

# THE CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

EST IN COELO FIDELI

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

VOL. XXXV.—NO. 12.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1884.

PRICE — FIVE CENTS.

## A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE.

What a Prophetic Vision Reveals.

THE EVENTS OF 1885

Graphically and Eloquenty Described

Dublin United Ireland.

"England against the world! To arms! To arms!" "Britannia rules the waves!" With these and a thousand such yells of brag defiance Ministers were greeted as they carried their way into Westminster Palace on the 2nd of October, 1885. Parliament had been suddenly summoned to meet a crisis of such gravity that the stoutest hearts in England quaked with apprehensions of a fearful crash. The Whigs, representing the party of compromise and peace, had become so unpopular with the British people that they did not expect personal violence in their efforts to enter the House. The excitement in London was appalling. All England was ablaze, the Continent was in a flame, the whole world felt the accumulating intensity of a conflagration which was travelling with the speed of a prairie fire from the Thames to the Ganges. With a few exceptions, the London Press poured out frantic war appeals to the passions of the multitude. Every triumph of arms from Crete to Tel-el-Kebir was invoked to stimulate the Jingo spirit and to sting the mob to madness against the "traitor" who counselled cowardice.

### A PROPHECY.

Mr. Gladstone, pale and trembling, with the profound emotion in his voice, rose at five o'clock to move that the extraordinary vote should be postponed until the result of the final note to France and Russia should be known. It was the greatest and the last of his orations. Interrupted at first with a howl of derision from the Government benches, the pallid countenance became suffused with a glow of singular radiance, and the convulsed statesman spoke as one filled with divine inspiration. Whatever it was that was in the rushing torrent of eloquence, it paralyzed the House with fear. In the sonorous periods alone the lofty grandeur of Burke, the incisive logic of Fox, the luxuriant imagination of Sheridan. The climax of this unparalleled effort of intellectual strength was Mr. Gladstone's picture of the part Ireland would take in the gigantic struggle. He passed in graphic review every one of those seven centuries of misdeeds, of persecution and plunder, and of coming upon the God of justice to witness, he prophesied that if they rashly entered upon this war the avenging arm of the Lord would deal England the most deadly blow. As a ship struck with a heavy sea, for an instant the House was tremulously motionless. A sudden pallor fell upon the gloomy countenance of Sir Stafford Northcote. Even the key Randolph, the domoged of the peace-at-arms party, and now Minister of War, seemed to lose heart under a painfully obvious sense of impending ruin.

### THE DIE IS CAST.

The gladiator of Woodstock, who had been expected to reply, was unseasily suffing in his seat when a messenger was observed pushing his way anxiously towards the Prime Minister. Lord Randolph received despatches, and nervously passed them to Sir Stafford Northcote. The excitement on the Treasury benches was soon communicated to the whole House, and after a brief consultation, Lord Randolph rose, and the first words he uttered were—"Sir, the die is cast. England is at war with France and Russia. God defend the right." The member for Woodstock then proceeded to inform the House that the allies had rejected Lord Carnarvon's proposals, and had formally declared war against Great Britain. The extraordinary vote of £50,000,000 was granted without a murmur.

### THE HEROES OF THE HOUR.

As the members rushed out of the House, the mob wildly cheered the "patriotic" representatives, while the Whigs had to remain within doors until the crowd cleared off singing a new Jingo song, composed the previous week by Lord Sherbrooke, the late Mr. Hatch Law, now the most violent Tory in the war-path. At this time the Irish National members were quite popular in London; first, because they diplomatically encouraged the war party; and, secondly, because the entire British Press had become infatuated in its expression of friendship toward Ireland. For these reasons every Irish member emerging from the House was seized and carried off on the shoulders of the excited crowd. The oration of Mr. Parnell was so enthusiastically received that it accorded to Lord Randolph; and as for Mr. Healy, he was nearly torn to pieces by stalwart Englishmen in their endeavor to grasp his hand.

