

Awful Phenomena of Nature!

SNOW STORMS,

Third of March, and Twenty-third April, 1827.

Fall of an Avalanche

IN THE ALPS;

And wonderful preservation of Three Women
buried under it.

Dreadful Sand Storm

IN THE DESERT;

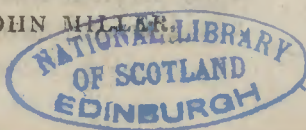
With several other Memorable Occurrences.



DUNFERMLINE :

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1828.



Memorable Occasions.

ACCIDENTS OCCASIONED BY THE STORM, 1827.

During the dreadful days of Saturday the 3rd and Thursday the 8th March, many shepherds made most hair-breadth escapes, while fearlessly braving every danger in wearing their flocks from the weather side of the hills. In the extensive tract of country stretching around Sanguhar and Leadhills, the storm raged with dreadful violence ; and one poor fellow, named James Bryden, was found dead at Todholes, parish of Kirkconnel within 200 yards of his own door. He perished on the Saturday, and his body was not found till late the following day. With the exception of the point of one of his shoes, the deceased was completely immersed in snow, and his faithful dog was found lying under his right arm. The affectionate animal had suffered dreadfully, but weak and almost dying as it was, it evinced an unwillingness to be separated from its master. Poor Bryden was much respected, and has left a widow and two children. Another shepherd,

of the name of David Dickson, though amissing on Saturday, was not found till the following morning. He had fallen down from cold and exhaustion, and though immediately carried to the nearest house, warmed and fed, it was long before he could tell what had befallen him. A third shepherd, though nearly frozen to death, was found standing in an erect posture, but deprived alike of consciousness and feeling. The same awful day, Mr J—— B——, a most extensive and respectable shoe-maker, in Kilmar-nock, and who has many relatives in this quarter, perished, while endeavouring to return home. The coach on which he travelled, from Degan's well, stuck fast in a wreath at Drumbog-hill, and being an outside passenger he was forced to alight.. The guard offered him one of the horses, and advised him to return to the Inn he had left; but being unaccustomed to ride, and having told Mrs B—— that he would be home in the evening, he ventured to prosecute his journey on foot. The snow at this time was falling fast, the wind howling along the heath, and before he had proceeded far, he became bewildered, wandered to the top of the hill, and in the absence of all human aid, sunk down exhausted, and expired. On Monday morning a volunteered party of his men, with a few of his friends, left Kil-marnock, to discover what had become of their master, and after a painful search found his body in the above spot. On Saturday. Sunday, and Monday, his respectable widow was in a dreadful situation, and feared the worst from the very

beginning. The above detail is perfectly accurate, so far as it goes, and has been taken from a letter written by the Rev. A—— H—— minister, Kilmarnock. A woman, whose name we have not learnt, but who was housekeeper to the schoolmaster at Muirkirk, dropped down dead while looking at the men who were cutting the snow. H—— H——, residing near Heathwood, perished on the 2nd, on Corrie Common, and at no great distance from her own house. She had been at Waterbeck, and her body was not discovered till the Monday following. In the course of Sabbath one of her sons passed and repassed the spot where she lay, but the vital spark had previously fled, and from the depth of the snow, no part of her body was visible. Two women, it is said, were dug out of a wreath near Kellhead toll-bar, and there is a report of a woman having fallen a victim to the storm, somewhere between Annan and Lockerby,

The Carlisle Patriot of Saturday states, that “a woman belonging to Longtown, lost her life in the snow. She had been to Springfield after smuggled whisky, and was relieved of her burden by an Excise officer. Not disheartened, she returned for more; and on her way homewards, wandered out of her road upon Solway Moss, and perished. She was found on the ground, her head on her umbrella, and two bladders of contraband spirits lying beside her.” It is even said that two shepherds perished in the parish of Durrissdeer, and that one respectable

farmer has lost seventy score of sheep out of 75. Our Sanquhar correspondent, who possesses the best means of information, says—The loss of sheep stock is not so great as might have been expected. Out of stocks of 2000, many farmers have not a ewe amissing: a few have lost from 4 to 12, and though others are short from 3 to 4 score, the woolly wanderers may yet cast up. As the snow began to fall in day-light, the shepherds were early put on their guard, and in this way saved many a valuable hirsel. The drift on Thursday was so violent that it was mid-day before the inhabitants of Sanquhar could venture to cross the threshold, even where they were in want of the necessaries of life. Of some houses only the chimney tops were visible. The coach from Dumfries to Glasgow, stuck fast on Saturday week near Auchenbeek. The guard had to sit inside all night guarding the luggage, and the passengers, eight in number, were quartered in Mr Templeton's. As yet we have no accounts from the high grounds, but it is supposed that little mischief would be done to the sheep by the second storin, as the hollows were previously filled with snow. The roads are cut in all directions, and it is expected the communication will be open on Monday.

