

first clapped eyes on your dirty, yella, wizened face," she exclaimed, "an' sweet had luck to the hour I listened to your corn-cake voice, you spars-lookin', maygully, shrivel-headed, gum-muck! Maybe it's a new, you want from Moll Murtha!" The last with an indignant toss of the head.

As in a series of dissolving views, Dinny Horan's face exhibited blank amazement, helpless bewilderment, hopeless inability to comprehend, and finally a sense of injury undeserved.

"Musha, Moll," he whined, when the power of speech returned, "you're as unsartain as mountain weather; there's no dependin' on you. What did I do wrong now, eh? Tell me that."

"What did you do, you spalpeen? What did you do, is it? Only for you Dan Murtha would be comin' home to-night to his old mother, in place of wandorin' the wide world all alone, without wan to say avic or acushla to him. Isn't that enough? Isn't it, I say?"

Dinny Horan paid no heed to the questions with which she concluded. He had fastened on the tidings conveyed by his rival's departure, and, heedless of all else, wanted only confirmation and assurance of the fact.

"You don't tell me that for thrue?" he questioned, "you don't mane he's gone away?"

"What else would I mane?" she asked indignantly. "Gone away entirely?" he still questioned. The news, he feared, was too good to be true.

"Whothin, bad manners to you, you — She broke suddenly, but only to vary the style of her attack; for she resumed instantly with a mockery in tone and mien that even Dinny Horan felt it hard to bear in patience: "But what am I sayin'! Wishin' bad manners to you, that has none at all! It's folly I'm talkin', so it is, Misther Horan — ha! ha! — Misther Horan!"

She laughed vehemently, while the face of the little man assumed a paler yellow, and expressed a timid vindictiveness, as he writhed in silence under her galling raillery.

The child nestling in her arms awoke from its slumbers. Lifting his head, and knocking his eyes strenuously, he broke into a cry, from the midst of which he wailed out:

"Mammy! mammy! Where's mammy? Where's mammy?"

All the tenderness in Moll Murtha's nature was recalled on the instant.

"Wishin', avic, wishin'!" she murmured in most soothing tones; "there now me poor senny; there, there! We'll bring you to mammy. Won't you come wud Moll Murtha?"

As she stood before Dinny with her head bent over the child, and her lips again and again pressed to his, and with her voice melting in tenderness, there was something in the picture that touched the better feelings that lay at the bottom of the little miser's nature. There are better feelings in the depths of every human heart, though too many allow them to lie torpid at the bottom so long that they never warm up into active life, never blossom into virtue, never scatter the fragrance of goodness around.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

## THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE POPE.

POSITION OF THE CHURCH ON THE CONTINENT.

At the Annual Dinner of the Catholic Club held at the Club House, 55 Market-street, Manchester, on the 16th ult., the Lord Bishop of Salford presided. There were about sixty of the members present.

