

"Then take more pains to nourish him with proper food."

"What can I do, Mrs. Brady, with so many mouths to fill, and so little to do it with?"

"I think you might do better, though," said Mary. "Just calculate whether tea and bread do not cost nearly as much as food that, if properly cooked, would support the strength more."

"It is prudent always first to lay aside your week's rent; then make your purchases according to what you have to lay out. Get in six pounds of rice at twopences or twopence-half penny per pound, some cocoa and meal, as much as you require for the week, and a little sugar or treacle; and for your bit of meat and vegetables go to the market on Saturday night, and you will pick up things much cheaper than at other times."

"Another day, you can get some herrings, when they are in season, and make a dinner of them, fresh, the first day, and put the remainder into a saucepan with a little salt and water, just enough to cover them, and when done enough, and cold, pour a little vinegar on them, and that will make another nice meal, with bread or potatoes."

"What you say, Mrs. Brady, is very true, and I am much obliged to you for so much advice and instruction, and I will begin and try and manage as you tell me."

"If you had a small place to yourselves," said Mary, "you could manage much better, for your husband collects, after being washed, could be stewed for twenty-four hours, and make a very good wash or broth for it, with such other things as he might get at the houses and farms as he goes his rounds; and you might have a decent man or woman in your spare room to lighten the rent. The children could take the pig sometimes in the green lanes for the grass, and gather acorns in the season, and dry leaves in autumn for its bed—a better employment for them than playing about the streets after school; then what are you going to do with that heap of corks sorted in the corner there?"

"Sell the good ones, and burn the broken ones, they are no good."

"Yes; they are."

"What would you do with them?"

"I'll tell you; I have as good a mattress as you'd wish to have, of cork shavings."

"You don't say so; well, you are a knowledgeable woman!"

"When you and the children have time, take an old knife and fork, and cut the old corks into thin shavings, and collect them till you have enough to stuff a bag for one of the children to sleep on. A course bag of anything strong will do, and you must put the corks in smooth and tight; I don't give my boys anything else to sleep on but that or straw. I have always accustomed them to what is clean, but hard; though, of course if they were ill, I should put them on something softer, for I have one feather bed, of feathers I collected, picked, and baked myself; and clean white rags clipped by the children into very small pieces make them very good pillows."

"You see, Mrs. Murphy, how much comfort poor people can have by good management.—If all poor men's wives were cleanly and provident there would not be so many men driven to the public-house as there are, to get quit of the dirt and misery and bad diet of their home; my husband would not eat a bit, if the cloth on his supper-table were not clean, and the place neat and tidy when he comes in from his work; so I have to get it all done while he is out. I find great comfort in the public washhouse, where, for a penny, I get hot water and the use of tubs, and can dry my clothes without damping my own house with them; they are one of the greatest benefits that the gentry have bestowed on the poor, and to you that have only one room, they would be a great relief, and keep you from many a cold you would otherwise get by sitting and sleeping with damp clothes about."

"Indeed, I find it so," said Mrs. Murphy. "I often take our bits of things there to wash, and Murphy, when he has two pence to spare, gets a bath there which he enjoys very much."

"Yes; with but one room, where the children are so much with you, he can't have the convenience for cleanliness he would like, and it is a great blessing to be able to get those baths for a penny or two."

One of the children came into the room at this moment, and Mary said to him, "Now, Johnny, take this knife and fork on that old

piece of board, and cut me up those old corks, and when you have finished them all, as I show you, I'll give you a penny."

"I find it a very good plan, Mrs. Murphy, to pay mine this way, now and then, to encourage them, besides their reward penny every Sunday, if they have done well during the week; and they save it up to buy something useful. I never allow sweets to stuff their stomachs with, for that is a foolish way to spend money, and only does them harm. Has your Johnny no better clothes than those he has on?"

"No, indeed, those are all he has."

