

The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."—"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOL 1

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1878.

NO. 1.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

October, 1878.
Friday, 4.—St. Francis Assisium, Confessor Duplex.
Saturday, 5.—Office of the Immaculate Conception, Semi-duplex, Saint Placidus and Companions, Martyrs.
Sunday, 6.—Seventeenth Sunday after Pentecost. Feast of the most Holy Rosary of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, Duplex Major. Epistle (Leviticus, xxiv, 14-16). Gospel—(Luke xl, 27-28.) Last Gospel—(Matt. xxiii, 35-36).
Monday, 7.—St. Bruno, Confessor, Duplex.
Tuesday, 8.—St. Bridget, Widow, Duplex.
Wednesday, 9.—St. Dennis and Companions, Martyrs.
Thursday, 10.—St. Francis Borgia, Confessor.
Friday, 11.—Office of the ferrial.

The Penitent at Prayer.

BY ELIOT RYDER.
Beneath the grand Cathedral's dome,
The penitent kneels on the marble floor,
With eyes uplifted to the heavenly home,
Which never seemed so far away before.
Slowly and reverently he tells his beads,
And meditates upon the love of Christ;
For him once more his dying Saviour bleeds!
Once more the Lamb of God is sacrificed!
Peace comes to cheer his heart, and while he prays,
Through the high windows of the dome there steals
A flood of golden sunlight, and the rays
Fall like a benediction where he kneels,
And through his tears he fancies he can trace
A smile upon the Virgin's pictured face.

PROSPECTUS OF THE CATHOLIC RECORD; A NEW WEEKLY NEWSPAPER, —TO BE PUBLISHED BY— WALTER LOCKE, LONDON, ONTARIO.

Many of the Catholics of the large and prosperous Diocese of London have long felt the want of an ably conducted newspaper, the principal object of which would be to defend catholic doctrine and interests. In a Protestant country like this, where the Catholic Church and her doctrines are so often misrepresented, and where any facts affecting catholic interests are so frequently distorted, it is necessary for the good of religion and of the catholic public, that such misrepresentations should be corrected. This need was so strongly felt by our late Holy Father, the glorious and saintly Pope Pious IX., that he frequently encouraged and blessed with all his heart those who devoted themselves to the diffusion of catholic teaching, in which the people would have an antidote against the impiety and perverseness of those who attack the church and her doctrines, or circulate immoral literature. Our own much beloved Bishop, likewise, in a Pastoral letter addressed to the clergy and laity of the Diocese of London, in A. D. 1872, says:—"Our people should take good catholic newspapers which will bring them into more direct relationship with the catholic world, which will tell them what their brethren in this and other lands are doing for the triumph of truth and promotion of catholic interests, and will thus make them take a lively interest in the work and labours and trials of the world-wide church of which they are members and which, in fine, will take them as it were out of their isolation and solitude in the remote townships and back-woods of the country, and make them partake of the great current of catholic life. The catholic press has a great and glorious mission to fulfill in this country, and it should be encouraged and fostered by all who have the sacred interests of the church at heart."

It is for these reasons that the proprietor of the CATHOLIC RECORD proposes to issue a weekly newspaper devoted entirely to catholic interests, and he hopes to meet such encouragement from the public as will enable him to carry out the work with efficiency. He trusts that all who have the interests of truth and of the Catholic Church at heart will, by subscribing for this journal, as soon as possible, render us that assistance which alone can bring our efforts to a successful issue.

The CATHOLIC RECORD will be a 40-column (wide measure) newspaper of eight pages, printed from new type, on superior paper, and will be issued every Friday.

Having succeeded in obtaining some of the most able and educated gentlemen of the country, to assist, as contributors to its columns, and the Literary Department being controlled by an Editor of acknowledged ability, we can guarantee a paper of surpassing excellence.

Each issue will contain one or more chapters of a serial story by a first-class author; one or two religious articles specially directed to the enunciation of Catholic truths; editorials on current topics of the day, with a general synopsis of occurrences both religious and secular, not only of the Diocese of London but of the world.

Attention will be paid specially to the furnishing of such reading matter as will make it a welcome companion in every household, and both young and old shall herald its appearance each week with gladness.