His Lordship the Bishop proposed the first toast, "The health of Pope Pius IX." His Lordship said he had had the advantage of having come within a few days from the very side of His Holiness and therefore he could report from personal observation and knowledge upon his general health. Last month the Pope celebrated what the world called his 85th birthday, but His Holiness himself called it his 83rd. He said that a few years ago he was decked of two of his years, and that he had remained two years younger ever since. (Laughter) However, whether he be 83 or 85, as he (the Bishop) supposed, was the case, he was at all events an aged Pontiff, of great mental and still of great physical vigour. His ordinary life, if he were to give a mere sketch of it, would at once point out that he was by no means the feeble old man that he had been sometimes represented to be. For instance he rose every morning at half-past five, and after meditation and prayers he prepared for Mass at half-past seven. Mass and thanksgiving were said by one of the chaplains, and an hour after that he began to receive the cardinals and prefects of the different congregations or their secretaries, with whom he transacted business; and the working of the Church was brought before him in all its details and particulars. The whole of the morning was occupied by giving audiences to persons who went on business requiring the closest attention, or who went to pay him their homage. At about half-past twelve o'clock His Holiness took a short walk. Three years ago, he remembered, he used to walk in the garden of the Vatican very frequently; but owing probably to his increasing age and to his not being quite so strong as he used to be, he now very seldom walked in the garden, but he walked along the great corridors of the Vatican, and there conversed with the cardinals and prelates who might accompany him. Either in the Vatican library, or in the saloon of the Countess Matilda, or in some other room, he sat and chatted with those around him in the most affable and familiar manner. On returning from his walk, he took leave of those who accompanied him, and had a frugal meal. He might say that the whole of the Pope's expenses at the table amounted to about 5s. per day — so that they might judge of the frugality and simplicity of his life. He had his dinner about two o'clock, and about an hour after that he began his work again. He said an officer, and received again the different prefects or secretaries, and transacted all the business that came before him, and worked on till eleven o'clock at night, when in the morning. He (the Bishop) found that His Holiness's mind was perfectly clear, that his memory was exceedingly accurate, remembering things that had happened years and years ago, and that he took the keenest and most intelligent interest in everything that came before him, doing the greater part of the work himself. When the prelates and the cardinals did business with him it was by no means a matter of routine, but every document was brought clearly before his mind. In proposing the health of the Holy Father, he was, therefore, glad to tell them that he was still in very vigorous health, and although he might from time to time have suffered from the little infirmities of old age, which of course must beset him, yet he was at the present moment free from anything serious. He might suffer occasionally from attacks of lumbago, rheumatism, or colds arising from changes in the atmosphere, and requiring that he should lay up for a few hours; and forthwith the busy correspondents telegraphed to England that the Pope was in a dying state. (Laughter) — and the whole world was thrown into a state of anxiety on account of the fears which were cherished through the over zeal that sometimes animated some of the busy correspondents of the various papers in different parts of Europe. Especially in Italy, he must say that nothing could be more deplorable. There was very little that was encouraging in the sense of a break in the horizon or of a change of policy, but so far as present appearances were concerned, all was dark and gloomy. Not that after the darkness of night the sun would not rise and enlighten and cheer us again with its light and warmth; but at the present moment he might say that he considered it about midnight — that was to say, there was no liberty. The last law passed by the Italian Parliament was that the clergy should