Another correspondent whose letter is dated from Newton-Stewart, on Friday last, says, "At this moment, 7 P. M., we hear nothing of yesterday's mails from Dumfries, Portpatrick, or Wigtown. I am sorry to hear repeated accounts of the loss of sheep on our muirland farms. In

several instances, upwards of a score have been dug out of single wreaths, dead, and dying. Cattle also, I believe, have suffered much."

A friend who writes from Waterbeck the same day, says—Many sheep have perished; and those who have little fodder, will be put to their shifts unless a thaw come. We are completely shut up, and in visiting a lady the other day, I had to walk two miles over snow from five to six feet deep.

From Gatehouse we have a letter dated Saturday. Our correspondent writes as follows: I have conversed with an old gentleman from the country, who says there never was such a storm seen in his day. Two or three farmers in the parish of Girthon, will suffer considerably from the loss of sheep. Around Mr M——'s park wall, the snow was from six to seven feet deep; but a complete canal has been cut through it, so that carts and carriages may now pass. Mr B——, and three commercial gentlemen, after being detained several days in Dumfries, were again storm-stayed in Castle-Douglas. They arrived yesterday on foot, terribly fatigued, having had to traverse huge wreaths at almost every step of their way. Betwixt this place and Port Patrick, several hundreds of men have been employed for days in cutting the road, and as a thaw has commenced, the communication will very soon be open."

The above is a very doleful paragraph, but as yet not half the truth is known, and there is reason to fear, that we will have many other

accidents to record. This day-week, fifty-three sheep were found buried and smooored on the comparatively well-sheltered farm of Holestain. The poor animals had been dead for hours, and their carcasses were sold at 4s. a-head. Nearer home, at Tinwald, Torthorwald, and Kirkmahoe, several sheep perished, though by far the greater number were rescued alive. At the former place, a whole flock were engulfed in one huge wreath, but the tups, from their superior strength and agility, boxed their way into open day, and then stood bleating at the side of the wreath, as if in commiseration of those who were still in the grave they had just escaped from. The shepherds understood and obeyed the signal, and by dint of hard labour saved the remainder of their master's flock. In the course of their search they actually dug out one or more smooored hares!

The 23rd of April 1827, well deserves a place among memorable days. The storm which then occurred was general over Scotland. Its appearance and effects in Dumfries-shire have been thus described.

AFTER the mild genial weather we experienced in the beginning and middle of last week, and the heavy showers which fell on Friday, who could have supposed that we would be visited by another storm of snow? Yet so it is, and we grieve to state that yesterday was truly a judgement-like day. At an early hour in the morning the hills were all white—the cottages and farm-steadings hooded with snow. From

8 till near 11 o'clock, the onfall ceased in a great measure, but shortly after it became more bitter than ever, and, at a late hour last night, the tops of the houses, even in town, were as white as ever we saw them in March. In the country, matters must have been far worse, and we grieve for the fate of many a lamb whose cradle will be—not the budding heath or gowany sod—but in all probability, a wreath of snow. In the low grounds, where the lambing season is mostly over, many of the ewes have dropped twins, but it is otherwise among the hilly and high districts, where the great bulk of our sheep stock is reared. There, speaking generally, the lambs dropped, are not above a day or two old, and those who happened to be out of doors yesterday will have some idea of their helpless situation. As yet, we have no accounts from the moorland districts, but there is some reason to fear that the 23rd of April will be as memorable in our annals as the 3rd of March.

Twelve o'clock, Monday night,—The onfall has ceased, but it fearful to witness the state of our streets. In the afternoon we went a little way into the country, and while surveying the desolate appearance of nature, our impression certainly was that February and March had returned again. In a number of places the snow was from four to six inches deep, and but for the advanced period of the season the general depth would have been much greater. Around Moffat the greatest fears are entertained for the safety of the lambs; and we know one farmer

who alighted from a mail coach, and hurried back to his own residence—that is when he saw the snow falling so fast—under the firm impression that his presence was imperiously called on to avert something like absolute ruin.

