

himself is our preacher, and will have pity on our souls without thy absolution; but thou, apostate, thou hast ceased to be our pastor; never mind our souls; think rather of our bodies, give us something to eat, for we are dying of hunger.' Siemaszko retired outrageous, and placing himself at the church door, he ordered his people to force us into it. We were immediately attacked by a whole gang;—in this glorious march every one of our sisters were adorned with bloody wounds: my own head was next to broken. By the time we got near the church, our blood was oozing out on every side. Animated by supernatural strength, I cried out: 'Dear sisters, in the name of Jesus Christ, let us offer our heads to the axe!' At the same instant, Wawrzecka rolled a log of wood at the feet of Siemaszko. I myself seized an axe which a workman had just dropped. All my sisters fell down on their knees, and I, placing myself at their head, whilst I bent one knee on the ground, cried out with a loud voice to Siemaszko: 'Thou hast been our pastor, be now our executioner. Like the father of St. Barba, kill thy own children! Take this axe, do take it and cut off our heads! Here they are, let them roll about in thy temple, for our feet shall never enter its threshold . . . Take this axe, take off our heads, I entreat thee take off our heads!'

I do not exactly remember my expressions, but I shall all my life recollect the Divine spirit which animated me when I cried out several different times: 'Cut off our heads; here is the axe, here are our heads.'

Siemaszko gave me a blow which wrenched the axe out of my hands, and the blade falling upon sister Hortolana Jakubowska's leg, cut a deep gash into it. He then slapped my face most shockingly and broke one of my teeth. I picked it up and presenting it to Siemaszko: 'Here, monster! keep this token of the finest action in your life; set this diamond among those which cover your heart of stone; it will shine there more than all the jewels for which you have sold your soul . . .'

At this moment, Siemaszko was seized with a sort of faintness, and cried: 'Indeed, they will make me ill,' and he fell back in the arms of the surrounding Popes, who offered him some drink.

As for ourselves, on returning to our labour, we once more sung the *Te Deum*.

Siemaszko soon consoled himself in a banquet with the Czernice, that lasted the whole night, for during the whole night their hurrahs for the Emperor and Siemaszko resounded together with our own thanksgivings in our prison. Michalewicz avenged himself of Siemaszko, even upon the unfortunate kettle in which we were accustomed to warm the *braha*, or residue of brandy, which

some charitable Jews gave us now and then. He broke it with a kick of his heel, and thus deprived us of the only warm food we could procure until one of our benefactors, the good Jan-kiel, brought us another kettle.

In the meantime, the persecution increased in violence. Since his apostacy, Michalewicz was constantly drunk, and carried out a bottle of brandy in his sleeve, though in other times he never tasted a drop of liquor. One day, as he was leaving us, his foot slipped and he fell headlong into a pool of water, where he was drowned. May God have pity on his soul! (1840.)

When the Czernice learned his death, they threatened us, saying: 'You may deem yourselves very fortunate that this accident should have happened by day, and not by night; for otherwise we should have accused you, and you would have been whipped to death.' From that period we were placed under the orders of the Pope Iwanow, who treated us still worse, and was constantly repeating: 'Remember, I am no Michalewicz!'

SWITZERLAND.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN A PROTESTANT CANTON.—

The state of the canton of Vaud does not improve. Nothing can exceed the intolerance of its government and people. Last Sunday week the prefect sent his officer to three private houses to disperse the private congregations assembled there. No resistance was offered, but, as they left the houses, they were grossly insulted by the crowd in the street. The Sunday following, at Montreux, the sovereign people, the enthusiastic advocates of liberty, brought out the government fire engines, and played upon those who were going to attend church there, and wetted some sixty or seventy persons to the skin, in the month of January, without distinction of age or sex. Mr. Monnard, the officiating clergyman was among the number. In 1838, he was the hero of the canton, having received on that occasion a national mark of respect from the canton of Zurich, for his noble conduct. He had three times been the deputy of the canton at the Diet, and had been twice President of the Great Council; yet he was treated like the rest. The excuse for this outrageous conduct on the part of a fanatical mob, is that these persons wished to worship God in the way they thought most acceptable in his sight, preferring the religious service of Mr Monnard, their former and established clergyman, to that of the new one appointed by Druey, who makes no effort on the part of the government to prevent these disgraceful proceedings.

FRANCE.

The superior of a religious community in connection with the Sacre-Cœur, at Quesnoy (Nord), was killed last week in a lamentable manner. She was