be liable to conscription and levy for the army. (Shame.) Twenty-two years ago, in the Piedmontese Chamber, a proposition was made by one of the liberal members that the clergy of Italy should be liable to enlistment and conscription, but the idea was rejected by an overwhelming majority. It was brought forward again and again, year after year, by men of the same Liberal opinions; and finally, after 22 years, it was passed into law by the Italian Chambers, so that at the present moment the priesthood of Italy was liable to conscription, and every seminary student studying his theology, whether he was in Holy Orders or not, might be called up to shoulder the musket and lead the life of a soldier in the army. He believed that King Victor Emmanuel had not yet absolutely put his signature to that law, but it had passed the two Chambers. The King, it was said, was anxious to escape the necessity of putting his signature to such a law, which in his heart he condemned, and which he would be exceedingly glad, somehow or other, to evade; but he had been given to understand by his minister that he was but a constitutional King, that sign he must, and that his crown would depend upon his doing the behests of his Parliament. It was not only that the clergy were liable to conscription, but the State now had its hand upon the whole of the church of Italy. We heard a good deal a few years ago as to how the Italian Government intended to leave the Pope perfectly free, and to leave the Church unmolested, simply perhaps to suppress certain Orders, or to take possession of a certain amount of property which the Church was supposed to possess in too large a quantity, and to make certain necessary reforms touching public administration. We were told that the Pope was to be guaranteed his liberty, that the Church was to be a free Church in a free State; and the advantages enjoyed by the people of England were pictured as the very advantages that were to be enjoyed by the Italians in Italy. But what had been the case? So far from this programme, which was put forward in order to delude the mind of foreigners—Englishmen and others—and to allay the agitation which was beginning to make itself felt in Italy—so far from this programme being carried out, the State was now the complete possessor of the whole of the Church property, and what the Church actually held in its own hands was administered by the State. And not only was it the property of the Church that the State claimed to possess and administer, but the rights and liberties of the people were subject to the will of the civil power; and thus no public processions were permitted independently of the civil power. The civil power had the authority now to prevent Mass being said in church. The Church, so far as the State was concerned, had become the slave of the State. That was the state of things in Italy; and if they went further abroad what did they see? What was the state of the prisons? Quite recently a return had been made to the Italian Parliament stating that two years ago the prisons of Italy contained 103,000 persons, over 90,000 of whom were dismissed by the judges without trial, because there was no plea whatever for taking them up; and an Italian statesman had admitted that there had been in prison 193,000 persons, nearly the whole of whom had been taken merely on what was called suspicion. The complaint had therefore been made by one of the ministers of State that whereas 193,000 persons were put in prison in the course of one year, the prisons of Italy themselves had not accommodation for more than 46,000. It might, then, be imagined how people were huddled together, and also the atrocious state of prison administration in Italy, calling no doubt for the zealous comments of those who were so anxious for the reformation of Italy (laughter, and cries of "Mr. Gladstone.") In Germany it was very much the same thing. But one thing had struck him very much in conversations which he had in Italy, and also in a few conversations which he had held with Germans and Belgians while passing through their respective countries—not that they thought England was about to become Catholic. He himself had no idea of England becoming Catholic in a few years. (Laughter, and laughter) — therefore, it was with no suspicion that the English people were about to become Catholic that those with whom he conversed spoke, but in the various countries which he had visited—Italy, Germany, France, and Belgium the people were looking to England as having exceedingly great weight in the affairs of foreign countries. (Hear, hear, and applause.) No doubt a few years ago, there was a certain feeling in this country. A great Protestant prejudice was raised, and people thought that the putting down of Popery was a very salutary thing for the world at large. The English people were not at all displeased to see that certain changes were taking place in Italy and Germany, but they had now got to understand that those changes were not such as were favourable to human liberty. (Hear, hear, and loud applause.) There was in the English nation, however troubled, distracted, and torn it might be by various religious sects, and however divided it might be with regard to religious doctrine, a universal feeling that every man ought to enjoy full national liberty. In that respect the English people was in this simple straight-forward love of liberty and freedom, for each person to follow the instincts of his own conscience. (Applause.) Certainly this freedom which was enjoyed in this country Englishmen would like to see people enjoying elsewhere. (Hear, hear, and renewed applause.) — and therefore, the Italian and German Governments, when they thought they had the complete sympathy of the great English people in setting out on their work of reformation and destruction, had altogether overlooked their mark (applause). John Bull did first look rather pleased at the steps that were being taken, but when he was examined a little more deeply, and saw in what direction the Italian and German Governments were going, he said "No, no; I cannot follow in that direction. That is not my way at all." The consequence was that the people of Germany, Italy, and Belgium were looking to the support of England, and they considered that if they were to obtain their liberties in those countries it would be in a great measure through the moral influence of England and the encouragement which they would receive from the people of this country. He might mention that within a period of four months in the present year, in Germany, 240 of 250 priests had been fined or put in prison for the exercise of their religious duties, and in the same time 150 editors of newspapers had been fined or imprisoned for the exercise of their duties (oh oh). He should like to see a picture drawn of a learned editor walking, with a priest on each arm, either to prison or to pay his heavy fine (laughter). He thought that the people of this country, if they would simply look at facts as they really were, and at what was proved by those facts, would see that both the liberty of the press and the liberty of worship had ceased to exist in Italy. The two things the people of England loved so well were being stamped out in these countries, and the English people, therefore, in spite of the anti-Catholic feeling and the little bigotry that belonged to the country, could have very little sympathy with the doings of Germany and Italy. He had been speaking to a number of Belgians, and they said, "If we are not annexed to Germany to day it is because of the vigorous conduct of England, and her determination to keep Germany within certain limits, at all events her determination that Germany should not take possession of Belgium." It was on that account that the Belgians felt a certain sense of security, for they knew that Prince Bismarck—(groans)—had a large mouth and quick swallow (laughter)—and that Belgium, would be a luscious morsel. Belgium, however, felt that England was her friend—the friend of liberty and of straight-forward honesty and justice—and would stand by her; and the feeling in Belgium, Germany, and Italy was becoming

