

CALENDAR OF THE WEEK. Sunday... Monday... Tuesday... Wednesday... Thursday... Friday... Saturday...

The Papal Fund.

In response to our call of last week we have already received several contributions to the cause which is so dear to all Catholics. No one can be ignorant of the peculiarly pressing need which the Pope feels at this moment of assistance from the faithful.

The existence of the Papal States as an independent government, is equally to the interest of all Catholics in every portion of the world. It is not a mere question for the people of Italy or of Rome. They have nothing more to do with the independent sovereignty of the Pope than Catholics anywhere else.

This is evident when we consider the powerful pressure brought to bear on the Council in its recent sessions, even beyond the jurisdiction of any particular sovereign or power. Of course the Church can and would survive any entanglement that human power can place around it, but a condition of liberty is more profitable.

We hope that our fellow citizens will earnestly consider the blessings which their charity, bestowed in this channel, will call down on them. We have been urged by some of the most eminent ecclesiastics of the city to reopen our list, and all contributions sent to this office will be immediately handed to our Most Rev. Archbishop, after being published in the list, which we now open with the following names:

- Miss Mary Snowden, \$5 00
Miss Emma Lovelace, 4 00

HIBERNIA BANK.—In our notice last week of this new and popular institution, the name of Adam Thompson, Esq., one of the most active and energetic of the directors, was accidentally omitted in copying the list of their names. Considering that Mr. Thompson presided over the fitting up of the building where the bank carries on business, and that his taste and ability have contributed so materially to the splendid appearance and complete adaptation of the premises, it would be unpardonable in us not to correct the omission. In the same issue the list as given in the advertisement will be found correct.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL ON THE POSITION OF WOMEN, AND LITERATURE OF THE DAY.—Monsieur Capel preached in St. Ignace's Church, Preston, England, from the 45th Psalm, 10th and 11th verses, in connection with the festival of the assumption. After some introductory remarks, the Rev. gentleman said a dignity belonged to the weaker sex, which was drawn entirely from the great act of God in creating woman to be the counterpart of man, and though nations had degraded her, the power of the Church had ever been exercised to place her upon that pedestal which she ought to occupy. Having referred to the State of woman in the East, at the present time, and among the ancient nations that boasted of their civilization but knew not the name of God, he said that where woman was a slave, she was denied her true position, and her influence became null. God had made her naturally dependent upon man, and had given him certain characteristics which were supplemented by certain other characteristics to be found in her. They were familiar with the fact that much had been said in our day about the dignity of woman, what she was able to perform, and what duties she should undertake. He pointed out that the three great characteristics of womanhood should be domesticity, humility and purity. But let them not hide it from themselves that we lived in a world sullied by impurity.

Passion grew day by day stronger, at least in its manifestations. Portions of our literature and some of our public amusements were sullied by that which was unholy and impure. Was not this the one curse which was eating up men on every side? Was it not the one danger to which our young children were exposed? Was it not the one great current that was bearing away hundreds and thousands from the path of duty? Nay, more; it was that miserable sin which was entering into the minds of men and blinding their intelligence, producing that terrible infidelity which was spreading over the different countries of Europe. It was their duty as men solemnly to uphold by goodness of life and by delicacy of manner those great gifts that would make women exercise their real dignity, and be a model on which their own lives could be formed.

HEAD CENTER STEPHENS.—A correspondent of the New York World writing from Strasburg, gives the following item regarding a gentleman who some years ago created no little sensation by his escape from a Dublin prison:

"Stephens, the celebrated Fenian, is here, and was for some time oscillating between Chalons and Metz, but is now in this city. He is a vehement champion of France in the present war, and only does not enter the lists practically because he holds his life to be the property of Ireland. He is a man of considerable ability, and in enthusiasm out-Frenches the French. He talks French well, too, and is often found chatting with the newspaper correspondents from Paris, with whom he is quite popular."

The Situation in France.

