

and numb, still gazing down on the bills, when suddenly a movement of her hand caused a memorandum-leaf to move aside, and she saw, in almost effaced gilt letters, but still very legible, the name of "SNEADFAST MALLOW." In an instant the cloud fled, and all was clear. A bright, happy smile flashed over her face, and, falling on her knees, she thanked God in all the earnest simplicity of her heart for the discovery. "I know my heavenly Father, that it was none of mine; an' I wouldn't have held it an hour longer in my possession. I would have taken it to the dear *soggarth*, thy faithful servant, to be restored to its lawful owner, only thou hast shown me what to do, for which I thank thee for ever an' ever." Then she rose to her feet, and, holding the precious wallet close to her breast, as if she feared it would fly away, ran with light and joyous steps down to Mr. Mallow's door, where for an instant she hesitated; but, hearing a movement within, she knew he was up, and knocked.

"What now, Nora Brady?" he said, gruffly, as he opened the door.

"Oh, sir, here it is! Take it, in the name of God! I found it in the street the night of the storm, and forgot all about it," she exclaimed, thrusting the wallet into the astonished old man's hands, as he stood pale and trembling on the threshold of his door. "It is yours, sir; your name is in it."

"Eh—mine—street—name!" he gasped out, while he clutched the wallet, and looked wildly at Nora.

"You must have dropped it, sir, that night in the snow. I was coming from church, an' stumbled against something, an' picked it up, an' it was this. But faith, sir, the storm got so wild at that minute, and a chimney fell not far off, an' the tiles come clatterin' over an' around me, so that it scared the life out of me. I poked it down into my pocket and run for my life, sir; an' by the time I got home, what with being half frozen, an' out of breath, an' the scare I had, I never thought of the thing again till this morn'." I took out my dress to wash to-day, an' shook it, when out tumbled your wallet; an' when I opened it, sir, I declare to my ould shoes, I was half kilt with the fright to see such a power of money in the hands of a poor girl like me; an' I'm as glad, Mr. Mallow, that you've got it all safe again as if it was my own," said Nora, rapidly.

"Stop, stop. Go away until I count it. Of course it's mine, Nora Brady; but it'll be a bad thing for you if a cent of it is missing," he said, while his teeth chattered with cold, and his whole frame quivered with excitement. "I'll ring for you presently."

Over and over again the old man counted the bills. He lit a candle; for the light was dim in his room. Excited and confused, he put on two pairs of spectacles, and turned the notes first on one side, then on the other. He scrutinized the wallet inside and out; the mud-splashes still clinging to it, and the stains of the sloppy place in which it had fallen. Then he counted the money all over again.

"It's all here; every note. Not even a small gold piece gone. She's an honest girl, an honest, good girl. But she'll want a great reward, I'll warrant; more than she'll get, that's certain."

He then rang his bell, which Nora answered directly, for some undefined fears and uneasiness had begun to possess her mind.

"It's all right, Nora Brady. It's all here, just precisely as I put it in myself the day I lost it. You are an honest girl. Some might suspect you; but I don't, because you never wasted my wood and candles. Now tell me, what do you expect me to give you?"

"Give me, sir? Nothing," she said.

"But of course you expect some reward?"

"Faith, then, sir, I'm paid enough to think it's with the right owner. You dropped it, an' I picked it up; so it's yours, an' not mine; an' I'm only sorry I didn't think of it at first, though to be sure I never dreamed what it was. If I had, it would have saved you a deal of trouble, an' you might have had a fire and candles all these cold nights that you've been without," said Nora with simplicity.

"And you wish no reward?" he asked.

"I wouldn't take a cent, sir, by way of being paid for doin' my duty, to save me from beggin'. It wouldn't seem right; an' I won't do it."

"You're a fool, Nora,—a perfect fool. But remember, from this day, old miser Mallow, as I am called, is your friend; and if at any time I can help you, I will, so help me God!" said the old man, with quivering lips.

"Thank you, sir. A time may come for that. But breakfast's almost ready," she said, going away.

"Halloo! come back here, you wild Irish jade,—come back."

"My work is all behindhand this mornin': please to say quick what you want," she said, turning back.

"Leave me to speak of this matter to Mrs. Sydney. I don't like my affairs gossiped about. If you were to tell it, some would believe you and some wouldn't; so it's best to come from me, as I believe every word you have said. And, mind, you may light me a fire to-night," he said.