more and more apparent that though the English people were slow to move, the English press did move and the English papers were read with great interest throughout the world. On the Continent no man knew what paper was not bought. (Hear, hear.) In respect to every paper there were fears that it was under Government influence, and the people, therefore, did not trust the papers of the Continent; but they knew perfectly well that however the English papers might disagree with their own politics and religion, they were not bought by any Government. (Hear, hear.) The English press was thoroughly independent, and though it spoke out, perhaps, not the whole of its mind, a great portion of it did fairly represent the mind of the people of this country. Therefore, the press of this country was looked upon with the greatest interest by the people of every other country in Europe, and the work which it was doing in condemning the policy of Prince Bismarck, and to a certain extent, that of Italy, was producing its effect. The Bishop concluded by proposing the health of Pope Pius IX., which was received with loud cheers.

## THE MURDER OF GERALD.

THE LAST EARL OF DESMOND, A.D. 1583.

The following interesting details of the death of Gerald of Desmond, the last of the Geraldines of that branch, who we (United Irishman) must own, in justice to the historical accuracy of our fair and talented expositor, died very unlike a hero, is from the *Tralce Chronicle*. To make the record understood, it may be necessary to explain that the writer of these *an* had published a poem on the death of Gerald, the historical accuracy of which had been questioned by a correspondent. The public, we are sure, will be glad of the cause that led to these details of the tragic fate of the last of the Earls of Desmond, the incidents of which are scarcely known—or if they are, so magnified or distorted in the semi-transparent medium of tradition as to leave one in doubt in the commingling of fact and fiction, where one begins and other ends. We think, however, that the light thrown on the subject by "Nannie H. H." shows the tragedy in that aspect, which, if not true, looks most like it. In that age none of the "adventurers" spoke the truth, so that we must take the evidence as we find it, and judge accordingly.

"In writing an historic poem or ballad," says Nannie, "a writer must follow the recorded facts of the subject, and in the absence of these, tradition must be accepted. The death of the last Earl of Desmond is a subject that almost every historian has dwelt on, and they are unanimous in making him say the words that 'A Subscriber' thinks unworthy of a great man, the last of the Earls. But brave men have their moments of weakness, and we find Gerald, in a fit of weakness and despondency, after his Countess had deserted him, and when the meshes of his implacable enemy had closed around him in the Kerry mountains with no hope of escape, except surrender, writing to his detested foe, Ormond, the following letter:

"DESMOND TO ORMOND,

"5th June 1583.

"My Lord,—Great is my grief when I think how heathen his majesty is bent to dishonor me and how I carry that name of an undutiful subject, yet God knoweth that my heart and mind are most lowly inclined to serve my most loving prince, so it may please his highness to remove my heavy displeasure from me.

"As I may not condemn myself of disloyalty to her majesty, so can I not express myself, but must confess that I have incurred her majesty's indignation, yet when the cause and means which were found, and which caused me to commit folly, shall be known to her highness, I rest in assured hope that her most gracious majesty will both think of me as my heart deserveth, and also of those that wrong me into undutifulness as their cunning devices merited. From my heart I am sorry, that folly, bad council, straight of any other thing hath made me to forget my duty, and therefore I am desirous to have conference with your Lordship, to the end that I may declare to you how tyrannous I was used.

"Humbly craving that you will please appoint some place and time where I may attend your honor, and then I doubt not to make it appear how dutiful I carry—how faithfully I have at my own charge served her majesty before I was proclaimed—how sorrowful I am for mine offenders—and how faithful I am affected, even, hereafter, to serve her majesty.

"And so I commit your Lordship to God, the fifth of June, 1583.

"GERALD DESMOND."

