

directed by the sign of a "great golden key," hanging outside the locksmith's shop, belonging to Mr. John Hamilton, on Morgan St., and he went in and made him understand what he had for sale. I do not know what he asked for the old relics, but Mr. Hamilton bought them and placed them on exhibition in his shop, at the theatre, in newspaper offices, and various places during the last twenty-five years. After fruitless endeavors to communicate with the "Keeper of the Keys," I went to St. Louis in September, 1886, for the express purpose of tracing up these antiquities, and after a great deal of trouble I found them. The owner would not part with the curiosities at first, as he had kept them so long, and had refused many offers for them, but eventually I arranged to purchase the keys and brought them home with me to Canada. Here they are, five in number, the largest looking old enough to have been used by Hugues Aubriot, the Prevost of Paris, who built the Bastille in 1369. It is nearly twelve inches long and very heavy. The smallest is of fine workman-ship; it is made of steel and the socket is shaped like the clover-leaf or *fleur-de-lis*. This key is supposed to have belonged to the treasure-room—for Henry IV. of France kept his valuables in the Bastille. One of the keys has a heavy beveled head and is six inches in length; and the other two are about ten inches long and seem to have been at one time plated with brass—traces of which are still to be seen.

The Keys of the Bastille? What strange traditions cluster round these old pieces of iron; and what weird thoughts are conjured up by the very sight of them! They seem to speak to us; each telling the same sad story of the glories and the horrors of the past. "Vanished is the Bastille," says Carlyle in his *French Revolution*. "What we call vanished: the body or sandstones of it hanging in benign metamorphosis for centuries to come, over the Seine waters as *Pont Louis Seize*, the soul of it living perhaps still longer in the memories of men."