

like distance from Coalisland, for the purpose of conveying goods across Lough Neagh and the River Lagan to the North of the land.

The magnificent new convent of the Sacred Heart, Cookstown, was formally opened last week, when the Sisters of Mercy, who had been temporarily residing in Lay House, entered into possession of their new home. Most Rev. Doctor Logue, Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of All Ireland, accompanied by Rev. C. McOscar, Adm., Armagh, and Rev. John Quinn, Armagh, were present during the impressive ceremonies. The people of the town have generously given £2,200 towards the building fund.

# MY DOCTOR'S STORY.

## CHAPTER I.

SOME years ago my father used to tell me the following story about an old friend of our family, whom he had known for half a century.

He was a physician, who had passed the worst time of the Revolution in Paris, and had preserved such a horror of those days, that, at the distance of fifty years, he could neither speak of it himself nor hear others speak of it. He never could summon sufficient courage to open a single book on the history of the French Revolution, no matter from what point of view it might be written. The moment this epoch was the subject of conversation he disappeared. We at last respected his repugnance, and never introduced the subject into our conversations.

One morning when he had called to pay me a visit on his leaving the Hotel Dieu, I asked him if he was depressed at the sad spectacle that the hospital offered each day.

"Certain," said he, "but the horrors of the Revolution are personal recollections which are most painful to me, and although I have gone there every morning for the last fifty years, I have never quitted it without a load on my heart."

My old doctor had scarcely uttered these words than he repented; but seeing my curiosity excited, he thought he should have little peace till he had revealed to me the sad convent he had buried in the recesses of his heart. He therefore began to relate it to me in these words:

"I am the son of a country physician from the neighbourhood of Arras. I possessed the friendship of the signor of our village, who had the kindness to send me to Paris at his own expense, for the purpose of studying medicine. This excellent man was a countryman of Robespierre's. He had the misfortune to make his acquaintance, and to retain him as counsel in a law suit in which he was engaged at Paris in the year 1788. Robespierre was not content with letting him lose his suit, he made him lose his head also, and sent him to the scaffold in 1794, with his wife and two children."

"The murder of my benefactor was my first personal grief as far as the Revolution was concerned; the others I am about to relate."

"I had already become the favourite pupil of the celebrated surgeon Dessaul, and had been attending him at the Hotel Dieu. I concentrated all my thoughts on the duties of my profession, and endeavoured to bear up amid the horrible scenes of which, during this terrible period, 'The Reign of Terror' had penetrated even the Hotel Dieu. This hospital, founded by St. Landry in the sixth century, and extended, by St. Louis, no longer bore the beautiful name of Maison de Dieu (House of God) which our fathers had given it—it was called in the Reign of Terror the 'House of Humanity.' Thus was the system of the Revolution recognised, which consisted in substituting man for God in everything. After having robbed the clergy of all their goods, robbed the nobility and the University, the Republic seized on the patrimony of the poor. A decree ordered the hospitals of all the wealth which had been bequeathed to them for many ages. For the purpose of ejecting from the House of Humanity every vestige of charity and holiness, the young daughters of St. Augustine, who attended the hospital, were driven away, because they committed the crime of wearing a religious habit, and nursed the sick in the name of God and not in the name of Humanity."

"They were torn from the beds of the sick, who in vain called them back again; they were publicly whipped on the Place du Parvis by the hands of the furies of the guillotine, who were called openly the 'Insulters,' and were hired for the purpose of acting as public tormentors. Many of these innocent creatures did not survive this cruelty; one of them, Sister St. Anastasia, who endeavoured to get away, was seized at the Pont aux Doubles and thrown into the Seine. It was not very likely that the exchange of the *tricotennes* for the good Sisters would be beneficial. As for the doctors of the hospital, we knew the difference, and every day we regretted the Daughters of St. Augustine more and more. The Abbess was Madame de Montmorency. These excellent women, both old and young, grouped around their Abbess, were carried to death, chanting the hymn of their own martyrdom. On the same day, the Abbe de Fenelon was marched to execution with an escort of his good deeds. He was eighty-nine years of age. They were obliged to help him to mount the steps of the guillotine. When standing upon the scaffold he begged the executioner to 'blind' his hands, that he might make one last gesture of blessing towards the poor furs and the little children who followed him on the way to his Calvary. The executioner obeyed. The Abbe de Fenelon stretched out his hands, the crowd fell on their knees and bowed their bared heads under the benediction of the dying man. Tears flowed, sobs broke forth; the punishment was indeed a holy sacrifice."

"Among the miserable infirmarians who succeeded our poor Sisters was one called 'Mother Margot,' who inspired me with less repugnance than the others. I found that, notwithstanding her revolutionary aberrations, she possessed a heart. She undertook the functions of laundress as well as those of nurse, and she washed my linen quite as badly as she nursed my patients, which was not saying much for her."