This interview was never granted, evidently from a wish on the part of Ormond to hound him on to death. Had it been granted, Glen-n-Ghinuigh might have been spared the tragedy enacted there. "A Subscriber" is wrong when he names Dr. Rowan as the author of the account of the Earl's death published in the *Kerry Magazine*. That account was published in a work called "A Scourge for Rebels," written by Thomas Churchyard the year after the Earl's death, and printed in the *Kerry Magazine* in '54. In the same work we read the depositions of Owen MacDonnell, O'Moriarty, sworn before the Earl of Ormond, the Bishop of Ossory, and the Sovereign of Kilkenny, on the 25th of the same month of November, fifteen days after the Earl's death. At the dawn of day, Owen, and Donnell O'Moriarty, with Daniel Kelly, a soldier who had served in England, and who took the lead of the band on this occasion, with the Kerne and soldiers, rushed with a shout into the cabin where the Earl lay. At the first sound of the enemies' approach the two retainers fled; Kelly, who entered first struck a blow that lay the old Earl at his feet disabled. The Earl then cried, "I'm the Earl of Desmond! spare my life!" The poor prostrate Desmond was more likely to say this, in a moment of supreme agony and waiting strength, than to write the foregoing letter to his implacable and detested foe, Ormond, when he was in a wretched condition it is true, but when he enjoyed comparative freedom. I object to your correspondent calling the words used "a whine." I think the expression was full of a simple dignity; he made no concessions, offered no compromise, but simply announced the hitherto talismanic name.

The *Viridiana* *Hibernica*, a work written by M. Carey, and published in Philadelphia in 1837, we read this description of the Earl's death:—"When they entered the hut they found only one venerable old man, feeble and languid, stretched before the fire. Kelly brutally attacked and wounded him, without knowing who he was. The helpless old man invoked the ruffian to spare his life; and supposing, as was natural, that the revelation of his name would inspire pity and reverence, and insure his life, cried out, 'Spare me—I am the Earl of Desmond.' He was miserably deceived. The disclosure produced an effect diametrically opposite to his expectations. It hastened his end. Kelly chopped off his head and conveyed it to Ormond, who forwarded it to Elizabeth."

The writer, whose object was to refute the aspersions and prejudiced reports of the whole host of anti-Irish historians, accepts the account of the death of Desmond given by Moriarty in his depositions, sees nothing undignified in the exclamation, "I'm Desmond, spare my life."

In Smith's History of Cork we read:—"Upon entering the cabin they found only an old man, the others being fled, when one, Daniel Kelly, (who was afterwards hanged at Tyburn, but for the present rewarded by Queen Elizabeth), almost cut off his arm with his sword, and repeating the blow over his head, the old man cried out, desiring them to spare

his life, for that he was the Earl of Desmond. Kelly upon this desisted; but the effusion of blood causing him to grow faint, and being unable to travel he struck of his head."

I agree with "A Subscriber" in wishing that the lion who kept the foe at bay so long, had died with proud defiance on his lips; but we must follow history even against our own wishes. We know that the "Four Masters" pandered to the tastes of their patron, Farrell Garra, and to the English readers, in writing of the Geraldines. Their example was followed by the other anti-Irish historians and analysts of the day; hence we have prejudiced accounts of the motives and actions of the "hydra" race of Desmond. We may, and do, demur to this, but in the absence of other authentic record, we must accept the facts as they stand.

The other point is: "Who really killed Desmond, Kelly, or Moriarty?" Ormond, in writing to the Privy Council a few days after the Earl's death, says:

"In my way now from Dublin I received letters of the killing of the traitors Gough M'Sweeney (Captain of the Gallowglass) the only man that relieved the Earl of Desmond in his extreme misery; and the next day after my coming hither to Kilkenny I received certain word that Donnell MacMoriarty (of whom, at my last being in Kerry, I take assurance to serve against Desmond) being accompanied by twenty-five kerne of his own sept, and six of the ward of Castlemaigne, the 11th of this month at night the Earl in his cabin in a place called Glanegenty, near the river of the Maigne, and slew him, whose head I have sent for, and appointed his body to be hanged in chains at Cork.