REMARKABLE PRESERVATION OF THREE WOMEN..

In 1755, they had in Turin a great fall of rain; and as it generally snows in the mountains, when it only rains in the plain, it cannot appear surprising, that during this interval, there fell vast quantities of snow on the mountains, which of course formed several valancas. The bad weather which prevailed in so many other places, prevailed likewise at Bergemoletto, a little hamlet, seated in that part of the Alps which separates the valley of Stura and Piedmont from Dauphine and the country of Nice.

On March 19th, many of the inhabitants of this hamlet began to apprehend that the weight of the snow which was already fallen, and still continued to fall, might crush their houses, which are built with stones peculiar to the country, cemented by nothing but mud, and a very small portion of lime, and covered with thatch laid on the roof of shingles, and large thin stones, supported by thick beams. They therefore got upon their roofs, to lighten them of the snow.

At a little distance from the church, stood the house of Joseph Roccia; a man of about fifty, who with his son James, a lad of fifteen, had, like his neighbours, got upon the roof of his house, in order to lessen the weight of it, and thereby prevent its destruction.

In the meantime, the clergyman, who lived in the neighbourhood, and was about leaving home, in order to repair to the church, and gather the people together to hear prayers, perceiving a noise towards the top of the mountains, descried two valancas driving headlong towards the village; wherefore, raising his voice, he gave Joseph notice instantly to come down from the roof, to avoid the impending danger; and then immediately retreated himself into his own house.

Joseph Roccia immediately came off the roof at the priest's notice, and with his son fled as hard as he could towards the church. He had scarce advanced forty steps, when hearing his son fall just at his heels, he turned about to assist him, and taking him up, saw the spot on which his house, his stable, and those of some of his neighbours stood, converted into a huge heap of snow, without the least sign of either walls or roofs.

Such was his agony at this sight, and at the thoughts of having lost, in an instant, his wife, his sister, his family, and all the little he had saved, that he lost his senses, swooned away, and tumbled upon the snow. His son now helped him, and, coming to himself a little, he made a shift to get to a friend's house at the distance of a hundred feet from the spot where he fell.

Mary-Anne, his wife, who was standing with her sister-in-law Anne, her daughter Margaret, and her son Anthony, a little boy two years old, at the door of the stable, looking at the people throwing the snow from off the houses, and waiting for the ringing of the bell, that was to call them to prayers, was about taking a turn to the house, in order to light a fire, and air a shirt for her husband, who could not but want that refreshment after his hard labour : but before she could set out, she heard the priest cry out to them to come down quickly ; and raising her trembling eyes, saw the aforesaid valancas set off, and roll down the side of the mountain ; and at the same instant she heard a terrible report from another quarter, which made her retreat back quickly with her family, and shut the door of the stable. Happy it was for her that she had time to do so : this noise being occasioned by another immense valanca, the sole cause of all the misery and distress she had to suffer for so long a time ; so that in a very short time the snow was lodged about forty-two feet in height, two hundred and seventy in length, and about sixty in breadth.

The inhabitants of Bergemoletto, whom it pleased God to preserve from this disaster, being gathered together, in order to sum up their misfortunes, first counted thirty houses overwhelmed ; and then every one calling over those he knew, twenty-two souls were missing, of which number were their parish priest, who had lived among them forty years.

The news of this terrible disaster soon spread

itself over the neighbourhood; and all the friends and relations of the sufferers, with many others, to the amount of three hundred, flocked of their own accord from the adjacent villages, to give their assistance on this melancholy occasion.

Joseph Roccia, notwithstanding his great love for his wife and family, and desire to recover part of what he had lost, was in no condition to assist them for five days. In the meantime the rest were trying, by driving iron rods through the hardened snow, if they could discover any roofs: but they tried in vain: the great solidity and compactness of the valanca, the vast extent of it in length, breadth, and height, together with the snow that still continued to fall in great quantities, eluded all their efforts: so that, after some day's labour, they were obliged to desist untill the valley should assume its pristine form, by the melting of the snow and ice, from the setting in of the warm winds, which continued to blow from the end of March till about April 20th

On the 18th of that month they began to resume their interrupted labours. All the persons that were missing, were found dead except those of Joseph Roccia's family. Assisted by the two brothers-in-law, and son, he at length penetrated to his house, but found no dead bodies in it.

