

CALVERT OF STRATHORE

l'Auxerrois—that fatal bell which had rung in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew two hundred and twenty years before—and almost immediately after there came the sounds of musketry and cannonading from the direction of the palace of the Tuileries. The attack had already begun, and Calvert thought with a thrill of horror of the fate that awaited Beaufort and those other loyal servants of their Majesties within the palace.

The fearful drama of that day is too well known to need repeating. On that day Louis XVI of France passed from history and the revolution was consummated. By the time Calvert had reached the Quai opposite the Louvre the battle was begun, the mob was forcing its way past the scattered National Guard, whose commander lay murdered on the steps of the Hôtel de Ville, past the stanch, true Swiss Guard, who, left without orders, stood, martyrs at their posts, *ne sacramenti fidem fallerent*, through the Carrousel up to the very palace itself. There, surrounded by seven hundred loyal gentlemen, whom he was to abandon as he had abandoned all his friends and servants, the King awaited his doom in apathetic resignation. It was impossible to reach his Majesty or to do aught for him, and Calvert could only look on from afar. There was no place in that fearful scene for an American. The French at last knew their power, had at last got the bit between their teeth, and no outside interference could stay that fearful pace. The mob surged about Calvert, increased every instant by fresh additions from the low-