"Kilkenny, 15th Nov., 1583.

"THOMAS ORMOND ET Osr."

Against this we read in the annals of Doctor Dudley Loftus that Queen Elizabeth, by her letter, dated 14th Dec., 1583—

"Ordered that her well-beloved subject and soldier, Daniel Kelly, who slew the late traitor Desmond, for his very good service therein, should have at least thirty years without fine so much of her lands, spiritual and temporal, as should amount to thirty pounds sterling per annum."

Kelly was the more needy of the two, being but an adventurer and a soldier by trade. He struck the first blow, and, we are assured by Moriarty, the final one that severed the head from the body. He got the reward. If Moriarty earned it, why did he not claim it, especially at that time of wholesale wrong and fraud, niceties of conscience did not trouble the invaders or invaded, and public opinion was unheeded?

I hope "A Subscriber" will acquit me of any intention to make a coward of the great last Earl of Desmond—"ingens rebellibus exemplar"—whose memory is so dear to us Southerners.—Yours truly,

NANNIE H. H.

Tralce, June 20th, 1875.

## THE FRENCH ARMY.

Those interested in the European war-cloud "no bigger than a man's hand" will find food for reflection and gossip in the following letter to the *New York Times*:

PARIS, France, Monday June 14, 1875.

Yesterday there was a review of all the troops comprising the garrisons of Paris and Versailles, including the adjoining forts and villages. It was in many respects a memorable event, being the grandest review held since the election of Marshal MacMahon to the Presidency. Besides, it was the sixtieth birthday of the Marshal-President. As a matter of course the display took place at Longchamps adjacent to the Bois de Boulogne, and it is safe to say it was witnessed by 100,000 spectators. I am quite certain there were not so many present, exclusive of the boys in uniform, as were in attendance the Sunday previous, when the Grand Prize of Paris was run for by French and English thoroughbreds. The grand stands, or tribunes, were occupied with those who had been fortunate enough to receive tickets from the War Department, while those who had not the necessary pass-boards were fain to content themselves with positions on the lawn and hill-sides. Owing to the nature of the "long field," it was no difficult matter for one to see some part of the moving mass of men, and I dare say most of the spectators were entirely satisfied with the review. It was a lovely day until after the review was concluded; a great bank of clouds obscured the sun's rays, while a gentle breeze cooled the atmosphere. But when the soldiers had passed in review, and were on their way to Paris, and when the civilians had just started in the same direction, the rain came down in torrents, and many magnificent toilets were irrevocably ruined; and yet everybody seemed in a great good humor, and though the water was wetting us through and through we laughed, and shouted, and cheered the soldiers as we passed them, for all the world as if we were very happy.

The political movements of Europe, and the unusual attention directed towards the French Republic nowadays, makes her standing Army a subject of comment among all foreign powers. She has ever been a nation of soldiers, and as it was known that since the evacuation of 1871 she has been "in time of peace preparing for war," much anxiety was manifested in this review. Consequently the foreign powers were represented on the staff of Marshal MacMahon in unusual numbers. He had been pleased to invite all the military attaches, as well as the Ambassadors and Secretaries of Legation, to accompany him to Longchamps, and for the most part the legations were well represented. I failed, however, to recognize upon his staff any officer, or ex-officer, or representative of the United States Government. This absence of representation was particularly noticeable among Americans, as there are to-day an unusual number of ex-officers in Paris. Perhaps they were minus their uniforms, or worse still, lacking in horsemanship, and dared not accept the kind invitation I have already mentioned. My long service in the late rebellion, and my natural love for the service of arms, prompted me to go out to Longchamps at an earlier hour than did most of the spectators, and as I was accompanied by an ex-Captain in the French Army, I was in a much better position to see and to learn than I expected to be. However, before commenting upon the display from a military standpoint, it is perhaps necessary to mention the number of troops, and the way in which the review was brought to a successful termination.