It is impossible to deny that the position of the French nation is most perilous at this juncture, and that its warmest friends are exceedingly despondent as to its future. France has been out-numbered, out-generaled and, worst of all, betrayed. Her best armies have been swept from the field, the elite of her soldiery are dead or in captivity. Prussia, triumphant and conquering, is sending her hordes to the walls of Paris, while the whole country lies prostrate before her. She has to choose her road, and there is no spot of France which she cannot approach unopposed. One can hardly see at first glance why she should not simply invest Paris and pronounce the rest of France annexed to Germany. What is to prevent her from demanding supplies from any province of the country, and enforcing her laws in the civil courts of the nation? Paris would soon be starved into submission without a blow, while any attempt at opposition elsewhere would be crushed in an instant.

We do not think that Prussia would hesitate for a moment to adopt the Yankee policy towards the South in the late war, and devastate what she could not conquer. Sheridan's campaign in the Shenandoah Valley would be a famous precedent for successful occupation. If any province of France, for instance, should fail to furnish the Prussians with ample supplies, or should permit a single man of its population to be seen with a musket, this would afford a good excuse for punishment, and its territory would be totally ravaged; not a fence left, not a field nor a house remaining unconsumed by fire, not one shelter in the whole province where a woman could hide herself and her baby from the weather. With starvation in their families the men could not fight if they would.

This would be a mode of warfare not permitted among Christian nations prior to the date of our own American war, as stated above; but so brilliant and effective an example might very well be followed and permitted in this enlightened and progressive nineteenth century. Let France be wiped out by any process whatever, and there would be a universal exultation among the crowned heads and royal families of Europe, who recognize that country as containing the germ of European democracy. Let France be put out of the list of nations, as Poland was, and England is relieved of her ancient enemy, while all countries ambitious of pre-eminence in art and manufactures, are freed from this most successful rival.

There are several things, however, which stand in the way of this consummation. First, there is the old policy of the balance of power, which would be totally sacrificed by any such result. This, we think, would not avail France much under the circumstances.

Then there is the Republic. French republicanism has held the whole power of Europe in check before now. There is something terrible in its energy and daring when once aroused. Besides, it has allies— allies even in Prussia, in Italy, in Spain, among the people everywhere. The diversion in its favor from these sources may become formidable, in fact financiers are much less confident of peace since this new element has come upon the stage. They foresee popular uprisings and revolutions, and fear a general war, upon the consequences of which it will be impossible to calculate.

We rely principally, however, for the safety of France, upon its nationality. Nationality has an almost inexhaustible life. It is nearly impossible to crush out a people. Suppressed in one place, resistance will break out in another. In small and scattered fragments at first, bands will finally merge into larger bodies, until armies are in the field, all their members being veterans. In the meantime supplies are withheld from the invader, provisions are secreted in unapproachable places; if small parties of the enemy scour the country they are cut off, if armies move they will not find supplies enough on their route. They must finally rely upon home for every thing necessary to their support, and that will prove too remote and too expensive. Such an enormous army as will be requisite to keep down a population embracing eight or nine millions of able-bodied men cannot long be maintained by any country.

The only question is, will the French people submit to the losses, the suffering, the poverty and partial ruin necessary to such a resistance. We are confident that they would undergo four-fold as much for national honor and independence. Time will tell.

CAUSE OF THE WAR.—The war correspondent of the New York Times professes to have derived the following particulars from a member of the Ollivier cabinet:

In glancing at the causes of the present war, it is perhaps advisable to let the world know that the garden interview between King William and the French Minister, Benedetti, has not been fully detailed. It was well, upon the surface, to give it some coloring of dignity, but the truth is that when the French Ambassador approached the King to press him for an answer to the Emperor's demand for some assurance that Prussia would not permit the future acceptance of the Spanish crown by Prince Hohenzollern, the King was so far from the influence of wine that he scarcely knew what he answered. He launched out into a tirade against the Emperor Napoleon, and included the Empress Eugenie in the sweep of his tongue, applying such epithets and vile language to both as would not look well in print. You may here find some cause for the hot haste with which the Emperor declared war.