"Then you must keep him steady to school and you will find, if he is always kept clean and attentive, he will be given clothes by some of the ladies that look after the school; so do make an exertion to send him every day, and at the hour fixed for him to be there. You may depend upon it, Mrs. Murphy, we parents have an awful responsibility, and if we fail in anything towards our children, we shall have to answer for it. I never reflected half enough before I married, upon the great duties I took upon myself. It is an anxious thing to think that we have to answer for the souls of husband and children, if we by our neglect have any hand in their being lost."

"The Lord bless us, Mrs. Brady, you quite frighten me."

"I tell you only the truth," said Mary; "we are apt to be blinded by so many things, and it is only the great help of God's grace that enables us to get through all our duties; we can't be too attentive to our religious duties ourselves, nor strive too much to keep them to ourselves."

"But what can poor people do, that have to earn their bread, and have so little time?"

"Oh, where there is a will there is a way? And God helps us the more we stick to Him and strive to have His blessing; and as wives, we must feel that we cannot be sure of a man's not being led astray, unless he keeps to his religion, and minds what it teaches."

"You have the comfort of a Christian man at any rate, Mrs. Brady."

"So have you Mrs. Murphy; let us then keep them up to it, by doing even more good ourselves, and helping them on in the way of salvation. When mine comes home of an evening I get him to read me a chapter out of a good book, and night prayers for the children, and when they are gone to rest he sometimes reads for an hour to me while I mend and make for them all. I know you must have more difficulty on account of some of the children sleeping in the same room with you; but if they are made to go to bed early, they will not hinder your quiet half-hour every evening. Now I must bid you farewell for to-day, but I will get you a little arrow-root for the child, if your little girl will come to my place for it. And now remember what I have said about your husband's food. And be sure of this, that it is not the want of money, but the want of management, that makes so many comfortless homes and so many scanty and ill-prepared meals."

(To be Continued.)

THE KINGDOM OF THE CHURCH AND THE PEOPLE

The position of the Holy Father in the midst of the world is now as grand and as majestic as it ever has been. He has been deposed from his Sovereignty for a moment by a band of Revolutionists; he is confined to his residence; he is persecuted and insulted; but he remains firm, full of confidence in the Providence of God, the only witness among the Princes and Governments in the world to Christian Order and to the claim of Christ to reign over the men whom He created out of nothing. He has not failed to speak with all the sincerity and simplicity of an Apostle; he does not fail to stand erect, in the midst of ruins, in all the hope and confidence of a Prophet. God has wonderfully preserved his health and strength, and he is the joy and consolation as well as the fortitude of all who approach him. Much of his time, which is not spent in the laborious duties of his office, is given to prayer. The world wonders at, and cannot understand the fortitude and confidence of this old man, who in his feebleness is stronger than the world. Writing to the Bishop of Mondovi, about a fortnight ago, the Holy Father said: "Knowing as we do that the gates of hell cannot prevail against the Rock that has been founded by Christ, and that God has made the nations of the earth 'scandalous' from the very enormity of the crime that has been committed. We are led to hope that God will at last arise and judge His own cause; we believe that He will all the more from seeing ourselves completely deserted by all human means, witherewith to oppose the great evil that has been committed. At the same time this confidence ought to make us all the more ready to fight the battles of the Lord, to vindicate His honour, to defend His sacred rights, which are committed to Our keeping, and to protect the flock He has trusted to Our care from the wolves that seek to destroy it."

It is not strange, though the world is unable to comprehend it, this same faith and confidence, this same courage and determination are animating Catholics throughout the world. A few years ago men prophesied the end of the Catholic Church. When the Council was doing its work they prophesied that its definitions would dissolve its organization and would break up its coherence and obedience. When the Temporal Power was about to be taken away, the authority of the Church, men said, would fall with it. And what in reality is the case? The Church in no period of her existence during the present century has ever rallied the devotion of her children to her cause more effectually than at the present moment.

