Bault). I was brought before the person with the scarf seated there. He was lame, fairly tall and slim. He recognized me and spoke to me seven or eight months afterwards. Several people have assured me that he was the son of a former attorney named Chepy. While I was crossing the courtyard called la Cour des Nourrices, I saw that it was full of cutthroats being egged on by Manuel, who was then attorney to the Commune, later deputy at the Convention, from which he resigned, and finally executed last Brumaire 24 (November 14, 1794). When I arrived at that terrible court, I was questioned thusly: “What’s your name? What’s your profession? How long have you been here?” My answers were simple. “My name is Maton de la Varenne. I am a retired attorney named Chepy. While I was crossing the courtyard called la Cour des Nourrices, I saw that it was full of cutthroats being egged on by Manuel, who was then attorney to the Commune, later deputy at the Convention, from which he resigned, and finally executed last Brumaire 24 (November 14, 1794). When I arrived at that terrible court, I was questioned thusly: “What’s your name? What’s your profession? How long have you been here?” My answers were simple. “My name is Maton de la Varenne. I am a retired attorney, and I have been held here for eight days without knowing why. I was hoping to be freed last Saturday, but public matters have caused my release to be delayed.”

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91 Nursemaids’ Courtyard
92 On August 28, he traveled with Pétion to the Ménil-Montant quarries, where they ordered a well that had been filled in several months earlier to be reopened. They were also recognized at other excavation sites, notably at the Saint-Jacques barrier called Isoire. No one is ignorant to the fact that it was in these excavation sites that the bodies of the victims of the massacres of September 2 and 3 were buried—massacres for which these two men were responsible.
93 Second month of the French Republican calendar.
I refrained from speaking of Rossignol, because I was amidst all his comrades from the Faubourg, who would have quickly sacrificed me to his resentment. One of them, without recognizing me, said behind me, “You, the gentleman with the soft skin, I am going quench my thirst with a glass of your blood.” The so-called judge of the people stopped his questioning to not waste time, but he opened the prison register, and after having examined it, he said, “I can find absolutely no charge against him here. All of the frowns on the faces around me disappeared and the cry Vive la Nation rang out. It was the signal of my deliverance.

It was at this moment that I felt more strongly than any other the extent of the danger I had just escaped. I became very pale and nearly fainted. I was taken away immediately and led out of the wicket by men who held me under the armpits. They assured me that I had nothing to fear, and that I was in the safekeeping of the people.

I crossed the rue des Ballets, which was lined three deep with people of both sexes and all ages. When I reached the end of the street, I drew back in horror when I saw in the gutter an enormous pile of naked bodies, dirtied with mud and blood, on which I was made to take an oath. A cutthroat had climbed to the top of the pile to lead the mob. I was mouthing the words they demanded of me when I was recognized by one of my former clients, who happened to be passing by. He answered for me, embraced me a thousand times, and managed to make even the murderers take pity on me. His name is Colange Napolitain, a violin-string maker on the rue de Charonne. At first they wanted to take me over to the Saint-Louis Committee to eat and drink, but I refused, saying that I had just escaped death, and had to go and console several people who were probably mourning for me. My reasons were accepted, and I requested a carriage, which I needed because of my weak state. After having walked most of the way down the rue Saint-Antoine, and having been met and embraced by three more people, we saw a coach passing by. My escorts stopped it and made the occupants inside get down. I climbed in with my escorts, whose numbers had grown so greatly on the way that the coachman’s seat, the doors, the roof and the back of the coach were covered with them.

Remember that I almost lost my head to the guillotine on August 27 while I was crossing the Quai Pelletier under the escort of a gendarme? It seems that some sort of malevolent spirit was bent on destroying me, either under the knives of the murderers at the Place de Grève, in prison, or finally when I was going back home. At the corner of the same street, a man noticed my distressed looks and my disheveled clothes and took me for a conspirator or for some other sort of criminal. He grabbed one of the horse’s bridles, and shouted out a cry of public indignation against me: “Don’t let him go any further! Kill him right here!” He had hardly finished when a young man holding on to the door of the coach drew a sword against him. He would have been split down the middle all the way to his belt if he had not moved out of the way in time to avoid the blow.

This event merely added more pomp to the triumphal march I made then, during which I remember the words of the Psalmist: “Circumdederunt me dolores mortis. I heard cries of congratulations around me all the way: “Citizens,” one of them said, “here is a patriot who was locked up for having spoken too well of the Nation.” “Look at the poor man,” another man said, “His relatives had him put in prison to steal his belongings!” At the same time, each of them crowded in to catch a glimpse of me, and I was embraced through the doors.

Caught in the middle of this exhausting welcome, I arrived opposite the rue Planche-Mibray. My escort announced that I was going to cross the Pont au Change in order to see the bodies of the scoundrels who had been punished at the Châtelet. Then we would go to the Cour du Palais to see the bodies of the prisoners at the Conciergerie. I finally found the presence of
mind to ask to not have to see this horrible spectacle—one that I knew I would be unable to stand a second time.

My request was granted, and we crossed the Pont de Notre-Dame, after which, heading down parallel streets, we arrived at the Rue de la Barrillerie, where my father lived. My mother was quite moved by my arrival. I was in a kind of shock for a few moments, and then I felt my mother teary cheeks touching my own. It was, remember, September 3. I spent roughly an hour in my parents’ house with my escorts, who accepted only a drink for their trouble. Then, my fear that I would be sought out and arrested again drove me to leave them for a safe place. On the way, I learned that the unfortunate Princesse de Lamballe had been murdered at almost the exact time I left the prison. A private citizen named Cressac, who had once hired me to publish a pamphlet for his business, was released at the same time. Just before his release, a man entered his room and cheerfully asked him what he was being detained for. Because the man thought he knew Cressac from somewhere, he promised to intervene on his behalf when his case came up. He then added, “Furthermore, if you are sentenced to death, I will make sure that you are killed rapidly, without suffering.”

My client was again incarcerated under Robespierre, and managed to escape prison only after the death of that monstrous individual.

It was around two o’clock and the murderers were completely exhausted, even though they had been continually drinking brandy into which Manuel had sprinkled gunpowder in order to keep them in a state of fury. They sat down in a circle on top of the bodies that lay in front of the prison to get their breath. A woman walked by with a basket full of rolls. They took them from her and ate them, dipping each bite in the quivering wounds of their victims.

Never before had cannibals proven to be so ferocious or so barbarous. The people detained in the prison I was leaving were not the only ones to fall under the murderous axe. People detained in the other prisons, in the churches, or in the convents suffered the same fate. During the throat slitting, public authorities demonstrated a criminal tranquility. Billaud de Varennes said to the murderers: “Worthy citizens, you have just cut those scoundrels’ throats; you have done your duty. You will each be given 24 livres. Bloodthirsty Gorsas and Brissot, (the scaffold has since given us our revenge, on October 7 and 30, 1794, respectively), were wondering if this or that person had been killed, and savored from the Mairie the scent of their lacerated flesh. Then, Marat and a hoard of other men of prey like himself, sent out all over France under the counter-signature of the Minister of Justice, the following letter, which provoked the murders of the prisoners in Lyons, in Orléans, Versailles, and so on…

“The Commune of Paris hastens to inform its brothers from all departments that part of the ferocious conspirators detained in the prison have been put to death by the people. It deemed of justice absolutely necessary in order to subdue by terror the legions of traitors hidden within its walls at a time when it was preparing to march against the enemy. Undoubtedly, the entire nation, after the long series of treasonous acts that have led to the edge of the abyss, will hasten to adopt this same method, essential to the safety of the general public.

I was beginning to calm down a little in my hiding place, known only to my father, when his servant came to see the next morning in a great fright. She told me that associates of Lapointe (who had obtained his freedom by lying, as I have said) had appeared at my house, caused a terrible uproar, and had sworn that I would be dead within three days, along with my relative, who had been heard in court concerning the burglary at my house.

I made the decision to leave Paris during the time of the proscriptions, but I could not leave the city until the twelfth, because the gates had been closed since August 10. Also, I had
asked Manuel for a pass permit, and he had refused it. I retired to the Pecq, near Saint-Germain-en-Laye, where I stayed as a pensioner in the home of a widow named Leroy.

I needed the calm after all of the strain I had undergone since the month of June. I thought I had at last found it when the only person who knew where I was staying came to see me on the fourteenth. He informed me that he had been warned the night before by a man whose name he refused to divulge, that a new order for my arrest had been sent to the Mairie. I was to be carried out that very night, though I had thought my whereabouts were unknown.

In fact, the warning was a plot imagined by Lapointe and his associates to drive me away from Paris so that my charges against him might be dismissed in my absence. Nevertheless, the warning weighed heavily upon me, especially since my messenger (a man named Lami-Evette, whom I have since learned was being unknowingly used to frighten me) was indebted to me for his life.

I spent a night very like those I had endured on September 2 and 3, determined that I would throw myself out the window if anyone came after me. My fears were unfounded, but they did convince me to leave the next day. I crossed the forest to the village of Eragny, where I stayed hidden for a week at the home of a poor widow named Leroux.

At the time, house searches were being conducted throughout the country. I had another fright in Eragny. Hardly had I arrived when municipal officers spread out to all the houses of the village on the pretext of searching for arms. They visited all of the houses except for the one I was in. As there was no man living in the house, they didn’t think it necessary to search there. Thus, Providence, which had saved my life at the Hôtel de la Force, clearly also protected me in this second hiding place. The results of the daily workings of the Legislative Assembly reached me there and I read the various decrees forbidding any infringement on individual freedom without following strict guidelines, and this only in the case of serious crimes. As I had committed no such serious crime, and as my deteriorated state of health did not allow me to continue the lifestyle I was subjected to in Eragny, I thought that I could once again show myself. I returned to Pecq, where I stayed for nearly two months, after which time I returned to the capital.

On my return, I heard news so unfortunate that my sorrow reopened the wounds in my soul. The pious ecclesiastic Broussin, who on August 27 had bid me farewell at the Mairie in such a moving way, just before I was taken to La Force, had been murdered on Sunday, September 2 at five o’clock p.m., while he was being taken to the Abbaye.

I also learned that Abbé Flost had managed to escape the murderers. More than a year later, I learned that he was in England. Kind Durand, who had taken such good care of me in prison, spent seven days and nine hours without food, drinking only his own urine from his snuff-box. He had been locked up in a room while they sought out information about him that was presumed to be favorable.94 I wrote to him without knowing his exact hiding place.

Only a short while afterwards, the person who had volunteered to deliver my letter, brought me the following reply, assuring me it came from London.

December 24, 1792

“I too, my dear, the moment of my escape, hardly having had the time to revel in my miraculous delivery, I hastened to inquire about you. I learned, ah! I learned with that

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94 Another prisoner, Edme Morizot, suffered the same torture from hunger and thirst for three and a half days, after which he was carried, dying, from La Force to the Hôtel-Dieu hospital.
inexpressible joy that only sensitive, kind and grateful souls can experience, that my zealous and so greatly devoted defender had escaped from the mur...ers. This news, infinitely pleasant and consoling, dissipated my cruel worries, and fulfilled my dearest wishes. All that was lacking was the satisfaction of seeing him, embracing him, holding him against my breast! I wanted that so badly, but how? I did not know, dear sir, where your hiding place was. They would only tell me that you were in St.-G. Asking more would have been a lack of discretion that they would probably not have answered in any case. Circumstances were dire for both you and me. This was the reason for the reticence, the circumspection on the part of your friends and of mine. They were readily more alarmed than I was. They would much rather have consented to my visiting you in person rather than to making me entrust a letter to them. The risks of sending letters are impossible to calculate in advance, and thus, it is also impossible to guard against them. Still, I had to consent to their wishes. Ah! I only I had known the whereabouts of your hiding place! Nothing in the world could have held me back. You would have see arrive and throw myself into your arms. What a moving scene it would have been! What emotions! What delight! What an outpouring of joy! What a consolation for two kind hearts that know each other so well, united by the strokes of misfortune and by the wickedness of men, and then separated by that same wickedness taken to the extreme, but not without first having endured the most horrible of all battles! Ah! My good friend! (Allow me the use of this expression, which flatters me so!), may it flatter you as much! Yes, I would have flown into your arms, I would never have left Paris without giving you this mark of my confidence in you and my great attachment to you. Please don’t think that I could have doubted your discretion. Other considerations alone caused my sister to be particularly cautious. I owe her that concession, and I owe it to myself. Render it to us, and you will be rendering it to yourself.”

“You say that you are going to write of the terrible experiences you suffered through, of the anguish you underwent. Promise me a copy of it, and I will read it with the greatest interest. Undoubtedly I will tremble with fear more than once! My God, these scenes, too horrible to be believed, happened while You were watching! You allowed them to happen, and therefore You willed them. And yet Jean Huss and Jérôme de Prague were burned at the stake on the orders of the Santos Padres of the Council for having maintained, all the way his death, that God was the creator of Evil, as well as of Good. Such is man! But how can one reconcile carrying out so many criminal plots with the goodness, the justice, and the watchful of divine Providence? And I too could write of the longest, most terrible suffering that any living man has ever gone through. But then, I would need greater writing skills than I possess. Oh God! What have my eyes not seen! What have my ears not heard! I saw the first victim sacrificed. That murder taught me the reasons behind the visit of that riotous mob. I learned right away that the horrible cry, “A l’Abbaye!” was a death sentence, and that the other cry, just as horrible, no even more horrible—“Vive la nation!,” announced the last breath of the victims! I heard and saw other sacrifices, the cries of the dying, the clanging of swords, the thuds of clubs; the raging voices of the mob of bloodthirsty monsters calling for new victims. All of it, I alternately saw and heard all of it, alas! For too long... A thousand thrusts pierced my body, I suffered a thousand deaths, I took my last breath a thousand times! How awful/frightful was my destiny! This then is the fate that awaits you, poor D...! Farewell, my sister, farewell all those whom I count as my trusted friends. And you, also, my dear protector, I was thinking of you, I bid you farewell in those terrible moments. But alas, I was adding, where are you. You whom injustice pursues? You are perhaps among the ranks of the victims. Perhaps I heard your death cries. This is what I was saying as imminent danger approached, and I had the chance to repeat it several times. A miracle saved me, and most probably saved that protector who will always be so dear to me,
whom I will be careful to never forget, and who will, I believe, take the greatest interest
in my joys as in my sorrows. I owe him a debt of gratitude I will never fail; I swear it on
my soul. The guarantee I give him is a friendship he can count on as much as I can count
on his own for me. You embrace me, my good friend, and I too, I embrace you with
heartiness and affection. But when will our embrace take place? May God will that it be
soon. It will be for me, your client, my true friend, one of the sweetest joys of my life. I
wish you a good, happy, new year, which is to say that I hope that the year 1793 will see
the wishes of happiness for you I make daily, come true."

In order to justify the horrible carnage of the too memorable days of September 2 and 3,
the claim was made, as the letter concocted at the Mairie had already announced to all of France,
that there was a conspiracy in the prisons whose discovery had caused the bloody executions.
This accusation, of which not the slightest shred of evidence has ever been brought forth, and
whose following events proved to be as calumnious as it was atrocious, was invented by the
monsters who ordered and committed it. It only adds to the incalculable number of crimes, the
remembrance of which always horrifies me, even though in Herucles Furens, if he is the author
of the tragedy, Seneda the Tragedian said:

“…Quae fuit durum pati,
Meminisse dulce est….”

Public hatred began to manifest against the murderers. However, the danger I had gone
through had left me in a terrible state of anxiety, and I feared that I might experience it again.
Someone had spoken of my worries to Tuhan, that clerk who said, during my detention at the
Mairie, while the prison massacres were being organized: “And now death is being prepared for
the traitors.” He offered to procure for me for the price of fifteen livres one of the certificates
which were then being issued in large numbers, stating that the people had found no charges
against me while they were executing justice in the prisons. My fear that such a request might
draw attention to me and have grave consequences, made me reject the idea.

I promised my readers a simple and exact account of my resurrection: I hereby give it to
them, filled with details which are often minute, but which I deemed that I should not omit.
As we have seen, the events took place on September 3, 1792. On the same day of the
following year, I discovered, thanks to a new life in the country and a marriage dear to my heart,
an alleviation to the suffering which was eating away at my life.95

Several years after the massacres he had witnessed, Maton de la Varenne published a volume
entitled, Personal history of the events which took place in France during the months of June, July, August
and September 1792, and which brought about the fall of the Throne, by M. M…de la Varenne, lawyer,
former member of several learned Societies, one of the proscribed prisoners who escaped from the Saint
Bartholomew of 1792. Paris 1806. In this volume he recounts not only the scenes from La Force he
personally witnessed, but also those which happened at l’Abbaye, at la Conciergerie, and elsewhere.
As we are restricting ourselves here to eyewitness testimony only, we will abstain from reprinting
Maton’s second narrative. However, it is a valuable document in many respects, even though it was
published at precisely the same time when Barbier was accusing the author of “literary hoaxes,” an
accusation which in no way weakens, by the way, Maton’s authority as historian of the massacres. (See
the introduction of the first edition of the Dictionary of anonymous works).

95 The end of the Maton’s pamphlet deals with the reaction anti-Marat of 1795.
Still, it is important to borrow from Personal History a few passages that complete the pages we have just read. In 1806, Maton, who was able to speak more freely, added to the account of his tribulations several details that need to be mentioned. The first relates to the composition of the improvised tribunal at La Force. He had thought it more prudent to not mention it in 1795.

At eleven o’clock a man appears with a long beard reaching down to his chest. His name was Germain Truchon, and he had been disbarred in Paris several times before for bigamy. This wretch, who, during the time he was a practicing lawyer signed as Truchon de la Maison-Neuve called himself Sir de Pettindorff, had just been released from the same prison, where he had been detained for this and several other crimes. He insolently demanded that the doors be opened, visited everywhere, and dismissed all the woman prisoners, with the exception of the Princesse de Lamballe. Then he named as chief judges of the people Dangé, Michonis, Monnese, and Laiguillon, all members of the Commune, wearing the municipal scarf. They requested the prison register, and send to l’Abbaye (which meant to their deaths) most of the remaining prisoners. Pierre Chantreau, an usher, was then serving as what he called public prosecutor. Upon his conclusions (and he only gave favorable ones to scoundrels of his own kind), one was condemned or acquitted.

Here now is a description of the room and a portrait of the judges before whom Maton appeared, and a valuable disclosure about the way in which he escaped the murderers fury.

Between seven and eight o’clock, four thugs carrying sabers and staves came into the room in an uproar and ordered me to follow them. We went downstairs. I was dressed as I described earlier, but unfortunately, I was wearing red morocco slippers. I was held by the shirt on each side, and the thugs were holding their sabers crossed over my chest. We passed through the courtyard, known as the Cour des Nourrices, where Manuel was stirring up the cutthroats, and were led to the concierge’s office, before the person wearing a scarf who officiated, whose name is said to be C…, pede claudio, which would lead us to think that Dangé, Michonis, Monnese and Laiguillon had gone off to rest from their nocturnal work. The desk was littered with pots, jugs and bottles, and sitting around it were monsters whose hideous faces defy description, and whose arms were bare and covered with blood all the way up to their shoulders, as if they had just taken a bloodbath. I was questioned, and answered with no fear, but ambiguously, so as not expose myself to accusations of dissimulation. I specifically avoided mentioning Rossignol. “I recognize you,” said an assessor. “Aren’t you a writer?” I was delighted by the mistake, and replied, but still in such a way as to not compromise myself if the misunderstanding was noticed, and to not be taken for a “parliamentarian,” which would have gotten me killed, such was their hate for the “gown.” You’re very lucky, Sir, to be rich enough to not have to do such a job.” “You, the gentleman with the soft skin, I am going quench my thirst with a glass of your blood.” They whispered among themselves and then ordered the fatal dispatch to l’Abbaye. I was knocked down, beaten all over, I lost several teeth, and I was dragged by my feet over the cobblestones of the rue des Ballets, all the way to the dead bodies lying the gutter of the rue Saint-Antoine. There a man for whom I had had the good fortune to be useful two weeks earlier, and to whom I might be useful once again recognized me, gestured to me, and told me furtively something I understood. I replied in the same furtive way. I was picked up, and

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96 On the evening of September 2.
97 On the morning of September 3.
98 Nursemaid’s courtyard.
Upon repeated demands made for the sake of the public welfare, I was carried back by him almost unaided, and reintroduced into La Force.

Upon entering, he placed me on a bench near the wicket, presumably to allow me to gather my wits about me, and made me a proposition I was obligated to accept and to promise on my honor to keep it a secret. These were the conditions (which I have religiously kept) upon which my life and liberty were promised. He then entered the office, where I was believed to be no longer among the living and stayed there a few minutes, and then I was called back in.

The President opened the register, which indicated that we were to be detained until further notice and said, “How is it that…? There’s been a mistake. I see absolutely nothing here against him.” And then all their faces relaxed, a cry of Vive la Nation! was heard, and this was the signal of my deliverance. The person who raised the cry was still alive in 1795, and has left behind him two children. I believe it my duty to publish neither his name nor the price he asked. Although he is no longer alive, the oath I swore may not be broken if the public safety does not demand it, and so I will take the secret to my grave.

Finally, let us finish borrowing from Maton’s Memoirs with this description of the transportation of the bodies from the prisons, scenes of the massacres, to the places designated for their burial.

The massacres were still going on, and already in Paris we saw the carts crossing Paris in all directions, going to the excavation sites to dispose of the bodies. They had been prepared for that purpose outside the barrière Saint-Jacques, at Montrouge, at Clamar, at Charenton, in the Mesnil-Montant quarries, and in a well which had been filled in, but which was opened on the 28th of the preceding month by order of Pétion and Manuel, who had gone to these very places to examine them.

Angélique Voyer and other bacchantes climbed onto the carts like linen women on dirty laundry and danced on the mutilated bodies, crying Vive la Nation!, keeping time on bodies whose nakedness was exposed to the public view. They wore attached to their breasts strips of flesh which decency keeps me from naming. Cries of horror mixed with the chant of what was called the Carmagnole.
PART II: L’ABBAYE

A little topography of old Paris is indispensable here.
When the neighborhood was in its old state, when one had crossed the Pont-Neuf and followed the rue de Buci and then reached the end of the street, one used to be facing a building called la Barrière des Sergents, which stood isolated in the middle of a large intersection.

Turning right, one reached a smallish square called Le Petit-Marché, the far end of which was taken up by the Prison de l’Abbaye. It was a square building with a pointed roof and a corbelled turret at each of its corners.

There began rue Sainte-Marguerite (today called rue Gozlin). It ran between two rows of middle-class houses with ancient facades, two of which belonged to the Abbey of Saint-Germain-des-Prés. Half-way down the rue Saint-Marguerite, on the left, was the rue des Ciseaux, and across from it on the right was the first door of the famous monastery, through which could be seen the magnificent gateway of the Church of Saint-Germain-des-Prés. The gateway, designed by the architect Gamard, is still standing today on the edge of the Boulevard Saint-Germain.

Now passing under the Saint-Marguerite gateway, one turned left several paces into the rue Childebert, and there one entered by through an iron-barred gate into the Cour du Parvis. It was a nearly square courtyard, closed off at its eastern extremity by the gateway to the church and the building next to it which currently serve as an annex to the presbytery; on the west by the servants’ quarters; and on the north by the façade of the Abbaye. In the middle of the façade was a large doorway leading to a vast garden that used to sprawl out all to the way to the rue du Colombier (currently the rue Jacob).

The enormous buildings of the monastery had been built inside this garden—a veritable maze of chapels, cloisters, assembly rooms, kitchens, storerooms and stables—everything had been built upon such an irregular scheme that attempts had been made at various periods to rectify it. The oldest of the buildings dated back to the thirteenth century.

Immediately after crossing through the large gateway separating the Cour du Parvis from the garden, one discovered on one’s right the guests’ building where sate in 1792 the Civil Committee of the Section des Quatre-Nations. Large portions of it are still standing, including a well-preserved facade that can be seen when one enters into the courtyard of the house at n° 14 bis on the Rue de l’Abbaye.

.. ...

Until recent years it was believed, in accordance with the testimonies of the players and the witnesses of the tragedy, and also in accordance with the documents that Granier de Cassagnac dug up in the archives of the Commune de Paris in order to write his History of the Massacres of September, that the killings had taken place only on the threshold of the Prison of the Abbaye. Certain passages from the testimony of Abbé Sicard and certain declarations by Jourdan seem to designate another location, but these indications were too vague to pronounce any judgment with certitude.

In 1896 Abbé Bridier published the Memoirs of Monseigneur de Salamon, internuncio, who was also a witness to the massacres, and with his testimony, new light was brought to bear on the subject. The massacre did not take place, as had always been believed, in front of the
prison doors. Rather, it took place in an entirely different part of the monastery, at the very heart of the Abbaye, in the garden courtyard, underneath the windows of the guests’ building. That was the official happening place of the massacre. It is true Jourgniac de Saint-Médard watched from one of the prison windows the bloody spectacle of the butchers throwing their companions bodies down on the Rue Sainte-Marguerite, directly in front of the jail, and that he had believed these same companions to be inside the offices of the prisons. Still, he could not know that only the first blows were dealt in there, and that, whether the victims were still alive or already dead, they were dragged to the Rue Sainte-Marguerite, then to the Rue Childebert, to the Cour du Parvis, through the main entry, all the way to the garden where the dying were finished off. A pile of bodies was growing higher there from minute to minute, stacked by the different buildings of the Abbaye. Abbé Sicard notes that “They were killing underneath the windows of the Committee all the prisoners they were bring from the Great Prison.” When Jourdan entered into the Parvis Church courtyard around 9 p.m., he heard repeated cries of *Vive la Nation!* “This uproar,” he said, “was caused by the prisoners who were being taken from the Abbaye Prison, and who were being brought into the garden courtyard to be murdered, and who were whipped with swords on their way there.” Finally, there is one more bit of decisive proof: the Abbé Salamon, who was locked up in the Committee room, saw, underneath his window, the Abbé Lenfant, Royal Chaplain, have his throat slit. Just on hour earlier, he had been locked up with Saint-Méard in the very same prison.

This topography has its importance. In the belief that the murders had taken place in front of the prison only; investigators, in order to make up the list of the dead, had used only the prison register. It mentioned 211 prisoners, of whom 127 were declared murdered, and 42 of whom were said to have been freed. The fate of 41 others remained uncertain. Thus the sum total of the presumed victims varied between 127 and 168. Now that we know, thanks to Monseigneur de Salamon, that the refectory and one of the chapels were crowded with prisoners, we must recalculate those numbers. No list was made of those unfortunate people, but the refectory held 83 souls, all of whom died. Sixty-three more were held in the chapel and only three of them survived. And so 143 more bodies can be added to the gloomy list, which must be completed by the deaths of 16 ecclesiastics who were brought in by cab from the Mairie, and of whom 13 were the first to be murdered.
Testimony of Méhée de Latouche

The pseudonym Felhemesi which by which the author signed the following tale is really an anagram for Jean-Claude-Hipolite Méhée fils,\textsuperscript{99} who made a name for himself in history, albeit a dubious one. He normally went by the name of Méhée de Latouche.