Happiness is a perfume that one cannot shed over another without a few drops falling on one's self.

The French Republic.

We hear it asserted on all sides that Frenchmen are not capable of carrying on a Republic. The reasons assigned for this conclusion are more varied than satisfactory. The French are said to be too versatile, too inconstant, too loyal in their nature, too cruel, too gay, too many of them are ignorant, too many of them are very learned and able men—each argument according to the fancy of the talker, whose real reason all the while is that the French Republic of '93 was a failure.

We cannot help remarking, however, that the two Republics have started in a very different spirit and on a very different footing. The Republic of '93 was the rule of the "Bonnets Rouges," that of to-day suppresses cheers for socialism and maintains the most decorous order. In fact, the present Republic is a mere revival and continuation of that which was suspended by Napoleon's coup d'etat. His coup d' grace leaves it at liberty to breathe again. It is said that the genius of the French people is not republican; that the cities with their lawless mobs incline that way, but the rural population is instinctively monarchical in its affections. This remains to be seen. The mass of the people are, of course, somewhat suspicious of the virtuous intentions of Parisian gamins; they dread revolution and plunder, conscription and massacres, the ruin and desolation of such republicanism as arose in the last century. They want a stable government. But satisfy them that Republicanism is peace, humanity and order, and their monarchical tendencies may disappear.

It is true that the reconstruction of the Republic takes place under bad auspices. The men who head it are apparently demagogues and charlatans. In their ultra views they represent but a comparatively small fraction of the people, and it is not at all certain that they embody sufficient ability to conduct affairs with sagacity in the present crisis. But the best way to get rid of them is to pull with, not against them. Once in a common fold, and they will sink to their proper position. It is no time now for Frenchmen to fight among themselves, if their differences can possibly be postponed. Gambetta & Co. hold Paris with all its enormous supplies and munitions of every kind and its immense fighting population. France needs all this, therefore let all strike hands with Gambetta's clique until such time as they can fairly vote them into insignificance.

What then of the Bourbons? If they come back, then return all the counts and dukes and seigneurs of a former age, whose horrible wickedness and profligacy finally disgusted the French people into revolution, and made the guillotine possible. Must all this come back, with the lands to be taken from the people again, and monopolized by a few noble families? Must the dissipation, the extravagance, the open licentiousness of a folly-stricken court again cry to heaven for vengeance? It may be, but we have been inclined to suppose that the Bourbons and their ideas had played their part and were dead issues, that the world had no further use for them, that they were as hopelessly left behind as the Whig party that once had its day in ruling this country.

Will a French Republic be popular in America? How will it be received by Grant and his friends? It is evident that the present move puts the Republican party of this country in an awkward dilemma. They have been heretofore enthusiastic for Prussia. How will they choose between their military idol and their new-born republican brother? If they still side against France with its present government, what a monstrous treachery to the cause of Republicanism! If they side against Prussia, what indignation it will produce among the German voters! It will take several sizers to clear up that question.

At the South it is an easy matter. We must sympathize with a gallant people struggling for existence under overwhelming odds. The chivalrous feeling, the humane sentiment of this section secures such a result, no matter what may be the form of their government. Though we should find that Favre, Gambetta and Trochu have enlisted the good will of our oppressors, we must still wish well to the French people, badly represented as they may be in their rulers.

We cannot perceive, though, why Southerners should take sides on the question of monarchy or republicanism for France. Government is not a matter of abstract preference but of instinctive choice. If the genius of the French people inclines to monarchy, in vain we would hope to see them become good republicans. Their experiment would result in disaster to them and disgrace to the cause. Let us be satisfied to see nature work out its own problem whatever may be the result.

To read some of the English papers, says the London Enquirer, one would suppose that the Irishmen in the British army never had anything to do with any of the victories which have taken their place in history. The other day we read in the Illustrated Times an article referring to what the writer called the English and Scotch victory at the Alma. Well, we happen to know that there were some soldiers there from the Emerald Isle too. And was it not written by some Dublin poet, whose lines, though not very smooth, were quoted often by O'Connell.

