

On the 1st September, 1606, he lost his head on a scaffold erected before his own house in the Bourg du Four.

The Merciers had at least one son—probably he was the eldest, for he bore his father's name—who lived into middle life, and proved himself their worthy descendant. For precisely fifty years after the date of these events a poor woman of the name of Michée Chauderon was put to death in Geneva, on a charge of sorcery; and among those—and they were not few—who strove most manfully and most obstinately to save her, we find the name of a physician of great note in the Canton at that time—one Claude Mercier. He did not prevail, though he struggled bravely; the long night of superstition, though nearing its close, still reigned; that woman suffered. But he carried it so far and so boldly that from that day to this—and the city may be proud of the fact—no person has suffered death in Geneva on that dreadful charge.

THE END.