Knowing that the stable did not lie 100 feet from the house, they immediately directed their search towards it, and having got a long pole

through a hole, they heard a hoarse and languid voice issuing from it, which seemed to say, "Help, my dear husband! help, my dear brother! help."

The husband and brother thunderstruck, and hand at the same time encouraged by these words, fell to their work with redoubled ardour, on the place whence the voice came, which grew more distinct as the work advanced.

It was long before they made a pretty large opening, through which the brother descended, as into a dark pit, asking who it was that could be alive in such a place? Mary Anne knew him by his voice, and answered with a trembling and broken ascent, intermixed with tears of joy, "'Tis I, my dear brother, who am still alive in company with my daughter and my sister-in-law, who are at my elbow. God, in whom I have always trusted, still hoping that he would inspire you with the thoughts of coming to our relief, has been graciously pleased to keep us alive."

The passage being enlarged, they were taken out with all convenient speed; and being brought to a friend's house, were there fed on a plain diet, and in small quantities at a time, as suiting their state of inanition; when their strength was a little recruited, they gave an account that they subsisted all that time on the milk of two goats, which had been shut up with them, and about a dozen chesnuts, that lay in the manger, where they found some hay with which they fed the goats, one of which becoming dry, the

other, fortunately with kid, dropped it, which having killed, this goat yielded them about a pint of milk each day, till their deliverance: that the little boy of two years old died in a short time after they were confined in the stable, as did an ass, and some hens that then happened to be in the same place; and that they suffered extremely from cold and wet, the snow continually dripping upon them as they lay in the manger.

These poor sufferers were relieved by the munificence of the king of Sardinia, their sovereign, and the several donations they received, which enabled them to rebuild their house, and set their other affairs to rights.

In April of the year 1757, they all enjoyed perfect health, except Mary Anne, who suffered a dimness of her sight, by being too hastily exposed to the light. The others returned to their usual field labour, and ever after continued to live the same life they did before their misfortunes.

STORM IN THE DESERT.

The morning was delightful on our setting out, and promised us a fine day; but the light airs from the south soon increased to a gale, the sun became obscure, and as every hour brought us into a looser sand, it flew around us in such whirlwinds, with the sudden gusts that blew, that it was impossible to proceed. We halted, therefore, for an hour, and took shelter under

the lee of our beasts, who were themselves so terrified as to need fastening by the knees, and uttered in their wailings but a melancholy symphony.

I know not whether it was the novelty of the situation that gave it additional horrors, or whether the habit of magnifying evils to which we are unaccustomed, had increased its effect ; but certain it is, that fifty gales of wind at sea appeared to me to be more easily encountered than one amongst those sands. It is impossible to imagine desolation more complete ; we could see neither sun, earth, nor sky ; the plain at ten paces distance was absolutely imperceptible ; our beasts, as well as ourselves, were so covered as to render breathing difficult ; they hid their faces in the ground, and we could only uncover our own for a moment, to behold this chaos of mid-day darkness, and wait impatiently for its abatement. Alexander's journey to the temple of Jupiter Ammon, and the destruction of the Persian armies of Cambyses in the Lybian desert, rose to recollection with new impressions, made by the horror of the scene before me ; while Addison's admirable lines, which I also remembered with peculiar force on this occasion, seemed to possess as much truth as beauty.

“ Lo ! where o'er wide Numidian wastes
extend,

Sudden the impetuous hurricanes descend,
Which through the air in circling eddies play,

Tear up the sands, and sweep the whole
 plains away,
 The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,
 Sees the dry desart round and round him rise,
 And, smothered in the dusty whirlwind, dies."

The few hours we remained in this situation were passed in unbroken silence; every one was occupied with his own reflections, as if the region of terror forbade communication. Its fury spent itself, like the storms of ocean, in sudden lulls and squalls; but it was not until the third or fourth interval that our fears were sufficiently conquered to address each other; nor shall I soon lose the recollection of the impressive manner in which that was done: "Allah kereem!" exclaimed the poor Bedouin, although habit had familiarized him with these resistless storms. "Allah kereem!" repeated the Egyptians with terrified solemnity; and both my servant and myself, as if by instinct, joined in the general exclamation. The bold imagery of the Eastern poets, describing the Deity as avenging in his anger, and terrible in his wrath, riding upon the wings of the wind, and breathing his fury in the storm, must have been inspired by scenes like these."