It may be convenient for men to blind themselves, whether Protestant statesmen and politicians, in England or elsewhere, and to imagine that the enthusiasm that has been awakened is confined to the clergy and to a few converts and devotees. But a time will come when even politicians will be awakened out of their dream. Governments and Princes indeed have apostatized from Christianity; they have become pagan, and the servants of secret societies and of revolutionary theories.

But the Catholic people throughout the world are beginning to feel their strength. The press, the post, the telegraph, and steam are bringing them together more than ever into one compact and solid society. They are beginning to understand one another, as never before. The Catholics of Germany and Italy and Spain, and of France and Switzerland and Belgium and Holland, with those of England and Ireland; the Colonies and the States of America, are all brought together and unite with one Catholic heart and will. The General Council, which summoned together the Prelates of the Catholic people of all nations, has accomplished

this, that it has definitely confirmed and strengthened that Kingdom of Christ which is to grow and expand like the stone seen by the prophet to enlarge until, as a mountain, it filled the whole earth.

The work which the Reformation attempted in England and Germany, and which Gallicanism imitated in France, and Pombalism in Portugal, and Josephism in Austria, and Regalism in Spain, was to create national Churches, over which the State or the Sovereign should hold an easy control. The world thought to have its own way, and *Divide et impera* became its maxim. The Council met in its weakness and foolishness, laughed at and grieved by all the powers of the world, that is by the Press and the Governments, and in a few months it condemned the heresy and schism of *nationalism* in religion. It would seem in the infinite wisdom of God that the Council by the condemnation had accomplished enough for the moment. It had condemned nationalism in Religion; it had undone the work of the Reformation. Its teaching was not to remain sterile. It was to bear fruit at once. The Catholics of every nation were to be knit together by common sympathy in the sufferings of their Spiritual King; they were to be brought around Him, and to confess before the whole world that they are members of a spiritual kingdom that knows distinction neither of race nor country. It is in this manner that the secret societies, which have for the last century been seeking to undermine Christianity throughout the world, are being foiled by a society of men no less devoted, no less strictly bound together, and no less aided, no less powerful in their influence upon the destinies of the world.

For ourselves then, so far from being dismayed at the persecution which has fallen upon the Church, we recognize it as being the divine alchemy that is to renew its strength in order to contend with and to convert the world for ages to come.

We have but to cast a glance over Europe at the present moment in order to see how the dormant energies of Catholics in every country are awakening. In Austria and Hungary meetings have been held in almost every town in behalf of the Pope. The *Osservatore Cattolico* has published between 20 and 30 different summaries of these meetings and the resolutions that were passed in them. And now we learn that the Austrian Ministry has fallen.

Throughout Germany and Prussia the people have united in protests and addresses to their Sovereigns and to the Pope. And now we hear, from the *Mainzer Journal*, "that in consequence of the number of Catholic demonstrations in Germany in behalf of the Pope, the Prussian Government has officially requested Bishops of that kingdom to state what measures they think the Government should take: whether by negotiation, by a Congress, or by arms, to restore the Pope to the freedom desirable for the discharge of his duties as Head of the Church."

In Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland the same unity of feeling and the same moral pressure is being made use of by Catholics for the same common cause.

In Spain the "Catholic Association," which has its branches in every province and town, and gathers into one nearly every true Catholic of the kingdom, by prayers, petitions, and agitations, is joining in the general movement.

It was supposed for a moment that Portugal, honey-combed as it is by freemasonry, would stand aloof; but so far from this being the case the Catholic Press and people of Portugal are as determined as any other. Again, the United States of America were said to be free from any complicity with the action of Catholics in Europe, and to be indifferent to the Sovereign Independence of the Head of the Kingdom of the Church. But facts have shown that in no country in Europe have the manifestations been more logical, more determined, and more numerous attended than in America. In New Orleans over 10,000 Catholics met upon one day to protest. In Baltimore 50,000 assembled and drew up one of the most remarkable declarations that have yet been published upon the necessity of a sovereign and territorial independence for the Head of the Church. We gave an extract from this document in our issue of last week. And in other towns of the States and of Canada, the same thoughts have been expressed and the same manifestations witnessed.