This unique character was born in Meaux, on the second of November, 1762. His father was a fairly reputable doctor. He had set up his practice in Meaux after serving as an army surgeon.\textsuperscript{100}

Méhée the son was witty, self-assured, active, and imaginative. He readily accepted a mission offered to him and left first for Poland, and then to Russia.

He came back to Paris in 1791. On the tenth of August, he was elected member of the Revolutionary Community for the Pantheon section. At the time of the massacres, he was the assistant secretary for the Assembly. It is in this capacity that he signed the decrees authorizing the assassins to carry out their work, and who signed the vouchers in compensation for the assassins’ deadly work.

It is true that Méhée protested. He declared that his functions within the community had been purely administrative. He had signed the papers, nothing more. Nevertheless, this moment in time influenced the rest of his strange career. From that day on, he was known as Méhée le Septembriseur. When the time came, he tried in vain to follow the example of Tallien, his boss, and become a reactionary. But as of 1796, Gazette Française\textsuperscript{101} had branded him with the appalling nickname of Septembriseur, and Méhée sank into public disgrace. The last refuge that remained for him was one which had been useful to many others, the political police. In fact, spying turned out to be his calling, and he became a master at it. Méhée was arrested in Nîvôse,\textsuperscript{102} year nine, apparently responsible for a terrible explosion of the infernal machine, at a time when Fouché was taking advantage of the Royalist attack to rid Paris of the “dirty leftovers” of Jacobinism. Méhée was deported to the island of Oléron. From there he escaped and made his way to England, fooled the Chouans, the Court and the Ministers by passing himself off as an important agent for a secret Royalist committee whose goal was the overthrow of Napoleon. He returned to France, bringing with him a large amount of money—192,000 francs, it appears—and secret information about English policies. He had also established claims to the confidence of the Imperial Police, which employed him until 1814.

It is true that when the Restoration came, Méhée had to sing another tune. Méhée le Septembriseur was forced to flee, but where could he find exile? He was thrown out of France, and so he departed for Switzerland. There the Federal Government informed him that he must leave the territory. Méhée made it to the Netherlands and was once again turned away. He finally ended up in Königsberg, where Louis XVIII’s government agreed to allocate him a 2,000 pension, but only with the stipulation that he keep quiet.

But this was tantamount to demanding the impossible. In 1819, Méhée showed up in Paris again, despised by all, but still looking for dupes: he was without resources and abandoned by all. He almost never went out, having retained nothing of his joyful personality or his energy of times past. He did in a hospital February 8, 1827.

\textsuperscript{99} Méhée son
\textsuperscript{100} Méhée de Latouche, by Th. Lhuillier, Meaux, 1880.
\textsuperscript{101} Published the 20\textsuperscript{th} of Germinal, (7\textsuperscript{th} month), year 4 of the Republican calendar.
\textsuperscript{102} Fourth month of the Republican calendar.
This is the man whose tale we are about to read. It was first published in 1794,\textsuperscript{103} after \textit{Thermidor},\textsuperscript{104} that much is clear. It was not Méhée le Septembriseur who wrote the tale. Rather, it was a Méhée who feared reprisals, and this explains the tone of his story. Still, it cannot be denied that the author witnessed the events which took place and that his testimony is therefore precious.

\textbf{The Entire Truth about the Real Players of the Day of September 2, 1792}

I was going to my post at around two thirty, passing by the Rue Dauphine, when suddenly I heard boos. I looked up and saw four cabs following one after the other, escorted by National Guardsmen from the departments (Marseillais and Breton Federates).

Each of these cabs contained four individuals. They were people who had been arrested during recent house searches. They had just been questioned at the Mairie\textsuperscript{105} by Billaud-Varenne, Assistant Prosecutor for the Commune, who had had them sent to the Abbaye to be held temporarily. A mob began to gather and the shouts grew louder. One of the prisoners, no doubt a madman, excited by the shouting, stretched his arm outside the cab and hit one of the Federates accompanying him over the head with his cane. The Federate, furious, drew his sword, climbed up onto the step of the cab and stabbed his aggressor three times in the heart. I saw the man’s blood flowing out in great spurts. “We have to kill them all, all these aristocrats are scoundrels!” cried the spectators. All of the other Federates drew their swords immediately and cut the throats of the three companions of the one who had just been murdered.\textsuperscript{106} At that moment I saw a young man dressed in a white dressing gown get out of the same cab. His face was handsome, but pale and wan, announcing that he was very ill. He had gathered together all of his trembling force, and he though he had already sustained a blow, he cried still, “Mercy, Mercy, Forgive Me!” Still, his cries were in vain, and a mortal blow united him in death with the others.

This carriage, which was the last one, contained only dead bodies. It had, however, not been stopped with the others during the carnage, which had lasted for only about two minutes.

\textsuperscript{103} Maurice Tourneux. \textit{Bibliography of the History of Paris during the French Revolution.}

\textsuperscript{104} 11th month of the French Republican calendar.

\textsuperscript{105} The Marie occupied part of the building of the Palais de Justice, whose entry-way was located on the Place Dauphine and the Rue de Jérusalem.

\textsuperscript{106} The Abbé Sicard, the well-known teacher of the deaf and dumb, left a well-known testimony concerning his suffering during those terrible hours. Here is what he says of the beginning of the massacre:

There were already six of us in the first cab. The other prisoners were crowded into five others. The signal for departure was given, and the drivers were all cautioned to go very slowly, under the threat of being murdered right on their seats. We were sworn at a thousand times. The soldiers accompanying us announced that we would not make it all the way to the Abbaye, that the people whom they were going to hand us over to would finally execute justice on their enemies and would murdered us in the middle of the road. The ruffians swore at us furiously, and rained down blows on each of us with their swords and their pikes. The cabs left and soon the mob formed and began to follow us, crying out insults to us: “Yes, yes, said the soldiers. These are your enemies. They are the accomplices of those who surrendered Verdun. They are the ones who were awaiting your departure to kill your wives and children. Here are our swords and our pikes. Kill these monsters!”

One can imagine how much the alarm cannon, the news of the fall of Verdun, and the soldiers incitements stirred up the already volatile nature of these lost people, to whom we were being denounced as their cruelest enemies. As we advanced towards the Abbaye by way of the Pont-Neuf, the Rue Dauphine, and then the Carrefour de Bussy, the feverish mob grew steadily. We tried to close the doors of our cabs, but they made us leave them open in order to revel in the pleasure of tormenting us. One of my comrades was hit with a sword on the shoulder. Another was wounded on the cheek, another above the nose. I was sitting in the back of the cab, and so my companions took the blows that were meant for me.” (G.L.)

71
The crowd grew, “crescit eundo,” their cries redoubled, and we finally arrived at the Abbaye.\(^{107}\) The dead bodies were thrown out into the courtyard, and the dozen prisoners still alive got down from the carriages to enter into the rooms of the Civil Committee.\(^{108}\) Two of them were killed as soon as their feet touched the ground, whereas the other ten made it into the building. The Committee did not have the time to conduct the slightest round of questioning. A large mob armed with pikes, swords, and bayonets broke through the doors, tore the prisoners away and killed them. One of them, riddled with sword thrusts, was still clutching the coat of a Committee member during his death throes.

Three prisoners remained, among whom there was the Abbé Sicard, teacher of the deaf and dumb. Swords were being raised over his head when suddenly Monot, a watchmaker, threw himself in front of the pikes and cried, “Skewer me/run me through, rather than kill a man so useful for the country! These words, pronounced with all the fire and ardor of a generous soul, saved the Abbé from certain death. The Committee took advantage of the moment of calm to lead Sicard and the other two prisoners to safety in back of the Committee room. One of the survivors was the assistant teacher of the deaf and dumb. The second was a man named Metz, who had arrived on business several days earlier and who had been recognized by a member of the Civil Committee. These three unfortunate men sat down around a table of the Committee and pretended to be members deliberating there. This courageous ruse was the only want that had any possible chance of success,\(^{109}\) because, only a moment afterwards, several furious men burst into

\(^{107}\) Actually into the first courtyard of the monastery: in front of the main gateway to the church and the building adjoining the gateway, which still exists today and which formed one of the side walls of the courtyard. (G.L.)

\(^{108}\) The Civil Committee of the Section presided in the main hall of the Guests’ Building, whose windows opened up onto the garden courtyard. (G.L.)

\(^{109}\) The accuracy of the rest of Méhée’s testimony is attested to here by the Testimony of the Abbé Sicard:

“When I came back to my senses from the stupor the massacre of my comrades had thrown me into, I saw beside me only the monsters who were venting their fury and the rage on other unfortunate souls. I seized the chance. I jumped from the cab and I threw myself into the arms of a Committee member. “Oh, Gentlemen, please save an “unfortunate” man! The commissioners, however, rejected me. “Back off!” they said to me. “Do you want to get us killed?” I would have been lost, if one of them hadn’t recognized me. “Oh!” he cried. “It’s the Abbé Sicard! Euh, why were you there? Come in, we will keep you safe as long as we can.” I entered into the Committee hall where I could have been safe with the only one of my comrades who had managed to escape the massacre, except a woman had seen us go into the hall. She ran and denounced me to the murderers. They were continuing their massacres. I thought I had been forgotten for several minutes, but then they began pounding on the door and demanded the two prisoners. I thought I was lost. I pulled out my watch and handed it to one of the Commissioners. I told him; “Please give it to the first deaf-mute who comes to inquire about me.” I was sure that that watch would arrive at its intended destination. I knew Massieu’s devotion, and I knew that such a request was an honor for him.”

The Commissioner refused the watch. “The match is not yet lost. The danger is not yet so close,” he told me. “I’ll warn you.”

In the meantime the blows on the door had doubled in their might. They were ready to break in. I handed over my watch once more with the same request. “In the present situation,” said the Commissioner, “I agree to give the watch to the person you have named.” My handing over the watch was like making out my will. I had nothing left to leave to my friends. I knelt down and tendered my soul to the Lord. When I had finished my offering, I quickly got up and embraced my last comrade. Let us cling to one another and die together. When that door opens, our executioners will be there. We have only five minutes left to live.”

The door finally gave way. What men rushed at us. What rage! Still, their fury confused them for a few moments. I was amidst the Commissioners, dressed like them, and perhaps my spirit was more calm, less troubled than theirs. At first they couldn’t find us, and then, a prisoner who had escaped but who had been carried into the hall on the wave of the crowd, was recognized. I was recognized as well, and one of the men with pikes cried out, “There are the two b—s we’re looking for! Right away one of them grabbed the prisoner by the hair, and the other plunged his pike into the man’s chest, and they threw his dying body down next to me. His blood was flowing out into the room and mine
the room and screamed out that they wanted the head of the Abbé Sicard. As they didn’t know
him at all, they passed him by and left the hall convinced that he was with the cadavers.

During these terrifying moments, Sicard’s assistant demonstrated courage and a presence
of mind worthy of astonishment and admiration. He spoke loudly, he sang, he drank to the health
of the Nation, and all of this was done with the cheerfulness of a man in no danger. The Abbé
Sicard was folding a feather-pen in his hand, and he was letting the ink run over the paper, not
knowing what he was writing. Among other things, he wrote the story of a little deaf and dumb
boy who, even without the ability to speak, had managed to have a man arrested who had a few
moments earlier stolen his wallet. He gave the story to me as a token of gratitude in case he
escaped indefinitely. A moment later he wrote a letter to the President of the National Legislative
Assembly. Noticing the rashness of this act, I took the letter from him and ordered him, in the
name of his own safety, to stop any such actions which might reveal his whereabouts.

The moment of terrible crisis he had just been through had prevented him from seeing
what was happening, and so I informed him that his companions were dead. He looked out into
the courtyard and saw their bodies stretched out on the ground. “Alas,” he said, “It’s a miracle
I’m still alive.”

It was five o’clock in the evening. Billaud de Varenne, substitute attorney for the
Commune, arrived. He was wearing the scarf, the little puce-colored coat, and the black wig he
was known for. He tramped over the dead bodies, made a short speech to the mob, and finished
with, “You, the people, are killing your enemies. You are doing your duty.” His cannibalistic
speech excited them even more, and they cried out for new victims. How would they quench their
growing, insatiable thirst for blood? A voice rang out near Billaud. It was Maillard, since known
as Tape-Dur.110 “There’s nothing left for us here. Let’s go get the Carmelites.” They mob ran off
to the convent, and five minutes later I saw them dragging out by their feet the bodies of the dead
priests and leaving them in the gutter. A murderer (I cannot call him a man) very shabbily
dressed, apparently had been specially assigned the task of killing “Abbé l’Enfant.” Fearing that
he might have missed his prey, he got a bucket of water and threw it on the dead bodies. He
turned them over and scrubbed the grime and blood off their faces until he finally found Abbé
l’Enfant among the dead.

With their work at the Carmelite convent finished, the band of murderers came back,
drenched in blood and covered in grime. These monsters were exhausted by the carnage they had
wrought, but their thirst for blood had still not been sated. What response was their to such an
irresistible longing? The Civil Committee of the Section gave them vouchers for 24 pints of wine
to be taken at a nearby wine shop. Soon they had drunk it all and stood there dead drunk,
admiring complacently the dead bodies piled up in the courtyard of the Abbaye.

“What are we doing here?” cried the same voice as before (of the same Maillard back
from the killing at the Carmelite convent). “On to the Abbaye. There’s game to hunt there,” he
said, and the murderers took up the chorus. “On to the Abbaye!” and they ran there armed with
their pikes and their bloody swords. Hardly two minutes went by before they started to bring out
the bodies, stabbed to death. Several of the corpses, dragged into the gutter, had already been

was about to run as well. The pike was already coming towards me when a man whose name will always be dear to
me, warned by his children that massacres were going to happen at the Abbaye, and that the name of the Abbé Sicard
was being mentioned, ran in, sliced his way through the crowd and threw himself between the pike and myself. He
said to the monster who was about to run me through with his pike, “Here is the chest you will have to go through
first if you want to get to his. This is the Abbé Sicard, one of the men the most valuable to our Nation. He is a father
to all the deaf and dumb of the country. You’ll get to him over my dead body.”

110 Strike-Hard
heaped onto the pile in the courtyard of the Abbaye when, as if by divine inspiration, a so-called popular commission was formed. The press wrote about it the next day, calling it a fair tribunal. The press and Brissot’s praised the events. Here, however, is how the commission was formed, and the behavior of its members.

Twelve crooks led by Maillard had probably planned the project in advance. Seemingly by chance, they happened to find themselves in the midst of the mob. There they recognized each other and united, in the name of the Sovereign People, either through their own individual boldness, or because they had been given a secret mission by a higher authority. They seized the prison registers and rifled through them, scouring each page. The turnkeys were trembling with fear. The jailer and his wife fainted. The prison was surrounded by men in a state of fury. Someone cried out, the clamor grew, the door was stormed. It was about to be broken down when one of the Commissioners came to the outer gate and asked to be heard out. His gestures and signals earned him a moment’s silence. The gates opened and he came forward holding a prison register. He asked to be brought a stool to stand on in order address the mob. “My Comrades, my friends,” he cried, “You are good Patriots, your resentment is just, and your complaints are well founded. Let us declare war on the enemies of the public welfare, with no truce and no quarter. This is a fight to the death. I know like you that they must perish. But as you are good Citizens, you must have a love for justice. There is not a one of you who does not shiver at the horrible thought of staining his hands with innocent blood.” “Yes, yes!” answered the mob. “Well then, I

111 In this testimony, as in fact all of those left us by eyewitnesses, it comes out that the massacre took place in the garden courtyard, or in other words, far from the Abbaye prison itself, where Maillard was presiding and from where the victims were taken. Undoubtedly, many were killed outside the prison gates and others perished on the way from the prison to the garden courtyard. Still, all of them, whether they were still alive, dying, or already dead, were dragged under the windows of the Civil Committee presiding in the Guests’ Building, the very place where today the Rue Bonaparte intersects the Place Saint-Germain-des-Prés. We will quote once more from Abbé Sicard’s testimony:

The Committee was still assembled. The mob was dragging prisoners out of the Abbaye and killing them underneath their windows and in the courtyard of the Abbaye. The members of the Committee were deliberating calmly over public affairs, paying no attention whatsoever to the cries of the victims whose blood was flowing in the courtyard. The murderers were placing on the Committee’s table jewels, wallets, and handkerchiefs dripping with blood. I was seated at the same table, and I was seen shuddering at the sight. The President of the Committee (Citizen Jourdan) experienced the same feeling. One of the Commissioners addressed us, “The blood of a Patriot’s enemy should “flatter him more than any other object.” Neither the President Jourdan nor I could stop a movement of revulsion.

One of the executioners, with his sleeves rolled up and armed with a sword dripping with blood, entered into the Committee chamber. He said, “In the name of our brave brothers in arms who are killing the aristocrats, I have come to request the shoes they are wearing. Our brave brothers are barefoot, and they are leaving tomorrow for the border.” The Committee looked at each other and replied in unison, “Nothing could be more fair. Granted.”

That request brought on another one. “Our brave brothers have been working for quite some time in the courtyard,” cried out another murderer who had just burst into the room, out of breath. “They are tired and their lips are dry. I have come to ask you for wine for them,” he told the Committee. The Committee granted that a voucher for twenty-four liters of wine.

A few moments later, the man entered the room again and asked for more wine. He was given another voucher. Immediately afterwards, a wine merchant came into the room and complained that his business was going to foreign merchants during this big festival. The Committee appeased him by allowing him to bring some of his wine to their brothers who w in the courtyard.

A Commissioner the Commune had sent out to inspect the various Sections was announced. He entered and addressed the Committee. “The Commune wants you to know that if you need reinforcements, it will send them.” “No,” the Commissioners said, “Everything is going well here.” The Commissioner from the Commune replied, “I’ve just come from the Carmelite Convent and the other prisons. Things are going fine there as well.”

This reply should illustrate to anyone who didn’t already know the part the Commune of Paris played in the events that transpired this horrendous day.
ask of you, when you decide to pounce like raging tigers on your fellow men, without first
hearing them out, without examining their case, don’t you think that you are laying yourselves
open to torments of remorse for having struck down an innocent man instead of a guilty one?"

At this point the speaker was interrupted by a man from the audience who pushed his way
through the crowd, brandishing a bloody sword, his eyes blazing with rage. He refuted him with
the following terms: “Tell me, Mr. Citizen, do you want to put us all to sleep talking like that? If
those damned Prussians and Austrians were in Paris, wouldn’t they be seeking out the guilty?
Wouldn’t they strike blindly, like the Swiss on August the 10th? Well, as for me, I’m not a
speaker, and I will not put anyone to sleep. I tell you that I’m a father, I have a wife and five
children that I’m ready to leave in the care of my Section to go and fight the enemy. But I am not
going to allow the scoundrels in these prisons to be released by other scoundrels, to go and kill
my wife and kids. I have three boys who I hope will be more useful to the Nation than these
crooks you are trying to save. Let them out of the prison. We’ll give them arms and fight them in
equal number. If I die here or I die at the frontier, I’ll still be killed by a scoundrel, but I will sell
my life to them at a dear price. Whether it be by me or by the others, this prison is going to be
purged to those bastards.”

“He’s right!” rang out a general cry. “No mercy! Let’s go in!” And the crowd began to
push its way forward. “Wait a minute, Citizens,” said the first speaker. “Here is the prison
register. It will give you the information you need, and with it you will be able to punish the
scoundrel, and still be fair. The President will read the register in the presence of each prisoner,
and then he will take a vote and judgment will be handed down.” With each sentence, voices rang
out all around, “Yes, yes, very good, bravo, bravo.” At the end of the speech, the voices of
several men post around the speaker shouted out, “Mr. Maillard, Citizen Maillard for President!
Maillard’s a good man. Citizen Maillard for President.” Maillard, who was waiting for the
nomination and wanted the position, immediately took up the function and said that he would do
the work of a good citizen. The Commission was organized and Maillard’s companions took up
their places around him. Then they agreed that their protocol for questioning should be extremely
brief: they would ask only for the first and last names of the prisoners. They also decided that in
order to avoid violent scenes within the prison, the death sentence would not be pronounced in
front of the condemned prisoners. Rather, they would simply say, “à la Force.”

They were just finishing the arrangement of these extremely brief formalities when a
voice was heard coming through the window of the council chamber. The person, who identified
himself as representing the will of the people, said, “There are Swiss in the prison. Don’t waste
your time questioning them, because they are all guilty. Not one of them must escape.” And the
mob cried, “That’s right, that’s right! Let’s begin with them!” The tribunal immediately
pronounced a unanimous sentence, “À la Force.”

Maillard the President went to the Swiss to announce their fate: “On August 10th, you
killed members of the people. Today the people want vengeance. You must leave immediately
for La Force. The poor men fell to their knees and implored, “Mercy, mercy!” Maillard replied
calmly, “We are simply having you transferred to La Force. Perhaps you will be pardoned there.”
But the Swiss had heard all too well the furious cries of the mob outside swearing to exterminate
them, and so they asked in one voice, “Monsieur, why are you lying to us? We know that we will
leave here only if we are being sent to our deaths. At the same time two of the murderers from
outside appeared in the room, one of them a baker’s apprentice, the other a Marseillais, and
ordered the Swiss in the most inexorable tone to, “Come on, come on. Make up your minds and

112 Take him to La Force.
walk.” Then there was nothing but moaning and horrible lamentations. Amidst this spectacle, unbearable for anyone other than Maillard, rose the voice of one of the Commissioners surrounding the wretched men. “Well, which one of you wants to leave first?” The Swiss ran back into the prison, huddled together and clung to each other, embracing one another, utterly woeful cries of chagrin at the thought of certain death. The mark of despair stamped on the faces of certain old veterans made them look even more interesting. Their gray hair inspired respect, and their expressions, which resembled that of Coligny seemed to hold in check the murderers nearest them. Still, the fury of the men behind them who could see nothing continued to grow. Their cries redoubled and demanded victims. Suddenly one of the unfortunate men stepped up intrepidly. He was wearing a blue tailcoat and looked to be about thirty years of age. He was taller than the average, with noble features and a military air about him. His apparently calm appearance belied a cold fury. “I’ll go first,” he said boldly. “I’ll give the example, but we soldiers are not the guilty ones. Only our leaders are guilty, and yet they have been spared, while we perish. Still, if it must be, farewell. Then, clapping his hat violently on his head, he shouted at the men before, “Which way is it, show me then.” Both doors were opened for him, and he was announced to the mob by the men who had come for him and his comrades, and he walked forward proudly. The mob stepped back, then split abruptly into two ranks. A circle formed around the victim, made up of the most savage men in the crowd, bearing swords, bayonets, axes and pikes. The poor man, at the center of these horrible preparations, took two steps backward, looked slowly around himself, crossed his arms and stood immobile for a second. As soon as he saw that everything was in place, he threw himself upon the pikes and fell, riddled by a thousand blows.

The last dying gasps of the poor man were heard by his unfortunate comrades, who answered with the most horrendous screams. Already several of them had been caught attempting to hide underneath some piles of straw in one of their prison cells. Twelve murderers in a frenzy came from outside the prison and dragged them out one by one, killing them like they had the first prisoner. Only one of the Swiss had the good fortune to escape. He was grabbed by the jacket and wounded by a first blow. He was about to suffer the same fate as his comrades when a Marseillais ran up and for a passage through the arch of steel that was about to descend on him. “What are we doing here?” he cried out in his dialect. “Comrades, I know this good man. He was not one of the soldiers of August the 10th. He’s just the son of a Swiss, and he entered into the prison of his own accord when was told that all the Swiss were to be killed.”

The young man took advantage of the momentary lull in the killing to pull some certificates from his pockets and hold them high above his head. His youth, his ingenious face, the tears flowing his cheeks, his candid, simple expression, and the papers he kept waving over his head with all his might, trying to maintain the most forthright attitude possible—all of these things combined to move the mob and bring them to a halt. “There, you see!” shouted the Marseillais in that short favorable instant, “You see that he is innocent.” “See him free,” answered the mob.” Immediately the Marseillais took him by one air, and one of the murderers took him by another. The weapons pointed at him were lowered, and several persons came up to the young man, embracing him and congratulating him. He emerged triumphant from the clutches of death, and was led away from there amidst cries of Vive la Nation and outbursts of loud, raucous joy.

The interlude of clemency did not last for long. They had begun to read the list of the other prisoners: “Grandmaison, Champclos, Maron, 113 Vidaut” and other prisoners charged with

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113 This prison register said Marcon (G.L.)
counterfeiting assignats were called out first. They were called for, led down from the cells and questioned in the brief manner agreed upon earlier. They all simultaneously tried to speak out in their own defense, but a unanimous decision of the tribunal dispatched them quickly “à La Force.”

After these men appeared “Montmorin,” ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs. The President tried to question him, but he declared resolutely that he “did not recognize the members of the Commission to be his judges; as they were not legally qualified to be such; that he was being detained for a matter pending before a legal tribunal; that he had no doubt whatsoever that the misconception the public held in regards to him would soon be corrected; that he hoped to soon rebut his accusers, prove his innocence, and even be rewarded damages.”

One of those present interrupted de Montmorin and stated brusquely, Mr. President, Monsieur de Montmorin’s crimes are well known, and since the matter does not concern us in any way, I request that he be sent to La Force. “Yes, yes, à La Force!” clamored the judges. “You are going to be transferred to La Force,” said the President. “Mr. President, since they call you such,” replied de Montmorin in the most ironic manner, “Mr. President, I request that you obtain a carriage for me.” “You’ll have it,” Maillard answered, and one of the men present pretended to go out and get one. He came back in a few seconds later and told de Montmorin, “Sir, your carriage is waiting for you at the door. You must leave promptly now.” De Montmorin asked for his personal effects to be brought to him from his room—a watch, a dressing gown, etc., and he was informed “that they would be sent to him.” He decided then to leave for the fatal carriage awaiting him.

Such was the end of a man who, though spoiled by the prejudices of birth and wealth, still possessed enough personal qualities to deserve a different fate, if his boundless ambition had not led him to conspire against his own country.

After the death of Montmorin, a second reading of the prison register was called for, and the name of de Thierry, and especially his position as valet de chambre to the King, caught the attention of the Commission. One of the members took the floor and accused Thierry of several Royalist acts which had just been discovered. He accused him especially of having shown himself on August 10 at the Château des Tuileries, armed with a dagger. Thierry denied the accusation and hardly claimed “that he had always been an honest man; that far from having conspired against his country; he had always been the first to defend it against its enemies; that he had happened to be near the King on August 10, duty called, and he had done his duty.” Maillard ordered him to state which part of the castle he was in at the time the fighting took place. He replied, “That he did not remember the precise location, that he was busy, that what’s more he wanted to be transferred before a legally constituted tribunal, and that he would respond at that time. “You cannot convince us, Sir,” said one of the members, “That you are not an aristocrat. Your ties to the Royal power were too close. You’re going to tell us that you had to what you were ordered to do. I say like master, like valet. Consequently, I request that the President have you transferred to La Force.” Maillard pronounced the words “à La Force” and Thierry ceased to exist.114

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114 The Princess de Tarente, who appeared before Maillard’s tribunal on September 3, left us this description. “I could hardly walk forward among the crowd that filled the room. The heat was suffocating, and although it was the middle of the day, it was almost completely dark in the room. I walked, trembling, towards the table around which were seated the judges. It was littered with papers, bottles, glasses, pipes and swords. Among the men who were handing down the death sentence, some were seated, some standing. Others were drunk or, their thirst for blood finally quenched, had fallen asleep. Men were hanging on to the bars of a window overlooking the courtyard, and
Next came the turn of the magistrates Bocquillon et Buos.115 “The people accuse you,” Maillard began immediately, “of having plotted with colleagues of yours as infamous as yourselves, to form at the Château des Tuileries a secret committee in order to avenge the Court for the happenings of June 20, and to punish persons involved that day.” Bocquillon replied with a calm, serene voice, “It’s true that I happened to be in that committee, but I defy anyone to prove that I participated in the slightest arbitrary act.” “À la Force, à la Force!” cried the Committee members. The President pronounced the sentence, and Bocquillon and Buos ceased to exist.