THE LINES PASSING IN REVIEW.

There were on parade 105 battalions of Infantry, 55 squadrons of cavalry, and 20 batteries of artillery. This was a pretty good-sized army—much larger, in fact, than Gen. Rosecrans had at Manassas when he defeated Gen. Bragg, and won such a victory as enabled the Northern forces to ever afterward point with pride to the words "Stone River" inscribed in letters of gold upon the regimental colors. And it was a larger force than was engaged at Pittsburg Landing, or at Chickamauga, when "Old Pap" Thomas stemmed the tide fast ebbing toward defeat, and with his famous Fourteenth Corps held the victorious Confederates in check until those forts and rifle-pits at Chattanooga could be erected. Indeed, it was a much larger army than any of those we had engaged either in the East or Western departments in the earlier history of our unhappy war. The time announced for MacMahon's arrival was 3 o'clock, and promptly on the hour the booming cannon announced the arrival of himself and suite upon the course. There was considerable cheering as the Marshal galloped swiftly along the several lines, not by the troops, but by the many thousands of spectators. Stern had been the orders issued to rank and file not to follow so unsoldierly a fashion, and the rule was observed with disciplinary precision. But if the soldiers could not huzza

they could present arms and sabres, and the bugles could sound and the drums beat, and the colon could be dipped and the horses prance, and every one's heart could throb and his blood warm just the same as though there were no discipline. After the President had galloped over the field, passing first the artillery, then the cavalry, and then the infantry, he drew up in front of the tribune, doubtless the greatest joy of the inexperienced ones who were close to the heels of his chequered charger. Then a handsome aid galloped down the course toward the head of the column of the Infantry division, and presently the troops were passing in review before the President of France. It was a grand picture to look upon. Marshal MacMahon sat astride his horse a living hero. In his brilliant uniform, with his sparkling eyes, his ruddy cheeks and grey mustache and imperial, he looked every inch a soldier. Back of him were mounted men, Generals, diplomats, foreign officers, members of the French Assembly, and a few orderlies. In front of him an open space, along which the troops were to pass, and further on the tribunes. Here were collected a vast array of loveliness and bravery. The Duchess Magenta, wife of the Marshal-President, was conspicuously prominent, as was M. Thiers, ex-President of the Republic. Minister Washburne, Secretary of Legation, the Duc de Dalmatie, and Marshal Canrobert were also pointed out or noticed by your correspondent. To the right of the President the woods of Boulogne, with the wind-mills and the handsome houses, while away beyond the river stood Mount Valerien, with its massive fort looking grimly down through its many port-holes upon the scene. To the left the moving men of war, with nodding plumes, waving flags, glittering bayonets, bright clean uniforms, soul-stirring music, and steady onward tramp. First came the Commander in Chief of the army, Marshal of France, about his body. He had a numerous retinue of officers and escort, as did all the other Generals. Preceding him marched the band of the Garde Republicaine, the same which visited the United States in 1872. After him came a battalion of the Cadets of St. Cyr, the West Point of the nation. Though young in years they marched like veterans, and by their military bearing drew forth the admiration of all present. Following the cadets came the legion of the Guard of the Republic, heroes, every one of them, each individual soldier, whether in front or rear rank, wearing one or more decorations stamping him as such. They were great, strong, hearty men were the members of the Guards, and it is no wonder they are proud to be members of the Legion. They were followed by the sappers-pompier, or firemen of Paris, each with a glittering helmet on his head and a hatchet on his back. The firemen marched with commendable precision, and were well aligned when they passed as in columns of company front. These were succeeded by the Thirtieth Battalion of Chasseurs on foot, the Legion of Gendarmes Mobile, and the First Regiment of Engineers—and these comprised the first line.