### SUSPICIOUS PALAVER.

The Irish members well understood the nature of this extraordinary change in English feeling. As soon as war with the great powers seemed inevitable, flattery was lavished upon the Irish people. Every journal from Land's End, to John O'Groat's prairie, and the gallantry and prowess of the Irish race, England confessed its countless sins against the faithful Irish, and promised that amends should be made by restoring the Irish Parliament, and giving Ireland as full a measure of freedom as that enjoyed by Canada. The moment England overcame her enemies, she would with the help of Providence, who never deserted her in the hour of trial, restore to the Irish people the rights which had been taken from them. The sincerity of these professions, Lord Randolph thought, had given notice of a motion, to Repeal the Union with a view to clear the ground for the new treaty of peace and friendship.

On Sunday, October 26th, the Declaration of War was known throughout the world. As the

though it had been expected any day since the middle of August, the news electrified the universe. In Ireland the announcement was received with joy suppressed; for the country had had the cue to be calm, quiet and self-possessed—the local leaders being instructed to restrain the people from indulging in manifestations of delight at the long-wished for "opportunity." It was different in America. Accustomed to the unrestraining spirit of free institutions, the Irish caught fire from the spark of hope struck in Europe, and rushing wildly into the streets, they embraced each other with the emotional ecstasy of passengers rescued from shipwreck. But enthusiasm did not blind the American Irish to the duty of practical warfare. It was at once decreed that a fleet of the fastest cruisers, armed with the new Maxim machine guns, should be put to sea with all possible speed. In swift and fighting power these proved themselves vastly superior to the Alabama and the Florida. Simultaneously these vessels were launched at San Francisco, New York, Boston, Baltimore, and at every port down to the Gulf of Mexico. The havoc they committed upon the merchant navy of England was so sweeping that in less than a month a British trader could not be discovered upon either the Pacific or Atlantic oceans.

### THE OPPORTUNITY AT LAST.

But while the Irish in America were wiping out British commerce on the high seas, events of far greater magnitude were taking place in Ireland. The entire power of the Empire being summoned to the protection of England, the Duke of Dongola (ex-Lord Wolseley) decided to let Ireland take her chance with 20,000 English Volunteers, her 14,000 police, and the hastily-armed loyalists, who were reckoned 50,000 on paper. Not a single regular regiment was left in all Ireland. The Irish militia being stationed in England, and the hostile Irish population at home being unarmed, the Government did not anticipate a serious attempt to take advantage of England's difficulty. Moreover, the English spies in Paris could discover no suspicious relations between the Irish revolutionary exiles and the Ministers of the French Republic. We have already referred to the marvellous discipline of the Irish people in maintaining an indifferent attitude; but this unnatural self-suppression gave way on the afternoon of October 15th, when all the newspaper offices in Ireland exhibited enormous posters announcing the

LANDING OF A FRENCH ARMY AT MOVILLE. The '83 invasions were commonplace occurrences compared with the thrilling effect of this intelligence. If it had not been for the efforts of the local leaders the consequences of unbridled enthusiasm might have been deplorable. But the good sense of the Irish people in an extraordinary crisis was splendidly demonstrated by their ready submission to the counsel of the public bodies. In all the chief cities and towns committees of National Repetition were organized by the Corporation, Town Commissioners and Poor Law Guardians. In Dublin the public bodies resolved themselves into a Provisional Council, and to this both the local organizations appealed for orders and advice. The English Volunteers who garrisoned the country made a feeble attempt to suppress these bodies, with the result that they were not only refused meat and drink, but were in Dublin and other cities actually besieged in their barracks.

### A SECOND ARMY OF INVASION.

The landing of a French army at Moville had electrified Ireland with joy and hope; but the announcement excited no more than a spark of enthusiasm compared with the dumfounded intelligence that the Moville invasion was only a full strength brigade, and that the main body of the French army was disembarking at Foyens. At this moment there was not a competent English General in Ireland. A council of war was held at the Curragh, which resulted in an order to all the Munster garrisons to retire within their barracks and fortify themselves with bayonets, lunettes, redoubts, and above all, with provisions for at least six months.

