

downstairs on 8 October 1793, "My aunt, who was greatly affected, would have followed, but they stopped her. She asked whether I should be permitted to come up again; Chaumette assured her that I should. 'You may trust,' said he, 'the word of an honest republican. She shall return.' I soon found myself in my brother's room, whom I embraced tenderly; but we were torn asunder, and I was obliged to go into another room. Chaumette then questioned me about a thousand shocking things of which they accused my mother and aunt; I was so indignant at hearing such horrors that, terrified as I was, I could not help exclaiming that they were infamous falsehoods. But in spite of my tears they still pressed their questions. There were some things which I did not comprehend, but of which I understood enough to make me weep with indignation and horror... They then asked me about Varennes, and other things. I answered as well as I could without implicating anybody. I had always heard my parents say that it were better to die than to implicate anybody." When the examination was over the Princess begged to be allowed to join her mother, but Chaumette said he could not obtain permission for her to do so. The only intimation of the Queen's fate which they were allowed to receive was through hearing her sentence cried by the newsman. Madame Royale recorded, "We could not persuade ourselves that she was dead. A hope, so natural to the unfortunate, persuaded us that she must have been saved. For eighteen months I remained in this cruel suspense. We learnt also by the cries of the newsman the death of the Duc d'Orleans. It was the only piece of news that reached us during the whole winter." As Madame Royale and Madame Élisabeth were going to bed on 9 May 1794, the outside bolts of the door were unfastened and a loud knocking was heard. Madame Royale recalled, "When my aunt was dressed, she opened the door, and they said to her,"

"Citoyenne, come down."

"And my niece?"

"We shall take care of her afterwards." "She embraced me, and to calm my agitation promised to return."

"No, citoyenne," said the men, "bring your bonnet; you shall not return."

"They overwhelmed her with abuse, but she bore it patiently, embracing me, and exhorting me to trust in Heaven, and never to forget the last commands of my father and mother."



Marie Thérèse Charlotte and Louis Charles in the Temple

### La Piété Filiale

Author unknown

Eh quoi! Tu pleures, ô ma mère!  
 Dans tes regards fixes sur moi  
 Se peignent l'amour et l'effroi.  
 J'y vois ton âme toute entière.  
 Des maux que ton fils a soufferts  
 Pourquoi te retracer l'image?  
 Puisque ma mère les partage,  
 Puis-je me plaindre de mes fers?

Des fers, ô Louis! Ton courage  
 Les ennoblit en les portant.  
 Ton fils n'a plus, en cet instant,  
 Que tes vertus pour héritage.  
 Trône, palais, pouvoir, grandeur,  
 Tout a fui pour moi sur la terre;  
 Mais je suis auprès de ma mère,  
 Je connais encore le bonheur.

Un jour, peut-être... l'espérance  
 Doit être permise au malheur;  
 Un jour, en faisant son bonheur,  
 Je me vengerai de la France.  
 Un Dieu favorable à ton fils  
 Bientôt calmera la tempête!  
 L'orage qui courbe leur tête  
 Ne détruira jamais les lis.

Hélas! Si du poids de nos chaînes