Vigné de Cusay was reported to have participated in the command of the troops who had opened fire at the Champ-de-Mars. Protot and Valvin, accused of having defrauded the Nation by distributing counterfeit workhouse notes for forty sous, unnumbered and unsecured, were sent to La Force after the pronouncement by Maillard, and in the name of the sovereign people.

It will perhaps be thought that among the persons we have just seen sent to La Force, only the guilty perished. Undoubtedly, many of the guilty paid for real crimes with their lives. Still, the greatest harm that these horrible massacres did to the public morality is that these acts, of such cruel illegality, far from serving as a deterrent, which is the unique reason for such punishment, almost honor the victims instead of diminishing their stature, and leave to their adherents the right to defend their memory as innocent martyrs.

I have forgotten to mention still another crime, vomited out by the so-called trustees of the sovereign people. However rapidly the operations were committed, these gentlemen still had the time and the attention to detail to, instead of attempting to embellish their victims, to plunder them while were still gasping for breath. They began by taking their wallets, watches, rings, diamonds, and assignats. They put the booty in their pockets, in baskets, and in boxes. I have the two following pieces of evidence that they took everything for themselves:

1. Two Commissioners were sent to the Section des Quatre-Nations to ask for, at his parents’ request, the release of a prisoner who had no Royalist mark against him. They managed to do so, but after quite some effort. Noticing at that time that no record had been made of the valuable personal belonging taken of the prisoners, they took the liberty of mentioning the fact to those thieving provosts. The men, who were extremely bothered to have been discovered by possible denouncers, first tried to confuse the facts and cover up what was happening. Then they tried to raise the level of their reasoning in such an oblique, crooked manner that the mob present misunderstood the subject of the discussion and took the Commissioner for prisoners. They were about to cut their throats and would have, if the Commissioners hadn’t softened their accusations, which had been inspired by their ill-timed honesty. They made their exit hastily, and returned to their Section like fugitives.

2. The Civil Committee of the Section, when it was asked account for the prisoners’ valuables, could produce not one item, even though most of the prisoners, and especially those being held at the Abbaye, were very wealthy people.

The Commission broke up at two o’clock in the morning and left for the various prisons of Paris. There remained, however, several prisoners in the Abbaye. The murderers were so tired that they had to abandon the killing for a few hours, and so they went to rest in the Committee room they had chosen as a theater for their orgy. The called out “give us drink, more drink!” and spent thus the night in puddles of wine. In the morning they returned to the Abbaye and killed the remaining prisoners by fits and starts.

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115 Buoh. (G.L.)

blocking out the light in the room. They applauded to disapproved the judgments being handed down. The Memoirs of the Princess de Tarente were published in Nantes in 1897 by Grimaud (G.L.)
I have already told about how Billaud-Varennes came to the Abbaye courtyard the previous day. As for Manuel, he came by torchlight to the prison around eight o’clock in the evening. He harangued the Popular Commission, but his eyes more showed more restraint, and less bloodthirsty joy than those of Billaud-Varennes.

Billaud-Varennes came back to the Committee of the Section the next day around noon. He was standing on the steps prison steps making a speech when a man named Rhulière, a prisoner at the Abbaye, ran into the courtyard naked, wounded by several pike-thrusts. He fell and got up again, and then I saw him take a few stumbling steps, and then fight for more than ten minutes before death finally took him. Here are the words of Billaud-Varennes, slight abridged but textually accurate. “Respectable Citizens, you have just slaughtered the scoundrels. You have saved your country, and all of France owes you eternal recognition for your deeds. The Municipality does not know how to pay the debt it owes you. Most probably the loot and the spoils from these scoundrels (and he pointed at the dead bodies) belong to those who delivered us from them. Still, far from believing that that will repay you, I have been instructed to pay you 24 pounds apiece, which you will receive here on the spot (hearty applause from the murderers). Respectable Citizens, continue your good work, and the Nation will owe you new homage.

It should be well noted that, according to his function as assistant prosecutor for the Commune, it was Billaud-Varennes who had in the previous days questioned at the Mairie the prisoners taken from home during house inspections, and most notably Madame de Lamballe, and that from the Mairie the prisoners were dispatched to the various prisons.

After the speech I have just described, Billaud-Varennes entered into the Committee hall and ordered them to give 24 pounds to each murderer. The Committee, which had no funds, asked him for the means to accomplish the engagements he had just imposed. He told them calmly to make a list, and went off to find a solution, leaving the Committee trembling with fear over their terrible responsibility to the killers.

In fact, as soon as he left the room, the killers charged in en masse and demanded the sum that Billaud-Varennes had just allocated to them. Never before had there been such a terrifying scene. One of them men held up his sword, another a bloody bayonet, another a broken pike covered with human brain; another had torn out a still-beating heart which he held up on a broken halberd; another had cut off a man’s sexual organs, which he used to make bawdy jokes to the women present. These were the trophies and the abominable justifications upon which they founded their threatening demands. A butcher’s apprentice, armed with a club, asked aloud, “Do you think I’ve only earned 24 pounds? I killed more than forty of them all by myself!” Two women were encountered that morning carrying a bowl of beef soup. “Where are you going,” asked a neighbor woman. “We’re taking dinner to our husbands who are working at the Abbaye.” “Is there still work to be done there?” asked a killer who was just waking up from his hangover in the courtyard. “Well, if there isn’t, they’ll just have to make some more,” answered the two women.

As they were anxious to satisfy the furious complaints, the Committee immediately made up a list of each of the killers and told them that the money was at the Municipality, and they could go at get it themselves. They agreed and left with the list. There was no money at the Watch Committee of the Commune. They waited in vain until eleven o’clock in the evening, and

116 There wasn’t any prisoner with that name at the Abbaye; Granier de Cassagnac’s list do not mention him. Was the man Rusner, a Swiss soldier, or Rubelle de Goupillières. We have already seen how Méhée’s spelling can be strange. It’s more probable that his memory on his point was confused and that he was speaking of Rhulière’s, who was in fact stripped before being killed, but at La Force and not l’Abbey (G.L.)
then at midnight, they returned, swearing, cursing, foaming with rage, and threatening the Watch Committee to cut all of their throats, if they were not paid immediately. There was no possible response to this imperative decision. One of the members of the Committee wanted to call for a vote, but a sword was raised above his head and he became mute. In a word, the demand was *the money or your lives*. Faced with that irresistible argument, one of the members of the Committee, a cloth merchant, requested permission to run home and get the money. Permission was granted, and he came back soon after, having peed in his pants from fright. He had only half of the money the murderers were demanding.

And so the Committee was temporarily rid of the monsters for the night, but after having slept off forty-eight hours of continuous drinking, they came back the next morning to get the other half, and two Commissioners led them fraternally to the Commune. I later learned that they had been definitively paid off the Minister Rolland, and I can confirm that we saw no more or them.

On the morning of September 3, Billaud-Varennes entered the General Council of the Commune, cordially holding the bloody hand of one of the murderers. He introduced him as a courageous man *who had done his work* well, or such was his expression.

Such is a very weak sketch of what one man was able to gather of, but especially what he was able to witness on his own, of the horrors or September the 2nd...
My Thirty-Eight Hour Agony
Jourgniac de Saint-Méard

It might seem superfluous for some to republish this famous testimony. None is better known, has been more read, discussed, reprinted or plagiarized. It has, so to speak, become a classic, but its images are so striking that it seems to us imperative that this statement should find its place among the statements of those who witnessed this terrible tragedy. We prefer the potential criticism of certain readers for having reproducing the testimony, to the regret many others would undoubtedly experience if they didn’t find it here.

Of all the contemporary testimonies of the Revolution, said Mr. Maurice Tourneux, whose competence is unquestionable, none have been republished as many times as that of de Jourgniac. Near the end of his life, the author boasted of having 58 different editions of the story, including the pirated versions. Jourgniac was a Gascon, but didn’t exaggerate that much, because Mr. Tourneux was able to locate 27 of the editions, Jourgniac boasted of, almost half! A brief portrait of the author is worthwhile here.

A cheerful manner, a smiling face, ruddy cheeks and a hint of a Gascon accent were at the time enough to be successful in the world, and they were the reasons behind the success of Mr. Jourgniac de Saint-Méard, Captain commanding the chasseurs of the Royal Infantry Regiment, which happened to be stationed in garrison in Nancy in 1783.

Captain Jourgniac (one also said Journac), had bestowed the rank of noble upon himself by adding to his very plebeian name that of the modest lands of his ancestors. He had enlisted at the age of twenty and had acquired his rank not with the point of his sword, because he had never had to fight, but rather with his charm, elegant speech and his gift for verse. In 1784, he was under fire for the first time… fire in the house of a man named Laener in which Jourgniac showed such intrepidity and calm courage that he earned the compliments of the King.

His men liked him well: they knew he had “risen from the ranks,” and he was always friendly and indulgent with them. Still, during the first days of the Revolution, his chasseurs mutinied: one of the most enthusiastic among them waved a copy of the Declaration of the Rights of Man under his nose.

This disconcerted Jourgniac: he was not at all made up in such a way as to understand the least thing about what was going to happen. He possessed like the Frenchmen of his time, the sensibility, the intelligence, the honesty, and also the amusing weaknesses linked to those national virtues: naiveté, frivolity, and cleverness. Extremely satisfied with his own person, he considered himself among the most able to adopt new ideas and to sort out the good from the bad. The truth is that he understood nothing at all, because he believed that everything would work out, with the help of fine discourse and pleasant quatrains.

Faced with the growing insubordination of the soldiers he commanded, he had printed in 1790 a great number of copies of an Address pronounced before the chasseurs of his regiment. He gave free rein to his loquaciousness and proclaimed himself the best chasseur of the regiment, boasted that his soldiers loved him and struck in them “the chords of patriotism and fraternity.” Roused by such eloquence, Jourgniac’s chasseurs revolted full scale, and during a route march on the road from Nancy to Lunéville, proclaimed him general.

Thus promoted to chief of the rebels, brave Jourgniac took fright and “broke his sword,” quit the army and returned to Paris. There he founded a small paper, printed various word plays

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117 Bibliography of the History of Paris during the French Revolution, Book 1, N° 3480.
and a few romances, persuaded like any playful, jovial Frenchmen that this might be the remedy for unbridled passions. He believed that he could put out the enormous fire with lavender water!

Despite his efforts and his songs, the catastrophe grew: the monarchy had just fallen, the Prussians were in France, and anarchy reigned in Paris. Jourgniac insisted on writing rhymes. He was extremely shocked and began to think that “this might be serious” when, on August 22, 1972, men he didn’t know, Sires, came to arrest him at his home on the Rue Croix-des-Petits-Champs.

Chapter 1
Fourteen Hours at the Watch Committee of the Commune

The Committee had me arrested on August 22. I was taken to the Mairie at nine a.m., and I stayed there until eleven o’clock in the evening. Two gentlemen, undoubtedly members of the Committee, told me to enter a room. One of them, suffering from fatigue, was falling asleep. The other one asked if my name was Jourgniac Saint-Méard.

I answered yes.
—Sit down. We’re all equal here. Do you know why you’ve been arrested?
—One of the men who brought me here told me that I am suspected of publishing an anti-constitutional paper.
—Suspected isn’t the word. I know that Gautier, the supposed editor of the Journal of the Court and the City is a man of straw.
—I’m surprised by your gullibility, Sir. His physical existence is as easy to verify as his status as publisher.
—Are you trying to tell me…
—Nothing but the truth, because you are a fair man, since you are a judge. What’s more, I give my word of honor.
—Well, Sir, this isn’t about your word of honor anymore.”
—Too bad, because my word is good.
—you are accused of having gone to the frontiers ten or eleven months ago, where you recruited men and led them over to the émigrés. On your return you were arrested and you escaped from prison.
—If I could actually believe that this is a serious accusation, I would ask for just one hour to prove that I have not left Paris in 23 months. And if…
—Ah, Sir, I know that you are wily, and that with that with your slyness you would find a…
—Allow me to say that the word sly is unnecessary. This whole thing is ridiculous, because we are only talking about accusations that have been made against me.
—Do you know Mr. Durosio, publisher of the Gazette de Paris?
—I know him well by his reputation, but that is all. I have never even seen him.
—I’m surprised, because we found among his papers letters you wrote to him.

118 I was arrested by Mr. Niquette and by Mr. Pommier who were later shot in Moreau’s army. He had first served in the King’s regiment, where he had been nominated President of the soldiers’ revolutionary club. They were accompanied by ten or twelve soldiers whom they sent away when I assured them that I intended to surrender to the law. They told me that they had come with such a considerable force only because they had been told that I intended to put up strong resistance. (Author’s note.)
N.B.—Jourgniac’s notes are indicated with numbers: those that we have considered necessary to add are written out.
—You could only have found one, because I have only written one letter to him. In it I stated that I was sending to him a speech I made to the *chasseurs* in my company during the uprising in the Nancy garrison. He printed it in the *Gazette de Paris*. That was my only correspondence with him.

—That’s true, and I must say that the letter doesn’t compromise you in any way.

—None of my letters, none of my writings, and none of my actions could compromise me.

—I saw you in the home of Madame Vaufleury, and I saw you as well with Mr. Peltier, editor of the *Actes des Apôtres*.

—That could very well be true, since I often visit that lady, and I sometimes go for walks with Peltier.

—Are you not a Knight of Saint-Louis.

—Yes, Sir.

—Why are you not wearing his cross?

—Here it is. I have worn it for six years.

—That is enough for today. I am going to report to the Committee that you are here.

—Do me the pleasure of telling them that if they are to do me justice, they will send me from here a free man, because I am neither a writer, a recruiter, a conspirator, nor a denouncer.

—A short time later, three soldiers signaled to me to follow them. When we were in the courtyard, they asked me to climb with them into a cab that started out after having received the order to take us to the *Hôtel du Faubourg Saint-Germain.*

**Chapter II**

**Ten Days in the Abbaye**

When we arrived at the hotel named by my traveling companions, which turned out to be the Abbaye Prison, they gave me my housing card and introduced me to the concierge, who, after having uttered the standard phrase, “I hope it won’t be too long,” had me led to a large room that was used as a chapel by prisoners from the old regime. I counted 19 people on trestle beds there. I was given the bed of Mr. Collenot d’Angremont, who had been beheaded two days earlier.

On the same day, and at the very moment when we were about to sit down to table, Mr. De Chantereine, Colonel of the King’s household troops, stabbed himself three times after declaring, “We’re all going to be murdered… My God, I’m coming to you!” He died two minutes later.

August 23rd. I wrote a memo in which I unveiled the baseness of my denouncers. I sent several copies of it to the Minister of Justice, to my Section, to the Watch Committee, and to all those I knew who took in interest in the injustice I was enduring.

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119 *History of the Revolution of August 10*, by Peltier, contains a strange paragraph concerning the arrest of Saint-Méard. The facts printed there are mentioned nowhere else, even though they seem to be true.

“Sir Jourgniac de Saint-Méard, Captain in the King’s Regiment, was known for having contributed many puns to *the Journal de la Cour et de la Ville*. He was arrested, but it was not so much on that account as it was for an argument he had had in the Desenne bookstore before August 10 with the Magistrate Manuel. It had caused so much talk that later Saint-Méard had deemed it necessary to publish his apology in the form of a dialogue, in order to not be attacked right away by Manuel’s volunteers. (Note from the first editions).

120 Collenot d’Angremont (Louis-David) secretary at the National Guard Administration, executed on August 21.

121 Inspector of the Crown stores.
Around five o’clock that evening, we were given as a companion in misfortune Mr. Durosoi, editor of the Gazette de Paris. As soon as he heard my name he told me, after the customary compliments, “Well Sir! I am happy to find you!… I have admired you for quite some time, and I have known you since the Nancy affair. Allow an unfortunate man whose final hour is approaching to open his heart to you. I embraced him. He had me read then a letter he had just received, by which one of his woman friends told him:

“My friend, prepare to die. You have been condemned, and tomorrow… This tears my soul, but you know what I promised you. Farewell.”

While he was reading the letter, I saw tears begin to flow. He kissed the letter several times and said, “Alas, she will suffer for this more than I. “He lay down on my bed, and as we were sick of talking about the means that had been used to accuse and then arrest us, we fell asleep. At the break of day, he wrote a memorandum to justify himself. Though it had the strength of many forceful arguments, it had no positive effect. He was guillotined the next day.

August 25.—This Prison commissioners have finally allowed us to obtain the evenings’ paper. They had placed in the sacristy of the chapel which served as our prison a Captain of a regiment of Swiss guards named Reding. During the affair of August 10, a bullet had broken his arm. He had also taken four sword cuts to the head. Several citizens rescued him and carried him to a lodging house, but he was then dragged back out and made prisoner in the Abbaye, where they reset his arm a second time. I have been astonished many times in my life, but never as much as I was when I caught sight of the nurse who was taking care of him. I recognized a person with whom I had had a twelve-year intimate relationship.

As the details of the incredible anecdote have nothing to do with my narrative, I will go on with story.

August 26 at midnight—A municipal office comes into our room to record our names and the day we were arrested. He left us with the hope that the municipality would send commissioners to release those prisoners who had been arrested on the grounds of vague denunciations. This announcement helped me to sleep well that night, but it was not carried out. On the contrary, the number of prisoners continued to increase.

August 27.—We heard the sound of a pistol being fired within the prison. Immediately after we heard people running in the stairs and the hallways. We hear doors being opened and closed with loud rattling of keys in locks. A jailer comes into our room, and then, after counting us, tells us to be calm, the danger has passed. And that was all this gruff, taciturn character was willing to tell us about the event.

122 A new prisoner brought us several copies of it, one of which was entitled Le Courrier français (The French Mail) in which I read what my readers may spare themselves the trouble:

“Mr. Saint-Méard and Mr. Beaumarchais have been arrested: the former was the editor of a scandal-mongering paper that was printed under the title Journal de la Cour et de la Ville. He is a Captain in the King’s Regiment. The remarkable thing is that he is the owner of lands near Bordeaux that the well-known Montaigne used to own. Mr. Saint-Méard receives and income of over than 40,000 livres.

I forgive this inventor of news for having given me the property, though it actually belonged to Mr. De Ségur, as well as for giving me the allowance of 40,000 livres, though I never saw even half of it, even after the Revolution. I’ll go even further: I will not assume that he had any bad intentions up to that point. Still, I cannot think that he had good intentions when he chose the very moment when the sword of justice was hanging over me to print that I was an anti-constitutional journalist. Though he was a former Feuillant (moderate constitutional) journalist, or rather a very constitutional one, he knew that Sir Gautier was the editor in question. Finally, how did he compare the considerable fortune he attributed with the fact that the author of The Revolutions of Paris states that I was working at the paper to make my living? If he had added to his oafish statements that I had never worked to deprive another man of his life, he would have finally told a truth, and I could have forgiven him. (Author’s note).
August 28 and 29.—Our sole distraction was the constant arrival of carriages bringing in new prisoners. We could see them through a turret that communicated with our room, whose windows looked down onto the Rue Sainte-Marguerite. We later paid cruelly for the pleasure of being able to hear and see what was happening on the square, in the street, and especially opposite the prison gates.

August 30, 11 p.m. A man around eighty years of age was brought to sleep in our room. We learned the next day that it was Sire Cazotte, author of the poems *Olivier, Diable Amoureux*, etc. This old man’s slightly crazy cheerfulness and his Oriental way of speaking diverted us from our boredom. He tried hard to convince us that, using the story of Cain and Abel, that we were much happier than those who enjoyed their freedom. He seemed to be very angry that we didn’t appear to believe him; he absolutely wanted to convince us that our situation was nothing other than an “emanation of the Apocalypse, etc., etc.…” I irritated him greatly by telling him that, in our position, we were much happier believing in the predestination he was preaching. Two gendarmes came to take him to the criminal tribunal and ended our conversation.

I did not waste time, but quickly began to gather the statements I needed to prove the truths I would put forth in my story. I was aided by a friend, a friend of the kind that no longer exist. While my companions in misfortune were abandoned by their friends, mine worked night and day to assist me. He paid no mind to the fact that during this time of unrest and suspicion he might run the same risks as I, or that he was making himself a suspect by taking interest in a prisoner under suspicion. Nothing could hold him back. He proved to me the truth of the proverb: “Adversity is the true proof of a friend.” For his care and his zeal in assisting me, I am indebted to him for saving my life. I owe it to the public, to myself and to truth to name this brave man: his name is Mr. Teyssier, a merchant on the Rue Croix-des-Petits-Champs.

The last days of the month of August reminded me of the cruel situation I had found myself in during the Nancy Affair. I used my imagination to compare the risks I was running to the time when the army, made up of the King’s Regiment, the Mestre-de-Camp, Châteauvieux and several battalions of the National Guard had named me General, and had forced me to lead them to Lunéville to rescue General Malseigne from the Carabineers.

September 1.—Three of our comrades have been released from the prison. They were less surprised about being released than they had been about being arrested in the first place, because they were the most zealous patriots of their Section. Several other prisoners were also released from the adjoining rooms, notably Mr. De Jaucourt, member of the Legislative Assembly, who had some time before resigned from his position as Deputy in the Assembly.

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123 *Devil in love.*
124 Jacques Cazotte was 73 years old. He was born in Dijon. His father, an honest man, was clerk for the States of Burgundy. Jacques Cazotte had served his country in the administration of the Navy, and he had, among other things, filled with distinction the post of paymaster in the Windward Isles during the wars preceding the one of 1778. He was a loyal friend, a good father, and an excellent husband. No one ever had a more joyful personality, a wittier mind, or a more sensitive heart. *Olivier, Le Diable Amoureux* and *Le Lord Impromptu* are not unworthy works. His receding forehead and his white hair made him look like a veritable patriarch. He had retired to Pierry in the Champagne region, amidst his family for whom he was a joy. As for his two sons, one was a King’s Guardsman, and the other served in the Army of the Bourbons. His twenty-year-old daughter, Elisabeth Cazotte, worked as her father’s secretary during his retirement. It was she who wrote some of the fatal letters (which were used as a pretext for his death). On August 18, a detachment from the National Gendarmerie surrounded his house. He was taken with his daughter to Eparnay, and then to Paris in the prisons of the Abbaye.

(Excerpt from Peltier’s *History of the Revolution.*)
125 Saint-Félix, Laurent, and Chignard. The latter two were released on Sunday September 2. They were requested by their sections. (Author’s note).
Chapter III  
Beginning of My Thirty-Eight Hour Agony

Sunday September 2—Our jailer served our lunch earlier than usual. His frightened looks and haggard appearance forebode something sinister about to happen. At two o’clock he came in. We surrounded him, but he was deaf to all our questions. Then, an uncustomary thing, he gathered up all the knives he had given us with our lunch and which we had placed in our napkins, and then quickly led away the Swiss officer, Heding’s, nurse.

Two-thirty.—The dreadful noise the mob was making was made horribly worse by the addition of drums beating out La Générale, by three alarm shots from a cannon, and by the tocsin ringing out everywhere. In these moments of terror, we saw three carriages go by, escorted by an enormous mob of hysterical men and women, shouting, “A La Force, à La Force!” They were being led to the cloister of the Abbaye, which had been transformed into a prison for the priests. A moment later, we heard someone say that all the bishops and other ecclesiastics, who they said had been kept there.

Around 4 a.m.—The heart-rending screams of a man being hacked to death with swords draw us to the turret window, and we see across the way from the prison doors, the dead body of a man lying in the street. A minute later, they killed another one, and then the killing went on in the same way.

It is utterly impossible to express the deep, grave silence that reigned during these executions. It was interrupted only by the screams of those who were being murdered, and by the sound of the sword blows being dealt to the heads of the victims. As soon as they had been struck down, a murmur began from the mob, which was then strengthened by cries of “Vive la Nation!,” which were a thousand times more terrifying than the horrible silence before.

In the interval of one murder to the next, we heard people saying under our windows: “We can’t let even one of them get away. We have to kill them all, and especially the ones in the chapel, where they are all conspirators.” They were speaking of us, and I believe it unnecessary

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126 His name was Bertrand, and he had been a porter at the Opera where he was employed to call people’s carriages.
127 Remember that the news of the fall of Verdun had spread through the capital, and declarations had been made to the people. Arms had been handed out to them. The authorities seemed to be trying to lead them against the places occupied by the enemy. The tocsin rang out. The apparent goal was to round up the citizens for the departure. One shudders to think that, in order to defend their country, these bloodthirsty men found a pretext for the atrocious actions they were planning. This tocsin the prisoners were listening to, these drums beating, were, in the minds of everyone except for the murderers, a signal of a threat to their country, and not a call for carnage. The French believed undoubtedly that they were being called on to march against foreign armies. They could not know that they were marching to the murder, to the massacre, of their fellow citizens. (Note from the first editions).
128 We didn’t yet know that the words “A La Force!” were the signal given to send prisoners to their death.
129 Precise information concerning the massacre of “bishops and other ecclesiastics was not available until the Unpublished Memoirs by the Internuncio in Paris during the Revolution were printed in 1891 by the Abbé Bridier. The Internuncio, Monseigneur de Salamon, was kept in a chapel of the Abbaye with around sixty priests and prelates who were murdered, and whose names were not mentioned on any prison register or other list.
130 After the murderers had massacred all the priests locked up in the prison, they started the murder of the other prisoners, beginning with 156 Swiss soldiers imprisoned in the Abbaye, not one of whom was saved. Then came the turn of the other prisoners. They began with Mr. de Montmorin and by Sir Thierry, the King’s valet. Certain prisoners were burned in the face with flaming torches as they left the prison doors to be killed. This was a way of making sure that the people could not recognize them. (Author’s note).
to state that we wished many a time for the happiness of the men who were locked up in the
darkest dungeons.

All sorts of terrifying worries came to torment us and to tear us away from our gloomy
thoughts. A moment of silence in the road was interrupted by a noise coming from inside the
prison.

4 p.m.—Several voices call loudly for Mr. Cazotte. In instant later we hear a crowd of
persons go by on the stairs speaking loudly, with their weapons clanging, and we hear the cries of
men and women. It was old Cazotte being dragged away with his daughter. When he was outside
the prison doors, the brave girl rushed to her father and threw her arms around him. The people,
touched by the scene, demanded and obtained mercy for Cazotte.131

Around 7 p.m.—We see two men enter our room, swords held in their bloodied hands.
They were led by a turnkey carrying a torch, who pointed poor Reding out to them. During this
horrible moment, I shook his hand and tried to reassure him. One of the men moved to lead him
away, but the poor man stopped him by saying, in a voice already nearly dead, “Oh, Sir, I have
already suffered enough. I’m not afraid of dying. Have mercy, do it here.”