It politics it will be independent: still it will jealously guard Catholic interests whenever these are neglected or outraged by any political party whether in or out of power:

His Lordship, the Rt. Rev. Bishop of London, has kindly favored us with the following recommendation, which we trust will be a sufficient guarantee to the clergy and laity of the Province that we will carry out the promises which we make in this prospectus. We hope, therefore, that they

will aid us in every way to increase our subscription list.

We shall always be happy to receive communications of interests from all parts, and particularly the local news from the different parishes.

The Weekly Record will appear on the first Friday in October, being the 4th day of that month.

The subscription price will be \$2.00 per annum, payable in advance.

Communications to be addressed to the Publisher, at the office of the CATHOLIC RECORD, 388 Richmond Street, opposite City Hall, London, Ontario, and to whom all money orders must be made payable.

October 4th, 1878. WALTER LOCKE.

LETTER OF HIS LORDSHIP THE RIGHT REV. DR. WALSH, BISHOP OF LONDON.

St. Peter's Palace,
London, Ontario, Sept. 22, 78.

WALTER LOCKE, Esq.—

DEAR SIR:

I have been informed that you intend to publish a Catholic newspaper in this city, I beg to say that I approve of the project, and earnestly commend it to the encouragement and patronage of the clergy and laity of this diocese. Although we have no reason to complain of the secular press of this city, which as a rule treats Catholic affairs in a just and friendly spirit; still we are convinced that there is room in our midst for a good Catholic Weekly, and if conducted as it ought to be in an efficient manner and in accordance with Catholic principles, it could not fail to be productive of much good throughout the diocese. Of course whilst giving a general approbation to the contemplated journal, we must not be understood as even implying that we should hold ourselves responsible for its utterances and views, much less that it should be considered as our official organ. Indeed we do not believe in church organs unless when conducted by clergymen under the immediate supervision of the Bishop. But apart from this, reasonable and necessary reserve, we accord a hearty sympathy and wish a God Speed to your laudable undertaking.

Believe me dear sir,
Sincerely yours,
+ John Walsh,
Bishop of London.

CURIOS HISTORICAL INCIDENTS.

Historical instances are numerous in which State documents of great importance have found their way into the hands of people who had no business with them, and sometimes the course of the world's affairs has been materially influenced by such incidents. But for the hazard which placed under Cromwell's eyes a letter in which Charles I. stated that he had no intention to fulfill the promise which he made to secure peace, the negotiation between the King and the Parliament might have been successful; as it was, Cromwell refused to treat, and it may be said that Charles' unlucky letter cost him his head. Similarly the breach between Louis XVI. and the French people was rendered irreparable when a blacksmith revealed the existence of a famous iron closet in the Tuilleries, which, having been broken open, was found to contain the damaging evidence of the King's negotiations with the Austrian Court in view of the invasion of France.

In 1794 Tallien, having read his name on a piece of paper which Robespierre let fall from his pocket in pulling out his handkerchief, and his name was down for execution, and, at the instigation of his high-spirited wife, immediately took measures which resulted in Robespierre's downfall on the 9th Thermidor.

To come to more recent times, Louis Napoleon's *coup d'etat* was within an ace of falling, owing to the officiousness of a lady in examining the plans to Prince Napoleon, the future Emperor's cousin, who forthwith tried to put some of the Republican leaders on their guard. Victor Hugo gives an account of this affair in the "History of a Crime," and he furnishes some details as to the minute precautions which were taken to insure secrecy at the national printing offices, where Louis Napoleon's proclamations were printed. The place was filled by soldiers and detectives, and not a workman was allowed to leave the building until all copies were struck off and in the hands of the bill stickers. M. Hugo might have added that the original manuscripts of these proclamations were all in the handwriting of Count de Morsey, and that no one save that able conspirator and his men were permitted to see them before they were consigned to the printer. St. Arnaud, Maupas, Macquard and Persigny had been favored with the sight of a proclamation worded quite differently, and they grumbled by-and-by at not having been trusted. But De Morsey trusted nobody.

In 1870, on the outbreak of the Franco-German war, the world was startled by the publication in the *Times* of a draft of a treaty drawn up by M. Benedetti, and proposing the annexation of Belgium to France. M. Benedetti pretended that he had been entrapped into writing this draft under Count Bismarck's dictation; but anyhow his disclosures had a marked effect in drawing away British sympathies from the French side, and it compelled the Gladstone Administration to sign a treaty binding England to protect Belgian independence.

