

an instalment. To-morrow morning they will guide us over the mountains to Switzerland, which is but at six leagues distance and where the Prussians can not molest us."

The commandant could find no suitable terms in which to express his appreciation of the services Charles Durand had rendered, only, in his own name and that of the officers and men, he vowed eternal gratitude and affection to their deliverer, asking God to reward their brave chaplain.

As they were starting for the farm-house Father Durand turned pale and staggering had to support himself against a rock. The truth became evident, Charles had not touched a morsel of the food he had brought. The soldiers not having finished their humble ration, each one offered what remained of his piece of bread to the good priest. Father Durand, moved to tears, accepted a few crumbs from each and moistening them with snow partook of them. His strength soon returned and he set out at the head of the column.

It was midnight ere the detachment reached the farm-house, where the soldiers were gladdened by being ushered into a large room where a fire was burning and where each of them was served with a good plateful of hot, nourishing soup. When they had been warmed and fed the farmer and his sons took them to large barns where the tired soldiers soon slept soundly on the fragrant hay.

Meynaudier suffered much from his wound. He had had to lean on de Tralin's arm to reach the farm-house and even with his friend's assistance had had difficulty in dragging him along. On his arrival there Father Durand had attended to the wound. The foot was so swollen that the boot had to be cut off and the commandant was found also to be in a high fever. Nor could he sleep at all that night and the next day his officers tried to persuade him to rest at the farm for a few days, since he was absolutely in need of rest and care, and it was certain that the Prussians would never discover him in so out of the way a place. He almost angrily refused compliance with these suggestions and asked the farmer to give him a horse. This request the farmer willingly complied with, warning him, however, that he could only use the horse part of the way, the last gorge on passing into Switzerland being only practicable on foot.

"I will ride as long as I can, replied Meynaudier, then I will walk what I can, and, if necessary, I will let myself be carried, but I will not abandon my battalion before it is out of danger."

And when Father Durand urged him to change his decision:

"Is it you, my friend, who advise me to leave a duty unperformed? I will follow your example rather than your advice."

At daybreak the farmer had sent his sons and servants to reconnoitre the roads and make sure if they were free of Prussians. About eight o'clock the battalion was preparing to start when one of the sons returned to tell them that Prussians had been seen at Etraches, advancing on the road to Verrieres. The detachment was therefore obliged to take a longer route than the one originally intended; but the soldiers, who had had a good night's sleep, thought little of an extra league or two.

On setting out the farmer took the head of the column with one of his sons and behind them rode the commandant, looking sad enough, for the contraction of his features plainly indicated how much he was suffering. Father Durand staid by the commandant for a time but soon took his usual place at the rear, where there was always some one requiring encouragement and support.

The first part of the road was passed without difficulty, but as they advanced further and further in the mountains the heaps of snow rendered their advance difficult and dangerous.

Towards two o'clock in the afternoon they stopped to rest for an hour, taking shelter in an old barn that was for the use of the cattle when at their summer pasture. The farmer told them that they would have to leave the horse there for they had to pass by paths that no horse could mount.

The ascent is difficult, said the old peasant, but in an hour you will be at the summit and see Switzerland at your feet. You will only have to descend the mountain to find yourselves in safety.

(To be continued.)

## CATHOLICS AND THE TORONTO GLOBE.

The stand taken by the *Globe*, as I understand and interpret it, is fair, manly, and dignified on this point (i. e., the Jesuits' Estates legislation), and such opposition on the part of the *Globe* conveys no impression of religious animosity on the part of the great Reform journal towards the Catholic Church or its people. The *Globe* has been eminently fair, and no more than fair, to Catholics.—*Letter of Mr. Peter Ryan.*

Did the Governor-General assume responsibility for that extraordinary Government paper (His Excellency's reply to the Equal Rights delegates) or could he by any fair reasoning be supposed to have concocted and delivered it of his own will and notion, we should denounce him as unfit for his position, and endeavour to rouse the country to demand his recall.—*The Globe.*

In the light of the *imprimatur* given by Mr. Peter Ryan of Toronto, to the *Globe* newspaper, in recognition of "its generous policy towards the Catholic people for many years," and in the light also of the present course of that journal in regard to the Jesuits' Estates legislation, which is only distinguished from that of other papers by its more unblushingly demagogic nature, it will be of interest if we review for the information of our readers the past course of that journal in relation to Catholic matters in Canada.

In the year 1850, a few years after the conversion to Catholicity of John Henry Newman and other of the best minds within the Church of England at the time, the Sovereign Pontiff, as will be within the recollection of many of the Review's readers, determined upon the re-establishment of the Hierarchy in England. That is to say the country was divided into the old ecclesiastical districts, and Mgr. Wiseman created Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. The promulgation of this decree, "given at Rome," as it read, "under the ring of the fishermen," set the alarm bells ringing in every Protestant steople in England. The most valiant Protestant was alarmed; and the "British Lion" stalked up and down the land. Lord Truro called forth applause that nearly shook down the building when he quoted at the Lord Mayor's dinner the words from the play "Under my feet I'll stamp thy cardinals' hat in spite of Pope or dignities of Church;" and thunders of applause were evoked by Kean, the tragedian, when in the theatre he quoted the words from King John, "No Italian priest shall toll or titho in our dominion." In good season, however, the madness died out, and it was found that Protestant England had sustained no serious damage.

After Englishmen had become heartily ashamed of their exhibition of fear and intolerance, the Pope and the unfortunate Papacy fell into the hands of a wild Protestant Canadian, who was possessed of the idea that the papacy ought to be rooted out of this country, and began a crusade to that purpose in the columns of his newspaper, the *Globe*. This was George Brown. He published the pronouncement of Wiseman, to which he undertook to reply in language as rough and intemperate as it was intolerant and illogical. Let us just say that Cardinals may be right or they may be wrong but it is not in writers of George Brown's stamp that they find confuters. Having chalked up "No Popery," Mr. Brown used every means to lash public feeling into a tumult. The senseless and uncharitable war upon which he entered against a law abiding and inoffensive Christian denomination he continued to wage with a vulgarity and a coarseness which the *Mail*—a more insidious enemy—has never attempted to imitate. The *Mail* pretends to attack, not the Catholic religion, but the Catholic Church as an ecclesiastical system; the *Globe*, under George Brown, attacked it both as a religion and an ecclesiastical system.

He pictured the Roman hierarchy in Canada, just as the *Mail* does to-day, as an odious system that menaced the well-being of our social and political institutions, and the public were urged to resist it as the common enemy. The Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, the friend and biographer of Brown, has endeavoured to whitewash this portion of George Brown's career. Mr. Mackenzie, who is careful to touch upon this part of his subject with as little seriousness as possible, admits that harsh things were said in this discussion by Mr. Brown, but adds that "no article ever appeared (in the *Globe*) which bore the character of intolerance." "Unscrupulous politicians," he says, "of little or no standing as public