These words stopped the man still, but his comrade stared at him and said, “Well, come
on,” and he made his decision. He picked Reding up on his back and carried him down to the
street, where he was killed.132 Tears fill my eyes so much that I cannot see what I am writing.

We looked at each other without pronouncing a word. We shook each others’ hands, and
we all embraced… Immobile, in a gloomy silence, with our eyes staring straight ahead, we
watched the pavement of our prison, lit up by the moon between the triple bars over our
windows. Soon after though, the cries of new victims brought us back to our original fears, and
reminded us of the words of Mr. Chantereine, who had stabbed himself with a knife in the heart:
“We are all going to be murdered here…”

Midnight.—Ten men with swords in hand, preceded by two turnkeys, entered into our
prison and ordered each of us to stand at the foot of our beds. After counting us, they said that we
were each one of us responsible for the other, and if even one of us escaped, we would all be
killed on the spot, “without being heard out by the President.”133 These last words gave us a
glimpse of hope, because we did not yet know if we were to be heard out or killed.

131 Several days before September 2, Mademoiselle Cazotte, imprisoned in the Abbaye with her father, was declared
innocent. Still, she did not want to leave him there alone and defenseless, and so she obtained the right to stay with
him. Then came those terrible days that were the last ones for so many Frenchmen. The day before, Mademoiselle
Cazotte, thanks to her beauty, the goodness of her soul, and by her persuasive speech had managed to gain the
interest of several Marseillais who had entered into the Abbaye. It was they who helped her saved Cazotte. The old
man, who had been sentenced after thirty hours of carnage, was about to be fall beneath the blows of a group of
assassins. His daughter threw herself between the killers and her father. She was pale, disheveled, and even more
beautiful thanks to her distress and her tears. She cried, “You will not get to my father unless you pierce me through
the heart!” A call for mercy rang out. Two more voices answered it, and the Marseillais opened the passage for
Mademoiselle Cazotte, who led her father out and placed him with their family. (This excerpt was taken from the
notes of The Merit of Women, by Legouvé. (Note from the first editions).

132 The following details can be found concerning the unfortunate Reding in A History of the Revolution of August
10, by Mr. Peltier:

Saint-Méard did not dare recount an awful event that happened right under his eyes. Here is how he
described it to me. The executioners who came to lead the poor man to his death saw that his wounds prevented him
from standing up on his own, and so they picked him up on their shoulders. The pain inflicted brought from him
heartrending cries. A third executioner who was following decided to cut his throat with his sword in order to shut
him up, and he began the killing within plain sight of his cell-mates. They hard barely reached the first steps of the
stairway when they noticed that he had stopped breathing.

133 Maillard.
Monday September 3 at ten a.m.—One of the prison doors was battered in. At first we thought that they were breaking down the wicket to kill us in our rooms, but then we were a little reassured when we heard someone say in the stairway that it was the door to a cell where several prisoners had barricaded themselves in. A short while later, we learned that all the prisoners found inside had been killed.

Ten a.m.—The Abbé l’Enfant,\textsuperscript{134} confessor to the King, and the Abbé de Chapt-Rastignac\textsuperscript{135} appeared in the gallery of the chapel serving as our prison, entering by a door that opened onto the stairway. They announced to us that our final hour was nearing and encouraged us to prepare our spirits for our final benediction. An indescribable electric force drove us to our knees, and with our hands clasped, we received the benediction. That moment, though it did console us, was one of the…! that we had ever experienced. We were about to appear before the Supreme Being, kneeling before two of his ministers, and we made an indefinable spectacle. The age of these two old men, their position standing over us, death floating over our heads and surrounding us on all sides. Everything gave to this ceremony an august but mournful feeling. It brought us closer to divinity. It brought back our courage; for that moment all thought was suspended, and the coldest, most incredulous among us received as much benefit as even the most ardent and sensitive. A half an hour later, these two priests were killed, and we heard their screams…!

What man could read the following details without tears filling his eyes, without feeling the tremors, the final twitches of death? What man would not feel his hair stand on end from the horror of it?

Our most important occupation was to decide what position we should take to receive our death the least painfully possible when we were dragged to the place of our massacre. We sent one or two of our comrades over to the window of the turret from time to time to find out the position being taken by the poor wretches being killed, and to try to calculate from their report how we should position ourselves. They reported to us that those who tried to protect themselves with their hands suffered the longest, because the sword blows were softened before they reached the head. They reported that some of them lost their hands or their arms before their bodies finally fell, and those who clasped their hands behind their backs suffered the least. These were the horrible details we were reflecting upon. We were calculating the advantages of the latter position and advising one another to take in when was our time to be killed!…

Around noon—Overwhelmed, exhausted by an almost supernatural agitation, absorbed by thoughts too horrible to express, I threw myself on my bed and went into a deep sleep. Everything leads me to believe that I owe my existence to that deep sleep. “It seemed to me that I was appearing before that dreadful tribunal that was to judge me; they were listening carefully to me despite the awful noise of the tocsin and the cries I thought I was hearing. When I had

\textsuperscript{134} The Abbé l’Enfant was a member of a famous society and chaplain to the late Emperor Joseph II, who help him in great esteem before he became the King’s Chaplain. It was even said that in the final days, he had become Confessor to the King. The speech from 1787 to the council on the proposal to grant civil rights to Protestants is attributed to him. When he died, he was at least 70 years old. His gentle piety, the goodness of his character, and his discretion were greatly missed by many of his friends.

\textsuperscript{135} The Abbé Chapt-Rastignac, seventy years old at the time of his death, came from an ancient, illustrious family from the Périgord. He was a Doctor of Philosophy of the Sorbonne, Vicar-General for the diocese of Arles, deputy to the constituent assembly. He was well loved by his family and his friends. He had worked fruitfully on the art of literature. He had written De l’accord de la révélation et de la raison contre le divorce (Concerning the relationship between revelation and reason against divorce), another work called Divorce en Pologne (Divorce in Poland), and finally a translation, from Greek to French, of the synodal letter of Nicholas, patriarch of Constantinople, to the Emperor Alexis Commène on the power of empires, relative to the election of the ecclesiastic metropolitans.
finished with my defense I was freed.” The dream had such a healing effect on my spirits that all my worries dissolved and I woke with the premonition that it would come true. I told my comrade in misfortune the details, and they were surprised by the assurance I maintained from that moment until the time I appeared before those horrible judges.

Two p.m.—A proclamation was made that the mob seemed to listen to with disapproval. A moment later someone, perhaps inquisitive or perhaps wanting to show us the means to escape placed a ladder against the window of our room, but they prevented from climbing up with cries of, “Get them down! Get them down from there! They're trying to take arms to the prisoners!”

The torment of the most unquenchable thirst began to add to the terror we were already feeling. Finally, our jailer Bertrand came in our room alone, and we managed to convince him to bring us a jug of water. We drank it with all the more greediness since it had been 26 hours since we had been able to obtain the slightest drop. We discussed this bit of negligence with a federate who had come with several other person to visit our prison. His indignation was so great that he asked for the name of our jailer and assured us that he would exterminate him. He actually would have what he was saying, and it was only after many supplications that we obtained his mercy.

This short moment of relief was soon brought to an end by plaintive screams we heard over us. We saw that they were coming from the gallery and began to warn everyone we saw going by on the stairway. Finally, someone managed to enter into the gallery and we were told that it was a young officer who had inflicted several wounds upon himself, none of which were fatal. The knife he was using was rounded at the end and had not been able to penetrate the skin. All that only succeeded in hurrying the moment of his death.

Around eight p.m.—The crowd was becoming less agitated, and we heard several voices cry out: “Mercy, mercy for the rest!” The words were applauded, but weakly. Still, a glimmer of hope came to us; some of our group even believed so strongly that we would be soon freed that they had already gathered up their things and had them ready. Then new calls for our deaths rang out and plunged us back into our state of despair.

I had developed a particularly friendly relationship with Sir Maussabré, who had been arrested for being aide de camp to Mr. de Brissac. He had often shown proof of bravery, but the fear of being murdered had begun to weaken him. Still, I had managed to quiet his fear a little when he came to throw himself into my arms, saying: “My friend, I am lost. I have just heard them say my name in the street.” I tried in vain to explain to him that it might be persons trying to help him, that being afraid didn’t help in the slightest, that on the contrary it could be his end, but it was futile. He had lost his head with fear so much that, not finding a place to hide in the chapel, he climbed up the chimney of the sacristy. There he was behind bars, but he was so deranged that he tried to break through them with his head. We asked him to come down, and after much negotiation he came down with us. Still, his sanity never came back to him. This is what caused his death, of which I will speak shortly.

136 It was due to circumstances and not his fault, nor that of the concierge, the Citizen Lavaquerie, who, while I was detained at the Abbaye, fulfilled the duties that humanness imposes on an honest man. (Author’s note).
137 It was at this point that we were told that a number of “persons with evil intentions” had been prevented from bringing us 24 swords. The swords had been taken away and placed in the guardroom. He also explained to us that Mr. Manuel had been in the room of Mr. Lavaquerie, the concierge, that he had read the prison register, and that he had made a good number of crossed beside prisoners’ names. (Author’s note).
138 This young officer’s name was Boisragon. Several other prisoners killed themselves in their rooms, one of whom crushed in his skull against his prison door. Mr. Loureur, who had been his companion of misfortune and who had changed cells two or three days before the events of September 2, 3 and 4, told me what he had witnessed there.
Sir Emard, who had the previous day advised me on how to go about drawing up a handwritten will, explained to me the reason for which he had been arrested. I found them to be so unfair that, in order to give him some proof of my certitude that he would not perish, I gave him a silver medal and asked him to keep it and show it to me in ten years time... If he is reading this article, it will remind him of his promise. If we haven’t seen each other since, it is not my fault, because I do not know where to find him, whereas he knows where I am.

Around eleven o’clock—Ten people, armed with swords and pistols, ordered us to line up and lead us to the second lobby, located next to the one where the tribunal that was to judge us sat. I cautiously approached one of the sentries guarding over us, and managed little by little to strike up a conversation with him. He told me with an accent that made me believe that he was from Provence or Languedoc that he had served for eight years in the regiment of the Lyonnais. I spoke to him in the dialect. This seemed to please him, and my willingness to do so gave me such a persuasive Gascon eloquence that I managed to make him take enough interest in me to utter the following words, words that it is impossible to appreciate when one has not been in the same prison as I was.139 “I don’t know you, but still I don’t think that you are a traitor. On the contrary, I think you are a good man.” I searched my imagination for anything I might find to reinforce his positive opinion of me. I succeeded, because I convinced him to allow me into the terrible lobby to see a prisoner being judged. I saw two men judged, one of whom catered to the King. He was accused of being involved in the happenings of August 10, and was sentenced to death and executed. The other man, who was crying and was hardly able to speak, was about to be sent to La Force when he was recognized by a worker for the city of Paris who testified that the man was being mistaken for another. His case was put off to a later date. I have since learned that he was declared innocent.

What I had just seen amounted to a ray of light that instructed me upon the methods I must use in defending myself. I entered into the second lobby and saw several prisoners who had just been brought in from outside. I begged my Provençal guard to get a glass of wine for me. He was about to fetch it but he was told to take me back to the chapel. I went back without being able to discover why we had been made to come down. I found in the chapel ten new prisoners to replace the five of us who had been sentenced. I lost no time before sitting down to write out a new memorandum. I was working on it, still convinced that only firmness and frankness could save me when I saw my Provençal friend enter. He said to the guard, “Lock the door but don’t bar it, then go and wait for me outside.” Then he came to me, touched my hand and said: “I’ve come for you. Here is the wine you asked for. Drink...” I had drunk half of it already when he put his hand on the and said, “My God friend. Look at you. Slow down, I want some too. Cheers.” He drank the rest of the bottle. “I can’t stay here with you any longer, but remember what I tell you. If you are a priest or a conspirator from the castle of Mr. Véto, you’ll burn, but if you’re not a traitor, have no fear. I’ll answer for your life.”

“Oh, my friend! I am sure that I am not accused of any of that, but I am said to be a bit of an aristocrat.—That’s all there is. The judges know that there are honest men everywhere. The President of the jury is an honest man, not an idiot.”

“Do me the favor of convincing the judges to hear me out. That’s all I ask.”

“You will be heard. I promise you. Now my friend, farewell. Keep up your courage. I’m going back to my post. I’ll come back as soon as I can. Embrace me. I wish you well with all my heart.”

139 Le Notre himself translated the dialect into readable French for his French readers. I’m not even going to try to make up some sort of dialect here; it wouldn’t mean anything. Rather, I’ll just translate the readable French. (T.C.)
One has to have been prisoner at the Abbaye on September 3, 1792, to fully understand the effect that conversation had on my hopes, to what point it renewed them.

Around midnight.—The unnatural noise that had not stopped for thirty-six hours finally stopped to die down, and we thought that our judges and the executive power must be exhausted, and would deal with us after they had gotten a little rest. We were busy making our beds when we heard a new proclamation that caused an outbreak of booing all around. A short while later, a man asked to address the people, and we distinctly heard him say: “The priests and conspirators still remaining here bribed the judges. That is why they are not being tried.” He had barely finished speaking when we thought we heard him being slaughtered. The excitement of the people rose to a level of terrifying hate. The noise grew louder with each passing instant, and it was at its most feverish pitch when we they came to fetch Mr. Défontaine, a former guardsman. We heard his death cries soon after, and then they came back and wrested two more of our comrades from our grasp, and I felt my final hour approaching. Finally on Tuesday, at one o’clock in the morning, after having suffered through thirty-seven hours of agony that can only be compared to death itself, after having drunk a thousand times the cup of bitterness, my prison door opened. I was called, and I came forward. Three men grabbed me and dragged me into the awful lobby.

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140 That is what the killers were called. (Author’s note.)
141 A high-ranking officer from the King’s household was also fetched for of the Commissioners of the Commune, who was in a room above our own. We asked for the same favor, but in vain. (Author’s note).
142 The first of them was Mr. De Vaugiraud, former officer in the French guards. The Watch Committee of the Commune had ordered the arrest of his son, and when they had not found him in de Vaugiraud’s country home, he was arrested. Three or four hours before his death, de Vaugiraud had gone to the turret window to see what was happening at the prison entrance. He came way screaming and tearing out his hair.
Chapter IV
Final Crisis of My Agony

My first glimpse of the horrible tribunal that was to grant me my life or take it away was by torchlight. The President wore a gray suit. Beside him a sword was set against a table bearing a writing case, some pipes and several bottles. Ten people stood or sat around the table, two of whom were wearing jackets and aprons. Others were sleeping on the benches. Two men in bloodstained shirts, sword in hand, guarded the lobby door, while an old turnkey kept his hand on the locks. Three men were holding a prisoner who seemed to be about sixty years old before the President.

I was taken to a corner of the lobby, where my guards crossed their swords across my chest and warned me that if I made the slightest move to escape they would run me through with their swords. I was looking around for my Provençal friend when I saw two national guardsmen hand to the President a request from the Croix-Rouge Section for a prisoner across from him. He replied that “such requests from traitors were pointless.” Then the prisoner cried out, “This is awful! Your judgment is an assassination.” The President answered, “I wash my hands of the matter. Take him to Mr. Maillé…” With these words pronounced, he was pushed into the street, and I saw him being murdered outside the lobby door. I have often found myself in dangerous situations, and I have always been lucky in knowing how keep my self-control. Still, this time, the terror, inseparable from what was happening around me, might have done me in if I had not thought back to my conversation with the Provençal and especially to my dream that kept recurring in my thoughts.

The President sat down to write, and after apparently he had recorded the name of the unfortunate man being sent away, I heard him say: Bring in another one.

Upon that, I was dragged before the bloody, hasty tribunal, in whose presence the best possible protection was to have none, and where all the resources of one’s of mind were useless if they were not founded on the truth. Two of my guards held me each by one hand and the third by the collar of my jacket.

The President addressed me.—“Your name, your profession?”

One of the judges.—“The slightest lie and you are finished.”

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143 One of them was drunk. The words he spoke probably caused the death of Mr. de Maillé, who had been wounded at the Tuileries Castle on August 10. He was denounced by a family doctor whom he had fully trusted.

144 I sensed that the President handed down the judgment against his own free will. Several murderers had come into the lobby and were causing much agitation.

145 Before the fire of 1871, in the Archives of the Prefecture of Police, one could see the Abbaye prison register that had its place on Maillard’s table for two days and two nights. He had set down and recorded indelible traces of the crimes committed there. The notebook was about 15 inches high and had a parchment binding. One could see the blood on the cover with large, paler blots of wine blending in with the blood. The long list of the prison register was marked from top to bottom with round spots that seemed to have been smeared on by a finger. Granier de Cassagnac handled the book often while he was writing his history of the September Massacres. He speaks of a killer from the Abbaye who had come to the Prefecture of Police around 1860 in need of information and who saw the archivist, Mr. Labat silently set the notebook on the table. The man shivered and said, “I know that register. It’s the one Maillard had in front of him.”

When asked about the round spots that created a kind of symmetrical effect, the old man answered, “It’s quite simple. When we had done away with a prisoner, we came back to the register to read the names of the next ones. Each of us pointed at the name of someone he knew, saying, “And him?” Those spots were made by our bloody fingers touching the paper.
I am called Jourgniac de Saint-Méard. I served for twenty-five years as an officer, and I am appearing before this tribunal with the assurance of a man who has done nothing wrong. Therefore, I will not lie.”

The President.—“That is what we’re about to find out. One moment. Do you know the reason you were arrested?”

“Yes, Mr. President, I do, and I believe from the falseness of the denunciations against me that the Watch Committee of the Commune would not have made me prisoner without taking the precautions the safety of the people called for.”

“I am accused of publishing an anti-Feuillant paper entitled Of the Court and of the City. The truth is nothing of the sort. The real publisher is a man named Gautier, who looks so little like me that I could only have been mistaken for him out of ill will. If I could just reach into my pocket…”

I move made a useless moved to take out my wallet, but one of the judges saw me and told the man holding me, “Release Monsieur.” And so I placed on the table before me certificates from several clerks, bills from merchants and home proprietors with whom he had stayed, evidence that he was the paper’s publisher and sole owner.

One of the judges said, “Still, there’s never smoke without fire. Tell us why you are being accused.”

“That is what I was about to do. You know, Gentlemen, that the paper was a sort of receptacle for puns, gibes, epigrams, and jokes of either good or bad taste—anything going around Paris of the ninety-three departments. I could say that I have never written for the paper, since there exists no handwritten manuscript by me. Still, my frankness has always served me well and should serve me again today. I admit that my jovial nature often inspired me in me humorous ideas that I would send off to Gautier. That, Gentlemen, is the simple reason for great denunciation, which is as ludicrous as the one of which I’m about to speak is monstrous. I am accused of having gone to the borders, having recruited men, and having led them over to the émigrés…”

A murmur began to rise up all around the room, but I was not disconcerted in the least, and I raised my voice to say:

“Now, Gentlemen, Gentlemen, I have the floor. I beg Mr. President to make sure I keep it. It has never been more necessary to me.”

Almost all the judges laughed and said, “It’s true, it’s true, be quiet!”

My denouncer was a monster. I will prove this truth to judges that the people would not have chosen had they not believed them to be able to distinguish innocent from guilty. Here, Gentlemen are certificates which prove that I have left Paris in the last twenty-three months. Here are three declarations proprietors of houses in which I have stayed during that time, which attest to the same thing.

We were busy examining them when we were interrupted by the arrival of a prisoner who took my place in front of the President. The men holding him said that he was another priest that they had found hiding in the chapel. After an extremely short interrogation, he was send to La Force. He threw his breviary on the table and was dragged outside the lobby and murdered. When this expedition was finished, I reappeared before the jury.

One of the judges commented: “I’m not saying that the certificates are fake, but who can proved that they’re real?”

146 He looked at the register and the denunciations and then passed it to the judges. (Author’s note.)
“Your comment is true, sir, and in order that you can judge me with all the pertinent information, have me led to a cell and keep me there until the commissioners, whom I request that the President name, have checked the validity of the documents. If they are fake, I deserve to die.”

One of the judges\textsuperscript{147} had started to take an interest in me during the interrogation, and he said softly:

“A guilty man would not speak with such reassurance.”

Another judge: “What section are you from?”

“From the “Halle au Blé”\textsuperscript{148} section.”

A national guardsman who was not among the judges spoke out, “Oh, Oh, I’m from the same section! Who are you staying with?”

“In the home of M. Teyssier, on the Rue Croix-des-Petits-Champs.”

The national guardsman: “I know him. We’ve even done business together. I can tell you if he wrote the certificate. He looked at it and said, “Gentlemen, I certify that this is the signature of Citizen Teyssier.”

What a pleasure it would have been to hug my guardian angel! But I had matters to deal with that were so important that they turned me away from that duty. He had barely finished speaking when I made an exclamation that held everyone’s attention, saying: Well, Gentlemen, according to the testimony of this good man, which proves the falseness of a denunciation that could have caused my death, what idea does this give you of my denouncer?”

The judge who seemed interested in me said, “He’s a wretch, and if he were here, we would bring him to justice. Do you know him?”

“No, sir, but he must belong to the Commune’s Watch Committee, and I must admit that if I did know I would consider it a service to the public to hang out posters warning that he is as dangerous as a mad dog.”

One of the judges: “We can see that you are not a publisher, and that you did not recruit. But you haven’t spoken of the pro-aristocratic statements you made to the book-sellers at the Palais Royal.”

“And why not? I did not fear to admit what I had written, and I would fear even less to admit what I have said or thought. I have always advised that laws be obeyed, and I have shown the example. I admit at the same time that I used of my constitutional right to criticize what I judged to be imperfect, because I considered that it was placing us in a wrongful position. If it is a crime to have done so, then the Constitution itself has laid a trap for me, and this authorization it gave me to make known its faults was in fact an ambush. I also said that all those nobles in the Constitutional Assembly who had proved to be over-zealous had worked more to satisfy their own interests and ambition than for the country. When all of Paris seemed infatuated with their patriotism, I said, “They are deceiving you. I ask of you, Gentlemen, did the event not justify the idea I had of them. I have often blamed the cowardly and clumsy maneuvering of certain persons who are for the Constitution, nothing but the Constitution, and only the Constitution. I have long foreseen a great catastrophe, an unavoidable result of this Constitution, drawn up by selfish men who, like those of whom I have already spoken, work only for themselves, and also as a result of the scheming character of the men who defended that Constitution. Deceit, greed and cowardice characterized these men. Fanaticism, fearlessness and frankness characterized their enemies. One didn’t need a telescope to see who would win.”

\textsuperscript{147} His features are still etched in my heart. If I am fortunate enough to meet him one day I will embrace him…

\textsuperscript{148} Wheat market.
The attention that was being paid to my testimony, which I must admit was quite unexpected, encouraged me. I was about to resume the thousand reasons that lead me to prefer the Republican to the Constitutional regime; I was about to repeat what I has said every day in M. Desenne’s shop, when suddenly the concierge burst into room looking alarmed and warned the assembly that a prisoner was escaping up the chimney. The prisoner told the concierge to have the man shot by pistol fire, but told him that if the man escaped the turnkey would pay for it with his head. It was poor Maussabré. They fired at him a few times with a rifle, and then the turnkey, seeing that that method wasn’t working, set fire to the straw. The smoke brought him down half suffocated and he was finished off in front of the wicket.

I began my speech again. “No one, Gentlemen, has wanted the reform of the abuses more than myself. Here are the pamphlets I before and during the Estates-General. They are proof of what I’m saying. I have always thought that we were going too far for a Constitution and not far enough for a Republic. I am neither a Jacobin or a Feuillant. I did not like the principles of the former, even though they were far more serious and frank than those of the latter, whom I hated until it was proven that they were not the cause of all the problems we have suffered through. Anyway, we’re rid of them now.”

One of the judges, impatient: “You keep saying that you aren’t this or that, but what are you then?”

“I was simply a Royalist.”

A general murmur rose up, but was miraculously quieted by a judge who seemed to have taken an interest in me. These were his exact words:

“We’re here not to judge opinions, but to judge their results.”

As soon as he pronounced these precious words I cried out: “Yes, Gentlemen, I was simply a Royalist, but I was never paid for being one. I was a Royalist because I believed that a monarchistic government was best suited to my country, and because I loved the King for his person, and frankly, I felt that way with my heart until August 10.”

The murmur that rose up this time seemed to be more flattering than the one before it, and to keep their good opinion of me going until my conclusion, I added,

“The only plots I heard about were spoken of by indignant members of the public. Every time I had the chance to help someone I did so without asking what his principles were… Here are papers, some of the patriotic ones even, that prove what I have the honor to tell you here. It was always well liked by the peasants working on the land I lorded over. While my neighbors’ castles were being burned, I was in my own in Saint-Méard. A crowd of peasants came to testify how happy they were to see me and set up a Maypole in my courtyard. I know that these details might seem unimportant to you, Gentlemen, but put yourself in my place and you will understand that I must take advantage of any truth that can help me. I can assure you that not one soldier in

149 Could the geniuses Rousseau and Voltaire, pleading a cause together, have said it more perfectly? (Author’s note.)

150 I showed them several papers which mentioned me favorably. Sir Gorsas, had more reason than anyone else to complain about the Journal de la Cour et de la Ville. If he had believed that I wrote for that paper, he would not have declared in °6 of his journal (Le Courrier des 85 départements):

“The Chevalier de Saint-Méard had written several articles in the Journal de la Cour et de la Ville, but these articles were not particularly slanderous in nature. The Chevalier de Saint-Méard confesses quite frankly that he was a Royalist because he had believed Louis XVI to be of good faith. He did not deny having written the articles in any way and he upon his acquittal, he was lifted to shoulders and carried to his home. He was even given a certificate of discharge. The Chevalier de Saint-Méard really was not the author of the revolting articles found so often in the paper, and he has proven several times in circumstances aforementioned, that he was capable of good deeds and that he had a good heart.” (Author’s note.)
the King’s Infantry, in which I served for twenty-five years, ever had reason to complain about me. I can even pride myself on having been one of the officers most dear to them. The final proof they gave me of that is unequivocal. Two days before the Nancy affair, at a time when general distrust of officers was at its height, they named me their General and put me in command of the army making its way to Lunéville. They were first going to release thirty troopers from the Mestre-de-Camp regiment who had been made prisoner by the carabineers and then go on to capture General Malseigne. One of the judges asked, “I’ll soon see if you served in the King’s Regiment. Did you know Mr. Moreau there?”

“Yes Sir, I even new two of them. One of them was very tall, very fat, and very reasonable. The other one was very small, very thin, and very...” I made a gesture with my hand to show that he was a dolt.

The same judge said, “That’s the one. I can see that you knew him.”

We were at this point when I saw one of the doors leading of the lobby leading to the staircase open, and I saw an escort of three men leading in Mr. Margue... Mr. Margue, a ci-devant Major, formerly my comrade in the King’s Regiment and my roommate in the Abbaye. While waiting for my case to be judged, he was placed in the same place where I had been standing. I recommenced my speech.