At famous Waterloo, Wellington would have looked blue. If Eaddy was not there for difference. National depreciation is always better avoided. Sensible men make allowance for difference of temperament, and worthy Englishmen, Irishmen and Scotchmen all ways get along very well together. Each sees where the other is capable of improvement, but does not think it necessary to insult him.

A few of the congregations of the city of Boston presented to the Rt. Rev. Bishop Williams the sum of two thousand seven hundred dollars on the occasion of his recent arrival from Rome.

The Traitors.

Napoleon complains of having been betrayed, and it is natural to ask who were the traitors. Facts do not yet inform us positively who they were, but it is easy to see who they may have been. The Emperor was at the front with the army while the government was at Paris. We all know how nobly the army did its duty, the only question is did the government second it in good faith.

In war two things are equally necessary, the men and the material—the soldiers to fight and the supplies necessary to keep them in the field. It was the place of the authorities at Paris to keep the army at the front thoroughly supplied with all the appliances of war, yet we have been constantly reading of ammunition failing in battle, of armies starving for one or two days, and finally plundering a provision train, and similar evidences of insufficient supplies. Whose fault was this? The necessary material was certainly at Paris, and in the greatest abundance.

Again reinforcements were extremely necessary, and it was equally easy to procure them. The country was up in arms. A million of men could have been added to McMahon's army before he went into his last fatal battle with 120,000 against 400,000. If this was not treachery on the part of the government, then it was such incomprehensible stupidity that a punishment equal to that of treason would be due to it. The Emperor was nominally the head of that government, it is true, but facts have yet to tell whether she was virtually such.

Gen. Trochu has the eyes of the world fixed upon him. In his proclamation to the people of Paris he certainly assumes the bluff, honest old soldier very neatly. He knows nothing of politics, and does not belong to any party, but has the most implicit confidence in the Parisian populace. It would appear from this, by the way, that his ignorance extends beyond the domain of politics and trenches upon that of history. He has plighted his soldiers' honor, however, and taken an oath of fidelity to the Emperor which he cannot think of violating. He comes into this position from obscurity, and having fulfilled its duties of the day, he intends to fall back into the same obscurity. Here is no over-reaching ambition for you certainly, here is real soldierly honor and faith—in words. How about acts?

Gen. Trochu had soldiers enough in Paris to have quieted the mob in two or three hours. A little energy on his part and the agitation consequent on the Emperor's capture could never have taken the shape of tumult and revolution. But the troops do not move, the guns are silent, the venture some become more daring and noisy, their clamor increases and their hopes rise with the absence of all interference. Gen. Palikao is faithful but powerless; he perceives how things are going, and wisely retires before the storm which he sees is not intended to be repressed. Gen. Trochu does not retire, however, and, strange to say, we find him spoken of as dictator. Where is the soldier's honor now? What has become of that oath of fidelity? How about that oath of fidelity into which he was going to relapse?

Ah, Gen. Trochu! Treachery is a two-edged sword.

The Fallen Emperor.

Napoleon's dream is ended. And now that it is over, does it not read rather like a fairy tale or one of the legends of the Arabian Nights than a veritable history? Has any other human life ever exhibited so many and such extreme vicissitudes? Born in a palace, the special favorite of the greatest military hero of modern days, next an exile and wanderer, then a prisoner immured for hopeless years in almost solitary confinement; at one time employed in the humblest vocations in a foreign country, at another seated on the proudest throne of the earth, ruling in regal pomp and magnificence over the most refined of the nations, dictator for many years of the fortunes of his own people and the policy of neighboring countries, and now creeping into obscurity, old and decrepit, to meditate upon the poverty of earthly fortunes during the remaining days granted him by the mercy of an ever-patient Father.