### DISCRETIONARY TACTICS.

As soon as it was known that Moville was in possession of the enemy, 15,000 volunteer and Orange yeomanry were gathered into Belfast from Enniskillen, Omagh and other centres. These were immediately despatched to contest the enemy's march to Derry, without, however, engaging him in anything like a pitched battle. On arriving at the Maiden City, the commander, Lord Clarina, deemed it more expedient to get well within the walls and prepare to stand a siege. This was good generalship, and it was generally applauded by the Irish people, who laughed heartily at Lord Clarina's d'arrestionary generalship.

### REMEMBER LIMERICK!

The invading force at Moville numbered only 6,000, while the army put ashore at Foyens reckoned 18,000 infantry, 4,000 cavalry and 75 pieces of artillery. Eighteen balloons accompanied the army of the Shannon, and splendid services they performed in the first engagement with the English Volunteers and the Irish Constabulary corps. The City of the Violated Treaty was garrisoned by 7,000 British Volunteers and 1,000 Purple Loyalists from the County Down. On the morning of the 19th a dark blue cloud hung on the horizon. At noon the cloud had resolved itself into a distinct line of human figures moving in echelon divisions. Inspired by General Murchio, the garrison fortly challenged a pitched battle outside the ramparts of the city. The few that escaped to the citadel lived to lament their ill luck; for when the city surrendered they were marched in handcuffs and lodged in the jails. These Englishmen did not think they were treated as prisoners of war, but they were cajoled with the assurance that they were only sent to enjoy the pleasures provided by one of their own admirals Coercion Acts.

### ROYALTY IN DISGRACE.

Nothing since the outbreak of hostilities had so enraged the English as the invasion of Ireland. Every one in command of the British fleet was blamed and denounced; but the burthen of the wrath fell upon the Duke of Edinburgh. The many infidelities in allowing Beaupare to get around the Irish coast embittered the national feelings, now increasing in force against monarchy, and loud cries were heard every day in the large cities for the establishment of a Republic.

public. Ministers and generals were accused all around of being in the pay of the allies.

### THE PICKLENESS OF FORTUNE.

A grave charge against the Government was that it had been guilty of the superficial tranquillity of Ireland, and by the diplomatic inettitudes of the Irish members. The tide had turned against Salisbury and Lord Randolph, who had to fly to the headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief for safety. The French army under Beaupare, now virtually in possession of Ireland, was marching on Dublin. The English volunteers flying before him in his order. His Irish auxiliaries now numbered 150,000 men, badly armed, it must be admitted, but formidable as guides, raiders, and commissariat skirmishers. Moreover, half the Irish militia had escaped from their encampments in England, and, joined by thousands of Irish residents, had seized on Liverpool and Holyhead boats and steered them into Waterford Harbor.

In the words of Mr. Chamberlain, addressing a great meeting in Southwark, on October 24, all Ireland was "up." The Empire was cut in twain, and nothing remained but a treaty of peace at the cost of Ireland, Egypt and India. But the Allies, after the decisive engagement of Folkestone, which annihilated the British fleet, demanded an indemnity of £800,000,000, and the entire disposal of the Colonies into the bargain. These inhuman terms wrung the English nation with despair, and the suicides among men of rank in the army and navy and nobility were running up to 1,500 a day.

As Ireland, though partially free, had not formally proclaimed its independence, the British fleet, then Lord Lieutenant, waited upon Mr. Parnell at Morrison's Hotel and presented him with an autograph letter from the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness requested an interview with the Irish leader, with the object of discussing the question of Ireland's demands. After calmly reading the letter, Mr. Parnell politely bowed out the Earl with an assurance that he would immediately lay the proposal before the Provisional Council. As several Irishmen had been murdered by English mobs—a system of vengeance which had, however, been speedily checked by retaliatory executions of English residents in Ireland and the United States—Mr. Parnell had no objection to trusting himself to the honor of a perfidious race, now evidenced by the rapid and brilliant success of the French invasion of Ireland, and by the total defeat of the English. But two days after the receipt of the Regent's letter, the Irish Provisional Council met to consider the Irish Regent's proposals, and we can say no more at present but that the Council were left sitting.

## THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

### THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

LONDON, Oct. 23.—Parliament reassembled to-day. The following is the Queen's speech opening the session:—

My Lords and Gentlemen.—I have brought you together to enable you to further consider the great subject of representation of the people.

I continue to maintain relations of amity with all the foreign powers. Information from the Sudan includes painful uncertainties; but the energy, courage and resource conspicuously displayed by General Gordon, in his successful defence of Khartoum, deserve my warmest recognition. The advance of my troops to Dongola has for its object the rescue and security of that gallant officer and those who have so faithfully cooperated with him.

I am using my best endeavors in Egypt to promote the further improvement of affairs in that country. I have given my support to the Egyptian government in the difficult financial position in which it was left through the failure of the recent conference. I regret the occurrences in the Transvaal, and am considering with the Cape government means to secure observance of the convention.

### Operations in the Sudan center it necessary to ask of you further pecuniary provision.

My Lords and Gentlemen:—

A bill for the extension of Parliamentary franchise will be at once introduced. May the blessing of God attend your labors.

### IN THE LORDS.

In the house of lords, Lord Belper (liberal), moving the address in reply to the Queen's speech, launched into a discussion of the franchise question, and expressed a hope that the bill would be adopted without delay.

The Marquis of Salisbury announced that he was willing to pass the complete franchise measure, together with the redistribution act, at the earliest date.

Earl Granville asked for a calm discussion of the bill. The house then adjourned to November 3rd.

### IN THE COMMONS.

In the House of Commons Mr. Gladstone gave notice that next Monday he would ask that priority be granted to the franchise bill throughout the session.

Mr. Gladstone thanked Sir Stafford Northcote for the moderate tone of his speech. He asserted that redistribution must follow the passage of the franchise bill, deprecated the disorders at Birmingham and elsewhere, and said he hoped that the opposition had seen that the country wanted the franchise bill passed. He warned them that while insisting that their labors should include the redistribution scheme, they should not include another question, the issue of which he was unable to foresee.

The conservatives objected to Gladstone's menacing tone.

Mr. Chamberlain said he hoped the House of Lords would persist in rejecting the franchise bill and thus hasten the abolition of that body.

## EUROPEAN EVENTS.

A Free Thought Convention—Centenary of the Great French Poet, Corneille—Medical Blasphemers—Victor Emmanuel's Monument.

PARIS, Oct. 15.—The correspondent of the Liverpool Catholic Times writes:—

In well-informed circles it is stated that Don Carlos himself is about to put an end to the split in the French Royalist camp by some act of adherence to the Comte de Paris. The Spanish Pretender probably sees that the hostility of the House of Orleans would be a great drawback to him in case of any future attempt to make himself King of Spain. But apart from this it is stated that the Duke of Madrid makes light of the claims of the "House of Anjou" and that in common with all sensible Legitimists, he looks upon the Comte de Paris as the only possible King of France. Under present circumstances the dignity of both sides forbids any meeting between Don Carlos and the Comte de Paris. But even this difficulty will be overcome by the coming visit of the Grand Duke of Tuscany to the Chateau of Eu, Ferdinand IV., who, besides his dukedom, is an Austrian Archduke and a Prince of Bohemia. He married Princess Alice of Parma, the daughter of Madame Louise de France, sister of the Comte de Chambord. By marriage he is the nephew of Henry V. His wife's sister married Don Carlos, and he is therefore related to the Duke of Madrid. The importance, therefore, of the coming visit can hardly be exaggerated as far as the family side of French Royalty is concerned. The actual chances of a restoration are as far off as ever. But it is at any rate consoling to see that the stupid schism of the Comte d'Andigne is condemned even by those whom it was intended to benefit.

