

inhabitants to be in their houses at six o'clock in the evening, that they might be ready to receive domiciliary visits. On receiving this intelligence I did not think it prudent to wait for night to go to the Parvis Notre Dame. But, notwithstanding my speed, I did not get there in time. A feverish shiver ran through me as I perceived a great crowd about the house of Margot; an armed patrol of men, with pikes in their hands, guarded the door, while they awaited the arrival of the commissioner who would pay the domiciliary visit.

"It is sure and certain," said the vintner at the corner, "that there is a young aristocrat above there; they are about to dislodge her. They will cut off her head as they have already done her father's and mother's."

"I tried to enter, but was repulsed by the guards and by the crowd."

"I am a doctor belonging to the House of Humanity; there is a sick person above who expects me."

"Pass on, Citizen doctor," said the chief of the patrol; "but I mean to employ the prescription of your brave *confrère* Guillotine for the benefit of your fair patient."

"I ascended the stairs, and found Mother Margot pale and furious."

"I have been denounced; we are both lost! What is to be will be. You have the greater need to take care of yourself citizen-doctor."

"The young girl ran to me. She was trembling all over, and threw herself into my arms, crying, 'Save me! save me!'"

"The love of life shone out from her supplicating eyes—she was so young!"

"I will save you," I cried without well knowing how I should do it. A sudden inspiration dawned on me. I explained my project to the young girl, who approved of it. Margot clapped her hands and cried out:

"Bravo! Audacity, Audacity! That is the system of citizen Danton."

"I took off my coat. I turned up the sleeve of my shirt, and made an incision in my left arm with my lancet. I collected the blood with my right hand and daubed the face, hands and hair of the poor young girl. She could not help smiling in the midst of her fears and said to me (she was but a child): 'Will you believe it reminds me of one day during the vintage when my brother thus sprinkled me with grapes as red as your blood?'"

"Margot placed her on the mattress. I threw over her a sheet, which I took care to inundate with blood. I bound up my arm and took one end of the mattress, whilst Margot held the other. We descended the stairs thus carrying our precious burden."

"At sight of us the crowd grew greater. Fortunately the commissioner had not yet arrived."

"Make room citizens," cried I authoritatively; "make way for a doctor, who is taking to the House of Humanity a foolish creature who tried to commit suicide. Make room; respect the unfortunate and the dying."

"Pass, then," said the chief of the band: "but the woman who bears the litter along with you is suspected. I arrest her!"

"Margot fought, and swore she had no other gods than Marat and Robespierre. I made vain efforts to save her; but as I did not succeed, I tried to pursue my route. I was not able to carry the mattress by myself. It had slid from my hands on the ground."

"Citizens, will one of you aid me to carry this dying person to the hospital? I call upon you to do so in the name of Humanity. (We were obliged to be careful to take nothing in the name of God.)"

"At these words one of the men willingly lent his aid to carry my pretended patient to the Hotel Dieu. There I had the good fortune to meet Surgeon Dessault, in whom I had confidence. I took him aside and told my secret. He ordered the child to be deposited in the woman's ward, bed No. 7."

CHAPTER II.

"When I raised the covering, I saw she had fainted. I was not surprised at it, after such agitation. I thought it was of no importance, and that in the end she would be saved—saved by me, saved by my cleverness and—audacity! A hospital bed was better than the guillotine."

"She soon recovered—but seeing the blood, and forgetting the reason, she began to wander. I wiped I sponge her head and hands. she saw nothing but blood."

"Blood, blood! cried she. 'It is my father's and my mother's! No, it is my own; I am already on the scaffold.'"

"A violent fever soon set in. I watched her throughout the night, quite in despair that my stratagem had succeeded so badly. The next day I thought it proper to bleed her, in doing so, I imagined I was her butcher; my head wandered as well as hers. Reason returned to her in the evening; she was quite collected, recognised me, and thanked me in the most touching manner. I passed the night at her pillow, and the time was spent almost in happiness and comfort compared to the few preceding days and nights. She still wandered from time to time; but it was so gentle and touching that I hardly wished it to cease. She told me the history of her childhood, her studies with her mother, her first Communion, made with all the young girls of the village. What happy stories of the country were told in that hospital in the Reign of Terror."

"She sang her favourite song, 'The Complaint of Louis XVI.' I was obliged to put my hand over her mouth, lest she might be heard; for Hotel Dieu was not an inviolable asylum, and I had seen sick persons declared to be suspected, and dragged from the hospital bed to be brought to the scaffold."

"The day passed over pretty well; but towards evening I saw her grow suddenly deathly pale and cold as marble."