And to end, by coming nearer home; we have the whole of Ireland roused to a state of indignation, which will certainly not be calmed until the Pope is restored to his rights. And the million and a half or two millions of Catholics of Great Britain are one in heart and sentiment with their brethren in Ireland and throughout the world. We know not what measures the Catholics of England and Ireland may be driven to adopt; but this is certain, that they will use all their Constitutional rights, and will oppose every Government that commits itself to a course of hostility to the Kingdom of the Church and to the Sovereignty of its King.

The Church has been deserted by Kings and Governments. But she has entered into alliance with the people. The people are her inheritance—the people and the poor are always with her. Christ had "pity on the people," and he chose them to be his own. His ministers are drawn from out of their ranks; His ministrations are poured out upon them; the Governments have persecuted the Church, and now the Church is shaking the dust of the Palaces from off her feet. The people throughout the world are declaring that she is their kingdom, and that their Head must be sovereignly and territorially free and independent. And power is no longer with Kings but with the people—and the Church.—*London Tablet.*

JOTTINGS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

(From Correspondent of London Daily Telegraph.)
A correspondent attached to the Ambulance Department writes as under:—

PARIS, Dec. 1.

As our waggons rolled slowly over the frozen road between Maison Alfort and Creteil, we reflected on the hardships to which the troops were exposed. That they might have less weight to carry, they had left Paris without blankets. The morning was still piercingly cold; the first faint streaks of daylight had made their appearance in the horizon; far away to the front the bright light among the trees of the plantations to the right and left of the road indicated the bivouac of the French troops. As we approached, a picturesque scene presented itself. The men were already occupied with the preparation of their morning meal—the habitual soup or coffee, without which the French soldier is unfit for work. The Prussians are aware of this, and have on more than one occasion surprised their antagonists while engaged in concocting the soup, in the mysteries of which the French soldier is a master. The scene was indeed most interesting—more so to the observers than to the actors. Some of the men were carrying wood, others lighting fires; some were cutting up vegetables, which in Paris would be nearly worth their weight in gold, others examining their rifles or arranging their kits; here soldiers watched with evident anxiety the cooking of a piece of horse-flesh—there a group of officers stretched their benumbed limbs before a fire composed of two entire trees; the whole being rendered more mysterious by the bright blue smoke of the wood fires which appear to cling heavily to the plantation.

It was scarcely daylight when our waggons drew up in front of the church at Creteil. The positions of the two armies had remained unchanged during the night. The French occupied the village, the Prussian outposts were at a distance of a few hundred yards beyond. Are there any wounded who have not been removed? Yes; there are some on the rising ground to the right, and four or five in

the church. We enter the house of God. The altar is dismantled, the seats have disappeared—taken possibly for firewood. From the walls are still suspended several pictures, among them one of Him who preached peace and goodwill towards men. On the stone floor, on some straw near the entrance, is the crouched-up body of a wounded officer, who has died from cold during the night. Within a few yards a soldier, wounded badly in the leg, lies on a mattress; a third unfortunate sits bolt upright, motionless, silent. "But the worst are here," said a soldier, who lighted us with a piece of candle. Lying on some straw was a poor fellow shivering with the cold. The blanket which had been thrown over him was of little service. Near to him was standing a monk in his white robe, with black cloak, and wide-brimmed hat. The doctor examined the wounded man, and said, "He should have some hot soup at once. When was he examined by a surgeon? What has been given to him?" "Alas, Sir," replied the monk, "we have been unable to give him anything. I have watched the wounded during the whole night. No surgeon has visited them. It is impossible to obtain any soup." "Chocolate, hot wine, anything warm; the man is half-starved and frozen." "I can drink nothing," said the soldier, faintly; "give me a piece of chocolate." We gave him some, which he ate with avidity. The other man was lying on his back, covered with blood. Having ordered some hot wine to be prepared, the doctor said that he would take the two cases to Paris the moment we returned from the field of battle, which we were about to traverse in search of any wounded who might have unfortunately been overlooked. As we walked on I asked the doctor what he thought of the two men whom we had just seen. He replied that the first man had received a penetrating wound in the chest, while the second had a penetrating wound in the abdomen; and he added, that both might have been saved if they had been attended to yesterday—that they might even yet recover when under proper treatment in Paris.