"And a candle, sir!" said Nora, turning away with a light-hearted laugh.

After breakfast, Mr. Mallow had a long private conversation with Mrs. Sydney in the parlor; and that same day, without taking a human being into his confidence, he deposited five hundred dollars in the Trenton Bank to the credit of Nora Brady. He paid the detectives for the trouble and expense they had been at, and silenced their inquiries by informing them that he had mislaid his wallet and unexpectedly found it. They thought, as he was a very rich old man, such eccentric freaks were not only allowable, but diverting, and gave themselves no further concern in the affair, except to record the case as being disposed of.

Mrs. Sydney only spoke more gently and
* Priest.

kindly to Nora after that long conference with Mr. Mallow, and would frequently lay down her knitting and sewing to take a long, earnest look at her, as she flitted around, through her spectacles, which, whenever Nora observed it, always warmed the blushes on her cheeks, because she could not imagine why she had so suddenly become an object of such particular interest to the old lady, to whom she was becoming attached. She was gradually winning friends. Her obliging disposition, her practical piety, yes, the practical piety and virtue of a humble domestic, caused those who lived in daily intercourse with her—persons who rejected the most essential truths of religion; of whom some were transcendentalists, and others were bitter and bigoted in their errors—to look with an eye of interest and respect towards the old creed whose precepts her life illustrated with so much simplicity and faith. Even Phillis, sticking her arms akimbo, and holding her turbaned head back with a sagacious and patronizing air, allowed "she was a good gal, an' not so good either that she was goin' to 'low anybody to trample on her. She's done got me under, honey, an' how she's done it dischild's onable to 'spress; case, you see, honey, she's sorter kind in her ways, an' a sorter proud like; and, as to work, ki! she outwork me any day. I reckon she's a good gal, if she are a Catholic." Thus spoke the oracle of the kitchen.

"Dear suz," says Mrs. Sydney, "it's nothing that she pleases me; but to think she's got around and made friends with such a high shifless body as Phillis, and such a tight person as Mr. Mallow, is beyond my comprehension. But she's a good girl. She practices her religion, and is never ashamed to own up to being a Catholic, and can always give a reasonable answer when she is asked questions about her faith."

And Mrs. Sydney placed unlimited confidence in her. The poor old lady, who had always borne her troubles and the annoyances of her position with patience, now obtained some rest, body and mind; for Nora could be trusted in every particular; and the girl would have been quite happy but for those sad memories of home, which came ever, like cold sighs of wind, over the hopeful and genial world of her heart. It would have cheered her had she received a letter, or even heard where Mr. Halloran was; but several months rolled by, and she had not heard a word either from Ireland or of him. She had made other remittances to Dennis for the general fund; and the thought that she was at least aiding to keep away the wolf from the door of those she loved, gave her a degree of happiness; then, when the shadows darkened around her, her firm and loving trust in God would brighten the clouds, until the rainbow, Hope, shone out, cheering her with visions of brighter and better days.

Mrs. McGinnis, her friend, had been ill, and as frequently as she could arrange her business so as to leave nothing undone, she had got permission to go and help to nurse and watch with her; and every time she went, Mrs. Sydney would place some little delicacy in her hand to tempt the appetite of her sick friend. One night she was returning home from her mission of kindness, attended by Thomas McGinnis, when, as they were passing through an obscure street, they saw three or four men standing on a door-step, talking loudly and earnestly, while others were passing in and out, men and women together.

"Is anything amiss, friends, with the widow Blake?" asked McGinnis.

"Och, the widdy's safe enough; but it's a gentleman that was dyin', an' fell down in a fit, an' we think he's passin'," replied one of the men.

"An' have they brought a doctor yet?" asked Thomas.

"Two or three's gone for the doctor, but there's none come yet; an', bedad, it's my opinion that he'll die before one comes."

"Has any one brought a priest?"

"One of the boys went for his reverence; but it's likely he's not a Catholic, but a pagan, like the rest of the people in Ameriky; for it bates Bannagher itsel' to toll what they believe and what they don't."

(To be Continued.)

AFTER THE STORM.