THE RUSTY NAIL.

WHEN Dr. Donne took possession of his first living, he took a walk into the church-yard,

where the sexton was digging a grave, and hrowing up a skull, the doctor took it up and found a rusty headless nail sticking in the temple, which he drew out secretly, and wrapt it up in the corner of his handkerchief. He then demanded of the grave-digger whether he knew whose skull that was. He said it was a man's who kept a brandy shop ; an honest, drunken fellow ; who one night having taken two quarts, was found dead in his bed next morning. Had he a wife ? Yes. What character does she bear ? A very good one : only the neighbours reflect on her because she married the day after her husband was buried. This was enough for the doctor, who, under the pretence of visiting his parishioners, called on her : he asked her several questions, and among others, what sickness her husband died of. She giving him the same account he had before received, he suddenly opened the handkerchief, and cried in an authoritative voice, " Woman do you know this nail ?" She was struck with horror at the unexpected demand, instantly owned the fact, was tried, and executed.

MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

THIS barbarous massacre, which took place in the reign of William the Third, has, above every other act of his reign, sullied the memory of that otherwise illustrious monarch. That he signed the warrant for this shocking execution is indisputable ; as he himself did not deny it, but pretended, in vindication of himself, that he

had subscribed the order amidst a heap of other papers, without knowing its purport. It is however, well known, that he sanctioned the massacre expressly at the instance of the Earl of Breadalbane, who had represented Macdonald of Glencoe as an incorrigible rebel, and a ruffian inured to bloodshed and rapine, who would never be obedient to the laws of his country, nor live peaceably under any sovereign. This malicious representation of Breadalbane together with his concealment from the king of Macdonald's submission to government, by taking the oath of allegiance, forms indeed the best excuse for William, who would not, it is to be presumed, have sacrificed these unhappy people, had he known that they had discontinued their predatory opposition to his government and retired peaceably to their homes. As to his ordering an inquiry to be set on foot, and dismissing the master of Stair from the employment of secretary, when a violent outcry was afterwards raised on the occasion, it was nothing but a feint to rid himself of the odium of this transaction; for those who had "made his authority subservient to his revenge," were never severely punished, as they undoubtedly deserved to be, had they acted independant of his authority. The truth is, the Earl of Breadalbane had vowed to take this bloody revenge on Macdonald, who had plundered his lands during the course of hostilities, and would not indemnify him afterwards for that loss. The soldiers who performed that infamous

service was a company of Argyle's regiment, commanded by Captain Campbell of Glenlyon. "They marched into the valley of Glencoe, under pretence of levying the arrears of the land-tax and hearth-money. When Macdonald demanded whether they came as friends or enemies, Campbell answered, AS FRIENDS; and promised, upon his honour, that neither he (Macdonald) nor his people would sustain the least injury! In consequence of this declaration, Campbell and his men were received with the most cordial hospitality, and lived fifteen days with the men of the valley, in all the appearance of the most unreserved friendship. At length the fatal period approached."

"Macdonald and Campbell," says Smollet, having passed the day together, parted about seven in the evening, with mutual professions of the warmest affection. The younger Macdonald perceiving the guard doubled, began to suspect some treachery, and communicated this suspicion to his brother; but neither he nor the father would harbour the least doubt of Campbell's sincerity; nevertheless the two young men went forth privately to make further observations. They overheard the common soldiers say, they liked not the work; that though they could have willingly fought the Macdonalds of the glen fairly in the field, they held it base to murder them in cold blood, but that their officers were answerable for their treachery. When the youths hasted back to apprise their father of the impending danger, they saw the

house already surrounded! They heard the discharge of the muskets, the shrieks of the women and children, and, being destitute of arms, saved their own lives by flight. The savage ministers of vengeance had entered the old man's chamber, and shot him through the head. He fell dead into the arms of his wife, who died distracted next day by the horror of her husband's fate. The design was to butcher all the males under seventy who lived in the valley, the number of whom amounted to two hundred; but some of the detachments did not arrive soon enough to secure the passes, so that eight and thirty persons only suffered; the greater part of whom were surprised in their beds, and hurried into eternity before they had time to implore the Divine mercy! Campbell, having perpetrated this brutal massacre, ordered all the houses to be burned, made a prey of all the cattle and effects that were found in the valley, and left the helpless women and children naked and forlorn, without covering, food, or shelter, in the midst of the snow that covered the whole face of the country, at the distance of six miles from any inhabited place. Distracted with grief and horror, surrounded by the shades of night, shivering with cold, and appalled with the apprehension of immediate death, from the swords of those who had murdered their friends and kinsmen, they could not endure such a complication of calamities, but generally perished in the waste before they could receive the least comfort or assistance."