The Napoleons have had great opportunities and great abilities, and they have learned too late that it is not profitable to abuse them. The first Napoleon imprisoned the Pope, and he himself died a prisoner. The last Napoleon abandoned the Pope to almost certain captivity; his own captivity has come first, and from what improbable heights of security? He broke his plighted faith to Rome, and betrayed the trust reposed in him; now he complains of having been himself betrayed, and admits that treachery worked his fall. How long before men will learn that they must not lay their hands upon the appointed of the Lord, or work them injury. Even Attila respected the Pope. William of Prussia, though a heretic, is more respectful to him than Catholic sovereigns. It is only bad Catholics who are wicked enough to profane the Holy See with a familiar petulance and insolence to which honorable Protestants are strangers.

To-day Napoleon; perhaps to-morrow Victor Emmanuel or Joseph of Austria.

The body of a Prussian was recently discovered near St. Louis, with the head placed in such a way that it would seem as if he had been standing upon it at the time of his death. The Prussian victories had affected him so much that he went mad with joy, and wound up his existence in the manner described.

St. Ann's Concert.

The manner in which the sacred concert of last Sunday evening at St. Ann's Church, was gotten up and performed, is highly creditable to those in charge of the affair and of the residents of that portion of the Second District. As much as the Church has been recently enlarged, there was not room enough for all the audience to be seated, and many gentlemen who were timely enough in their arrival to secure good seats were afterwards, upon the call of politeness, obliged to yield them to ladies.

As crowded, however, as was the assemblage, it could not more than do justice to the merits of the concert. Some of the most choice morceaux in sacred melody were executed by artists of the first eminence in our city. Mr. Curto's composition, so favorably known here and elsewhere, was represented by the performance of his *Justa Crucem*. This magnificent piece was given, the solo by Mr. Cassard and the chorus by about fifty of our most efficient amateurs.

A duet, Ave Maria, by Mrs. Witham and Miss Cannon, and Mozart's *Prise de Jericho*, by Miss Cannon were specially lauded by competent critics present. Every thing, however, was so charming that it would be difficult for any but an expert musician to discriminate between their relative claims to excellence. The names of Mrs. Witham and Mrs. Blache, of Miss Cannon, de Generes, Jaufroid, Guyol and Todd, of Messrs. Davis, Cassard, Joubert and Guyol are sufficient, without any other evidence than their presence and participation, to satisfy our readers of the merits of the performance.

The ladies and gentlemen who thus kindly contributed their talent to the success of the occasion are entitled to the warmest thanks of the congregation whose burden of debt is diminished to the extent of the proceeds thus obtained, though no doubt their kindness was also in some degree a tribute of sympathy and respect to Miss Theresa Cannon, organist of the Church. This young lady has of late so thoroughly established her claims to the rank of musician that she naturally elicits the admiration and easily secures the cooperation of those who are best able to estimate her ability.

We congratulate Father Tumoine on his choir such valuable control and upon the piety of his flock who second his zealous efforts with so much good will and efficiency. His beautiful Church which is really an ornament to the City, is also an enduring monument to the vital piety of his parish.

SHEPHERD AND SHEEP.—The New York Tribune of the first inst., contains an article exhibiting the characteristic amity existing between Protestant preachers and their flocks, a part of which we append:

A scene of a kind which has become not uncommon upon this continent, occurred in the Church of the Atonement, in Chicago, on Sunday the 14th inst. It is the misfortune of the Rev. Dr. Thayer, the shepherd of this Church, to have a chronic quarrel with that part of the flock called Vestrymen. He is accused of making "ill-timed and unnecessary remarks in his sermons." Nor does the Church under his ministry "grow" as it should to the great riches of the treasury. Wherefore the Vestrymen held a meeting and voted to ask Dr. Thayer to resign; and should he refuse to do so, to turn him out. Although not officially served with the document, Dr. Thayer obtained a copy of it, and on the aforesaid Sunday, in full congregation, he expressed his mind, which was not a pacific or complimentary mind, of the aforesaid Vestrymen. The account before us says that he was "pale with rage;" but can we imagine a gentle shepherd thus denigrating Arcadian simplicities of his calling? Dr. Thayer, in substance, said that he did not believe that a majority of the sheep wished him to resign; and, not to put too fine a point upon it, he would not. It was then that the Vestrymen rose to do battle, and such a bleating never was heard in the fold before. Some were for having a vote at once taken on the subject, and some declared that such a course would be "illegal and revolutionary." Large numbers of people sprung to their feet. Dozens were gesticulating and talking together. Some swore (so to speak) that there should be a vote. Others affirmed that there should not. "The Church," says the report of the affair, "was filled with noise and confusion." There was hesitation in some faces, and wrath in others. Altogether, it was quite a carnal scene, and what might have happened we tremble to think, (possibly manslaughter) if one of the Vestrymen, who bears the strong and strident name of Strickton, had not, with admirable presence of mind, ordered everybody to leave the edifice. He spoke and was obeyed. The ferocious altercation was renewed upon the sidewalk, and then the whole flock went home to the subduing pasturage of their Sunday dinners, to allay by their pleasant nibblings, and by either still or strong waters, the partisan fervors of this extraordinary occasion. What will come of all this, we do not know; but should there be an actual physical contest, we shall try to chronicle the fearful fact.

It has been generally conceded, in all ages of Christianity, that "brethren should dwell together in unity;" but, somehow, in all ages they have sadly failed to do so, and church quarrels were never so common than at the present time. Being ourselves, although secular, great lovers of peace and harmony (when the same can be maintained without compromising principle), we wish that the fact were otherwise; and it does not lessen our regret to observe that more than a moiety of church squabbles seem to be about things which are not of the least consequence.

PROPHETIES.—Recent events have revived interest in old prophecies, which are supposed to have foreshadowed them. The D'Orval prophecy, written by a monk some centuries ago, traced out distinctly the wonderful career of Napoleon, his overthrow, his return from Elba and final downfall; the ascent of Louis Napoleon to the throne, the Crimean war, and other incidents, ending with the final downfall of Louis Napoleon by a bloody conquest at Paris, in which the Seine becomes red with the blood of the French, after which a young prince of the old legitimate stock reigns in France with great prosperity and popularity. With this the prophecies end.

Last Moments of Marshal Ney.

The Marshal had not lain down again after the last embrace of his wife and of his children. He had first and no longer thinking of anything but the dignity of his death. He wrote his last will, then rising from his chair, he walked about his chamber, exchanging with great composure a few words with his guardsmen. One of these royal body-guards, disguised as grenadiers, had conceived for the hero that involuntary tenderness of admiration and pity which the familiarity of a prison, misfortune and approaching death create in noble hearts. This was a royalist gentleman of Dauphiny, named M. de V.—. His handsome countenance, his martial character, his aspect of free but respectful frankness, had deceived the prisoner himself, who thought he saw in M. de V.— one of the old sub-officers of his great campaigns. He gladly conversed with this guard during the long hours of his weary captivity. "This is the last man I shall ever see, comrade," said he, approaching M. de V.— "This world is at an end for me. This evening I shall lie in another bivouac—I am no woman, but I believe in God and in another life, and I feel that I have an immortal soul. They spoke to me of preparation for death, of the consolations of religion, of conferring with a pious priest. Is that you would do in my place?" "Monsieur le Maréchal," replied M. de V.—, "we still hope that the King will be worthy of Henri IV., and that he will not suffer France to be deprived of one of her most glorious servants, for one day of forgetfulness; but death is death for all mankind, and he who has seen it so near on so many battle-fields, is not afraid to hear it spoken of in a dungeon. The voice of a last friend has never been painful to a soldier in a hospital wagon. Were I in your place, I should enter, and I should prepare my soul for every event." "I believe you are right," replied the Marshal, with a friendly smile; "well, then, let the priest come in." The curate of St. Sulpice, who was patiently waiting the favorable moment, in a room of the Luxembourg, was introduced, and conferred piously with the Marshal in a corner of the chamber. The hour which brought no pardon at length sounded for the execution. The prisoner, who had read in the features and heard in the murmurs of the Chamber of Peers, the execrable sentence of the Parisian spirit, had expected nothing from the tears of his wife and children. It was for her sake and theirs that he had affected to hope. He dressed himself, therefore, to appear with propriety before the last fire he was ever to face. He wore a military frock coat on the occasion. His door opened; he understood the sign. He descended with a firm step, a serene brow, and a lofty look, his lips almost wearing a smile, but without any theatrical affectation, through the double ranks of the troops drawn up on the steps of the staircase, and in the vestibule of the palace, like a man happy once more to see the uniform, the arms and the trousers—his own family. One carried at the bottom of the flight of steps where the carriage awaited him, with the door open he stepped instead of mounting, through politeness to the priest who accompanied him and who was yielding him the precedence. Taking the curate by the arm, "No, no," said he, with a manner at once playful and sad, in melancholy allusion to the object of his journey, "Go in first, Mr. Curate; I shall arrive there before you," indicating with a look the haven of his rest.