“After the unfortunate Nancy affair, I came back to Paris and have remained since that time. I was arrested in my apartments twelve days ago. I didn’t expect this to happen at all, and had gone about my business as usual. They did not seal my apartment doors, because they had found nothing suspicious there. I have never been enrolled on a civil list.

I never signed a petition. I have never had any objectionable correspondence. I have not left France since the time of the Revolution. During my stay in the capital I have lived a tranquil existence. My light-hearted personality, in accordance with my principles, has not allowed to become seriously involved in public matters, and much less so to harm anyone in any whatsoever. There, Gentlemen, is all I can tell you of my of behavior and my principles. The frankness of my admissions should convince you that I’m not a dangerous man. This is why I hope and that you grant me the liberty I have requested and to which I’m attached by need and by principle.”

The president took off his hat and said, “I can see nothing suspicious about this gentlemen. I grant him his liberty. Do you agree? All of the judges said: “Yes, yes, that’s fair.”

Hardly had these divine words been pronounced when everyone in the lobby rushed to embrace me. I heard people over my head applauding and shouting bravo. I looked up and saw several heads crowded together against employers abandon later. As these faces had eyes wide open and moving. I understood that the low, disturbing buzzing sound that I had been hearing during my questioning came from there.

The president ordered three men to form a deputation to announce to the people the sentence that had just been handed down. During their proclamation I asked my judges for a written summary of the sentence pronounced in my favor. They promised that they would deliver it. The president asked why I was not wearing the cross of Saint-Louis because he knew that I possessed one. I answered that my fellow prisoners had asked me to take it off. He told me that since National Assembly had not yet forbidden the wearing of the cross it made one seem suspicious to not do so. The three deputies entered and made me put my hat on my head. Then they led me out of the lobby. As soon as we appeared in the street, one of them cried, “Hats off!

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151 One of the judges stepped on my foot to warn me that I was about to compromise myself. I was sure of the contrary. (Author’s note.)
... Citizens, this is the man for whom the judges have requested your help and protection.” After these words were pronounced, the executive power took me up, and placed me in the middle of four torches, where I was embraced by all those around me. All of the spectators cried, “Vive la Nation!” I was very touched by these honors, they put me in safekeeping of the people. They applauded and let me past, followed by three deputies that the President had directed to escort me to my home.

One of them told me he was a mason living in the Faubourg Saint-Germain. The other, born in Bourges, was a hairdresser’s apprentice. The third man, dressed in the National Guardsman’s uniform, told me that he was a federate. On our way, the Mason asked me if I was frightened. “Not more than you are,” he replied. “You must have noticed that I was not intimidated in the lobby; I will not tremble with fear in the street.”—“You would be wrong to be frightened,” he explained to me, “Because at this moment you are sacred to the people, and if anyone were to strike you, he would die on the spot.” I could tell that you are not one of those vermin from the Civil List. Still, I was afraid for you when he said that you were one of the King’s officers. Do you remember when I stepped on your foot? —Yes, I do, but I thought it was one of the judges. Well it damn well was me. I thought you are going to get yourself in deep, and I would have liked watching you get yourself killed. Still, you managed all right. I’m pleased, because I like people who don’t sulk.” In the Rue Saint-Benoît, we climbed into a cab which took us to my home. The first gesture of host, my friend on seeing me was to open his wallet to my drivers, who refused the money. They told him in no uncertain terms that, “We are doing this job for the money. Here is your friend. He promised us a glass of brandy. We’ll drink it, and then return to our post. They asked me for certificate stating that they had brought me home without incident to. I gave it to them, requesting that they send to me the certificate the judges had promised, as well as my personal effects, which I had left behind me at the Abbey. I accompanied them as far as the street where I embraced them fondly. The next day, one of the commissioners brought me the certificate. Here is a copy:

We, commissioners named by the people to deal out justice to the traders detained in the prison of the Abbey, had brought before us on the September 4, the Citizen Jourgniac Saint-Méard, a former officer, decorated in the line of duty. This man proved that the accusations brought against him were false, and that he had never been involved with any plotting against the patriots. We declared him innocent in the presence of the people, who applauded the freedom we had given him. In faith thereof we have issued the present certificate at his request: we invite all Citizens to bring him help and safety to him.

Signed: Poir... Ber...
The Abbey, Year IV of Liberty and Year I of Equality

After several hours of sleep, I hurried to carry out the duties that friendship and gratitude imposed. I had a letter printed explaining the circumstances of my fortunate deliverance to all those that I knew had been aware of my misfortune. The same day, I went for a walk in public in the garden: I saw several people rubbing their eyes to see if it was really me. I saw others recoil with fright, as if they had seen a ghost.

I was embraced, even by people I did not know. Finally, it was a day of celebration for me. Still, what has been said or written to me since, and what I have seen in print, have made me measure just to what point my imprisonment could have a negative effect in the minds of those who do not know me, especially in a time when suspicion, condemnation, and execution of
follow one another in such a precipitous manner. I believed that it was important for me to counter that effect. I made the truth known.

One might get the wrong idea about Jourgniac’s tale if one did not know that he sat down to write of his misfortunes on that very day. He had found an admirable title, My Thirty-Eight Hour Agony. On September 15, the work was sent to the printing press, and even though it was not a good time to bring out such a volume, it was printed. They say it sold 200,000 copies.

Still, though the lesson was taken light-heartedly, it did have some effect. The bold Gascon gave up his witty speech and his rhymes. He spent 20 years trying to be forgotten. He dived and when he reappeared on the surface in 1814, it was to ask for favors.

The method was always the same: he wrote memorandum upon memorandum, saluting and the claiming the return of the Bourbons and claiming a the rank of Colonel “which was owed to him for 24 years of loyal service, under Louis XV and under Louis XVI.”

After six years—six years!—of carefully worded petitions and boasting of his former campaigns, the Government was about two yields to his demands and to recompense this so persistent beggar, when someone had the idea of asking him, as a last document for his file, proof of his incarceration in the Abbey—his main claim to glory... This bit of proof, Jourgniac did not have it. Jourgniac searched for it but could find it. Imagine the irony of fate! The man who had printed 200,000 copies of his misfortune, who had invited the story of his agony to a million readers, was called upon to prove that he was telling the truth, and could not manage to do so. Maillard’s register did exist and Jourgniac’s name was recorded there, but he could not lay his hand on the precious document. Finally of brilliant but unfortunate idea came to him. He produced the legal certificate of acquittal his judges at the Abbey had issued to him after his liberation. This time they would be obliged to believe Jourgniac.... But it was a lost cause. Was it really that urgent to grant a higher rank in the Royal army to a man who had managed to gain favor with their sans-culottes?

And that is why Jourgniac was never promoted. In his acrimony against the Bourbon Government, he began to regret even Maillard: “Ah!” he exclaimed, “at least under the Terror, we had consolation of being tortured, robbed, and murdered by patriots!...”

And he thought without bitterness, even with a slight tenderness, of “those fine gentlemen at the Abbey tribunal,” for they least had done him the justice.
PART III: THE CONVENT OF THE CARMES

Here, not a rock has changed place. When one enters the dark monastery of the rue de Vaugirard, haunted by such terrible ghosts, one finds the happening-place of the massacres strikingly intact. Here is the low door from where the victims were summoned. Here is the hall down which they were pushed to their Deaths. Here are the tiles they stumbled upon. Here are the stairs on which they were massacred. Among the branches of a climbing vine the inscription reads, *HIC CECIDERUNT* (they fell here). At this strange window suddenly appeared the face of Maillard behind the bars, shouting to his men, “Wait! Don’t kill them yet! We have to sentence them first!” This is the dark hall in which punishment is said to have been done.

In the larger garden, smaller now, where they hunted down and killed the clergy, was found, deep in the enclosure, a plain edifice used as a chapel. Many died there, beneath the still-standing statue of the Virgin Mary. This is where, after the *incident*, they gathered the bodies in the alleys.152

Since the 15th of August, non-juring priests had been arrested in Paris and the surrounding towns and thrown together into the Convent of the Carmes. Since the monks had not yet abandoned the convent, the prisoners were lodged in the church, which has changed little today. They camped there, expecting to be deported, and they prepared themselves for that day. On the first of September, there were one hundred and fifty priests. Only thirty-three of them survived...

The statements that we are about to publish were made public for the first time in 1821 in the book of Abbot Aimé Guillou, *Les Martyrs de la Foi pendant la Révolution française*.153 Two of these three tales were told by priests who were counted among the victims of the massacre: Abbot Saurin and Abbot Vialas. Abbot Berthelet, one of the sixteen priests officially spared, wrote the first one we will read. Abbot Berthelet of Barbot was canon priest of Chartres and Chief Vicar of the diocese of the Mende Departmental district. He died in Paris on December 5, 1818.

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152 When the rue de Rennes was dug and the chapel had to be demolished, the fragments of tiles and the woodwork that showed bloodstains were painstakingly preserved. These fragments were placed in the crypt of the church of Carmes. A model of the Garden Chapel can be found there.

153 *Martyrs of Faith during the French Revolution*
Tale of Abbot Berthelet de Barbot

I learned on the afternoon of August 11 that the national guardsmen had come while I was out to take me to my section, the Luxembourg section. I went there of my own free will and asked Legendre, who presided over the section, what I was wanted for. He took me into an adjoining room, where I was met by three private individuals who asked me if I were a priest. When I responded that I was, they sent me to yet another room, where I was soon after joined by Monsignor the Archbishop of Arles. We stayed there until nine o’clock in the evening, with no idea of what was to become of us. Finally, we were ordered in, searched and then rounded up with roughly sixty other clergymen. Guards came to surround us from underground of the larger and smaller seminaries, and then led us to the Church of the Carmes.

Once there, we were forbidden to speak. A guard was placed beside each of us, and they brought us bread and water. This is how we spent our first night. Until the fifth or sixth day, we were forced to sleep on the church tiles. After that, they allowed those of us who had the means to do so to procure trestle beds and straw mattresses. The day after that of our imprisonment was a Sunday, and so we asked for permission to say or to hear Mass. This bit of consolation was refused us, not only on that day, but throughout our detention. We carefully avoided giving them any reason to complain about us. We also rejected several offers to escape that were made to us by a young man named Vigouroux who wore the habit of a clergyman, but who, as it turns out, was not actually one. We didn’t worry about whether or not attempted escape was treachery. We listened to nothing but our consciences, and we feared that we would incriminate ourselves or compromise someone else’s position if we escaped, and so we submissively obeyed the orders we had been given. In the meantime, the prison population was increasing with each passing day, and, as most prisoners arrived during the night, we were frequently woken up by guards bringing in the prisoners, by the click-click of their weapons, and by their wild raving.

Near the end of the month of August, a commissioner came to take roll call of all the prisoners. As he did so, he asked each prisoner in turn if he was a priest, or in a holy order. We wrote down our replies, and two prisoners who answered no to both questions were released. Two laymen, however, were detained: their names were Mr. Duplain de Sainte-Albine, and Mr. de Valfons, a former officer in the regiment of the region of Champagne. He declared he was a Roman Catholic, and could think of no other reason for being held. Several days later, we were visited again by another commissioner of the section. He spoke to each of us individually. After a few words of reassurance, he asked us for our knives, our scissors, and our penknives. At the same time, we saw frequently Mr. Manuel, who was prosecutor for the town. He informed us one day that he had studied all of our files, and that he had found nothing which might prove us guilty of anything whatsoever. We were soon to be freed.

Mr. Manuel came back to see us on August 30, at which time he told us that the Prussians were in Champagne. The people of Paris were rising up en masse and all the young people were being sent to fight off to combat the Prussians. He said that they couldn’t leave any enemies behind them, and that we should, in order to insure our own safety and to obey the Deportation Decree, prepare ourselves to leave France. One of the priests asked something I didn’t catch, and Mr. Manuel replied that we would be allowed a few hours to gather from our houses the things that would be required for the journey.

154 Jean-Marie Fulau, Archbishop of Arles, was born in the diocese of the region of Périgueux in 1738. He served as general director of the clergy there, and then as deputy of the States General of the Seneschal’s court.
That evening, still another commissioner came in, this time accompanied by gendarmes, and read to us the Deportation Decree, and then left it posted in the sanctuary. The next day, we hurried to gather together as much money as possible for journeys whose length in time and in distance was unknown to us. We were at that time one hundred and sixty prisoners.

Sunday, September 2nd

Several of us were visited that day by family or friends who shook our hands and cried a few tears, but carefully avoided showing their concern. The guards watched over us nervously, their movements hurried. Our fears were increased by the cries of rage that reached our ears from neighboring streets and the cannon we heard fired as a signal of alarm. Still, we trusted in God to carry us through. At two o’clock, the commissioner from the section committee rushed in and took a roll call, and then sent us to the garden. We went down a stairway with a single banister beside the chapel of the Virgin Mary, inside the church in which we were being held prisoner. When we arrived in the garden, we found ourselves surrounded by new guards, these ones armed with pikes. They were wearing red bonnets but were otherwise out of uniform. Only their commander wore the uniform of a national guardsman. The cells of the cloister overlooked this promenade area, and as we arrived in the garden, people looking out their windows began to berate us with awful, bloodthirsty cries. We retreated deep into the garden, between an arboled fence and a wall separating the garden from that of the nuns of the Cherche-Midi. Several of our ranks took refuge in a small oratory in the corner of the garden. They began to say their Vespers prayers and suddenly the gates of the garden burst open. Seven or eight youths stormed into the garden. Each one had several pistols tucked into his belt, in addition to the one he was carrying in his left hand. They brandished sabers in their right hands. The first clergyman they fell upon was Mr. de Salins. He was concentrating on his reading, and so he noticed nothing. They stabbed him with their sabers, and then went on to kill or seriously injure everyone in their path. They were so hard-pressed to get to the group of clergymen taking refuge in the back of the garden that they rushed on, not even taking the time to actually put an end to the life of each person they fell upon. They approached each of them, yelling, “The Archbishop of Arles! The Archbishop of Arles!”

This holy prelate, inspired by a divine faith, pronounced a few words in our direction: “Thank God, Gentlemen, for having given us the chance to stamp the seal of our blood on the faith that we profess. Ask Him for the mercy that we could never have obtained by our own merit, that of perseverance in our faith when faced with death.” And so Mr. Hébert, Father Superior of the Eudiste Congregation, asked, in his name and in our own, to be tried in a court of law. The only answer he got was a pistol shot to the shoulder. The youths went on to say that we were all scoundrels, shouting once again, “The Archbishop of Arles! The Archbishop of Arles!”

(The assassins were coming closer and closer to the prelate, screaming, “The Archbishop of Arles! The Archbishop of Arles!” The Archbishop was still kneeling at the foot of the altar, but as he was being called for, he rose to offer himself to the murderers. The priests surrounded him, trying to hide him and to hold him back. “Let me by,” he told them, “If my blood can appease them, what does my life matter? Is my duty not to save your lives, even at the expense of my own?” With his hands crossed on his chest and his eyes raised to Heaven, he walked slowly towards the men who were calling for him, just as the Savior had walked towards those who had come to arrest him. “I am the one you are looking for.”—So it’s you, you old rascal, they shouted at him. You’re the Archbishop of Arles? —“Yes, gentlemen, it is I.” So, then, blackguard, you are responsible for the spilling of so much blood in the city of Arles?” —”I have never harmed anyone.” “Well, anyway, said one of the maniacs, I am going to harm you.” With
that, he struck the Archbishop in the forehead with his sword. The Archbishop said nothing, but in the following instant he was struck from behind by another sword that split open his head. He brought up his right hand to cover his eyes, but it was cut off by still another blow. A fourth assailant fell upon him, and a fifth man knocked him down unconscious. A pike was thrust into his chest so far that they couldn’t withdraw the blade, and the body of the holy prelate was trampled over by the murderers.)

When they had massacred the Archbishop, the mercenaries turned towards us. We stood there helplessly observing the way he had died. They began to strike us with their swords and their pikes, and I was wounded at the thigh. The Bishop of Beauvais had his thigh broken by a bullet.

Just at that moment, the commander of the post, who had remained at the edge of the garden during these events, ordered us to return to the church. We started up the stairway down which we had descended into the garden, some of us with more difficulty than others, but the gendarmes were waiting there for us at the top of the stairs with their bayonets. We were crowded together in the stairway, but were unable to go on. Men with pikes joined the gendarmes, and we would have all been killed right there and then if the commander had not finally listened to our prayers and persuaded the assassins to let us enter the church.

We entered into the sanctuary, and there before the altar we began to give each other final absolution. We recited the last rites and recommended our spirits to the infinite goodness of the Lord. A few seconds later the murderers burst into the sanctuary, grabbed us, and began to drag us out of the room. The post commander informed them that we had not yet been tried, and that we were still under the protection of the law. They answered that we were all scoundrels, and that we must die. At that point they began to lead small groups of prisoners down into the garden, where the cutthroats awaited them at the entryway.

The following details are supplied by Abbot Lapize de la Pannonie, who escaped the massacre in the same way as Abbot Berthelet de Barbot, and later told his tale to Abbot Barruel. Abbot Berthelet de Barbot doesn’t mention him, probably in order to protect him.

The section commissioner, named Violette, member of the committee of the Luxembourg section, had apparently been sent to prevent the massacre. He came to the Prison of the Carmes and took place at a table with the prison register near the door leading down to the garden. From there, he summoned the priests to him, two by two, to identify them, and to make sure that their testimony hadn’t changed. Then he had them led down the corridor ending in the stairway leading to the garden. The murderers awaited them there, and they cut their throats as soon as they came through the door. We heard horrible screams each time, mingled with cries of “Long live the Nation!”

After hearing the horrible cries of the first sacrifice, the priests remaining in the church could no longer have any doubts about what lay in store for them. Nevertheless, they continued to pray at the altar, and seemed to be unworried. As each priest was called in turn by the commissioner, he rose and went to meet his fate. One priest went with the serenity of a pure heart and an unfailing faith in God, another one was clearly in a hurry to give his life for Jesus Christ. This priest came on with his eyes lowered, continuing his prayers, interrupting them just long enough to answer the commissioner. Having done so, he recommenced praying calmly as he

155 The passage in parentheses is not from Abbot Berthelet. This testimony can be found in Martyrs de la Foi (Martyrs of Faith) by Abbot Guillon, Tome III, page 39.
went on to the sinister stairway. He was still praying as he fell to the blows of the murderers. This priest came on holding his breviary with the Holy Scripture in his hands, intoning the divine promises of God, and showing by the expression on his face that he clearly expected them to be kept when he went to meet his maker after the fatal blow. Some of the priests looked at their soon-to-be murderers angelically, expressing charity and a touching compassion for the frenzy and blindness they beheld.

It is with this celestial nobility that these heroes of the priestly calling received the deadly blow that emancipated them from the persecutions of men and the corruption of the earth. Finally, some of the priests, leaving the sanctuary to appear before the commissioner, looked at the cross above the altar and repeated the words of Jesus Christ: “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.” This is the way in which three illustrious prelates, a great number of priests, and a pious layman died the deaths of martyrs.

The commissioner himself was touched by their saintly heroism. Two days later, he could not prevent himself from saying to those of the priests he had managed to save from the massacre, and who were still being detained in the section committee: “I am lost, I don’t understand anything anymore. No man could have witnessed what I did and be less astounded. What a sight it was to see you priests going to your deaths with the same joy as if you were going to a wedding!”

As the number of prisoners had diminished to twenty or so, we were taken away from the foot of the altar, and arranged two by two to take the place of those who had just been murdered. Then it was my turn to descend the stairway and meet the cutthroats who awaited me there. As I was crossing the Chapel of the Virgin Mary, I was recognized by several of my neighbors, who immediately had me summoned by the commissioner. He said these words to the assassins: “Brothers and friends, this man is demanded by our fellow citizens. Please tell me, gentlemen, that he will be detained separately from the others and judged.” They answered, “Lead him aside.” The commissioner managed to hide six of my fellows under the pews with me. Everyone else was murdered and robbed of his clothing, and then the cutthroats disappeared.

It was with a supreme effort that our guards managed to lead us through the mob of women and men dressed as women, who demanded that we be left to their fury. In this way they led us to the church of the Saint-Sulpice where the section was gathered.

There in the church, after he had realized the uselessness of his mission, the commissioner presented us to the office, and asked for the section to use its judgment and to dispose of us at its pleasure. As soon as he spoke, a man rose and stated that we should be immediately given over to the mob, so that they could cut our throats on the stairs of the church. His request was supported by a few others, but then quickly rejected by a nearly general outcry. Mr. Leclerc, a doctor, suggested that we be separated, that we should each be assigned two guards, and that the section should send commissioners to interrogate each of us. His motion was adopted. The real goal of Mr. Leclerc was to gain time and to put himself in a position of authority with those who had the same opinion of the section’s deliberations as he, in order to rescue us.

At midnight, the commissioners adjourned until the next morning, and we were led into a room of the seminary that had been transformed into a prison. We had been there for an hour when one of the cutthroats arrived and began to complain loudly that he and comrades had been cheated. He had been promised three louis coins, and he had only been paid one. The commissioner responded that there was still work to be done in the next two days in the prisons of Saint-Firmin, and of the Conciergerie, and still others. He would then be paid his three louis. In addition, he promised the cutthroat that they could take our clothing, and as we had all expected to be deported, we were all wearing our newest clothes.
The cutthroat answered that since he and his friends could not be sure that they would get our clothing, they would slice us to pieces with their swords. In such a case, the gravediggers would only give four hundred francs for our remains and what they could plunder. In addition, he needed to check and see if the prisoners had actually been reserved for the slaughter and if they were really wearing new clothing. He then entered with the commissioner into the room where we were imprisoned. Fortunately, upon inspection, our clothes were judged to be too old, and the two men left together.

I still cannot think without trembling of that midnight inspection, during which our worth was judged by our clothes, after all we had seen, and all that we still had to fear.

The next day, each one of us was interrogated individually by three commissioners. The choice of the commissioners seemed to be a good one, and we quickly perceived that the general desire of these gentlemen was to tear us out of the clutches of the murderers. Our friends spent their morning finding citizens to come and testify in our behalf. During the afternoon, we were led to the section, where, once the statements had been read, we were all set free.

In the meantime, someone came into the room and warned the commander who had guarded us in Prison of the Carmes the night before that there were men posted below in the stairway of the church. They were there to murder us when we tried to leave. Noticing that I had heard the warning, the commander, a man full of energy and good will, whispered to us, “Don’t worry, we have seen to your safety.” Indeed, as we rose to leave, a great number of national guardsmen rose with us, sword in hand. They gathered around us and led us to the community of the priests of Saint-Sulpice. Once there, they found out where each of us lived, divided us into small groups, and throughout the night they accompanied each one of us to our houses, strongly recommending that we not go out for several days.

Such are the main events that my fellow priests and I underwent on the days of the second and third of September. None of us screamed in agony, or complained in any way whatsoever. Those who died all did so with serenity, with the hope of a better life with God. As for me, I was not judged fit to accompany them. I would like to say that in all that I have just written, I have expressed no feelings of vengeance, nor of bitterness.
The Abbé Jérôme Noël Vialar

The Abbot Jérôme Noël Vialar was mistakenly counted among the priests killed at the Carmelite Convent. He actually escaped and made his way abroad. Here are the curious details he himself supplied concerning his imprisonment and his flight.

Vialar was personal secretary to the Archbishop of Albi, who was deputy in the States-General, and in this capacity he arrived in Paris in 1789. On Tuesday, August 28, 1792, he left his residence in Rue du Cherche-Midi, dressed in layman’s clothing. He crossed the Rue du Vaugirard, and was about to disappear in the vast Garden of Luxembourg when he encountered a picket of national guardsmen, one of whom recognized him as a priest having resided near him in a furnished hotel adjoining his own home. “It’s one the those dirty priests!” he cried, and gave the signal to arrest him, asking him whether or not he had sworn his loyalty to the nation. “I was not a civil servant,” said Vialar. The law imposing the oath had nothing to do with me.” Hearing his answer, the gendarmes led him to the Committee of the Luxembourg Section, whose President was said to be a wine merchant. Vialar was asked the same question there, and he answered in the same manner. The President insisted, asking him: “If you had been required to take the oath, would you have done so?”

Bothered by the President’s irrelevant, persecuting, frivolous questions, Vialar replied: “The law never examines what we might or might not have done in hypothetical situations. Rather, the law examines acts we have actually committed, or have chosen not to commit, in real situations. That was enough for the President. He cut in with, “Have him taken to the Carmelite Prison, and there he will be treated like as priests who refuse to take the oath should be treated.” Abbé Vialar was immediately taken to the Carmelite Prison. As for the events that happened there, Abbé Vialar’s confirms story the stories of the others. He adds only that whenever the priests left the church to walk around the garden, a general roll call was taken upon their return to the church in order insure that none of the victims had escaped. Abbé Vialar was in the back of the garden, on the left, when the murderers entered and stabbed to death the first priest they encountered. His first movement was to kneel down by the wall there and to offer his life to God in sacrifice. A moment later he stood up, and judging that the it might be possible to get over the wall, he climbed it about midway down, encouraging the Bishop of Saintes, who was near him, to do the same. This prelate, who had sufficient energy left to do so, responded simply: “And what about my brother?” Having gotten over the wall, the Abbé Vialar found himself in a kind of courtyard closed off by a wall higher than the first one. There was a small recess there, located under the Carmelite Garden’s Oratory. He ducked into it. From there he heard the moans of the victims and the cries of the murderers. His soul was troubled. He left his hiding place and wandered aimlessly around the courtyard. Glimpsing a short projecting beam set into the big wall, slightly higher than his outstretched arm, he jumped, grabbed onto it, used it as a ladder to reach the top of the wall, and then jumped over. There he discovered a large house shut off by a gate, which he climbed over and then entered a house which was by chance uninhabited and unfurnished. He wandered through the house to the highest floor, and there he found a room with an open door and a mattress on the floor. He fell upon it wearily and slept for two or three hours. Night was falling when he awakened. Hearing voices in the carriage entrance of the house, he went downstairs and met a woman to whom he told his story. She opened the gate for him and he left to hide in the city, far from his former place of residence. He stayed, in the new place for two months, as if in a state of shock, and then, seeing that the persecution was increasing from day to day, he fled for Senlis. On the way there, quite to his surprise, he met the Abbé de Rochemure,
who had been his prison mate. He was unsuspectingly returning to Paris to retrieve some valuables he had left at the Carmelite prison. This ecclesiastic happened to be the brother of the Canon of Rochemure, grand Vicar of Senlis, who still resided there, and had survived in part thanks to that stature. Vialar had stopped in Senlis, but was forced to leave when a certain danger arose. He feared that he would was about to be conscripted in a draft of three hundred thousand men ordered by the Convention. He returned to Paris, where he sought in vain a passport which would allow him to leave France. Unable to obtain one, but too frightened to stay where he was, he disguised himself as a peddler and left for Switzerland with a pack on his back. From Switzerland he departed for Rome 1793. During the invasion of the Roman States in 1798, he left for Russia, where he became chaplain to the Ambassador of Naples in the court of Saint-Petersburg. He came back to France in the spring of 1819, but left the country again the following July in order to resume his as chaplain’s duties.
The Escape of the Abbé Saurin

The Abbé Saurin of Marseille, an ex-Jesuit, did not lose his life at the Carmelite Convent. After his escape, he succeeded in leaving France and went to Rome. The details of his deliverance, which he related to M.M. Vialar and d’Auribeau, from whom we have learnt them, are worth reproducing. The worthy priest was waiting in a chapel of the Carmelite Church to be massacred. He, hearing one of the assassins, who was passing near him, speaking with a Provençal accent, went up to him and said:

“My friend, you come from Provence?”
“Yes,” replied the other, “I am from Marseille.”
“So am I; I come from the same town as you.”
“What is your name?”
“Saurin.”
“Oh, your brother is a relation of mine.”
“Well, as we have family connections you ought to get me out of this, because you know that there is nothing against me except my being a priest.”