Three years ago the fortunes of the Monarchist factions in France were terribly damaged by a confidential circular of M. Buele, the Home Minister, which somehow fell into the possession of M. Gambetta. In this document M. Buele suggested a plan for the wholesale corruption of the press out of the public moneys, and when N. Gambetta had read this strangely cynical paper in the *Tribune* such a storm of indignation arose, both in the Parliament and in the country, that the Broglie Cabinet became hopelessly discredited. Soon afterwards M. Buele was obliged to resign, and within a twelve-month from his resignation he committed suicide.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"Doctor," said a wealthy patient to his physician, "I want you to be thorough, and strike at the root of the disease." "Well, I will," said the doctor, as he lifted his cane and brought it down hard enough to break into pieces a bottle and a glass that stood upon the sideboard. It was his last professional visit to that house.

GENERAL SHIELDS.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE VETERAN IRISH AMERICAN SOLDIER AND STATESMAN.

General James Shields was born at a place called Altmury, in the county Tyrone, Ireland, in the year 1810. His mother was early left a widow with three boys on her hands. James, the eldest, gave early evidence of great energy and activity. Before he arrived at the age of sixteen years he had made himself a good English scholar, a good mathematician, and had acquired a tolerable knowledge of the classics and French language.

At that age he left his home and came to the United States. He has now been fifty-two years in the Republic. In 1828 he migrated to Illinois and commenced the practice of law in Randolph county, Here, in "Old Vandalia," he first became acquainted with Abraham Lincoln, Stephen A. Douglas, John J. Hardin, Edward Baker, and many others who have since figured in the public history of the country. The story of his rivalry with Lincoln in the courtship of the girl who afterwards became the wife of President Lincoln, and of the challenge to the duel that ensued, the reader, we suppose, has heard of. The duel was never fought, and ever after the "declaration of peace" also and Shields became fast and warm friends. In 1840 he was elected State Auditor, and discharged the duties of that important position with such efficiency and success that he was unanimously re-elected by both parties—Whigs and Democrats. Douglas, about the same time, was made Secretary of State, so that these two fast friends were once more associated together in public life. In 1846 he was appointed a judge of the Supreme Court; this position he held until the great contest between Douglas and Fremont, when he was appointed judge of the Supreme Court, so that on the Supreme Bench the two friends came together again.

When James K. Polk was President of the United States he appointed General Shields Commissioner of the General Land Office, and again he and Douglas came together. Douglas, and again he and Douglas were elected to Congress. As Commissioner of the General Land Office, General Shields won the respect and admiration of all parties by his strict integrity, industry, and consummate ability.

War soon broke out with Mexico and he was appointed Brigadier-General, and assigned to the command of the Black Hawk, in the State of Illinois, under General Taylor on the Rio Grande; under General Wool in his campaign against Chihuahua, and next under General Scott when he entered on his campaign for the capture of the city of Mexico. At the siege of Vera Cruz he distinguished himself for activity, energy and fearlessness. After the fall of the city, the General and his staff were ordered to encounter the whole Mexican army at Cerro Gordo, the strongest natural position on the continent. Here General Shields was assigned to attack the Mexican reserve under the command of General Santa Anna in person. This he accomplished with such intrepidity and consummate skill that he fairly flew into the ranks, and amidst the confusion and the astonishment of the medical staff of the army, in ten weeks he was again in the saddle and at the head of his command. He entered the Valley of Mexico with the American army and was the first American to plant the stars and stripes in the captured city—his brigade consisting of the New York and the Michigan regiments, and the 1st and 2nd battalions of the United States marines.

The first battle fought in the Valley was that of Contreras, where the enemy were strongly posted within their entrenchments. General Persifer Smith was sent against them in the afternoon, and General Shields was sent to join him the same night, and, being timely, was enabled to take the enemy by surprise, and, leading the General Smith had made his dispositions to make an attack upon the enemy about daybreak, and approving of the arrangements, he declined to deprive General Smith of the honor of the achievement—"an act of magnanimity," says the historian, "hardly or never heard of in military history." He served under him next, leading the General Smith had made his dispositions to make an attack upon the enemy about daybreak, and approving of the arrangements, he declined to deprive General Smith of the honor of the achievement—"an act of magnanimity," says the historian, "hardly or never heard of in military history."

