

'Your age?'

'Seventeen ; the age of Charlotte Corday.'

'How !—at seventeen, fight against your country !'

'I fought to save it.'

'Citizenship—we your judges, admire your courage. What would you do with your life if we gave it you?'

'Use it to kill you !'

She ascended the scaffold, alarmed at the crowd of people—fearless of death. She refused the executioner's help—cried twice, 'God save the King !'—and lay down to die."

Such was the Revolution which immediately followed the fall of the Bastille.

La Fayette secured the key of the main entrance—Porte St. Antoine—and sent it to General Washington, and it is now to be seen at Mount Vernon.—(See Note.)

As the Bastille was an immense building, with innumerable cells, corridors and dungeons, there must have been a great number of keys in use ; and very likely there are many in existence at the present time though scattered and perhaps unknown.

The authorities at Paris have already collected together twenty-seven of the keys of the Bastille, deposited in the "Archives Nationales."

Valuable as they are now—as curiosities—they were priceless a hundred years ago and more. A king's ransom could not buy them ; for had they not the keeping of many a royal minister whose knowledge of kingly doings was far too complete to be allowed to go unchecked.

If certain inanimate objects could be endowed with power of speech what wondrous tales we should hear,—beside which the magnificent fiction of the "Arabian Nights" would fade into insignificance. And yet, if so, what could be found that could narrate a life story more thrilling than the Keys of the Old Bastille of Paris.