The Marseillais immediately called his comrades and said to them: “Citizens, this man is a relative of mine and as such he must not die except by the sword of the law.”
“No, no, it shall not be so; and if I ask you for a favor it is because I have the right to it. I tell you,” he continued, somewhat disingenuously, “I tell you that I was present at the taking of Versailles, and on June 21st at the Tuileries and at this last affair on August 10th; and see,” he added, uncovering his breast, “see the wounds that I have received.”

The Abbé Saurin has affirmed that he did not see the slightest scratch. The stratagem was none the less successful; and it was decided that the Marseillais should conduct the priest to his section to be tried. When the two of them were in the next street (Rue Cassette) his liberator asked the Abbé Saurin for the new coat which he was wearing and gave him in exchange his National Guard uniform, which was much worn and would serve to protect him. He also asked for some money, as the price of the services which he had just rendered, and the Abbé gratified him with a note for the 200 livres, whereupon they separated.

When the Abbé Saurin related these particulars in Rome he appeared to be about sixty years of age. He had carefully collected items of interest about the prisoners in the Carmelite Church, and each article was adorned by him with infinitely precious marginal notes. His manuscript, which he communicated to the aforementioned ecclesiastics, was brought back to France by himself when he returned; while we regret that we have not been able to find it, we earnestly hope that it will fall into hands capable of using it to the greatest edification of the faithful.

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156 This section is drawn from Lenôtre, G. [pseud.] The September massacres; accounts of personal experiences written by some of the few survivors of the terrible days of September 2nd and 3rd, 1792, together with a series of hitherto unpublished police reports. London: Hutchinson & co. ltd., 1929.
The Exhumation of the Victims’ Remains

May 1867

Before the prolongation of the Rue de Rennes, decided in 1866, one entered the Rue d’Assas by the Carmelite garden, descending a short stairway and following a gently sloping passage that skirted the Chapel of the Virgin, where numerous Priests died in 1792. It is called the Chapel of Martyrs. A well which used to be found in this passage was said to have received the mortal remains of the victims in September: since then it has been the object of veneration of many visitors. A cross was placed in it and people used to place wreaths there.

As the new road was to encroach upon the convent’s garden and necessitate the demolition of the chapel and the well, it was decided to save from profanation the bones of the priests who had Septembrisés, and diggings were begun. The well was opened on May 20, 1867: only beef, calf, sheep, and chicken bones were found there. Thinking that, as had often been the case, the bodies were carried to the Vaugirard cemetery as of September 4, 1792, the diggings were halted. However, they were resumed several days later in another part of the garden. This new search produced the results we are about to see: these details were taken from a report given to the Archbishop in 1867 by the architects in charge of the work. The entire text was published in the Bulletin du Comité d’histoire et d’archéologie du diocèse de Paris in October, 1883.

Since the search undertaken in the area surrounding the passage leading to the Rue d’Assas had been inconclusive, we consulted the expert’s blueprints annexed to the deed of sale. The blueprint mentioned a well which was no longer visible. According to the survey marks, the well should have adjoined the rectangle basin existing there still today.

On May 23, new searches were conducted and the exterior facade of a wall was discovered. A crack made in the wall revealed the interior of the well. It had been filled in and covered with an arch. The arch was recovered with the layer of topsoil roughly 40 cm thick. The soil was taken off in the arch was destroyed.

The well, which was about 1.8 meters in diameter, was filled to 1.8 meters below the arch which curved up about 40 cm. The rectangular basin emptied into the well by way of a leaden pipe about 10 cm. in diameter which stopped about 1.5 meters above the dirt in the well.

On May 24, a pulley was set up above the well in order to empty it out with a bucket. A layer of moldy soil was first removed. There could be seen the first bones, laid out upon a bed of lime roughly 20 cm. thick, occupying a zone about 30 cm deep.

Below the bed of lime to a depth of approximately two meters, the well was filled with bones bathing in a brown substance of a gelatinous liquid giving off a greasy but strangely sweet, not rotten odor. Several skulls were removed which had been split horizontally.

On May 25, by the end of the day, this entire area of the well had been cleared out. The remaining material was shoveled out and placed upon the ground in an organized fashion in order to facilitate further searches and the classification the large number of elements contained in the of extracted substances.

Since our goal was to evacuate the well in the shortest possible time, only bones and objects were brought up which, either by their shape or by their size, drew attention to

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themselves. As we went along, these bones were placed in the specially prepared boxes, and taken to the former cell Madame de Soyecourt where they were examined.

We cannot thank enough the professors who during the first moments of an established closing time which forced us to leave our watched for several hours, came spontaneously to replace us near the well.

On May 26 a depth of 1.3 meters was removed. It was composed of all sorts of debris, which we will describe further later on.

On May 27 we found a layer of nearly pure manure, which occupied a depth of 40 cm, below which the water had begun to interfere with our work.

Finally after the manure and down to the bottom of the well, in other words a depth of 3.8 meters, the filling was composed of compost. The final layers contained a great quantity of rubble stone. The excavation of this final zone was quite laborious. Springs were abundant and water began to gain more and more on the well diggers. A pump which had done the job quite suitably until May 30th no longer sufficed. We had to replace it by a stronger pump and organize a night shift. Otherwise, we would have had to work four hours each morning to empty the water which had accumulated during the night.

On June 8, at six o’clock in the morning the well was empty. Still it was necessary to carefully examine the soil that had been taken from it, in order to extract the bones and various objects that might be found there.

There were roughly twenty cubic meters of soil. The task was enormous: we had to choose assistants. Noël Bion, Louis Liberge, René Ménard, Eugène Homberg, François Baugouin, Prosper Keller and Jean Keller all answered our coral call for help. They worked beside us, without to rest and with all the devotion we have expected of them. Mr. Noel Bion was in charge of the investigations on June 13.

The second part of the job, which was begun at noon on June 8, was not finished, at least insofar as the task of examining the soil containing the bones, until June 22 at 6 o’clock in the evening. We found in that soil all sorts of small bones, as well as a number of bone fragments of different species that we classified according to the place they had been found in the well. Thus the compost filling from the bottom of the well contained, in evenly distributed layers of debris, gardener’s bell glasses, a broom, some glasses and bottles, a barrel and two kegs, some decorated china, some very ordinary dishes, some plain white china, earthenware vases painted various colors, animal bones, lamb bones, etc., some chamber pots, pumpkin and melon seeds, peach and plum stones, shreds of curtains, door hinges, barrel hoops, tiles made of slate, earthenware and marble, oyster shells, etc.

The layer of manure contained few foreign substances except for fragments of bell glasses and pottery.

The layer between the manure was filled with a mixture of sand and rocks, enclosing first the broken-off top of a tree which formed a branch about a meter long, and some cheap dishes, white inside and brown on the outside, stamped with the insignia of the Carmelite priests; several plates bore in a blue circle the inscription: Carmes DECH., others simply bore the initials C.D. Only one plate bore the sign of Mont Caramel surmounted by a cross, flanked by two stars and one star within the mountain. Beef, mutton, and chicken bones were found in large quantities. There were bell glasses, chamber pots, and flower pots with twisted handles made in blue and white pottery, some artistic pottery, a comb, fine china and crystal, sponges, Chinese lanterns and oyster shells, jam jars, some medicines, bottles, a spoon, a fork, a curling iron, and a knife whose blade was so rusted that it was no more than 16 cm long for cm wide: it was had its handle.
Finally, the collection was completed by some door hinges, an iron disk, some iron fittings and nails, some bolts, some shovel handles and two very rusty spades. Attached to the spades were large lumps of debris made up of different substances stuck together in a lump by what seemed to us to be coagulated blood.

Above that layer, among the bodies buried in the sand and rocks, we found bell glasses and the fragments of pottery.

We estimate at three hundred fifty the number of bell glasses found in the well. Like the bottles and other glasses, they had lost their luster entirely.

In the part of the well occupied by the bodies, foreign substances were found generally grouped the lower third portion. There were nails, a half of a spur, a key, several kilograms of extremely corroded sheets of lead; several drawn out and grooved pieces of lead from a church’s stained-glass window; a makeshift rate with three teeth; a half of a box made of bone, with the hours engraved in it and which must formerly have sported a copper pin; a half a buckle from a shoe some hair, some bits of the cloth and a piece of brown material of which hardly anything was left but the weft. Finally there were several pieces of copper, the largest of which was a nearly complete copper tombstone plaque, bearing inscriptions on one side, and on the other side two coats of arms, one of which was a cardinal’s; the other pieces also seemed to be tombstone plaques, but they were quite incomplete.

This is the list of everything we found; we stored everything in cell No. 14 of the convent.

To conclude, we believe it to our duty to set down several observations on manner in which we were forced to carry out the burial.

Originally, the well was bored through a layer of 1.3 meters of moldy topsoil lying on a subsoil of sand and pebbles. Sand can be found to a depth of 4.8 meters below the earth. To this depth there is a 55-centimeter stratum of hard rock. After the stratum, the well was bored in the soft stone that formed its facings. The well’s masonry, which was, by the way, the very well constructed, rests upon the stratum of hard rock.

It seems almost certain to us the well had a brim. In fact, the stones that made up the arch we demolished almost all had a curved facing like the vertical facings and none of them looked like an arch stone. So we assume the brim have provided the material with which the arch was built and that the rubble stone covering the bottom of the well must have fallen there during a previous demolition.

As for the manner in which the well was filled in, the nature of the soil allows for some easy deductions. In fact, nearly the entire inside of the well, up to a height of 4.7 meters, was filled with vegetal soil.

Nearly all of the soil must have been taken from just beside the well. The height of 4.7 meters corresponds closely to that of the depth of the water. The 40-centimeter layer of compost that immediately covered the vegetal soil must have been put there for two reasons: One: to solidify the surface of the filling; and two: to make that surface impermeable to water.

After the compost, the filling is made up of a different material. It is exclusively made up of fine sand and pebbles that must have been taken from the bottom of the hole already made to fill in bottom layers of the well. The basin that exist there today he was done in this way; it must have been bricked up nearly immediately, which leads us to suppose that its masonry is covered on the exterior with clay similar to that found on one of the shovels taken from the well, shovels which were also found occasionally among the bodies.

The bodies placed in the well must have filled it to about 80 centimeters below the level of the soil. They were covered with a layer of vegetal soil which must have been pounded down
in the form of an arch in order to hold the masonry of the arch which closed everything up. Above the arch, 40 centimeters of vegetal earth leveled out the soil and hid all traces of the well. With time, the decomposition of the bodies, as well as the emptying of the basin, caused a sinking of the entire contents of the well. This sinking was the cause of the empty space we found in the upper part of the well at the time of its opening.

Drawn up by the assigned architects.

Paris, June 29, 1867.

Signed: The Brothers Douillard

Addition to the first report on the martyrs’ well made to the Archbishop

Around June 20, 1867, of as we were concluding our inspection of the soil taken from the well, an old man came up, and without giving his name, stated to one of the workers that, when the well was filled in, several bodies that would not fit in it had been buried in the surrounding area. He pointed out the space under the steps that used to lead down from the Rue d’Assas to the Passage des Martyrs. We demolished the staircase, had the dug up, in both that place and nearby on a slight slope not for from the well. The search was fruitless. Then on July 25, at ten o’clock in the morning, workmen digging a trench near the well meant to support the foundations of a wall, unearthed a skull.

They stopped working and came to inform us. We were immediately taken to the site and there we discovered the existence of a ditch, two meters long, one meter wide, and 1.5 meters deep. The end of the ditch directly was directly adjacent to the southern wall of the well; in other words, it was placed symmetrically in relation to the basin.

The bodies were piled up 70 centimeters high in the bottom of the ditch, they were covered first with later of lime about twenty centimeters thick, then with later of compost about to 60 centimeters thick.

Some of the bodies were lying with their heads against the wall of the well. Others were placed in the opposite direction.

Using the utmost care, we removed the ground covering these bones with a mason’s trowel. We hoped to be able to reconstruct each of the bodies in its entirety, but all our efforts were in vain. The parts occupied by the bones were in the greatest disorder.

On the evening of July 20, we deposited all the remains in Madame de Soyecourt’s former cell, but separated them from the bones extracted from the well. This is where they were examined by the doctor.

Drawn up by the assigned architects.


Signed: The Brothers Douillard
PART IV: THE MURDERERS’ STATEMENTS

Massacres similar to that of the Carmes took place at the Abbaye, at the Force, the Conciergerie, the Saint-Firmin Seminary, Saint-Bernard Tower, at Châtelet, at Bicêtre, and at the Salpêtrière. Concerning the last six prisons, we possess only the information gathered in the archives of the Commune by Granier de Cassagnac, before they were destroyed in 1871. No other testimony has survived, be we do have the accounting of the death toll.

Using Cassagnac’s figures for all but Abbaye, we can draw up the following table:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Citizens struck down by the justice of the people and whose deaths have been authenticated, either by official registers, or by an official list</th>
<th>Citizens who deaths have not been officially authenticated, but who disappeared</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Carmes</td>
<td>116</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conciergerie</td>
<td>100</td>
<td>278</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Châtelet</td>
<td>223</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>La Force</td>
<td>65</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Abbaye Saint-Germain</td>
<td>318</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bicêtre</td>
<td>170</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>La Salpêtrière</td>
<td>35</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saint-Bernard Tower</td>
<td>73</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saint-Firmin Seminary</td>
<td>76</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>1,176</td>
<td>438</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

This is not, as one might think, a mathematically precise figure, but it is undoubtedly very near the real one.

It would be appropriate to compare number of murderers to the number of victims, but here the mystery remains impenetrable. Although Peltier had stated that it seemed hardly probable that the names of the September murderers would ever be sought out, because, in his words, “one does not write the history of wolves,” Granier de Cassagnac tried to find the names of the twelve crooks who formed, according to Méhée, Maillard’s tribunal. He found only six of them. He gives their names: they are Bernier, an innkeeper who lived on the Rue Four-Saint-Germain, n° 156; Bouvier, a haberdasher’s assistant from the Rue Sainte-Marguerite; Delongeville, who resided in the Abbaye Close, in the Cour des Moines (he earned 38 pounds for his efforts); and Grapin, who resided in the Section des Postes: he was sent with a compassionate man named Bachelard to the Abbaye during the massacres to fetch two prisoners on behalf of the Section. Grapin was so enthusiastic about the work being done that he took his place beside Maillard and judged the prisoners with him, or so states a certificate delivered by Maillard himself, indicating that Grapin assisted him in meting out justice in the name of the people for 72 hours. Others were Rativeau, a fruit vendor, residing on the Rue Mazarine; and Renaudin, a watchmaker from the Rue Childebert.
At the Prison de la Force, the composition of the tribunal changed several times. The president was sometimes Lhuillier, and sometimes Chepy,\textsuperscript{158} said to be the son of a former prosecutor. The prosecutor was Pierre Chantrot, a lawyer residing on the Rue de la Coutellerie. He himself declared later that he “had exercised the function of judge at La Force and that he had read the entries in the prison register, but only after having been forced to do so in the name of the law.” The judges were eight in number, “wearing their scarves and presiding over the massacres, even though they had been sent in by the General Council to calm the people.” They were Marino, Dangé, Monneuse, Michonis,\textsuperscript{159} Jains, Lerguillon, Rossignol and René Joly.

As for the executioners, they were, as we have already mentioned, very few in number. There were only twelve or fifteen for La Force, probably around twenty for the Abbaye, and ten or twelve for the Carmelite Convent. These numbers obviously don’t include those who were there for the fun or were unpaid amateurs.

All of them, once the work was done, disappeared. What became of them during the Terror? Two or three of them were undoubtedly hired by Maillard’s ruffians. The others probably tried to be forgotten, but they had earned a horrible renown in their own neighborhoods forever. It was for these men that the people of Paris coined the term \textit{Septembriseur}. When the worst days had passed, under the pressure of public opinion, an inquiry was opened to investigate the most deeply involved among the murderers. Roughly fifty of them were officially charged. Among them were Pierre Gonord, Petit-Manin, Pierre-Nicolas Renier, called Grand Nicolas, accused of killing the Princesse de Lamballe. Also charged was Antoine Badot, who had worn a human ear as a cockade in his red cap.

But these men still inspired fear. Only three of them, Grand Nicolas, Damiens and Bourre were sentenced, on 23 and 24 Floreal,\textsuperscript{160} year IV, to twenty years in irons. The jury judged that the others, even those who had signed for and received salaries, \textit{should not be convicted of a crime}.

Five years later, after the Affair of the Infernal Machine, the consular police thought it useful to rid Paris of its \textit{Jacobin rump}. They struck somewhat haphazardly, but hard, and among the ranks of those “put under surveillance” numbered sixteen of the men to whom tradition had attributed, more or less fairly, the name of \textit{Septembriseur}. Their names were Bescher, Ceyrat, Château, Dufour, Fournier l’Américain, Gabriel, Gallesbois Saint-Amand, Gaspart, René Joly, Legros, Marlet, Monneuse, Petit-Manin, Prévost, Quinou and Rossignol.

Ceyrat was not deported. His wife had little trouble proving that at the time of the massacres he had been president of his Section and not president of a slapped-together tribunal. As for Gabriel (Charles-Théodore), it was not necessary to send him to Cayenne, he was already there… where he was working for the government in the colony. It is noted that he did well in his law studies, that he was an essayist and a botanist. In the year XI he was vice-president of the appeals court in Cayenne. He was heading towards France on leave when he was captured at sea by the English and taken to London, from where he was taken to Paris as prisoner of war on parole. In 1805 he was still living in the Hôtel de Normandie, on the Rue du Bouloy.\textsuperscript{161}

The previously unpublished accounts we are about to read were taken from police files. They date back to the inquiries undertaken against the September Murderers in Year III and Year

\textsuperscript{158} This Chepy should not be confused with the one who later became general police commissioner in Brest, and who was not in Paris in September 1792.

\textsuperscript{159} This Monneuse or Moneuse had only a name in common with the famous bandit who plagued the Hainaut in 1794 and 1795.

\textsuperscript{160} Eighth month in the French Republican Calendar.

\textsuperscript{161} \textit{Deportations of the Consulate and of the Empire}, by Jean Destrem.
IV. We will discover many details of things seen, and several witness’ statements, which complete the picture and the portraits of these “monsters,” who were as terrifying as they were inexplicable.

*Pierre Louis Mayeur*\(^{162}\)

Questioned on 28 Fructidor in the year 3 by Lefort, public prosecutor at the Criminal Tribunal in the name of last year’s law of 22 Messidor: …

Questioned: where was he on September 2, 1792?

Answered that on September 2, he was at the home of Citizen Houstet, former locksmith in Paris, Rue de Verneuil, No. 437 and deceased about a years ago. That I had stayed in his home from about elevin o’clock in the morning to five or six o’clock in the evening; as confirms the statement of Citizen Loisel, a salesman in whose home I was doing accounting for his renters as he had asked me too do; And having heard that there were troubles in Paris, I wint home and touk up my rifle and my sword and wint to Place Sulpice with the battalion. And that Citizen Tanche, battalion commander led us to the Carmelite convent around seven o’clock in the evening to put things straight there And to stop the massacre, but unfortunately the massacre was already over, And that there I saw a hudlum that I didn’t know that all, who was whipping a poor men massacred in the coridor, that right away I jumped on him with the my bayonet at the End of my rifle and I told him you hudlum, I should end you right now, you just killed that poor man. And then I tore a wallet from his hands That he had taken from the victim; a and so I wanted to turn It over to a member of the Civil Committee who Was There But he didn’t want it; so I Left the Carmelites and I went to the Section’s Civil Committee and I dropped off everything I had there, there were two or three gold louis coins, And othur change Mentioned in the Civil Committee’s statement, from 4 to 500 livres, I thinck.

From there I returned home, as I was hedding down the Rue Princesse I met Citizen *(illegible)* junior, my cousin, what he asked me to goe with him to reclaim his father, what Was being held prisoner at the Abbaye, and what was mine uncle; right away I left with him And we Gott him out of there, right in the middle of bloody pikes and sabers. And its there that I got blood on myself from the victims who’d goten their throats slit. And I gott some on my Stocking and I even had to walk in blood deeper than the tops of my shoes, Whatsmore I didn’t look to see if there what blood I might have on me, from the pleasure I had from having saved my uncle from the danger he was in.

From there I wint home And I whin I arrived I found Citizen Peuvret who brocke into Tears in the street over the fate of onne of his friends who was a prisoner at the Abbaye where I went to reclaim him with some neighbors to save him, but our effort waz in vane And we hadd the misery of leaving him there and we left without him And I wint back home and didn’t leave homme anymore.

Asked if there Were Many of us When we were at the Carmelite Convent and if I knew any Citizens who Were there.

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\(^{162}\) The translator has attempted to remain faithful to the number of spelling and grammatical mistakes made by the writer of this document.
Answered that there were about one hundred and I new no one except Citizen Merteit grocer on the Carrefour de la Croix rouge but he didn’t come with us and he went with another party to deliver supplies I thinck, and whatsmore as soon as we arrived they sent us off again.

Asked if he knew any of those who were murdering either at the Carmelite Convent or at the Abbaye Germain or any of those who were judgin.

Replied noe.

Asked if he had shown his saber. And his stocking and his bloody shert.

Replied noe And that it wasn’t tru, that anyway I wasn’t hiding my Leg, that the blood I had on my Stocking came from the Abbaye when I was saving mine uncle And that I coudn’t avoid.

Asked if he had changed shirts.

Replied noe.

Asked if he hadn’t said to a neighbor that he still had a five Livres Bill from the patriotic fund that he had forgotten to tern in in May and that he wuld cash tomorrow And if he had not shown a receipt he possessed from the Civil Committee And if he had not given a Rosary and an imaje to a neighbor.

Replied noe, that wasn’t tru, that I didn’t give a Rossary or an imaje to anyone And I didn’t eaven see any, as for the five Livre bill that’s not tru either because I had given to the Civil Committee the muney that I hadd ripped from the hands of the hudlum before I went home And I have a detailed receipt here for all the muney And papere that was in the wallets and here it is to justify me for the first day.

Asked where he was on The Third.

Replied that on the thurd he hadn’t lefte his home until seven in the evening to go to the Chossé dentin with his wife at the home of Citizen Bomim, his uncle And that he had lefte only around eleven o’clocke, at which time he lefte to goe home with his wife.

Mayeur was read his testimony and statement and insisteing it is true signed it.

Mayeur

A true copy of the interrogation I have undergoon.163

163 National Archives A.A. 6. Item 106. In his History of the Girondins and of the Massacres, II, Page 514, Cassagnac speaks of Mayeur as: “Mayeur, Pierre-Louis, born at Somme-Sous, near Châlon (in the Marne departmental district) age 28, defendant at the official inquiry, residing n° 227, Rue des Boucherie Saint-Germain. This individual, who was prosecuted for the massacres at the Abbaye, had certainly also played an active part in the murders committed at the Carmelite Convent.
Charles Deprée<sup>164</sup>

Questioned in Nivose<sup>165</sup>, Year IX.

My name is Charles Deprée, age forty-three roughly, native of Sonnere (?)<sup>166</sup>, in the Orne departmental district. I live in Paris at n°9, Rue de l’Ourcine, in the Finistère division.

—How long have you been in Paris?
—I have lived in Paris for eighteen months.
—You were here at the time of the September Massacres in 1792, because we have been informed that you took part in said massacres.
—I was living in the Maison Blanche at the time. I know I was denounced by two individuals whom I had never met, and then I was taken to the conciergerie, where I remained twenty-five days, after which time I was freed.
—You were arrested for another reason, about a year ago. What had you done?
—Like I told you, I have never been other than in ‘92.
—Do you have a brother?
—I have one who was in the navy before the Revolution.
—You were arrested as a brigand<sup>167</sup> and you maintained that you had been mistaken for your brother, who should have been the one sought out. You therefore were at least aware that your brother was a brigand, and you took advantage of his absence to obtain your freedom.
—I assure you that that is not true. I was only arrested in ‘92.
—You were a cattle breeder when you lived in the Maison Blanche?
—That’s true.
—In that case, you were the one who took part in the prison massacres of 1792.
—I can assure you that I was accused of the crime, but I am not guilty and I was acquitted.
—The record of this interrogation was read to Charles Deprée, which he confirmed as accurate and signed with us.

Charles Deprée

Extract from the minutes taken my the Clerk of the Criminal Tribunal of the Department of Paris. 1<sup>st</sup> Fructidor<sup>168</sup>, Year III of the Republic. The judgment acquitted Deprée.

In the name of the one and indivisible French Republic.
The Criminal Tribunal of the Paris Department handed down the following judgment:
The Criminal Tribunal of the Paris Department has taken cognizance of the charges brought on Thermidor 12, Year III of the French Republic, one and indivisible, by Citizen Tripier, one of the substitutes for the public prosecutor for the same Tribunal, against Charles Deprez. Deprez, age thirty-eight, native of the Saint-Sonner Department in the Orne, cattle-breeder by trade residing in the Maison Blanche commune of Gentilly near Paris, is accused of

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<sup>164</sup> Or Desprez.
<sup>165</sup> Fourth month of the French Revolutionary Calendar
<sup>166</sup> Le Notre’s question mark.
<sup>167</sup> A “chauffeur” was a brigand who burned his victims feet to make them talk. (Translator.)
<sup>168</sup> 12<sup>th</sup> month of the French Revolutionary Calendar.
the murders committed, in the first days of September, Seventeen Ninety-Two, against the prisoners being held in the house of Bicêtre, whose accusation reads as follows:

Nicolas-Jean-Baptiste Tripier, Substitute for the Public Prosecutor, for the Criminal Tribunal of the Department of Paris ... Declare that Charles Déprez, age 38, native of the Saint-Sonner Department in the Orne, cattle-breeder by trade residing in the Maison Blanche commune of Gentilly near Paris, has been brought before this court for having taken part in the murders committed on the first, second, and third September Seventeen Ninety-Two, against the prisoners held at Bicêtre.