The second line of the review was composed of the Third Division of Infantry, comprising the Eighty-seventh, Fifty-first, and Seventy-second Regiments of the line; the Fifth Division of Infantry, comprising the Thirty-ninth, Seventy-fourth, Thirty-sixth, and One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Regiments of the line; the Seventh Division of Infantry, comprising the One Hundred and First, One Hundred and Second, One Hundred and Third, and One Hundred and Fourth Regiments of the line; the Eighth Division of Infantry, comprising the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth, One Hundred and Thirtieth, One Hundred and Fifteenth, and One Hundred and Seventeenth Battalions of the marines; the Ninth Division of Infantry, comprising the Eighty-second, Eighty-fifth, One Hundred and Thirtieth, and One Hundred and Thirty-first Regiments of the line; and the Tenth Division of Infantry, comprising the Forty-sixth, Eighty-ninth, and Seventy-sixth Regiments of the line. The third line was composed of the Seventeenth Division of Infantry, comprising the Sixty-eighth, ninetieth, One Hundred and Fourteenth, and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Regiments of the line; the Thirty-sixth Brigade of Infantry, comprising the Seventy-seventh and One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Regiments of the line; the Nineteenth Division of Infantry, comprising the Forty-eighth, Seventy-first, Forty-first, and Seventieth Regiments of the line; the Fortieth Brigade of Infantry, comprising the Second and One Hundred and Thirty-sixth Regiments of the line; the Twenty-fourth Division, comprising the Sixty-fourth, Sixty-fifth, One Hundred and sixteenth, and One Hundred and Eighteenth Regiments of the line; and the Forty-sixth Brigade of Infantry, comprising the Seventy-eighth and Eightieth Regiments of the line. These composed the infantry forces. In each regiment there were two and in some cases three battalions; in each battalion there were four companies. The troops marched in columns of company front, guide right, the average being about forty-eight files. Each division was commanded by a General, who was accompanied by a staff and escort, moderate in numbers. The red trousered soldiers—"doughboys," as we used to call them in the army, "ploups," as they are called here—with their white gaiters worn over white boots, and the green sea of bayonets which shone and shook over their heads, presented a really beautiful sight. There was no confusion whatever, and only at rare intervals could we hear a command given. Away down the line we could see the sea of bayonets bobbing up and down in irregular cadence, and we surmised that they were indulging in a sort of "route step," but as they neared the reviewing officer there was noticeable a change of gait, and then, as the drums rolled, and the colors dipped, and the soldiers came to a carry arms, and the officers saluted, there was seemingly but one marching, so uniform was their step. Having passed the Marshal-President, the arms were brought to a left shoulder, (left shoulder shift we used to call it, and then making a right wheel up at the end of the field near by the wind-mill, the regiments were ordered their way back to barracks.

Then came the artillery under command of Gen. La Faille, two regiments from the Third Brigade, and two from the Forty-ninth Brigade of Artillery. The infantry had been permitted to get out of the way and the artillery passed in review on the trot. There were in all twenty batteries. The guns are of various kinds and sizes. There were parrot guns, 10 pounders, mitrailleuses, and some of a late invention. The guns were invariably drawn by six dark-colored horses, and the caissons by as many white ones. The contrast was very marked, and particularly pleasing to the eye. Besides, the system has its advantages, which will at once commend them to a soldier. The artillery horses were for the most part in excellent condition, and were strong and active animals. The gun-carriages, as well as the caissons, are built of the strongest material, iron being predominant in the composition of the running gear. I noticed particularly that the gunners and ammunition-servers did not ride on the boxes, but were mounted on a la cavalerie. The usual extent of animals brought up the rear of each battery. Then came the cavalry, commanded by Gen. Viscount de Bonnemains. First a squadron of mounted cadets from St. Cyr, next a squadron of mounted gendarmes, and then the mounted members of the Guard Republicaine. Following these came the Cavalry, the Ninth and Thirtieth Dragoon regiments, the Fifth and Twenty-first Dragoon regiments, the Fifth and Twenty-first Dragoon regiments, the Seventh and Eighteenth Dragoon regiments, and finally the Fourth and Ninth Cuirassiers. The precision and general ensemble of the cavalry were especially cheered by the vast crowd. Like the artillery, they