

one other Invalide is hanged on the lamp-iron. Provost Flesselles, stricken long since with the paleness of death, must descend from his scat, 'to be judged at the Palais Royal':—alas to be shot dead, by an unknown hand at the turning of the first street. * * * Along the streets of Paris circulate seven Bastille prisoners, borne shoulder high; seven heads on pikes; the Keys of the Bastille and much else * * * O evening sun of July, how, at this hour, thy beams fall slant on reapers amid peaceful woody fields; on old women spinning in cottages; on ships far out on the silent main; on balls at the Orangerie of Versailles, where high-rouged Dames of the Palace are even now dancing with double-jacketed Hussar-officers;—and also on this roaring hell-porch of a Hotel-de-ville !'

That gallant regiment, the Swiss Guard, bore the brunt of the Revolution, and was finally completely annihilated in 1792. These noble soldiers defended the King and the royal family in the Palace of the Tuilleries, against hordes of the maddened furies of Paris.—"of the basest and most degrading wretches a great capital hides from the eyes of the better inhabitants, but nourishes in the darkness till some great convulsion exposes the hideous brood to the light of day." History records no more striking example of loyalty, valor and self-sacrifice! In the town of Lucerne, in Switzerland, the most interesting attraction is the "Lion Monument;" an immense sculpture carved out of the solid rock, 28 feet long and 18 feet high. It represents a dying lion—pierced by a spear—protecting the shield of the Bourbons; and commemorates the heroism of the illustrious Swiss Guard.

"A thousand glorious Actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels and immortal Fame."

Nothing remains of the Bastille, the great towers and bastions have all disappeared; the "ashlar stones" being built into bridges, or broken up into paving stones. In the centre of the *Place de la Bastille* stands the *Colonne de Juillet*, a