When we meet in history with the records of such horrible deeds, we cannot fail to be astonished that wretches, or rather monsters in human shape, should be found, who would consent to be the passive instruments in their perpetration.

SEVERE WINTER OF 1740:

During the greatest part of this winter, the poor had been grievously afflicted in consequence of a severe frost, which began at Christmas, and continued till the latter end of February. The river Thames was covered with such a crust of ice, that a multitude of people dwelt upon it in tents, and a great number of booths were erected for the entertainment of the populace. The navigation was entirely stopped; the watermen and fishermen were disabled from earning a livelihood; the fruits of the earth were destroyed by the cold, which was so extreme, that many persons were chilled to death; and this calamity was the more deeply felt, as the poor could not afford to supply themselves with coals and fuel, which were advanced in price, in proportion to the severity and continuance of the frost. The lower class of labourers, who worked in the open air, were now deprived of all means of subsistence; many kinds of manufacture were laid aside, because it was found impracticable to carry them on. The

price of all sorts of provisions rose almost to dearth : even water was sold in the streets of London.

In this season of distress, many wretched families must have perished by cold and hunger, had not those of opulent fortunes been inspired with a remarkable spirit of compassion and humanity. Nothing can redound more to the honour of the English nation, than did those instances of benevolence and well-conducted charity which were then exhibited.

FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA.

The following description of the melancholy situation of the French army, after the passage of the Beresina, is extracted from a small pamphlet, written by a German officer, in the service of Russia, which has been published at St. Petersburg :—

“A rigorous cold now perfected their misery—no longer capable of supporting the severity of their sufferings, arms and baggage were thrown away. The greater part, without shoes or gaiters, had enwrapt their legs in pieces of blankets, and twisted old hats round their feet. Each endeavoured to secure his head and shoulders from the cold with whatever covering he could find ; some with old sacks and mats, others with the skins of animals recently flayed—happy those who were possessed of scraps of

fur. The officers and soldiers, overtaken with death-like numbness, with arms folded, and countenances fixed, followed each other. The guards fared no better than the rest. Covered with rags, and dying with hunger, and without arms, all resistance was impossible. The cry of "Cossack" put whole columns in consternation;—their line of march was strewn with bodies;—each bivouac resembled next day a field of battle. No sooner had one fallen from fatigue and cold, than he was stripped by his comrades to cover themselves with his clothes. All the houses and barns were set on fire, and every burnt space was covered with the bodies of those, who, having approached, and being unable to retire when the flames reached them, were consumed. The roads were strewn with prisoners unable to proceed. To such horrors succeeded others, if possible, still more dreadful. Pale and disfigured by the smoke, they were seen ranged round the fire like spectres, sitting on the dead bodies of their comrades, until, like them, they fell and expired. The feet of numbers, by being exposed to the cold, were gangrened, and reduced to a state of perfect imbecility;—they with difficulty walked; others had lost their speech. Some, from excess of cold and hunger, were seized with madness, and roasted and eat the flesh of their dead comrades, or gnawed their own hands and arms. In this state of frenzy, many rushed into the flames and perished, uttering the most dreadful cries. In fire, it is impossible for any one, who has not

witnessed this most frightful spectacle, to form any true idea of these united calamities, unexampled in the annals of the world."

POWER OF VIOLENT AND SUDDEN GRIEF.

A remarkable instance of the power of sudden and violent grief, operating on keen sensibility, occurred in Paris, during the horrors of the revolution. It happened on the memorable and bloody 10th of August, 1792, when the unfortunate Louis and his family, attacked by a furious mob in the palace of the Tuilleries, sought for refuge in the convention.

"When the infuriated mob were dragging away a dead body, a lady, with dishevelled hair and a countenance of wild distraction, forced through the crowd. She came to seek an assassinated husband! The body was mangled and disfigured, but it resembled the adored object she sought. She approached it, and gazed on it. She seized the right hand, and found her wedding ring. She instantly sunk on the beloved corpse, clung round it, and became senseless and motionless. Horror-struck, the spectators stared, and at last would tear her from the dismal sight; they separated her from the body, but she had died in the embrace!"