"One morning Mother Margot called me aside, and with the familiarity usual at that time, said to me: Citizen doctor, you know, or you do not know, that my heart is too soft; it is the heart which is

always the ruin of me. Would you believe that I, a brave Republican, who shed tears of blood over the corpse of the divine Marat, have the weakness to give an asylum in my house to a little aristocrat? She is the child of a great lady of the Faubourg St. Germain. A laundress in the family; her father and mother have, as they say, *eternue done* in my father's pocket, which I have brought to the guillotine. They were denounced by their porter, a brave man of my acquaintance. They were degraded. Were they not Marquis and Marchioness? But the little one, who is so young, so innocent—when the 'wretched' women brought her to my house, the child was bathed in tears and I had not the heart to refuse. A month has passed away since then, and I still have her in spite of myself. I was obliged to dress her black, which cost me a deal, but she begged it so imploringly, I did as she desired. Such children are brought up to have all their wishes gratified, and are accustomed to every delicacy. I have taken to her, in secret, choice morsels and the first fruits of the season, but all this is known now; it is spread throughout the neighbourhood. Then this law of the suspected, they are about to intrude—I will not have my devotion to the cause denied."

"Well, citizen," said I to her, "you have done a good act, and I hope no harm may come to you. I will take the charge of finding another asylum for your little aristocrat."

"Margot took me to her home—it was near the Hotel Dieu, in the square of Notre Dame, which was then called the Temple of Reason."

"I climbed up the six flight of stairs, at the top of which the washerwoman lived, and entered her garret. There I found a beautiful, about 16, in a black dress, fastened up to her throat, and which was much too large for her slight form; but this curious fabrication of Margot's could not conceal her graceful and distinguished figure."

"At the moment I entered the room, another child was seated on the side of a pallet; her beautiful golden hair covered her shoulders; she was engaged in peeling one of the large peaches which the laundress had purchased for her, and was about to eat it. Her blue eyes bore traces of recent tears; while her lips, which were red as rosebuds, were opened with a smile as she ate the velvety fruit, which she held in her hand—a charming little girl, a French noblewoman, in other manner was so simple and childlike at the same time so tranquil and sad, that I was deeply touched and stood motionless on the threshold."

"At the sight of me she was much alarmed, let the peach fall at her feet, and cried out, clasping her hands, 'What an aristocrat!'"

"Are they come to take me already?"

"No, no," replied Margot, "fear nothing, my pretty one; this is a citizen-doctor, I belong to the House of Humanity, who will do you no harm—quite the contrary. I must not keep you longer, my girl, it is too dangerous for both of us and me. The citizen-doctor is about to find a good home for you, there you will be as safe as a mouse to its hole. But only think, citizen doctor, what a naughty child she is! This little one made her first acquaintance with a handsome knot of ribbon, and she has been so fond of it, you believe that this young aristocrat will never wear the Republican cap again? No, no, she will never tread under her feet!"

"The young girl blushed at this remark, while her charming face expressed indignation and then fear. I interrupted the woman's remarks, and respectfully addressed her. I explained to her that I was able to offer her an asylum at my aunt's house—a respectable old lady, who devoted herself to the work of concealing priests and other proscribed people."

"Monsieur," said she hesitatingly—"Call him citizen-doctor," cried Margot. "Would the word burn your mouth?" I said, "I would not have said so. Allow the young lady to speak as she likes in the habit of doing, said I, sharply to the woman. Margot now no longer looked at me. "She grumbled and said that I also was an aristocrat—indeed my tongue."

"Monsieur," replied the young girl, "my father and mother are both dead—on the scaffold."

"She was overcome by her tears and the agony of her sad recollections. When I saw that she recovered from her painful emotions, she accepted the asylum which I offered; and I hastened that very evening to give my aunt notice who was coming. She was delighted to be able to give the poor child shelter in those days of terror, and also from the enthusiastic picture I had drawn of the poor young creature and her family. On the next day I went to the Place du Parvis Notre Dame, and found Margot at the door-step. She showed me up the stairs, and at the moment of our entrance the child was singing a touching song, well known in the days of Louis XVI."

"Ah, you little witch," said Margot; so you dare sing the complaint of the tyrant Capet! You want to have us all murdered."

"I started at this remark, but I would not come for the young girl at nightfall, in order that her departure might not be noticed by the neighbours."

My old doctor paused at this point of his story, as if he had not courage to proceed. He looked down at his silver shoe, broke it, struck the pavement with his walking-stick drew out his watch, and wanted to go, under pretence of paying a visit to a patient.

"Doctor," I said, "you must not escape now; you never have yet been able to tell me this history; but having once begun you must finish it. Thanks. Take your seat again. Did you know the name of this beautiful young girl?"

"Did I know it! It is ever on my lips and in my heart; but I will never pronounce it."

"I can understand that, Doctor; but continue your story, I beg of you."

"The next day I felt as if I were treading on coals of fire. This law of the suspected had redoubled the terror in Paris. The barriers were closed, the shops shut up. At four o'clock an order warned the