As we approached the Prussian lines we found a still unexploded shell, which had fallen short of the village; and near it, sheltered by a wall, were two French soldiers lying side by side. They had evidently dragged themselves into that position for warmth after having been wounded—an indication that if they had been found on the previous day they might have been saved. When we discovered them both were dead from cold. On the other side of the Prussian shell—an emblem of death and of man's vindictive passions—I found an infant's bright blue leather boot—an emblem of life and innocence. How the property of some prattling little child—whether French or Prussian—had been carried to the battle-field, it is impossible to conjecture. Possibly the father was a soldier, and had taken it in his knapsack, to recall more vividly to his mind the dearest tie he had on earth; perhaps he now is numbered with the dead. After an unsuccessful search we returned to the village. No wounded men could have survived exposure for the night. Creteil at one time, as you are aware, was occupied by the Germans; and what between their dilapidations and those of the French, it now presents a most unhappy aspect. When the enemy first made his appearance, the inhabitants "skedaddled," carrying with them all the movable goods and chattels of which they were possessed. There are inscriptions on the walls in both German and French. Amongst others are: "Death to the Prussians," in French; "God save the King," in German; "Death to Badinguet;" while another inscription consigns Bismarck to a much worse fate, in language which will not bear repetition. On many of the houses are still hanging notices of "Apartments to let furnished—a cruel mockery in a place where every stick of furniture left behind has been made use of for barricades or firewood, or to form shelters for the troops. When we reached the church we found that some of the ambulances had already left with the wounded, of whom two only had been left behind—those with the penetrating wounds in the chest and the abdomen; both were dead. Words cannot sufficiently condemn the neglect and callousness of the French Army Medical Corps, the complaints against which are universal.

By this time the sun had long set, the moon had risen, and the night was bitterly cold; but to leave mangled humanity on the battle-ground was an impossibility—we must make room for more. Some wine was given to those whom we had already found, they were covered with blankets, and again we started. The army surgeon had disappeared, but a man told us that he had been ordered to show where the wounded were lying. At the last barricade he stepped aside to allow us to pass; and, saying something about his not being paid to search for wounded near the Prussian lines, he "evaporated." In vain did the Sapeur-Pompier and his companion, carrying a stretcher, call on him to return. Not even an echo replied; all was silent as the grave. We pushed forward up the rising ground by the road inclining to the left. Suddenly, a few yards ahead, we heard several shots exchanged, and then a volley. We were close to the extreme French advanced post, crouching behind an embankment to the right, and a barricade thrown across the road, protected by an isolated house. Addressing an officer, we asked if there were any wounded. "Yes, there is one in that outhouse." We entered. Lying on his back, on the floor, was a wounded soldier unable to move; he had been there for several hours. He was put on the stretcher, and we descended the hill.

