

proaches this spot, and the headless body of the daughter of the Cæsars is thrown into a pit beneath the same willow where, nine months before, her husband had been tossed to his rest.

The crowd retires like an angry wave, and I resume my reverie, to be awakened by a far different scene.

With royal pomp, I behold Louis XVIII. and his suite approach this spot, and bear away to the Cathedral of St. Denis the bones of Louis Capet and his wife, and, by his command, the present edifice rise above the spot where they had reposed twenty-one years.

With tearful eyes and a fevered pulse, I rise, pass through a vestibule, and up an ivy-bordered walk into the little circular chapel, fragrant with incense and roses. Before me is the altar; on my right the kneeling statue of Louis XVI., supported by an angel; on my left, the group of Marie Antoinette and her sister-in-law.

Before this I seat myself. Madame Elizabeth is standing with a tall cross in her right hand supporting the kneeling queen with her left, whose beautiful face is turned upward to the cross with an expression of sorrow that melts the heart of the beholder. I look and look, and am never weary of it!

This statue is a remarkable work in conception, pose, and handling—a terrible tragedy told in marble with such consummate skill that, as I contemplate it, the whole theme is enacted before me, and I feel how wonderful is the art that vivifies stone, and makes it breathe, and speak, and act with the truthfulness of a great tragedian. The artist has selected the supreme moment when the queen is penning her last letter to her sister—that immortal "Record of the Heart," which will live as long as there is a soul to take upon itself another's woe.

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 "I confide to you, my sister, my last thoughts. I would like to tell you all from the commencement of my trial; but it was so rapid that I had neither the time nor the strength to write. I die in the Catholic religion, the faith of my fathers—that in which I was born and brought up, and which I have always professed.

"Having no spiritual consolation to await, knowing not if there still exist a Catholic priest, I ask God to pardon all the faults I have committed during my existence, and to deign in his mercy to save my soul. I beg the pardon of all whom I know, and of you, my sister, particularly, for all the pain I may have unconsciously caused. And I forgive my enemies the great wrongs they have done me:

"I bid adieu to my aunts, my brothers and sisters, and dearer ones still. The idea of leaving them for ever, and the pain they will feel, is the greatest regret that I can carry with me to the grave. Tell them that they were in my thoughts at the last moment. Adieu! Adieu! my good and tender sister, for ever.

"MARIE ANTOINETTE.

"Four A.M., 16th October, 1793."

THE PERSECUTION IN SWITZERLAND.

M. PISSOT is a French citizen, and he has been more than ten years in Switzerland. For some time he was Vicar of the Church of Notre Dame at Geneva, whence he removed to Hermance, where he officiated as temporary Curé. For the last seven years he has been Curé of Meinier, and during the whole of that time he has enjoyed the esteem and affection of the parish, as has been abundantly proved by the striking marks of sympathy and affection which he received on the Sunday preceding his arrest, and on Tuesday when the decree against him was carried into effect. After he had protested with firmness and moderation against the illegal seizure of the Church at Meinier, the Council of State immediately pronounced against him the sentence of expulsion from the territory, thus making the *French citizen* expiate the accomplishment of duty by the *priest*. As has been already mentioned, M. Pissot, on being made acquainted with this decree, at once applied to the French Ambassador for protection, and whilst awaiting his answer remained quietly at the presbytery. He was not, however, altogether without apprehension on finding that the presbytery was guarded by detectives, and he consequently passed his nights and days in a state of terrible anxiety, which the watching and admirable conduct of his parishioners, who, in their turn, watched and guarded him day and night, hardly succeeded in ameliorating. On Tuesday two of the priests attached to the Church of St. Joseph at Geneva, paid him a visit. They were just on the point of sitting down at twelve o'clock to partake of a modest repast, when the rolling of carriages and the click of bayonets was heard. It was the fatal hour. A troop of gendarmes, fully armed, a troop of officials of the secret police had arrived, accompanied by a couple of locksmiths and M. Duvillard, the Commissary of Police, who asked for M. Pissot. Opening a window, the Curé enquired what he wanted with him. "I am come to execute the decrees of the Council of State." The Curé, "Who are you?" What is your name? Where is your warrant?" M. Duvillard then gave his name and read the decree of expulsion, after which he added, "Will you come out?" The Curé, "No, I will not, and I refuse to permit you to enter my house." After having summoned M. Pissot three times, the commissary ordered the locksmiths to commence operations. The crowd which had gradually gathered, cried out, "Look at the false keys. Down with the pickers of locks!" The Curé, seeing they were about to force open his door, said, "Well, I only yield to force, and I desire the whole of my parish to listen to my protestation." Then in a firm, calm tone he read a protest, in which was contained the noblest expressions of the duty of a priest under persecution. Whilst delivering it he was frequently interrupted by exclamations of "Long live M. le Curé. Long live the Church; long live Mgr. Mermillod." The locksmiths having found it impossible to pick the locks, had by this time forced open the door. M. Duvillard then entered the Curé's room, whilst the gendarmes, with crossed bayonets, prevented the parishioners from following into the presbytery. The Curé was seated in his chair, and again declared that he would only yield to force. M. Duvillard hearing this, said,