The carriage proceeded at a foot-pace through the broad alleys of the Luxembourg, and between the silent ranks of the soldiers. The priest murmured by the side of the soldier. A final consolation and resignation to death. The Marshal listened to him with manly attention, and expected to listen still longer, when the carriage suddenly stopped midway between the railing of the Luxembourg and the Observatory, in front of a long wall of a black and fetid enclosure, that bordered an alley leading out of the avenue. The Government, ill-advised even in the choice of a place of execution, seemed desirous of rendering it more abject and contemptuous by striking down this illustrious enemy like some unclean animal, on a cross-road, and at a few paces from a palace, the name of which will forever be stained by the memory of so foul a deed.

Ney was astonished and looked around for the cause of this halt, half-way, as he supposed, when the carriage door opened, and he was requested to alight. He felt that he was never to return, and gave to the priest who accompanied him the few articles he had about him, with his last remembrances to his family. He emptied his pockets also of some pieces of gold for the poor of the parish; he then embraced the priest, the last friend who supplies the place of a father, and then he advanced and marched towards the place indicated by a platoon of veterans. The officer commanding the party advanced towards him and requested permission to bandage his eyes. "Do you not know," replied the soldier, "that for twenty-five years I have been accustomed to look balls and bullets in the face?" The officer, disturbed, hesitating, undecided, expecting, perhaps, a cry of pardon, or fearing to commit a sacrilege of glory by firing on his general, stood mute between the hero and his platoon. The Marshal availed himself of this hesitation and of the immobility of the soldier, to catch a final reproach upon his destiny. "I protest, in the name of God and my country," he exclaimed, "against the sentence which has condemned me. I appeal from it to man, to posterity, to God!" These words and the countenance, enshrined in their memory of the hero of the camp, shook the steadiness of the soldiers. "Do your duty," cried the commandant of Paris to the officer, who was more confused than the victim. The officer, stumbling, advanced a few paces, raised his hat with his left hand, as he was accustomed to elevate it in doing so, and then he turned to his troops. He placed his right hand on his breast to mark well the seat of his wounds. "Soldiers!" said he, "aim right at the heart!" The party, abashed by his voice and commanded by his gesture, fired as one man. A single report was heard: Ney fell as if struck with a thunderbolt, without a convulsion and without a sigh. Thirteen balls had pierced the bust and shattered the heart of the hero, and a mutilated right arm which had so often waved the sword of France. After the legs period of exposure, the hospitable sisters of a neighboring convent claimed the body to bestow funeral honors upon it in private, had it carried to their chapel, and watched and prayed alternately around the forlorn coffin.

BE EMPLOYED.—The ruin of most men dates from some vacant hour. Occupation is the armor of the soul. There is a satirical poem, in which the devil is represented as fishing for men, and fitting his bait to the taste and business of his prey; but the idler, he said, gave him no trouble, as he bit the naked hook.