### THE REIGN OF BLASPHEMY.

Paris has escaped the cholera; but it is again suffering from a moral epidemic which makes the calm observer anxious concerning the future of the French people. The blasphemous showbills of the *Pic de Jesus* by Leo Taxil are still upon the walls of the capital, and the impunity thus given to aggressive impiety has been imitated by the smaller shops in the eccentric quarters. A writer in the *Gaulois* calls attention to the fact that in every book-shop in Belleville and La Villette he has been unable to find any work except those of an immoral or blasphemous character. The effect of all this was again exemplified last Monday in the horrible profanation of the Church of St. Nicholas des Champs, which was a literal, if bloodless, revival of the days of the Commune. It has been already explained that the Paris Municipal Council claim the sacrilege of the church for purposes of demolition. The Abbé Rivie and his clergy have not disputed this right. But according to the terms of the Concordat they asked that another sacrilege shall be provided as a compensation and that not at the expense of the parishioners. This was refused, and the suit is now pending before the Council d'Etat. A few days ago a notice was served upon the Abbé Rivie, in which it was set forth that the Prefect of the Seine had resolved to proceed to the demolition of the sacrilege on Monday afternoon. On that day the clergy gathered together in their surplices to make a formal protest. An hour before the arrival of the agent of M. Poubelle, a crowd gathered round the church, and shortly afterwards the sacred edifice was filled by a crowd of men with their hats on and women of loose character. The men smoked and laughed, and the women behaved scandalously. One woman sat upon the High Altar, and a workman handed her some food, of which she partook. The confessionals, the holy water founts, and the stations of the Cross were all profaned, and the noise in the church was deafening. Outside, the crowd sang the *Marseillaise*, and kept shouting "A la Lanterne." At one moment it was feared that an attack would be made upon the clergy, and that there would be bloodshed. The police took no cognizance of the scandal, and the church was cleared two or three hours afterwards. In the end the Government authority, who arrived with the necessary force, was obliged to M. Poubelle, and the church doors were closed. Scenes of this kind show that the old leaven of social revolution still exists in Paris, and that it only awaits an opportunity to rise stronger than ever. It is noticeable that on occasions like these the younger members of the crowd are the most outrageous. The Godless system of M. Paul Bert will certainly produce a rising generation in which the dangerous classes will predominate. The remark of a police officer who was on duty at St. Nicholas des Champs last Monday is worth noting. "I am," he said, "always sad when I see the clergy attacked, for I know by experience that it will be our turn next." He was right, for the same mob which profanes the churches is against all authority, and is only looking forward to a period in which anarchy and pillage will reign supreme.

### NEELLE REQUIEM.

Some of the French papers have been laying too much stress upon the recent service in memory of Corneille, which took place at the Church of St. Roch, in honor of the second centenary of the great dramatic author, and to which the parish priest, the Abbé Millaud, invited the members of the Theatre Francais. Pierre Corneille lived and died in the parish of St. Roch, and his remains are interred in that historical church. The Theatre Francais is also within the precincts of the parish. The object of the memorial service is best understood by glancing at the words of the discourse of the venerable and saintly Abbé Millaud, who celebrated the Mass and gave the customary Absolution. In this the preacher referred to the fact that Corneille was a devout Christian who not only wrote good plays, but translated the "Meditation of Christ" into verse, and, who lived, and died, as a

practical Catholic. These remarks were followed by a fervent appeal to the admirers of Corneille to imitate him, not only in his talents but in his sincere piety and solid virtue. Some of the initial French papers have implied that the Corneille Centenary was a retraction on the part of the Church of her severe treatment of theatres and theatre-going. The Church has never condemned anything but sinful plays, and it is clear that in her wisdom she is not likely to lessen her hold upon the faithful at a time when the theatres of Paris are as dull as they are indecent. Happily the house of Moliere is an exception to the rule, and there was nothing incongruous in the presence of M. Got, M. Maubant, and the brothers Coquelin, around the catafalque of Corneille. But the impressive function proves nothing beyond the fact that the actors, actresses and dramatic authors, can be good Christians and save their souls if they like. When their lives have been good and their talents have not been misused, the Catholic Church will not only give them her prayers, but will aid in glorifying their memories, and in handing their names down to posterity.