When passing the French outpost, a soldier cried out to us, "There are more wounded higher up on the hill—listen!" We stopped, and in a second heard a voice shriek in agony, "A moi, Français!" The moon shone brightly, but it was impossible to distinguish the position of the wounded man. All was still—a pin might have been heard to fall—the men listened with breathless attention; in a few moments the heartrending appeal of a man in despair again swept over the hillside—"A moi, Français!" "We have heard him calling for help during the last hour," said a corporal. "Where are the enemy's outposts?" I asked. "Within thirty yards." "Will you let a couple of men come with us to assist in carrying him, and we will go in search of him?" "I will ask the captain," replied the non-commissioned officer. The doctor and myself exchanged a look in silence, the Sapeur-Pompier and his companion were ordered to carry the wounded man we had already found to the ambulance, and we retraced our steps up the hillside. The captain permitted three men to accompany us; we crossed a dwarf wall, and immediately were beyond the French lines. But one soldier only followed us. "What," said the officer, "is there but one of you with sufficient courage to bring in a wounded man? I will find you two more." Within a few seconds two new auxiliaries joined us, and we mounted the hill.

We passed a soldier lying near the wall, and turned the lantern on; he was dead. "There is a man in the quarry," said one of the outpost. Turning sharply to the left, we entered the quarry, and found a poor wretch stretched on the ground. "Was it you who called?" "Yes." "How long have you been here?" "Since nine o'clock this morning." He was deluged with blood. The difficulty was to remove him—we had no stretcher. The place was covered with various articles in use with soldiers, as if cast away in hasty retreat; the full tide of battle had evidently crossed the spot.— Luckily, we discovered a wooden shutter, and on it we carried the wounded man. We had scarcely cleared the quarry with our burthen, when the sharp "ping" of an enemy's rifle was heard, followed immediately by another from the French outpost.— "Oh, the echoes! Who is that who fired on an ambulance? Do you not see the Red Cross?" shouted

an officer. In a few moments we were within the lines, and a quarter of an hour later the wounded man was in the carriage with his fellow-sufferers. They were packed as tightly as herrings in a barrel; but we were satisfied by the thought that a nation of living freight would be found the following morning on the battle-field, like those at Creteil, dead from cold. It is difficult to imagine that a nation supposed to be civilized would fire intentionally on the wounded, or on those in search of them. Such, however, has been the case on more than one occasion. After we had quitted Champigny last night, M. de la Prasse, went between ten and eleven o'clock, with some ambulances, to search for the dead. Mounted, and accompanied by a flag-bearer and a trumpeter, he approached the Prussian lines. The trumpet was sounded, according to custom, four times. The reply was a rattling discharge of rifles. Before leaving Champigny last night, several ambulances were falling in, ready to march for an unknown destination. "Is the American ambulance here?" cried a voice in English. "I want to talk English." It was a French soldier in heavy marching order who spoke. He told me he had lived long in America, and had served during the Civil War. "This is not war—it is butchery. At Chevilly," he said, "they marched us to take walls with the bayonet. My regiment lost altogether over 900 men. This morning we were surprised—how I cannot say unless we were sold; for the enemy surrounded us before we knew it, like a cloud! I must leave you now; for the regiment is ordered to march—where to, I know not. Good night, sir; I am glad to have spoken English again." He was a smart active fellow; and I regretted that I had not the opportunity of longer conversation with him. I left Champigny with the impression that an attempt to cut through the Prussian lines in that direction would not be renewed.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE GERMAN ARMY.

(From *Times* Special Correspondent.)

Versailles, Dec. 7.