"At least, yield to my prayers and entreaties. I am performing a painful duty, as you know." The Curé, "If even my bishop were to demand from me what was unjust, I would not yield. Injustice has no claim upon duty." Then addressing himself to M. ROLLARD, Brigadier of Police, who belongs to Meinier, he said, "I am grieved to see you here, M. ROLLARD. Is it thus you show your gratitude for all I have done for you and your family?" M. Duvillard now made a sign to two of the police, who laid hold of the Curé, dragged him brutally out of doors, and pushed him into the carriage which immediately set off at a gallop. M. Dusseclier, a young man who belongs to Meinier, with one of the Vicars of St. Joseph, jumped hastily on to the back of the carriage, in order not to leave the Curé to the tender mercies of the police; but M. ROLLARD, who had taken his seat on the box, struck him several times with his stick; they would not, however, give way, and at last, on the reiterated request of the Curé, the Vicar was permitted to take a seat in the carriage. M. Duvillard had received orders to take M. Pissot to the frontier, but instead of that, rendered furious by the resistance he had met with, he conducted him to the Town Hall as a criminal. Here the Curé was thrown into one of the common cells, and although it was then only two o'clock in the afternoon, and it would have been easy to examine him at once, the head of the police determined to make him pass twenty-four hours in a cell open to the wind during the whole of a cold and rainy night. One of the subalterns, touched with pity at the wretched state he was in, handed him a handkerchief to cover his head; he was shivering with cold, and in the morning he began to spit blood. Some charitable person, the evening before, had brought him some nourishment of which he stood in great need, as he had not dined. But no sooner did M. Duvillard discover what they were going to do, than he exclaimed, in an angry tone, "Nothing but bread and water until fresh orders." It was not until three o'clock the following day, that the Curé was taken out of his cell to be conducted by a body of gendarmes to the prison of St. Antoine!

Sad as is the fate of M. Pissot, we know that it makes him happy to suffer for the sake of Jesus Christ, and he is ready to shed his blood in defence of his faith.—Liverpool 'Catholic Times.'

THE DIAMOND DRILL.

ONE of the most remarkable mechanical processes, recently introduced, is the diamond drill for boring—in principle quite distinct from any other system of boring rock, and works by rotation without striking a blow. Its action, in fact, is rather that of abrading than cutting, and its effect is produced by the sheer difference in hardness between the diamond and the rock it is operating upon, whatever sort the latter may be. So great, in fact, is the difference, that there is really no comparison between the hardness of the diamond and that of ordinary rock; and if a diamond were to be kept rotating against a sandstone it would cut a hole say a mile deep, before becoming seriously worn. The diamonds employed for this purpose are not, however, valuable gems, but carbonate, a substance that till lately had no commercial value, and was first introduced for the purpose of cutting other diamonds. It comes from Brazil in considerable quantities, and its appearance is much like that of a piece of coal, or dull jet, and, though just the reverse in this respect to the diamond gem, the two are chemically identical in composition. One is presumed to be perfectly, and the other imperfectly crystallized—it being this very imperfect crystallization, probably, that gives to carbonate its peculiar value for this purpose. The operation, in this system of rock drilling, is quite simple. The stones are set in a ring made of steel; they are fastened in by making holes as nearly as possible the size of the stones to be set, and then burying them, leaving projecting only the amount necessary to allow the water and debris of the cutting to pass; the metal is then drawn around the stone, so as to close it on every side, and give as large a bearing surface as possible to resist the tendency to be forced out.

CRIME IN ITALY UNDER EMANUEL'S RULE.

MURDERS are sadly on the increase in Italy: the number of these crimes against life may be said to increase every day; and this is doubtless owing chiefly to the want of religious instruction and of the discipline which alone can moderate the fierce passions of this naturally-excitabile race. When a deed of violence happened in the former times it used to be said that evil government was the cause of everything bad. Even English Protestant papers must allow that now everything is worse, so that the new-fashioned Government is more culpable (we say less effective) than the old. They comment on a fearful tragedy perpetrated lately in Florence, in which a man killed his young wife, who would shortly become a mother, and an infant she held in her arms. It was all done in a fit of jealous passion to which he could not have given way if he had been in the habit of frequenting his religious duties. He hid himself in a well to escape the indignation of his neighbors, who would have torn him in pieces if they could have laid hold of him then; for when he yielded himself to the police for protection, the officers of justice had to be reinforced and used the flat of their swords to drive away the mob from their prisoner. By the time the wretch is brought to his trial these same men will have cooled down, and could a jury of them sit upon him, would find some excuse for him, so that the probability is that, like almost all other murderers under the new state of things, he will get off with a short imprisonment. In Rome itself things are even worse than in other parts of Italy, and everywhere they are bad enough. So frequently are violent robberies, assassinations, murders, and murderous assaults chronicled, that the printers of the daily papers might keep a paragraph of type ready set up, and merely change the names as occasions and circumstances required.—'N. Y. Tablet.'