The next day was fought the battle of Churubusco, which was one of the most bloody engagements of the war. In this battle General Shields was assigned the command of a division and appointed again to attack the Mexican reserve under the command of General Santa Anna. This he accomplished with rapid and fearless audacity, and although the enemy were five to one, he carried their position, captured their artillery, and drove them broken and shattered into the city of Mexico; but this daring exploit cost him the lives of some of his bravest officers and about one-third of his entire command. The Mexican forces and the 1st and 2nd regiments lost half its number in killed and wounded on that bloody field.

Next succeeded the storming of Chapultepec. In this he was again seriously wounded, a musket ball having torn through his arm, passing out near the elbow. Notwithstanding the wound he pursued the enemy to the very gates of the city, having his horse shot under him. The capture of the city followed, and peace being soon after concluded he returned home to Illinois.

The next year, 1849, Illinois, in gratitude for his gallant services, returned him to the Senate of the United States. In that body he and Douglas met again as colleagues. He had the pride and satisfaction of serving six years in the Senate of the United States with Webster, Calhoun, Clay, Benton and Cass. He had the good fortune to be highly respected in that body, and retired from it with the reputation of an honest man and an able and efficient Senator. He next emigrated to Minnesota, which on becoming a State elected him one of its Senators. It was his intention to draw the short term, so that he only served two years from that State. The Minnesota climate proving too severe for him, he made a trip to California, where he married his present wife, remaining in the State a couple of years.

The war of the rebellion broke out while he was sojourning in California. He was again appointed Brigadier-General and telegraphed for by the War Department. On his arrival in Washington he was assigned to the command of the Army of Western Virginia. With this army he entered the Shenandoah Valley and was encountered by General Stonewall Jackson between Winchester and Kernstown. The forces on this occasion were nearly equal. The

battle was a fierce one. The commanders were well matched—both skilful and both fearless. After several hours had fighting the Confederates gave way about dusk, retreating about six miles from the field, and leaving a large number of wounded and prisoners in the hands of the Federals. "Night fell upon us," says General Shields, "leaving us in possession of the field of battle, two guns, and four caissons, 300 prisoners, and about 1,000 stand of small arms." Jackson and Shields both commanded in person, and this was the only time that "Stonewall" was ever whipped. Some time after another engagement took place between a portion of Shields' command and General Jackson, at a place called Port Republic, where the Federals were repulsed. Shields, with the main body of his command, was not there. He was lying at a place called Luray. He despatched a part of two brigades to burn the bridge at Luray to prevent Jackson from crossing until he would arrive with the main body. The commanders, thinking to distinguish themselves in his absence, risked an action and were badly beaten. General Shields, seeing that such men as himself were not likely to receive anything like fair treatment at the hands of the men who then ruled at Washington, requested his old friend, the President, to take him out of the field and send him to California, which the President with a good deal of reluctance consented to.

He remained in California till the war closed, when he returned to the East and selected the State of Vermont for a permanent residence. He purchased a farm in Carroll county in that State, and he remained with his family in peaceful retirement, after a long life as remarkable for adventure as any in our history. He now represents Carroll county in the Legislature—having consented, at the solicitation of his neighbors, to enter public life again in 1874, at the same point where he entered it first in 1825. This may or may not be his last history; but as it is, it constitutes the history of as remarkable a life as any in our American annals.

ATTEMPTED FRATICIDE.

W. W. BROMHAM HURLS HIS BROTHER INTO LONG ISLAND SOUND FIVE MILES FROM LAND—A DESPERATE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

New Haven, September 27.—At about 9 o'clock on Thursday night, September 17, an exhausted swimmer touched with his hands Indian Reef, a spur of Black Rock, in front of the house of L. Mansfield, in the town of East Haven, about six miles from here by road. Resting a little, he plunged in again, and crossed the mouth of the creek known as East Haven River, and then he stood on the mainland, which he recognized. A little walk brought him to Mr. Mansfield's stable, and there he stood not knowing what to do. Mr. Mansfield, who had come to come and see him, and the Old Shore House keeper will always remember the handsome young man whose naked, finely-built figure met his eyes that night when he opened the stable door. The strange story which the swimmer told to Mr. Mansfield, after a cup of hot tea, was as follows:

"My name is Edward Bromham. I live in New Haven, and am not quite of age. This afternoon, at four o'clock, my only brother—William W. Bromham—and myself hired a sail-boat at White's Dock and went down the harbor. We passed by it into the Sound, and were a mile or two beyond the new light-house when my brother asked me to sit on the stern of the boat, and I began to feel uneasy. As soon as I had seated myself there, he came behind me and said, 'Ain't that a shark out there?' and as I turned to look where he pointed, he pushed me overboard. At first, when in the water, I thought it must have been an accident, but soon changed to my mind. I asked him to help me, and he put the boat about and didn't try to get me. He told me to swim toward the light, and when I got near he would change her course and go away from me, as if he wanted to lead me out into the Sound. He wouldn't throw me an oar or a rope. In this way he kept me in the water for a long time, and some of the time laughed at me, and asked me if I was very drowsy, and when I said dark he started for home, leaving me in the water four or five miles out. Before he started I had given up all hope of help from him and had started for the shore. In fact, I had been afraid he would strike me with an oar if I should get near the boat. I am a good swimmer, but I had a hard time to keep my head above water, and I was getting long hair struggle for my life. My brother and his gangers gave me most trouble, and I must have gone down five or six times in getting them off. I laid my course for the Old Light-house on the shore, but soon it became dark and I lost my bearings. I kept on, floating at times to rest myself, but did not know where I was until I touched your reef, almost ready to drown, but had been in the water three hours, and had come three or four or five miles to eastward.

"I firmly believe my brother meant to drown me. My father has been dead many years, and my mother has married again. My brother and myself were the only children of my father. If I, who am unmarried, die without issue, my share goes to him. He is married, has one child, and is two years older than I am. His action in the boat explains another circumstance hitherto mysterious to me. Some time ago I lived in his house. I am always very careful to turn out my gas before going to bed, but one night while in that house I awoke and smelled gas. It was very drowsy, and I thought my head felt oppressed, with an effort I left the bed, staggered to the window, and had just strength enough to open it. The fresh air revived me, and I looked at my gas-burner. Some one, in my sleep, had turned my gas full on, and the room was full of it. I shall complain to my guardian, Hon. C. B. Bowles."

Mr. Mansfield took him home that night to his mother's house. His brother had told her of Edward's probable death, and when Edward began to condemn William to her, she restrained him, saying that William had assured her that he had done all in his power to save him, but in vain. But Edward holds to the belief which he communicated to Mr. Mansfield that night, and has told the same story to several persons. He says his brother did not know of his rescue until the next morning, when he was told as he was starting for the shore with the intention of looking for Edward's body, and that he went home that evening and told one of the neighbors except his mother.

William says that Edward fell overboard by accident, and that he was not near him at the time, and did not say anything about a shark; that he did all he could to save him, and after going around him several times he went home, as it was getting dark, and he feared his boat would not stand up against the wind. He got to the dock as early as

6:45. He is surprised that Edward feels so, and says he thinks he will change his mind after deliberation. He also denies that his feelings towards Edward have ever been other than friendly.

Mr. Mansfield was out fishing that afternoon, and says the sea was smooth and the weather pleasant. He considers it almost miraculous, however, that in the dark Edward swam to the shore that night. Edward has had no business. His brother is a book-keeper. Their father was for several years a member of the firm of Booth & Bromham, dealers in paints and oils, in State street. Their successors, Booth & Lawrence, are now in Water street. Mr. Bromham left about \$10,000 worth of property, mostly in real estate, but Edward's share is not thought to be now worth more than from \$10,000 to \$20,000.

THE IRISH GUIDE.

THE STORY OF THE CONVERSION OF MR. S. C. HALL.