A calm after the storm. The snow falling softly. Not a sound in the broad avenues of the city of Versailles. The waggons and carts of many convoys passing along the paved streets make *noise on the stones*. The forts are silent. Like some wild beast engaged, poor Paris has her fits of fury and of dejection, moody silence or profane repose; cannot bring her comfort or strength—the sleep of a wounded man who is tormented in his dreams.—The change from an attitude of savage anger, such as she assumed in the last days of November, and the beginning of this month, to this profound lethargy, is most striking. You have all seen how the lion rouses him up, gaunt, hungry and furious, from his torpor rushes at the iron bars of his prison and strives to tear them down and get free; and how, with sullen growl and balled purpose, he retires to the corner of his den and lies down, with glaring eyes fixed on you, motionless but for the heaving of his wearied flanks. So is Paris now.—There were last night some outbursts from the forts, but in my morning walk towards Ville d'Avray I heard only the popping of the outposts across the Seine, which put me in mind very much of what must be going on now by many a covertside these frosty mornings across the Channel. And this cold will bring misery unutterable on the Parisians, among whom there was no great store of wood, as they had not laid in their winter provision of fuel.—If complaints were heard a month ago, what will they be now? The plagues which desolate armies are nursed by famine have every scope in beleaguered cities. Smallpox, typhus, hunger—a fearful sisterhood to be dwellers within your walls—and an enemy relentless at your gates. For me, I confess, the sight of Paris now is heart-breaking. Will no one force her will, and make her pale lips breathe forth the word which can save her, "Peace?" A little incident which I heard yesterday much affected me. When the French field-batteries advanced in front of Creteil—and I see an erroneous opinion has been expressed in England that the columns did not advance beyond the cover of the guns of the forts, whereas some of the places named as positions occupied by the French are out of fire—they were exposed to galling returns from guns inside the Prussian field works, under which the battery horses dropped on all sides. The French held their own gallantly and from time to time when a horse went down a group of men would gather round him, regardless of shell and bullet, and then disperse or return to their pieces. No one could make out what they did, but the officers and men inside the Prussian villages saw this happen over and over again. When they pushed out their skirmishers to feel the way towards the enemy on the retreat of the French inside the walls the mystery was cleared up. The skeletons only of the horses were left; the henchmen in some cases were gone. The carcasses were dismembered, and all the flesh carried away. They could not afford to lose an ounce of that precious food, and some, no doubt, were killed in obtaining it.

The *Times* correspondent tells the following story, but does not guarantee its truth:—A Prussian officer and a party of men came to the residence of the Marchioness of B—, an old lady, who had not fled like her neighbours. He seemed to know the name, for he inquired of the villagers where the house was, and if the lady was still living in it. He entered with his men, stormed and swore in the hall till he saw the mistress. He ordered dinner for his party, spat on the carpet, took up a chair and dashed it against a mirror, threw a vase down from its stand, broke a clock over the chimney-piece, and behaved, in fact, abominably. The old lady was terrified to death. Dinner was served. The officer complained of the wine, and told his men to throw the bottles through the windows till they got better drink. He dined apart, and treated the servants with the utmost insolence. At last when the orgie was over he asked to see the lady of the house. He was told she was in bed ill and frightened. "Where? Oh! In this room. But I am going to sleep here." The lady had to get up and turn out and the officer went in, broke some things, got into bed in his clothes, and after a time rang the bell violently. A servant appeared. The officer pursued the domestic, and insisted on seeing the lady. Surrounded by her maids and pale and fainting, the old lady received him at the door of her room. He took off his helmet, bowed with the utmost courtesy, and said, "Madame,—I have accomplished a promise and fulfilled a vow. Your husband was General the Marquis of B—?" "Yes." "He was in the 1st Regiment of Hussars as a captain when the French invaded Prussia?" "I know he served in that regiment." "Well, then, Madame, I have to tell you that he came to the house of my grandmother, whose father had fallen at Jena. You think I have acted badly here; but I know how Captain de B— treated our house. I heard the story as a boy, and I treasured it in my soul. I know the disgrace and ruin he brought upon my name, and I spare you the recital of it. But I made a vow when it seemed the idle whim of a boy, and now in part I have kept it. Good night, Madame. I do not pass a night under your roof. My men will protect you," and so stalked away. Well, suppose it be true. Will there be no such memories for the French children whom I see going to school, staring at the great Prussians frugging through the snow? What a fountain of hate and crime he opens who cries "Havock," and let slip the dogs of war?"

Entering the cottage of a French peasant to find a little warmth,—for a bitterly cold north wind was blowing, and the day was clear and frosty—I was astonished by his meeting my request for a place