"She was calm and perfectly sane then, and her large eyes seemed to grow larger; she made signs to me to approach her, and putting her pallid lips close to my ear, she said in a whisper:

"Speak it, ma demoiselle; speak quickly."

"I wish to have a priest. Oh doctor, you told me your aunt (to whom you were about to bring me) permitted the poor priests to conceal themselves in her house. Will you bring one here? He could come disguised. I implore you to do this for me, for God's sake!"

"I will go," I replied, "and will soon return with him."

"I placed her in the hands of an infirmarian. Oh, how I regretted the absence of the devoted Sister of Charity, and the death of poor Margot, who had been guillotined the evening before."

"I hastened to the residence of my aunt, who lived at the other end of Paris. She had just received a domiciliary visit. Two priests were discovered concealed behind the chimney, and had been taken, together with my aunt and her servant, to the Conciergerie, that ordinary vestibule to the scaffold."

"I returned in consternation to the Hotel Dieu, and hastened to bed No. 7. What was my horror? Instead of the beautiful countenance of my young patient, I found a hideous being, who swore and blasphemed while twisting in agony."

"I seized the nurse by the arm."

"Where is she? Where is she?"

"Patience, Citizen-doctor. The doctor-in-chief made his rounds. He made us remove her, and gave her place to this other, who—"

"Where is she, wretch? What have they done with her?"

"They have thrown her into the tumbail which has just passed. She is now in the common fosse."

"I quitted the Hotel Dieu, and my despair was so great I felt inclined to denounce myself and get away from life, which had become so frightful in these times. I cried aloud with all my might, 'Long live the king!' while crossing the Parvis Notre Dame; fortunately, this cry was not heard by any revolutionary ear. Paris was mournful and silent. The certainty of dying by the guillotine was present to the minds of every one. All the members of Parliament, all the receivers general of finance, all the nobility of France, all the magistracy and clergy—were torn from their altars, their castles, and their retreats, heaped together in one of the eighteen prisons of Paris, dragged by turns from their dungeons, transferred in certain numbers to the Tribunal, and led from thence to the scaffold. They did not give themselves the trouble of inventing a crime; their names sufficed, their riches denounced them, their rank delivered them up. Neither old age, nor sex, nor infancy, nor infirmities, which rendered all criminality materially impossible, could escape from accusation or condemnation. Death! always death!"

"I wandered the rest of the long night on the quays of the Seine. At break of day I went to the Conciergerie to seek for some intelligence of my poor old aunt. One of the porters told me to come at mid-day, assuring me I should find no difficulty in seeing her at that time. Oh, yes, I did see her ascend the fatal red car at 12 o'clock, in company with the servant and the two priests she had concealed in her house. I quietly followed the car to the guillotine at the Barriere du Trone. Happier than many others in a like sad situation, she went to death between two confessors of Jesus Christ, who administered to her the consolations of religion. She never lifted her eyes during the last journey; the continual movement of her lips indicated her incessant prayer. But the old woman, her servant Babet, recognised me in the crowd and made signs with her head; she seemed proud to be judged worthy to die with her mistress, whom she venerated as a martyr. Babet was the last to mount the scaffold: at that moment she turned to the side on which I stood and cried out:

"This is Sunday, we go to Mass in heaven."

"On the next day I took up my attendance at the Hotel Dieu. What better employment for the remnant of a ruined life than to consecrate it to the care of the poor?"

"I have told you my history, my young friend: the rest is not worth relating. My entire life may be summed up in my career of Doctor, which I have ever conceived to be a painful and austere calling. Every morning for half a century I have gone to the Hotel Dieu, which is no longer, thank God, the House of Humanity, but this hospital always recalls to my mind the death of one of the most innocent victims of the Revolution. It is my daily punishment; I offer it to God in expiation of my sins, and when I have a patient in bed No. 7, I confess I devote myself more anxiously to their care than to any other in remembrance of her whom I was unable to save."

"My old doctor rose up and went off suddenly, without saying good-bye; but I perceived two large tears, which he was unable to conceal from me, trickle down his furrowed cheek. I knew from thenceforward why it was he would neither speak of the "Reign of Terror" nor hear others speak of it. He died soon after this recital, at the commencement of the Revolution of 1818."

"I shall not survive it," said he to me, at the proclamation of the second French Republic; "to have seen the first is more than enough."

"He was not mistaken, and his end was truly Christian. He profited by the answer of an old lady of rank, whose medical attendant he had been, and who, like himself, had seen '93. He asked her some days after the Revolution of February if she did not fear the re-appearance of the guillotine."

"Alas!" she replied, "that question is of little moment; must we not all die? The kind of death is immaterial. The great affair is to be ready to appear before God."—Exchange.

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