Examination of the articles in the case, it appears that on September 2nd, the authorities of the Bourg-Egalité District, having been informed of the murders taking place in the House of Bicêtre, sent out notices to all of the Municipal Council neighboring that House, requesting that they set up a 24-hour presence and that they call to arms the National Guard. Citizens Michelet and Duclou, District employees, were entrusted to deliver part of the letters. As the Gentilly Municipal Council had already arrived in Bicêtre, Citizens Michelet and Duclou proceeded there to deliver the letter addressed to them. Once inside the house, they were confined therein and found themselves to be unwilling witnesses to the murders taking place there. They saw a man with his shirt sleeves rolled up, his arms covered in blood, wearing a blue handkerchief wrapped around his head, and holding a bloody saber with which he performed his horrible executions. Michelet and Duclou spoke to him and requested that he be allowed to leave the house, promising him a bottle of wine for his trouble. He let them out and let them to a cabaret at the Maison Blanche, which neighbored his own home. He told them that he was a cattle breeder, that he had been working for two days now, and that he was quite tired. Citizen Michelet expressed his shock about the events that had just taken place before his eyes and asked him how he had made up his mind to murder defenseless, unarmed men. The man replied that while killing the first seven men he had been quite distressed, but after them it hadn’t bothered him any more than killing calves.

In order to make sure that Déprez was the same individual who had been seen at Bicêtre by Citizens Michelet and Duclou, and who had made those remarks to them, Déprez was brought before them and they declared that he was one and the same man.

Déprez was questioned by the Tribunal’s judges, and he replied that he knew Citizen Michelet but not Citizen Duclou, that on September Two and Three, Seventeen Ninety-Two, he was at his home at the Maison Blanche. He then stated that on one of those two days, seeing that the Municipal Council was proceeding to Bicêtre with an armed force, he went there too, where he saw men being killed and others freed. He stayed at Bicêtre all night long because the doors had been locked. He admitted to wearing a blue coat but could not remember what he was wearing on his head; his only arm was a rifle, he had no sword. He declared that he took no part in the massacres, that he did not speak to Citizens Michelet and Duclou at Bicêtre, that he did not see them there, and that he did not drink with them at the Maison Blanche.

Under these circumstances, the substitute for the Public Prosecutor requests that the assembled Tribunal act on the declaration he makes. He considers that Charles Déprez is guilty of murder, having taken part in a cruel and premeditated manner in the massacres committed on the September first, second and third, fourth and fifth, Seventeen Ninety-Two, of the persons detained in the House of Bicêtre. This accusation, which will be pronounced without right of appeal, was given at the office of the Public Prosecutor on Thermidor169 eleven in Year III of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

Signed: Tripier

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169 Eleventh month of the French Republican Calendar.
The sentence handed down the thirteenth of the aforementioned month of Thermidor by the Tribunal accepts and admits the charges made against Charles Deprez, on the grounds of the statement submitted to the Tribunal by the Substitute for the Public Prosecutor on the eleventh of said month. In consequence, the Tribunal calls for the arrest of Deprez and the committal of his person to the Departmental Court of Justice.

Notice is given of said decision, and of the order of arrest made against the said defendant Charles Deprez, and of the committal of his person to the Departmental Court of Justice.

The common jury finds as follows: “that the Citizens detain in the National House of Bicêtre were put to death, but that Charles Deprez has not been proven to have participated in those homicides.”

Charles Deprez is consequently acquitted of the charges, and must be released immediately, if he is not being detained for other charges. There shall be a delay in the execution of the present order for twenty-four hours, under the terms of Article Seventeen of the Jury Act. Written and pronounced at the public session of the Tribunal, on this day or Fructidor\textsuperscript{170} 1, Year III of the French Republic, one and indivisible.\textsuperscript{171}

Dubois.—François Lachèvre.—Nicolas Lion.—Nicolas Ledoux.—François Maillet.—Antoine Bourre.—Pierre François Damiens.—Sébastien Godin.—Mathieu Marchuna.—Jean Debesche.—René Joly.—Charles Debrenne.

This Brumaire\textsuperscript{172} 20, Year III of the French Republic one and indivisible.

Order for the arrest of François La Chèvre, André Lion, Pierre Dubois and others.

Dubois.\textsuperscript{173}—Several witnesses saw Dubois during the first days of September 1792 coming home with a Large,\textsuperscript{174} bloody pike. He declared that he was coming from the Abbaye; that those Killed there were scoundrels; that he was not near the prison when the prisoners were being Executed but that, seeing them suffering and mutilated, he stabbed them in the hearts to stop their suffering; he even show an image depicting a flaming heart which he said represented the Rallying sign that was found on the prisoners; other witness herd him Say, bragging, that he had taken part in the massacres, and Say it while showing off his pike. “It go hit a few times by swords, but it did a good job.” Another declaration states that Dubois was seen in the middle of a group of murderers holding a bloody pike in his hands; Finally, several days after the massacres, Dubois’ wife went to the home of Citizen Doisy the Hatter to tackle him her husband’s hat which was stained with blood and which had a hole pierced through it by a bayonet or a pike Citizen Doisy and his wife asked her if her husband had been injure She answered no, but he had stayed at the Abbaye for twenty-four hours; responding to this observation they asked her if her husband had been sent there for guard duty She replied no, he had been sent to kill, that he had found a good place And

\textsuperscript{170}Twelfth month in the French Revolutionary calendar.
\textsuperscript{171}Archives de la Préfecture de Police (Police Archives), Dossier of the Affair of Nivôse III, Year IX.
\textsuperscript{172}Second month of the French Revolutionary calendar.
\textsuperscript{173}Cassagnac speaks of two Dubois. The first is Pierre, born at Chully in the Indre-et-Loire department, age forty-seven, residing on the Rue de Never in 1807. The second is also named Pierre, a cart-maker residing at the Gros-Caillou, on the Rue de la Boucherie. The latter Pierre’s name is mentioned in the accounts of the Section des Quatre-Nations.
\textsuperscript{174}This text is once again full of spelling, punctuation and capitalization errors which we will try to respect. (Translator.)
that he had a Good pike.—Dubois upon questioning declared that on September 2 from had stayed from noone to six o’clock he stayed at the Museum on Rue de Thionville: that after the general alarm was given around seven o’clock he proceeded to the Abbaye armed with his pike, that as soone as he arrived he went out on patrol, and that coming back to the church doors he stayed there until seven o’clock the next morning, then he returned home at nine o’clock, and didn’t leave there for the rest of the day; that, on the fourth, he worded at the home of Citizen Ferry until two o’clock; that he did not know with whom he had patrolled on second and could not identify the Citizens with whom he had spend the night of the second to the third; that his pike was not bloodied but merely rusted; that he took no part in the massacres, that his wife did not take his hat to be mended at the home of Citizen Doisy, that he said nothing whatsoever of what has been attributed to him, that he had never gone near the murderer, that he had given no Receipts for wages during those days, and that he doesn’t know how to sign his name.

La Chèvre.175—Several witnesses state that on the evening on September six, they saw La Chèvre at the guardroom on the Rue de Seine armed with a pike covered in blood all the way to the hilt; that his Armes, face and clothing were all stained with blood; that when he had appeared at the guardroom he had said that there was no one left to kill in the prisons, because he had killed the last prisoner at La Force And he had gone from one prison to the other to kill; another witness, a wine merchant, saw La Chèvre come into his Store frequently to Drink during the days of the massacres. His hands, his clothes and his clogs were stained with blood, and his pike was so bloody that one couldn’t tell make out the color of the iron nor of the wooden handle. –Before the judge who questioned him La Chèvre replied that he went to the Section on September two at three o’clock, armed his pike; at five o’clock he went to the Cour des Moines, where he saw 13 or 14 individuals Lying dead, at seven o’clock he went home; at nine o’clock he went to the doors of the Prison de l’Abbaye with Citizen Leveque, and was then positioned by someone whose name his didn’t know at about thirty paces from the prison doors, where he remained until the next day, the third until three o’clock in the afternoon. He went home To eat and take a walk with his wife; on the fourth he mounted the guard in the Rue de Seine guardroom until five o’clock, then he went to work; knows none of the men positioned near him at the Abbaye. Did not take part in the massacres taking. Was not seen by Citizen Roger by at the guardhouse with bloodstained clothes.

Lion176—Several statements affirm that Lion, armed with a kind of pike or halberd, thrust it into the body of an individual who was said to be the last prisoner of the Abbaye, and who had already escaped from Bicêtre; among the declaration there are others who saw Lion strike the poor man.—When questioned Lyon said that he had not approached the scene of the massacres, but had simply seen the last prisoner being dragged out And had heard his cries from his home, that during the days the massacres lasted he had not carried either a pike or a halberd and had not taken part in the massacres.

175 Lachèvre, François, locksmith, age thirty-six, born in Huberville —in the Siene-Inférieure Department) residing in Paris at n° 1390, Rue de Seine. (Cassagnac.)
176 Lyon (André-Nicolas), age fifty, born in Rouen, café-owner on Rue Sainte-Marguise, (today called Rue Gozlin), o424. (Cassagnac.)
Le Doux—Two statements accuse Ledoux. The first one is simply a collection of remarks indicating that he was said to have been present and had taken part in the murders, the second remark states that, roughly two months later, he had only had the pleasure of scratching a dozen on September 2 but that he hopes that the events would begin again soon And that this time he wanted to kill two hundred on his own.

During his questioning Ledoux denied the statement; admitted to having gone to watch the massacre but said he didn’t take part in it.

Maillet—Articles from the trail present Maillet as one of those who struck the first blows and who began the first murders of the prisoners brought in carriages on September 2 in the afternoon. He approached one of the carriages whose door was open, grabbed one of the citizens inside by the collar, pulled him Out and, threw him down and thrust his sword through him several times, killing him; a citizen from the National Guard walked up to Maillet And criticizing his cruelty angrily said to him—“Were you made to kill such people?” And went on his way; another witness saw the murders and Maillet with his bloodied hands and swords.

During his question Maillet replied that on September 2 at two o’clock had had received orders to beat the general which had finished around four o’clock; that he had gone back to his neighborhood and remained there until six o’clock, that at that time he had gone to have a drink with the Swiss from the Abbaye, who is no longer there, having left to fight on the border the gunners; that he didn’t leave the Swiss’ home until the time the retreat/curfew was sounded and that he beat it; he only went home on the next day, said that he had only left the neighborhood on the second while beating the general, and that he actually had crossed paths with the arriving carriages but had struck no one.

Bourré—A large number of statements are made against Bourré, accusing him of: on September 2 at around ten o’clock in the evening he went to Citizen Lévêque’s the wine shop and to those gathered in the shop (he said)—“I’ve just killed the Bonne Nouvelle’s Justice of the Peace, He was hiding in the prison toilets so we dragged him out after breaking down the door with a pole-axe we got from Citizen Requichot.” And the next day on the third, Bourré once again bragged of having murdered, he repeated several times that he had helped to kill thirty and the facts he prides himself on were only too close to the truth, since two witnesses state that they sax him on September 2 at the Abaye Prison striking the first blows at the prisoners who were being slaughtered there. Questioned by one of the Tribunal’s judges he states that on September 2 he had passed inspection with his battalion on the old lawn of the Louvre from four to seven o’clock; that he had then gone to have a drink with several of his comrades who had since been killed in the Army; that at nine-thirty he had gone home; that he had only left there at three-thirty in the morning to get some provisions; that during the evening he had prepared his departure; that on September 4 he had not even seen the massacre at the Abaye; that he had not made any of the remarks attributed to him and that he had had no share of the loot.

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177 Ledoux (Louis-Augustin-Nicolas), age twenty-nine, cobbler on Rue de l’Echaude, n° 1033 (Cassagnac.)
178 Maillet (François), age forty-three, born in Allonne-sur-Oise, near Beauvais, blanket maker and drummer in the Abbaye Battalion, on Rue Sainte-Marguerite. (Cassagnac.)
179 Bour or Bourre (Antoine), born in Laigneux (Rhône-et-Loire department), residing in Paris, in the courtyard and house of the Abbaye Tribunal. He had been a gendarme and boasted of having killed thirty prisoners. The thirtieth, he said, was the Justice of the Peace for the Bonne-Nouvelle Section. (Cassagnac.)
Damiens.\textsuperscript{180}—Every day new proof is accumulating against Damien: he was seen by a large number of persons on September 2, 3 and 4 covered in blood;\textsuperscript{181} on September 2 at around nine o’clock in the evening he went into a tavern kept by Citizen Levêque; he was accompanied by Seguin, and both of them had bloody hands; they asked for drinks; they were served a bottle of wine and after having drunk Damiens said to Seguin—“let’s go to work.” On the same day he was seen walking towards his home with his hands and arms covered in blood; again on that same day he had boasted of having taken part in the massacres; what’s more a crowd of witnesses saw him strike the victims; one of them declared that among the murderers who went the Abaye on September 2, 1792, he recognized on the man named Damiens; that he saw him murdering at the doors of the Abaye prison; another witness asserts that on September 2 he saw Damien slicing open the belly of Citizen Delaleu, a sergeant-major who was locked up in the prison; that not happy with that the aforementioned Damiens opened him up on the side and ripped out his lungs; another says that he saw a bloody Damiens murdering the prisoners; that he had told Damiens that it was horrible to kill defenseless men in such a way, but the threats the reproach brought down on him made him tremble with fear; a 4\textsuperscript{th} witness also certifies that on September 2 and 3 he saw the man called Damiens murdering the prisoners of the Abaye; he adds that six months later, open seeing bread brought to prisoners, Damiens said that it would be better to slaughter them than feed them; finally a 5\textsuperscript{th} witness asserts that he had seen Damiens murdering the prisoners of the Abaye on September 2 and even two who were being taken to the Committee as they were coming out from questioning; that he grabbed by the arms a Citizen who was coming to ask for a young man and told him.—“You haven’t ever seen an aristocrat’s heart and I’m going to show you one.” At that very second he killed a prisoner, cut open his body, ripped out his heart and made the man kiss it, covering him in blood. Faced with this massive proof, Damien replies during the questioning he underwent at the Tribunal: On September 2, at two o’clock, I went armed to my Section; about two hours later, leaving the general assembly, I sited several carriages transporting prisoners; some of them who were in the first carriages were being murdered. I shoved my way through the crowd and when I arrived at the last carriage where there was just one prisoner left, I tried to save him and when I took him by the arm I got blood all over my right hand; I left there horrified; I closed my shop and I waited there until nine o’clock when Seguin came to my home; we stayed for a while by my door; a prisoner from the abaye walked by; we took him to Citizen Levêque’s house and stayed there until six o’clock; I went straight home and didn’t go out either on September 3 or 4 or 5; before I went to Citizen Leveque’s house I got blood on my hand and I was not seen at his home covered in blood. I did not take part in the massacres; that fact and the statements made against me are false.

Godin.\textsuperscript{182}—The charges made against Godin are no less precise than those made against Damiens. A citizen saw him on September 2 Slaughtering at the doors of the abaye prison: another citizen, who happened to be at the Comitee’s entrance on September 2 around three o’clock in the afternoon at the very moment the carriages full of prisoners arived, saw the 1\textsuperscript{st} massacres of the unfortunate men and recognized the man named Godin to be among the first murderers, the 1\textsuperscript{st} in line; a 3\textsuperscript{rd} declares that, on September 2, during the arrival of the carriages

\begin{itemize}
\item[Damiens (Pierre-François), a vinegar merchant, born in Montmarquet (Sonne department), age forty, residing on the Rue Saint-Marguerite, n° 426. (Damiens was sent to the Rochefort penal colony on 14 frimaire, Year V. Cassagnac.)]
\item[Another statement full of run-on sentences and spelling mistakes.]
\item[Godin (Augustin-Victor-Sébastien), age thirty-six, born in Bourget (Seine department), ex-butcher, military transport driver, residing at the Enclos de l’Abbaye, n°1907 (Cassagnac.)]
\end{itemize}
full of prisoners, He saw Godin was the 1st to take up a carpenter’s tool and climb the Comitee stairs to be in position for the slaughter; a 4the citizen declares that the sawe Godin finishing off the prisoners, that the mett them at the doors with a club, and finished them off with the help of a man named Savard; he was questioned and answered that on September 2 he had gone armed and in shirtsleeves to the haequarters; that he saw the carriages transportting the prisoners who were massacred in the courtyard; that after the massacres he went back home, put down his arms, and went to a caffé on the Rue de Seine, where he stayed until nine o’clock and then went back home and to bed; that on the 3rd he left at nine o’clock in the morning for the market at Sceaux, that he did not strike any of the prisoners and took no part in the massacres.

Marcuna. 183—At the time of the massacres, Marcuna waz a drummer for the Unité Section; since then he has left there to go and live in the Luxembourg Section. In accordance with that information, he was designated by several witnesses who didn’t know his name: one of them declares that on the afternoon of the 3rd he was placed on sentry duty in the lobby of the abaye prison, and that there, seated around a table were seven or eight persons, one of whom was atting as president; he had in his hand the prison register; that he recognized among them because he was from the Section, an individual, then a drummer, whose name he didn’t know and who has since been a gendarme and who the thicks lives in the Western Section; that when a prisoner was not found in the room indicated, the drummer said that he would goe to get him; that an instant later he brought back a young man and after several questions it was decided that he would be sent to La Force, in other words to his death; that the resisted but the drummer grabbed him and threw him outside; another citizen saw on September 2 an individual who waz drummer for the gunners or the grenadiers and who for some timme continued to be so, strike with pitiless fury the wretch who was being draged from the abaye house into the garden; a 3rd saw the carriages arriving and the first man out being slaughtered, having recognized one of the prisoners he approached the carriages to save the man but he was murdered in his arms; at the same moment he save the man named Marchuna, then drummer for the grenadiers, with an unsheathed sword in this hands, running after the prisoner; horror-struck, he ran away. During the question that he underwint at the Tribunal, Marcuna declared that, on September 2, at around three o’clock, he hadd seen the carriages transportting the prisoners arrive; he believed that they were being taken to the Comitee but he knows that they were masacred; that after the masacre he stayed home and only left to beat the cal to arms; he went back home and stayed there until it was time for the retreat, which he beet and then wint home to bed; on the 3rd he was on duty as usual; he hadd his sword while the prisoners were being slaughtered, but he did not use it; he did not enter the prison lobby and waz not among the numbers of those who sente the prisoners to their deaths.

Debëche. 184—He was seen during the massacres with his shirt-sleeves rolled up, arms dripping with blood, and when a woman testifyed to her grief on seeing such horrible scenes, he responded to her in the most threatening terms; on the same day he appeared on the Rue Margueritte, his sword in hand and stained with blood, saying he was tired and that others wood haf to go and massacre; on September 3 around two o’clock in the afternoon, while leaving the abaye prison heading towards the Rue de Bussy he said; “Look how hard I use the equipment, the blaide came

183 Marcuna (Etienne-Mathieu), born in Paris, age forty, carpenter and drummer for the grenadiers of the Abbaye Battalion. (Cassagnac).
184 Debëche (Jean), age forty-five, born in Paris, jeweler, residing Rue de Bucy, n°1507. (Cassagnac).
off in the belly of one of those scoundrels; here in another one, (shoewing a sword he was holding up), that I’ll use again when I’ve slept a few hours.” — Here is the reply Debesche made during his questioning; on September 2 I went to the Cours des Moines armed with my sword; I entered into the prison with officers and other persones; several prisoners were brought before us; they were asked their names and then told to leave; I new that some of them wer murdered at the door; I was there as a bystander and I new none of the people who wer with me inside the prison; I stayed there until the next day around two o’clock in the afternoon; I don’t remember what I did for the rest of the day and the next two days; I did not take part in the massacres I Didn’t threaten any citizens, waz never covered in blood, I never sed the things Im accused of saying, knowe that a man called Joly made remarks of that sort; maybe there has been a mistake because the remarks were similar.

Debrenne. — He also was seen on September 3, 1792 holding a blood-stained sword saying that he hadd taken care of those rascals; witnesses assert that he spent the night of the massacres there. During the questioning, he upholds that he did not go out on September 2, 3, or 4, except for going to the neighbors’ but he never went near the prison nor the place where they were comitting the massacres; thatt he had never held a blood-stained sword in his hand.

Other Declarations Concerning Sébastien Godin

Extract from the minutes of the clerk for the Criminal Court of the Paris Department, Fructidor 16, Year III.

Civil Committee. Unité Section

Augustin-Victor-Sébastien Godin, chief military transport driver for four years, and formerly a Butcher, is accused of the following.

A citizen has made a signed declaration that, on September two, from four o’clock in the afternoon until twelve thirty in the morning, he was loked up in the apartment of Citizeness Thevenot, on the first floor, across the way from the Abbaye prison in the house of Citizen Sauvage, a steak-house proprietor, and to his horror, saw sixty-three people being slaughtered. One of the murderer was Godin the butcher from the Enclos de l’Abbaye.

Another citizen has made a signed declaration that on the day of September two he saw a man named Godin the butcher slaughter with a batte, or club, the men who hadd been brought in carriages to the Section’s Civil Committee, whose murders began the horrible Days of September two and three; he remembers that Godin was on the steps of the Civil Committee and that he killed the prisoners as they left the Committee where they hadd just been made to enter.

Another Citizen has made a signed declaration that on September two, when the carriages transporting the Prisoners arrived at the Civil Committee of the Unité Section, he saw a man named Godin the Butcher take an axe or some sort of tool used by the carpenters working in the

185 Joly (René) was deported by Consular decree on Nivôse 19, year IX.
186 Debrenne (Jean-Charles), born in Martigny, age fifty-one, residing Rue de Thionville (today called Rue Dauphine), n° 1738.
187 Archives nationales, A.A. 6. Article 118.
188 See Above, page 118.
189 Piece of wood used to beat clothing at the washhouse.
Abbaye court, and that he went and took up position on the steps of the Committee, where he took part in the murder of the prisoners being dragged out of the Civil Committee.

Another citizen has made a signed declaration that on September two he saw a man named Godin the butcher killing at the doors beside the Committee room, and that he later heard Godin saying in the courtroom that he was already tired, because he had already killed so many already, but all Patriots had to rally together and go to the prison at the Prison doors, where he was about to make his hasty return.

In a letter addressed to one of his friends, dated Thermidor fifteen of Year Three, a Citizen asserts that several Citizens and Citizenesses (male and female) during the time he lived in the Section, that Godin was one of the most relentless murderers at the abbaye on September two, that he had been seen carrying human flesh on the point of his pike, and he adds that these witnesses can name others.

In order to contest these various accusations, Citizen Godin produces a certificate dated Messidor twenty-two, Year Three, drawn up by five officers and N.C.O.’s of the Gunner’s Company of the Unité Section, which states that he served in their company, that his good conduct, hard work and intelligence have won him the esteem of his fellow citizens; that he was named to the rank of Sergeant in the aforementioned Company; that to their knowledge Godin did not take part in the massacres of September two and three; and that he has always enjoyed the reputation of an honest and upright man.

He also produces a certificate dating from Thermidor twenty-four, Year Three drawn up by Citizens d’Assily, Belache, Fust, Becquart and Molle which asserts he was with them playing Dominoes on September two, Seventeen Ninety-Two from four o’clock in the afternoon to nine o’clock in the evening, in a café at No. Four Hundred Sixty-Three, Rue de Seine, across from the Rue de Echaudé.190

Charles-Denis Hacville

Questioned in Nivose, Year IX.

My name is Charles-Denis Hacville, age forty-one, native of Gonesse in the Seine-et-Oise department, pig bucher by trade, living in Paris, n° 1380 Rue de Saint-Germain in the Unité Division.

“How long have you been in Paris?”
—For about twenty-five years.
—Do you have an identity card?
—I had one, but I was afraid I would lose it so I decided to send it to my wife when I was arrested.
—Did you take part in the prison massacres on the 2nd and 3rd of September?
—I never took part in them, I know I am being taxed with it, but I assure you that it’s untrue.
—Still, you boasted publicly of having killed ten people in the Abbaye.
—I was ordered for guard duty that day and so I went to the Abbaye courtyard, where I stayed for three-quarters of an hour, and then I ran behind the church, from where I went home as soon as I could, because I was so horrified by what I had seen in the little time I stayed in the Abbaye courtyard, I know well that I was reproached with killing thirty-two people, but that is quite untrue.

190 National Archives, A.A. 6. Article 119.
—Hadd you been arrested before?
—I waz arrested for being a Septembrist and then waz acquitted, I even hav the judgment, which in my wallet in my house with my identity card.

The present interrogation was read to Charles-Denis Hacville, who certified it to be accurate and signed it before us.

Hacville.\textsuperscript{191}

\textbf{François-Joseph Pernot}

Paris, Ventôse 1st, Year IX of the French Republic one and indivisible.

Before us, Commissioner of Police, has appeared Angélique Gauttier, wife of Clerget the watchmaker on Rue du Petit-Pont, on the corner of Rue de la Bucherie.

The above woman stated that she knew the man named Pernot the locksmith, who resides in Paris at No° 81, Rue Neuve-Martin in the Division des Gravilliers, as being from her husband’s region. Her husband has employed him at various times: she remembers that, on September 2\textsuperscript{nd}, around five o’clock in the morning, the aforementioned Pernot appeared at her home with another individual, that he asked to speak to the Citizen Clerget, witness replied that her husband had taken some medicine and was not able to talk to anyone at all; upon the repeated insistence of the said Pernot the witness continued to refuse to let him speak to her husband: that the said Pernot was at that time holding a sword and said that he had come in order to take the Citizen Clerget with him and added that from the Conciergerie to the Pont au Change, the street was littered with the bodies of prisoners who had been killed, that the said Pernot spoke in such a way as to make it clear that the expedition was to his liking, the witness having even heard since that the said Pernot had boasted of having eaten of the heart of the ci-devant Princesse de Lamballe; in addition, adds the witness, she has heard many other things about the said Pernot, but she could only attest to what she personally had seen and heard from the said Pernot, considering uncertain what she had not witnessed herself.

Asked the said wife Clerget is she know other persons who could give us more positive information about the said Pernot.

Replied that having been threatened, herself and her husband by the said Pernot, she did not believe she could say more, that also she was expecting her husband to return from the country, that she should arrive today or tomorrow and that as soon as he was back he would appear before us.

The present interrogation was read to the said wife Clerget, who certified it to be accurate and signed it before us.

Wife Clerget

\textsuperscript{191} Archives of the Préfecture de Police. File for the affair of Nivôse 3, Year IX.
he had been frightened on the said day of August 10. When he answered yes, Pernot told him thus: we killed a lot of them, but I went to the room of a Swiss office three days later, with one of my friends, we killed him, and we took his watch and his buckles, which I kept for myself. I have also been informed by Citizen Autin the tailor, who lives in an upholsterer’s house on the Rue Merry, that the said Pernot told him that he had killed one of the king’s guards at Versailles during the affair of October 5 and 6, and that he had made a cape from that same Guard’s coat, whose horse he also took possession of, along with all his all his equipment, including the pistols that were sold to the Citizen Loviat, carpenter on the Rue du Vert-Bois. The same tailor can also inform you that Pernot, when guarding the seals affixed in a house, stole everything inside; he also came to say to my wife during the prison massacres, that he had come to fetch me to go with him, and that his sword was bloodied. The witness adds that a man named Bouflers, who owns a clothing shop whose whereabouts can be disclosed by Autin or Louviat, asked him one day if he saw Pernot now and then, and then told him that one day he had gone to dinner at Pernot’s with his wife, and that the same Pernot had boasted of eating his part of Madame de Lamballe’s heart, that the story had so badly affected the wife of said Bouflers that she had nearly died from it.

   Citizen Bernard, health officer of n° 1405 Rue Honoré and his wife can give more information on Pernot, notably about Pernot’s coming on the night from September two to three to fetch him to go to the conciergerie.

   The preceding declaration is hereby signed.