### AN INSIDIOUS CONTRAST.

The destruction of a portion of the Convent of Ara Celli, to make way for the national monument about to be raised to Victor Emmanuel, will begin immediately. At the end of the year the first stone of this huge construction will be laid. The design of Count Sacconi, the one which has been accepted, is a huge architectural mass, in which the ability of the architect is displayed, but little of the art and arrangement of the sculptor. If Sacconi were a sculptor instead of an architect his work would be subservient to the principal object in the monument, namely the statue; whereas the figure of Victor Emmanuel will form only a sort of decoration to the palatial construction to be raised on the Capitol. The choice of the site denotes the Piedmontese desire of associating this newest of kingdoms with what is oldest in Rome, as if that would make it's origin more respectable. It is eminently ridiculous to place a statue of Victor Emmanuel on the Capitol, where, as a writer says, "all is tranquil, silent, and grandiose, and where the statue of Marcus Aurelius will continue to attract the attention of artists and of travellers by its very simplicity."

### THE FREE THOUGHT CONGRESS.

The so-called Free Thought Congress at Lyons has concluded its sittings, the chief subject discussed being the best method for stamping out the Catholic Faith, and substituting atheistic teaching. One speaker advocated the establishment of free lending libraries, consisting of books showing the futility of Christian teaching, and the tyranny of Christian morality. "While," he said, "the present system of speaking of parity, obedience, and humility prevailed, there was no hope for atheistic teaching." All the speeches were in favor of anarchy, and a violent confiscation of Church property, whilst some orators confessed that they were discouraged when they saw the churches as full as ever, and the women making the sign of the cross, as even civil funerals passed along the streets. Some energetic step ought to be taken to prevent people going to confession, and above all to keep away the Last Sacraments from the dying. One grotesque incident enlivened the Congress. A speaker, forgetting himself, said that the maxim of all true atheists ought to be: "Everyone for himself, and God for us all." The attendance was thin, and the revolutionary atheists came to blows several times. Another attempt will be made to hold next year's Congress in Rome.

## FATAL COLLIERY EXPLOSION.

UNIONTOWNS, Pa., Oct. 26.—An explosion of fire damp occurred at the mine of the Youngstown coke company, four miles from here, between 4 and 5 o'clock this evening, in a flat where 25 men were at work. The fire boss made his rounds as usual this morning and discovered no sign of gas. The explosion shattered windows for a mile around. Five minutes later there was a second report, and immediately after the flames burst forth from the opening, blocking the avenues of entrance. News of the disaster spread quickly, and relatives of the doomed miners gathered around the mouth of the mine, but the flames prevented any attempt at rescue. After an hour's work the flames were subdued sufficiently to descend by way of the air shaft. So far volunteers have been able only to reach a part of the mine owing to the after-damp. It is feared the entire roof of the flat has fallen in. If no one of the miners at work there can be saved. The men in other parts of the mine who escaped in the explosion attempted to rescue their companions, but thus far have been unable to reach them. The killed and injured discovered to this counting are: Joseph Zebleys, killed; J. Lopes, killed; J. Cole and David Cole, fatally injured; Chauncey Wilson, slightly injured. Washington Keber has just been rescued. He had the presence of mind to lie down in a pool of water and avoided inhaling the gas. So far six have been taken out, two dead and four injured. Every effort is being made to rescue the others, but up to a late hour to-night unsuccessfully. There is scarcely a chance for any of them to be taken out alive, and it is thought all have perished from the deadly after-damp before the air in the vicinity of the mine is filled with the cries of the wives and children of the imprisoned men. There are plenty of willing hands and hearts ready to rescue them, but it is impossible to get at them before morning.

## TROUBLE FEARED AT BUENOS AYRES.

BUENOS AYRES, Oct. 27.—It is feared the arrival of two steamers from Genoa with 400 passengers will cause trouble, this port being closed to vessels from Genoa. The Government has decided not to allow them to enter. It is said the Italian Consul will protest, and that an Italian war vessel will order the steamers to anchor.

## "TO BE SHOT DEAD AT SIX."

THE FATE OF A FRENCH WAR CORRESPONDENT IN THE EAST.

