

How terrible must have been the feelings of the accused courtier—called perhaps from some state banquet, or from the midst of his dear ones—"by order of the King," on alighting from the carriage or chair, to find himself before the awful portals of the dread Bastille ! O, the unspeakable despair ; the crushing knowledge of all hope bereft !

Sometimes the Sovereign would pay an official visit to the Bastille, and go through the farce of inspecting that which really would not bear inspection. We can imagine Mary Queen of Scots—"our" Mary—attending one of these State visits, on the arm of her young husband, that precious gallant—Francis II.

"Ho, there ! way for their majesties !" Ah, fair majesty, if these old keys could have but whispered in thine ear the word "Fotheringay" perchance thy prophetic soul might have taken the warning from its source alone.

On the 14th July, 1789, a Parisian mob, numbering about one hundred thousand and aided by the soldiers of the guard, stormed the Bastille. For four hours the conflict raged, till at length the garrison, exhausted, surrendered. Then followed a scene of butchery, many of the defenders being put to the sword or hanged ; among whom were the Governor and Lieutenant.

The historian tells us that :—"De Launay, discovered in grey frock with poppy-coloured riband, is for killing himself with the sword of his cane. He shall to the Hotel-de-ville, \* \* \* through roarings and cursings, hustlings, clutchings, and at last through strokes ! Your escort is hustled aside, felled down.—Miserable De Launay ! He shall never enter the Hotel-de-ville : only his bloody 'hair-queue'. The bleeding trunk lies on the steps there ; the head is off through the streets ; ghastly, aloft on a pike. Rigorous De Launay has died ; crying out, 'O, friends, kill me fast !' Merciful De Losme must die. \* \* \* One other officer is massacred ;