   Clerget

François-Joseph Pernot

   Questioned in Ventôse, Year IX.

   My name is François-Joseph Pernot, age thirty-eight, born at Lure in the Haute-Saône department, living in Paris at n°81, Rue Neuve-Martin, in the Gravilliers division.
— How long have you been in Paris?
— About twelve years.
— You took part in the massacres of September two and three and you appeared at the home of Citizen Clerget, watchmaker on the Rue de la Boucherie, still holding your saber stained with the blood of the people your had just slaughtered.
— That’s not true.
— You murdered a guardsman and stole his horse and equipment, and you had a cape made for yourself from his coat by Autin the tailor on Rue Médéric.
— I did not kill a guardsman, I was actually with the battalion at Versailles and on the way back I found a horse on the road, I stopped it, mounted and took it to the Grand-Cerf stable on the Rue du Verbois, and when I took it to town the next day I was told to keep the coat and was given six francs.
Charles-François-Honoré Corté

Citizen Prefect,

It is astonishing that among the arrests made the monster named Cortey has been forgotten. He lives on Rue Basville between the Cour de la Moignon and the new court of the Palais de Justice in the Pont Neuf Section. He is a polisher by trade. He boasted to whomever would listen that he had killed fourteen people in the Conciergerie Prison during the night from September 2 to 3, and that he only left the prison when the because the blade of his sword was broken. His wife died of an illness brought on by the terror this crime instilled in her; otherwise, you can obtain information direction from his section, and you will see that the facts given here are true.

With fraternal greetings.

Police Headquarters

Paris, Nivôse 22, Year IX.

A certain Cortay, Polisher, has been reported to be one of the most infamous Septemberists; he claimed to have killed fourteen persons on his own.

He lives on Rue Basville between Rue Lamoignon and the new courtyard of the Palais de Justice.

Obtain exact information on this individual.

Report dated the 26th
By the Chief of the 1st Division (signature illegible)

Nivôse 26, Year IX.

Report by Citizens Bazin and Noël Senior, officers in the 6th arrondissement and of the gaming department.

In accordance with the instructions (enclosed) for surveillance of a certain Cortay, polisher.

We have obtained the following information. The man called Cortay, on the first day of the prison massacres, went to the general assembly in his section and showed that he was covered in blood, saying that he had finished off fourteen prisoners on his own. When he wint home, his wife, who was pregnant, was so shocked to see him covered in blood, that she gave birth to her child, and seeing that the child, who is still alive, had blood marks its face and one of its arms, was so distressed that she died of grief. Cortay was incarcerated for the crime, but then for some reason released. All of his neighbors attest to these facts, and are surprised that he has not

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192 Or Cortey
193 This passage is extremely unclear. Apparently the woman was frightened and gave birth to a child who, quite naturally, was bloody before being bathed. Still, if that were the case, they wouldn’t speak of blood on just the face and arm, so we might assume that the baby had birthmarks and that the poor woman thought it to be cursed because of her husband’s crimes. (Translator.)
been arrested, given the fact that the day before yesterday, while drinking with one of his friends in a tavern, Cortay told the friend that he was afraid of being arrested and did not know whether he should flee or stay home, though he worked all day yesterday in his shop.

A man named Aubry, a locksmith residing Rue Louis, just across the way from Sainte-Anne, was with him during the massacres. Cortay killed prisoners with iron bars that Aubry had supplied to the murderers, and the latter dragged the cadavers by their hair into the street; he is known in his neighborhood as a Septemberist.

Both men are known by a certain Lanoy, who resides on the Rue Pont-au-Chou and who works for Citizen Legay, coach maker in the former storage house for the guillotine.

On the 16th of this month, we made a Report on the said Lanoy, who has been pointed out to be a wild Septembrist who boasted of having killed twenty-two people in one day. The magistrate of the Indivisibilité Division in the 8th arrondissement can give extensive information about this individual, who moves about freely in his neighborhood.

Signed: Bazin

Police Headquarters

Report

Paris, Nivôse 26, Year IX of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

A certain Cortay, polisher, residing on the Rue Basse-Ville, has been pointed out as a Septembrist.

The Prefect has called for an investigation on that individual, and presents the following facts:

Said Cortay, on the first day of the prison massacres, appeared at the section’s assembly and said that he had killed fourteen prisoners.

A certain Aubry, locksmith residing on the Rue Louis, had supplied the killers with iron bars and he himself dragged the cadavers by their hair into the street.

These two individuals are acquainted with Lanoy, who is also a known Septembrist.

The wife of the first man, who was pregnant at the time of the massacres, died as a result of the shock she experienced when he saw her husband coming back from the prisons covered in blood.

These facts have been corroborated by all of said Cortay’s neighbors; he is presently claiming to be afraid; still, yesterday he was seen working at his home; it is not thought that he intends to flee.

We consider that this justifies a warrant to bring him in for questioning, following which appropriate measures should be taken.

Bertrand
Charles-François-Honoré Cortet

My name is François-Honoré Cortet, age thirty-two, born in Sens, in the Yonne department, mirror polisher living in Paris at n°22 Rue Basse-ville in the Pont-Neuf Division.
—Do you know a man named Lannoy?
—I have never met that man.
—However, it is well known that you are associated with him and that you were with him at the prison Massacres on September two and three.
—I never went to the prison massacres and I have never met Lannoy.
—However, you went the assembly in your section on September 2nd, and you boasted of having killed fourteen persons.
—I assure you that is untrue.
—You said that you only left the massacres because your sword was broken; not only did you appear at your section covered in blood, but then when you went home in that state, your wife who was pregnant, was so distressed to see you that she died from the shock you caused her.
—I assure you that that is untrue, the child is still alive, she’s an eight-year old girl.
—The child can’t be eight years old, you know you’re lying.
—It’s a mistake, it’s my eldest daughter who is eight.  

Georges Bugleau

My name is Georges Bugleau, age forty-nine, born in Paris, chimney sweep, living in Paris at n°180 Rue Froid Manteau in the Thuleries Division.
—What was your trade before and after the revolution.
—Twenty-five years ago, I taught writing and arithmetic, when I married I became a used-clothing merchant, I preferred that trade until eighty-four, at which time I became interested a chimney sweeping business in Paris, which I took over in eighty-six and where I have continued until now.

I must add that while I was a clotheing merchant my wife tended the shop and I was first secretary to Mr. De Boisgeling who was at the time master of the King’s wardrobe and president of the States of Brittany, and then I kept the accounts of various merchants.
—You presided over the massacres of September two and three at La Force: who forced you to such inhuman acts?
—I formally declare that I never presided at the Massacres, at that time I was a civil commissioner; we learned on the morning of the third what was happening at the prisons, both of us were worried about the fates of Vilain Daubigny and Maurice Sylvestre, who was at the time employee for the Committee, for which he had been sent to La Force, Daubigny was sent there on the orders of the General Assembly; we made our way to La Force and arrived there at the very moment they were murdering Madame de Lamballe; I trembled with horror at the sight and my

194 Archives de la Préfecture de Police. File for the affaire of Nivôse 3, Year IX.
emotional state was so obvious that I knew I was about to meet the same fate: after looking through the pile of bodies in vain and recognizing neither Vilain Daubigny nor Maurice Sylvestre, we entered the lobby of La Force where we read the list of massacred prisoner and did not find the names of the two mentioned above; Citizen Lebeau handed us an order signed Louis Sergent and Leclere, then police administrators, stating that Daubigny had been set free the day before; when we asked for Maurice Sylvestre, he led us to the room where he was imprisoned so that we would have no doubts about his existence. I advised the said Maurice not to speak of the reasons for his arrest when he left prison: when I got back to the General Assembly I spoke of what I had discover and was appointed, along with Citizen Paillet, member of the Commune, to go to the lobby to prevent the clerk from relinquishing Daubigny’s release orders. We did so, and those were the only reasons that led me to La Force.

—What motive might have made you play with the heads of the twenty-two persons guillotined May 31st?
—That is absolutely untrue.
—It is well known that your conduct is too bloodthirsty for you to hold the position of assessor to the magistrate in your division, and you should have been relieved of that position long ago.
—I don’t believe that I should have to resign a position in which I have done nothing unworthy, since I am most certainly irreproachable in every respect?
—Have you ever been arrested?
—I was detained at the Plessis for 230 days, after which time I was set free without ever knowing the reason for my imprisonment.

The present interrogation was read to the said Georges Bugleau, who certified it to be accurate and signed it before us.

Bugleau

Julien Richard.—Bonau.—Pierre Careté.—Julien Leroi.—Vezieu

Report from Nivôse 30, year IX.

Richard (Julien), residing at Gros-Caillou, n°54 Isle des Signes in the Invalides Division, son of an cattle breeder and carter by trade, was a turnkey at the Grand Châtelet; he was fired for mistreatment of prisoners, most notably for giving them human excrement in the place of mustard.

He was also a cart driver on the road to Orléans and was strongly suspected of having murdered the driver of a carriage and then stealing the said carriage.

During the days of October 5 and 6 he demonstrated his strong support of the Orléans party, for which he had several violent altercations with various opponents of the party.

He was entrusted with obtaining signatures for a petition at the Champ de Mars on July 17, 1791, which demanded, despite the opposition of the Police Commission of the said Division and of the Civil Committee, that the two men who were found on the same day at 8 o’clock in the morning under the altar of the Country and taken by him to the above Committee, that they be hanged, claiming that the people had ordered the execution. His brother was put in charge of the execution which took place; the men’s heads were cut off with help of several individuals from the gros caillou, who were then taken to the Police Court of the 6th arrondissement, which was in charge of the investigation. They were amnestied along with a certain Fontaine, a launderer

195 Archive de la Préfecture de Police. Affair of Nivôse 3, Year IX.
residing on Rue de la Vierge. He had shot and killed a chasseur of the Saint-Eustache battalion who was following the red flag being taken to the Champ de Mars that day. A carter called Barbotte, now on handicapped pension, had blocked the Rue Dominique with his carriages, so that the troop, coming to save the two victims, could not arrive in time to stop the execution.

During the night from August 9 to 10, he appeared at the Invalides Section, carrying a rifle, and dressed in a yellow nankeen jacket; he was then seen on the morning of August 10 dressed as a Swiss, which was why around the 12th, the inhabitants of his section became infuriated at his behavior and went to his house en masse to kill him. The General Assembly had ordered the said Richard’s house to be searched, and a Swiss officer’s uniform was found there: Richard claimed that he had killed the officer and taken his uniform: the people’s fury was so great against him that the assembly sent him to La Force so that his days would not be ended there and then.

When he was set free, he was appointed aide-de-camp to Santerre, who was at the time commandant, or ordered by him to go to Orléans, along with a detachment from the National Guard, to bring the prisoners back to Versailles, where they were murdered.

During the prison massacres, he was seen urging on the murderers.

When Santerre was appointed commander in Vendée, he was put in charge of military transport.

On the night of May 31, he was seen with a certain hairdresser named Carété running around the city crying that the tocsin was about to sound: a short while after, he was brought before the Committee of Public Safety in accordance with the warrant sworn out by said Committee, for having said in the General Assembly that there were more than ten thousand heads needing to be cut off; he was put in prison, from where he was released after a time.

After Thermidor 9, he was again sent to La Force on the orders of the same Committee, but since he had tried to stir up a revolt among the prisoners, he was sent on another order of the aforementioned Committee to Bicêtre, with his hands and feet in irons, from where he was allowed to escape, along with some fifty other inmates, by the then steward, Julien Leroi, otherwise known as Eglator. Since that time, he has held various ranks in the transport columns of several armies.

During every stage of the Revolution, he has been the most ardent supporter of anarchistic principles, an apostle of the Jacobins and the Cordeliers’ Club, of which he was a member of whose doctrine he was the most zealous partisan. He has always appeared in Paris at the head of these movements during their revolutionary actions.

He has not been seen in Paris since Prairial, Year VII, at Which time he left with the transport columns for Italy’s army.

On last Nivôse 3, he was rumored to be in Paris, but we could not confirm the fact. We have learned that he was in Milan, where he calls himself an army contractor; his wife received from him a dated letter sent from Milan two weeks before Nivôse 3.

The aforementioned facts constitute only a small part of the crimes he has committed: they are all known by the Magistrate and the inhabitants of the Invalides division, and the Civil Committee of that section supplied a report on them to the Committee of Public Safety in Prairial, Year III.

The man called Bonau belonged to the detachment of the National Guard that accompanied Richard when he was put in charge of leader the prisoners from Vendôme to Versailles, where he took part in the massacre of those prisoners, which was the reason why Bonau was imprisoned in the Hôtel des Invalides for about three months starting in Prairial, Year
III, by decree of the General Assembly of the Invalides Section; they said detachment was led by a man named Bouiray, who in year V was appointed temporary commander of Saint-Omer, and who is now retired and on pension; Bonau can reveal valuable information about the massacre. He is a disabled pensioner residing at the Hôtel des Invalides.

The man named Carété, a hairdresser living at the Gros Caillou on Rue Dominique, presently detained at the Préfecture’s large depot, was one of the main players in the Champ de Mars affair: he went into hiding during the subsequent legal proceedings took and did not come out until after the amnesty; he is all the more dangerous since he has always tried to corrupt the working class inhabitants of the section, some of whom followed his practices. He was sent to prison in Prairial, Year III, at the time of the assassination of Féraud, the people’s representative.

Leroi (Julien), the writing teacher, lived at the Gros Caillou on Rue de Grenelle, and supported the agrarian law in various groups in the city and in the General Assembly of his section. He was involved in the Champ de Mars affair; he was imprisoned and then amnestied; he was entrusted with drawing up and circulating the petition relating to the affair, along with Richard and others; as a member of the Commune of 92, he witnessed the massacre of the prisoners held at the Abbaye prison, to which he had, on the morning of September 3, conducted the Swiss prisoners being held at the Palais-Bourbon. Using his position of steward at the Bicêtre, he helped some fifty prisoners escape, one of whom was Richard.

Vézieu lived on the Rue Dominique in the Invalides Division and was General Secretary of the Jacobin Society, where he was entrusted with the responsibility of submitting notes to the editor of the aforementioned society’s publication. After Thermidor 9 he left Paris and only came on Fructidor 18, Year 5; he is said at present to be living at the Louvre and to be employed at the library of the Institute; this man was a close friend of Richard and his associates, of a certain ex-gendarme named Boivin, and of his wife, a second-hand clothing dealer, living on the Rue de la Boucherie des Invalides, and who were always alerted by Vézieu of the disturbances about to take place; they would then travel to Versailles and only come back when the disturbances were over; both of them were registered members of the Jacobin and Cordeliers Societies.

All of the aforementioned persons were directed by Richard and Vézieu to figure at the head these parties; during the revolutionary disturbanses they professed the same anarchistic principles, and were the terror of the Cordeliers and Jacobin clubs.

All of the aforementioned facts are known by the inhabitants and the Magistrated of the Invalides division.

Police inspectors.

(Illegible)

196 Archives de la Préfecture de Police. Affaire of Nivôse 3.
Maillard

This person deserves special mention.

His first names were Stanislas-Marie (or Maurice). His father was a merchant at Gournay, and had eight children. The eldest son, Thomas Maillard, had come to Paris as a young man, and in Châtelet, had been hired on as assistant by a travelling bailiff named Antoine Pierrotin. In 1778, he succeeded his employer, sent for his brother Stanislas in Gournay, and gave him a place in his office.

Stanislas was tall and slender; he dressed well and affected a certain elegance; he loved public speaking and did it well.

As of 1789 he showed himself to be an enthusiastic supporter of new ideas: the Moniteur lists him as one of the victors over the Bastille. On October 5, he travelled to Versailles, at the head of the Parisian women, and came back in a carriage belonging to the Court to receive the compliments of the members of the Municipality.

At the beginning of 1792 he was twenty-nine years old and had been married for three months. He had wed Angélique Parredde: the religious ceremony took place at the Saint-Sauveur Church. He lived during that period on Rue Jean-Pain-Mollet, near the Hôtel de Ville.

We have seen what he did at the Abbaye: others assert that he led the expedition to the Carmelite Convent. What is certain is that he was very busy…

Who appointed him to perform that terrible duty? Had he received instructions? It’s possible. To be honest, one must recognize that if several prisoners managed to escape the massacre, they owe their lives to the mock tribunal that Maillard improvised.

After September, Maillard did not, as did the others, attempt to be forgotten. He felt his importance and had linked himself to the Revolution: heading a group of some sixty informers, hired by himself and paid with funds from the Committee of Public Safety, Maillard spied on, investigated and arrested aristocrats; recruited for the prison, and hunted game for the guillotine, earning for himself the nickname of Strike-Hard. What’s more, he was convinced that he was serving the greater cause of liberty.

For Maillard was sincere. If he had followed only his own tastes, he would have lived a retired existence: he was ill, very weak and was spitting blood… He was arrested on October 11, 1793 and incarcerated at La Force, from where he was transferred three days later to Luxemburg. One month later set free because he had protectors in high places. Despite his protection, he was arrested once more less than a week later, but this time the police found him so weak that they judged him unfit to be transported. On the register at Police Headquarters where a record of all arrests is set down, one can read this note.—“This is the man who presided over the mock tribunal established at the Abbaye during the massacres. His re-imprisonment at La Force was not enforced. Maillard was at the time seriously ill and a certificate dating Frimaire 27 (December 17, 1793) states that, because of his state of illness, he could only be put under house arrest. On the other hand, it is recommended that he only be allowed to communicate with his surgeon and another person of the profession if need be.”

Chaumont (Marne Department), April 3, 1796.
I have read in various journals, citizens, of a suit lodged by Citizen Méhée against Citizen Jolivet, known as Baraleyre, requesting damages for having accused him of signing pay sheets in connection with those awful days of September 2 and 3. In order to supply Citizen Jolivet with a complete proof of this, I hereby give the actual facts, which I certify to be true.

During the night from August 26 to 27, I was arrested and taken to the Mairie. Around eleven o’clock, I was led into an office into the presence of Sergent and Panis. After a short interrogation, I was transferred to the Abbaye and put into the same room as the former president Molé de Champlâtreux, my old and respectable friend. On Sunday, September 2, around noon, the concierge’s wife gave me permission to go down into the council chamber. An instant later arrived the Citizen Maillard, who has since been nicknamed strike-hard or punch-hard, accompanied by two men with large moustaches and long swords. As soon he saw me he gave the order to have me taken back to my cell. I did not know at the time who he was or how great was his influence; so I could not keep myself from expressing my surprise about his harsh manner towards me. His reply was that he would be seeing me soon. As a matter of fact, how great was my surprise and fear on the following evening when I saw him invested with the power of a mighty judge of the people. I was even more surprised when, in the name of the same people, he saved my life. This act inspired in me a debt of gratitude such that, some time later, I sought out a chance to see him. He was living at the time on the Place de Grève, in the house of a baker across from the Hôtel de Ville. He was flattered by my visit and basked in the glory of having saved my life. He went even further: he decided to introduce me to two of his agents to whom he had entrusted the plan to save me. Then he confided in me that Sergent and Panis were seeking to destroy his reputation in the eyes of the Committee of Public Safety, but that he possessed two original documents that would keep me safe from any investigation. Then he showed me two orders written thusly:

IN THE NAME OF THE PEOPLE

My comrades,

You are hereby ordered to try all the prisoners at the Abbaye indiscriminately, with the exception of Abbé Lenfant, whom you will have taken to a safe place.

Given at the Hôtel de Ville, September 2.

Signed, Panis, Sergent, administrators,
Méhée, assistant secretary.

IN THE NAME OF THE PEOPLE

My comrades,

You are hereby enjoined to take away all the dead bodies and clean the bloodstains, particularly those in the courtyards, rooms, and stairways of the Abbaye. In that aim, you are hereby authorized to employ gravediggers, carters, workers, etc.

Given at the Hôtel de Ville, September 4.
Signed, Panis, Sergent, administrators,
Méhée, assistant secretary.

Since my statement might not be enough for Citizen Jolivet, I advise him to take the time to investigate and obtain the original documents: they are probably in the possession of Maillard’s widow. His father and his brother know about them; Citizens Ployer, Moustache, Joseph, and Jean (two of the brothers of the late Maillard’s surgeon); all of whom lived in his household, also know about them. Citizen Thomas, who was at the time assistant secretary for the gendarmerie, on duty during the infamous revolutionary tribunal, can also tell you where to find them. Citizen Lamerrière, head of one of the departments of the National Treasury, can also supply ample information on the subject. Like me, he was thoroughly acquainted with it.

Signed: D. Simon

When Simon visited him, Maillard was dying. Did he understand that, before he passed away, he should wash his name of the bloody stain that tarnished his reputation? Was he actually convinced of his own philanthropy and exasperated at being unfairly called a blood-drinker? In any case, he used the last bit of his strength to write the two following documents: the first one, called The Veil Falls and the Slanderer is Revealed is written thusly:

Call me what you wish; I will always be the same. Still, I will respond to all with the same stoic firmness that suits a true republican: I will prove to you who I am, and that my conduct has always been driven by the most exemplary principles of patriotism and republicanism.

You don’t seem to know me. By malicious but yet obvious means you confuse me with the mob of Maillard’s who have been present on the revolutionary scene since August 10. What were those men doing before that memorable day? They were not known, and their entire existence was nothingness; but since that famous time, where new evens retraced the past before the eyes of a watchful public; where a certain renown accompanied the Maillard who is here and now speaking to his fellow citizens, and who appeals to their judgment, swears to his unmask his detractors, in order to facilitate the progression of public opinion, the true compass of the people’s sovereignty. Well! Since that time, those various Maillard’s, who are all unknown to the veritable Maillard, have taken on the mask of his patriotic loyalty, as they would have any other mask, to attract the attention of all, to deprive him of the fruits of his devotion to public service, and to leave him most certainly with only the odious cover under which they themselves committed some of the crimes for which Fabre d’Eglantine is attacking him so mercilessly, with his usual lack of judgment, since Maillard has no knowledge of the facts that Fabre advanced in neither the National Convention’s, not the Jacobin’s tribunal.

A decree has been issued against the true Maillard. In order to obtain it, he is supposed to be employed in the war office. This is untrue. Next he is portrayed as a leader of clubs, and particularly that of the Rue Favart, all this according to a certain Vincent, to whom he has not spoken for ten months. They depict the members of this club as a bunch of cutthroats. I am one of the members of this assembly of true patriot, and proud to be so, because it was we who sparked the holy insurrection of May 31. If that is a crime, I will pay for it with them, and which them I glory in having committed it. They had the great pleasure, on the same day, of sounding the

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198 Gazette française, Germinal, Year IV.
tocsin and firing the alarm signal; this is easily proven. They have been patriots against all odds, and have made themselves well known in the section and in the municipality. It is true that this society has been the terror of all the dandies and scoundrels who thrived in that neighborhood more than any other, in order to prevent patriotic tactics from succeeding. We have said enough in this article about Citizen Fabre d’Eglantine. If he had met with the members of that society, if the had deigned to visit the club, he would have seen that it is composed of courageous men, true, loyal republicans, and not of cutthroats.

In certain publications blindly dedicated to the dying aristocracy, Fabre calls me a Septemberisant. He is utterly mistaken; it is easy for me to prove that without me all of the people imprisoned in the Abbaye would have been murdered and plundered without exception; that without myself again, the 238 Swiss that that the infamous Pétion had transferred to the former Palais Bourbon when it was no longer possible to contain the people’s fury, would have been murdered as well. I was fortunate to obtain the mercy of the people. I myself led them to the Commune. This is proven by an order which I myself obtained, and which I am keeping carefully.

On the same day, I also had the good fortune to protect with my own body a representative of the people, as well as a bailiff bearing a decree from the Legislative Assembly. I had requested the decree as a way of escaping the extreme difficulty that the people’s fury had put me in. Yes, certainly without me, the people’s representation would have been sullied that day. Ah, what I fight I had to wage against the partisans of the Grange-Neuve, to keep them carrying out their barbaric plan. Made dizzy by the noise they made when I went against their horrible project, they threatened to slit my throat. I offered my head to them, telling them that a horrible stain would cover the people, that the representatives of the people would be dishonored forever if they killed one of their own members. In the end I was fortunate to lead the deputy to the Legislative Assembly. I left behind all my torments and found that I was all too well rewarded.

I have thus been the defender of innocent person, and I have never dirtied myself with any atrocity. My detractors can try to accuse me of their crimes, but the Abbaye’s register will prove them wrong, and prove that I am not like them, a man thirsting for blood.

When you read this defense, Fabre d’Eglantine, you will blush with shame for having attacked Maillard without knowing him. You would blush even more if you knew that he was one of the conquerors of the Bastille, or that in the days of October 5 and 6, he was at the head of the courageous women who, during that time of danger, struck tyranny with the hardest blow. On August 10, 1792, a day to remembered forever, he prevented the patriots from being the victims of the plots hatched at the Château des Tuileries. On May 31, June 1 and 2, and in all of the holy insurrections made for the benefit of the people and the establishment of liberty and equality, Maillard has always been at his post; he discovered a press counterfeiting false assignats; the same Maillard utterly destroyed the practice of speculation. The proof of this last fact is quite obvious: I am being persecuted and speculation is beginning again.199

The second document, which can be considered at Maillard’s will, is a coarsely printed poster, framed with a with a blue and blood-red border. Its title is: Petition to the National Convention by the Republican Maillard.

199 Archives Nationales, WIA 81. Supporting documents for Citizen Maillard.
Citizen Legislators,

It is with pleasure that I learned of the warrant of prosecution sworn out against me, though I am ill and condemned by my doctors to surrender my license of existence to Nature, who lent it to me. One great satisfaction for me is the gem you have given me with this warrant. I hope that the Revolutionary Tribunal will give it to me, so that I can prove that one of the members of the Convention has been misinformation about me, has been led into error, and they have been completely deceived. He will understand my conduct and my behavior during the Revolution. I beg of you, Legislators, to have me taken before the Revolutionary Tribunal promptly. Otherwise, in just a few days I might not be able to supply details that interest that entire Republic. I will get there by any means possible, but I need justice and that the honor of a Republican be cleansed.

I hereby declare to Citizen Fabre d’Eglantine, that I have never spoken to Ronsin; that I have spoken to Vincent only twice in my life, for business, when Citizen Bouchotte arrived at the Ministry; that the members of the Committee of Public Safety know full well that it is they who released me; and that to say that it is the War Office that did so is a lie. I have never conferred a mission, and have never been in a position to do so in any department. He says that I have been invested with terrible powers; he has once more been led into error in that respect. I have no power, and for three months now I have been in my bed. I am not the leader of any club. For six months now I have not been to the Italians club. I was recognized by the Commune of Paris with a medal on August 10. This can be proven. I have never been at the head of that club, which is nonetheless Republican, but I was there like the others, in a society of friends. This warrant is thus badly founded?

If there are guilty Maillard’s, false patriots, in the War or City Office, or others in the sections of Paris, they will flee.

I reiterate my plea. Send my to the Revolutionary Tribunal with all speed. This is the desire of a true Republican.

Maillard

Several days after writing this appeal to posterity, Stanislas Maillard died in his tiny apartment on the Place de la Grève. It was on April 15, 1794 that he surrendered his license of existence to Nature, who lent it to him.

200 National Archives. Same file.