A terrible example has been made in Tonquin. One of the special correspondents attached to the expedition now in the field was Camille Farcy, well known as a brilliant writer. He had long been connected with *La France*, one of the leading journals. The army which he was detailed to accompany was that of General Formegol. The officer in a martinet, and entertains the most rigid ideas regarding discipline. Before the expeditionary force landed he, in conjunction with General Vincedon, concocted the following pledge, which all the journalists were obliged to sign:

I, ———, promise upon my honor to transmit no information whatever, either by telegraph or by mail, or by any other means, without first having submitted my manuscript to the examination of the officer commanding the expedition, or to such officer or officers as he may delegate that power to. I further agree that any failure to keep this pledge will expose me to the rigors of martial law.

This document was signed by all the correspondents attached to the expedition. When Farcy's turn came, he took the pen, but it was with evident reluctance that he signed. When he had done so, he said to Formegol:

"General, I sign this document only because I am forced to do so; because, without doing so, I could not fulfil my duty as a correspondent; because, without doing so, I could not accompany the expedition. But I warn you, sir, that I shall speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, touching such matters as may come under my observation." And with a defiant glance at the General, Camille withdrew.

The old General gnawed his gridded moustache to conceal his wrath. He did what perhaps most men would have done—he set a spy to dog the footsteps of Farcy.

The expedition was successful. Two evenings after the spy detected the journalist, under a disguise, quitting the camp. He followed and saw him deposit a large envelope in one of the minor post-offices upon the frontier. He was at once arrested and conducted to Formegol's headquarters.

"Ala!" said the General, "at it already, my fine fellow? Well, who have we here?" and he seized and broke open the envelope. Hum—addressed to *La France*. Evidently some correspondence which you are sending without my knowledge."

"Yes, General," said Farcy, calmly.

"Let us see what it is," said Formegol, as he began to peruse the letter.

"General," said Farcy, coldly, "permit me to remind you that you are violating private correspondence."

"Private correspondence? Bah!" retorted Formegol. "Very private indeed; all Paris would know it in another day," and he resumed his reading.

The were some severe strictures in the letter upon the conduct of the campaign. Formegol's reading was interrupted by oaths, and when he finished he was purple with rage.

"So," said he grimly, "you consider yourself competent to judge of the operations of a General in the field, do you? Well, sir, you shall have a taste of martial law, to add to your knowledge of military affairs."

Formegol was immediately convened. Its proceedings were summary—its sentence short: "Camille Farcy is condemned to be shot at 6 o'clock in the morning."

It was then midnight. The doomed man was placed in charge of a lieutenant and a squad of soldiers, put upon a special train and was borne swiftly into the capital city, where the execution was to take place.

At 5.30 o'clock the train dashed into the city. It passed under the walls of the palace where Albert Grovy, the Governor-General lives in state. The windows were brightly lighted and the strains of a waltz were borne to the ears of the prisoner. The Governor was giving a ball.

"You have half an hour in which to prepare for death," said the Lieutenant, compassionately. "Would you like to have me send for a priest?"

"I suppose," said Farcy, "you will grant my last request?"

"Yes."

"Then let me go to the ball. I would like to have a waltz before I die."

The officer bowed and repaired to M. Grovy's palace.

"His request shall be granted," said the President's brother. "Who could refuse a dying man's request? Bring him here: he shall dance with my daughter."

And it was done. The last moments of his life were spent on a ball-room floor.

At 6 o'clock the officer spoke:

"The file is waiting," said he.

"Let us go," said Farcy. He saluted the dancers and withdrew. When he reached the ground where the file was waiting he refused to allow his eyes to be bandaged, and demanded permission to give the word of command.

"May all journalists do as I have done," said he; "it is their duty." Then, folding his arms, he cried:

"Fire!"

The crash of the muskets rang out on the morning air. Camille Farcy fell dead, pierced with balls.

The vengeance of General Formegol was accomplished.—Paris Figaro.

## THE IMPORTATION OF RAGS.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 24.—The order in reference to the importation of rags is modified so as to limit it to infected ports only; and all Mediterranean ports are deemed infected. Within the meaning of this order, provided, however, that no old rags shall be landed at any port of the United States, except on a certificate of the Consul or other official at the point of departure that such rags were not gathered or holed at or shipped from any infected place or any region contiguous thereto.