An example of self-denial and decision is that of an Irish lad who was instrumental in the conversion of Mr. S. C. Hall, the popular author, to teetotalism. Whilst on an excursion in the county of Wicklow, Mr. Hall visited the far-famed Glenmalur, or Seven Churches. On his entrance to the place he was met by a lad of 16 or 17 years of age, who offered to act as his guide. The offer was accepted, and he proved to be an exceedingly intelligent companion. While rambling about Mr. Hall produced a flask of whiskey and offered his guide a "dam," which the boy refused it, and said he was a teetotaler. Mr. Hall appeared incredulous, and, in order to test his sincerity, he offered him money to tempt him to violate his pledge. Five shillings was offered but without effect. The bribe was increased by degrees to a sovereign, the boy's frame trembled while trembling, and his eyes flashing with indignation. At length he stood forward in an attitude of manly firmness, and with much dignity exclaimed:—"Don't know what mischief you are attempting to do; young as I am, I have been a drunkard; many is the good half-crown I have earned as a guide in this place, and then spent it on whiskey. The gentleman used to give me a dram out of their bottles, just as you have offered one to me now, and I was then but too willing to accept it. After getting the taste of it, I would go to the public house, and there spend on drink all I had earned during the day. But, sir, this was not the worst of it. I am the only support of my mother, and while I was drinking she was left to starve. Think of her misery, and my selfishness. But the times are changed with me; I have been for some time a teetotaler. I took the pledge from Father Mathew, and with the help of God, I'll keep it while I live. When you engaged me to-day, I wanted you to allow me time to put on my Sunday clothes; for although I am not ill-dressed now, I have much better clothes for Sundays and holidays, none of which was in my possession of a while. I was in the habit of going to the public house, and besides this my mother has every comfort she can desire. All this happiness you are endeavoring to destroy. You tempt me to break my pledge, to become false to my vow, made before God and man. Oh, sir, you do not know what you are doing. I would not break my pledge for all you are worth in the world!" The boy's earnestness and eloquence made a deep impression on Mr. Hall, who saw that he was in the presence of a hero. After a moment's reflection his determination was fixed; he decided on becoming a teetotaler, and, in order to prove to his guide his sincerity, he flung his flask of whiskey high over his head into the lake, in whose depth he now lies buried. The joy and the excitement of the boy was intense; he danced about in a wild exuberance of delight. It was a scene not soon to be forgotten by either of the actors in it. Mr. Hall often told with pleasure this as one of the happiest events of his life.

The English Ritualists have gained a signal victory over the Low Church party. They are flushed with triumph, and like the people of Ephesus at the time the Council decreed the Divine Maternity of the Blessed Virgin, are singing and dancing with delight. And, strange to say, there is the same cause for joy. The decision of the Court of Queen's Bench permits Mr. Machonochie to have a picture of the Madonna in St. Albans. He was ordered more than a year ago to remove the obnoxious image, but he refused. A decision was obtained from the Court of Arches forbidding him to have the picture in the church. He resisted. Now the highest officer in the realm, Chief Justice Cockburn, has rendered a decision that the picture of the Virgin Mary is a very appropriate decoration for a Christian church, and the beautiful face of Mary will continue to look down in love on the congregation of St. Albans. We may expect to see a picture of the Virgin and Child in every Ritualistic church in the world very soon. We predict many conversions from this. Mary rewards faithfully those who battle for her honor.—*Western Watchman*.

The following incident is taken from a letter of a young volunteer in a French cavalry regiment. He had been a pupil of the Brothers, and writes to one of them who had been his teacher. In the course of his letter he says that the head of his scapular, happening to break, the scapular, unknown to him, fell on the floor. One of the soldiers saw it there, and being it would seem, evilly disposed towards anything religious, he spat upon it and trampled it under foot; then lifting it up he asked whose it was—thinking, probably, the owner would be ashamed to acknowledge his property and thereby make himself the butt of the company's ridicule. The young volunteer hesitated a moment, then answered firmly, "It is mine." Nobody said a word. The young soldier was spared the expected humiliation, and one of his companions, edified by his manly conduct, pulled out his scapular to show that he also wore one and was proud of it, and said: "We will henceforward go to Mass together." And they did. As for the man who had vented his impious spleen on the scapular, he on the day following went to water his horse and was found drowned.

A despatch from New Orleans, dated October 1, says:—A train which arrived from Biloxi last night was crowded with refugees from Waterloo places. When it got to Rigollets the discovery was made that the fever had broken out on the train. Before New Orleans was reached there were 193 cases. The scene beggared description, men, women and children being stretched out upon the seats, some in delirium and others in the agony of fear.

Recent advices from Paris are to the effect that it is rumored in political circles that the French Cabinet, on the re-assembling of the Chambers will bring in a bill proposing a plebiscite for the purpose of formally ratifying the legacy of the Republic.