The Paris Correspondent of the *London Times* describes some of the scenes that occurred at the entry of the Prussian troops, and at their departure:—

Before daybreak the rattle was sounded, and the clocks were striking six when the National Guards were assembling to assist the soldiers of the line in keeping order when the Prussians were coming in. By five minutes past the hour there were little musters of them here and there and everywhere. There were no sightseers out before 9 o'clock, and by that time the evident the shopkeepers were responding to the call made upon them. Not a shop was open, even the banks were shut, and all trade and commerce were at a standstill.

The people of Paris did not render the neighbourhood of the line of march "a desert" but long after the time at which the Prussians were expected to come in it remained without anything like a large assemblage. Scarcely a face was to be seen at any window. Later in the day there were large numbers of people in the streets, and it was evident that most of them had come out to see the victorious foe. It was amusing to hear these people mutually condemning the sightseers. One man, who was trying to secure the best bit of vantage ground he could, remarked to me in serious tones, "Ah! Monsieur, les Parisiens sont trop curieux." What the curious saw when the Prussians did enter I leave to be told by others of your correspondents.

8 15 A.M.

As I write, the horses' hoofs are clattering under the window, and I see a young officer of German Hussars galloping boldly up the Avenue to the Arc de Triomphe. He is a handsome-looking young man, on a magnificent charger, and the half-dozen men that follow him are stalwart, bronzed veterans, who look as calm and unconcerned as if they were on parade at Potsdam. Yet on both sides of the road are scattered groups of enemies, and just in front of the Arc is a crowd of spectators. Our young officer rides straight at them, and waves his sword to scatter them, which it does effectually. He cannot resist a slight flourish of it over his head

as he spurs his horse over the chains and debris that bar the passage beneath the arch, and he and his men have bounded through it, and are coolly galloping down the Champs Elysees. So was Paris taken at 8 o'clock on the morning of this 1st of March by a boy and six Hussars. He halted his men a few yards beyond, detached three of them to the Rond Point, where I watched them with my glasses unconcernedly patrolling, and came back again to the Place de l'Etoile, where by this time some twenty more of his men, who had come galloping up singly, had arrived. These were very striking in the daring originality of their mode of making a triumphal entry into Paris, which might teach the Parisians a lesson of how to produce startling effects without bluster, or it may have been a form of swagger, but it was one attended with so much dash and coolness that I could scarcely repress a cry of admiration. This is the spirit that has enabled the German armies to claim victory to their chariot wheels, and the absence of which has laid France prostrate at their feet. The spectators were evidently struck by the contrast of the whole proceedings to what their instincts told them they would have done under similar circumstances. Here was no blowing of trumpets, no grand display of military force, no *fanfaronnade* of music, and glittering uniforms and gorgeous triumphal entry—triumphant it was, but triumphant in its modesty. The good-natured bystanders were evidently tickled when, having made his dispositions, our modest youth naively asked the way to the Palais d'Industrie, and the *gamins* that surrounded him seemed to vie with each other in their desire to render him the desired information; then they admired his handsome horse, and they compared the men and horses of his squadron with those of their own army, and their comparisons were by no means complimentary to the latter.

The review which was held in the Bois de Boulogne retarded the entry of the troops until 2 o'clock, and I was therefore obliged to despatch my courier without being able to wait for the great event of the day. The interval of delay allowed the region in the neighbourhood of the Arc de Triomphe to become somewhat densely crowded by a mob consisting for the most part of the scum of the population and the usual proportion of street *gamins*. The Duke of Coburg, General Blumenthal, and their respective Staffs rode in at the head of the troops, followed by a squadron of Bavarian Hussars, whose bright pennons of blue and white silk, evidently brand new for the occasion, fluttered gaily in the breeze. Then came two batteries of Bavarian artillery, and then rifles and infantry. It was evident that the Bavarians were to be allowed the honours of the day. There was the "Leib Regiment," with its shattered companies only a quarter of their original strength, and their flag hanging in ribbons from the stump of a broken staff, the regiment which has seen as hard fighting as any regiment in the War, and which I have seen go into battle eight times in 11 days. There was their weather-beaten General and the officers—few of them familiar to me now; for they had lost more than the entire number with which they had originally left Bavaria. Steadily did one battalion after another of the Bavarian line march past, having earned, as few men have ever earned before, a triumph such as few have ever enjoyed; and yet there was a remarkable absence of anything like swagger in their manner. They moved on in columns of companies with the utmost regularity and precision, as gravely and steadily as if they were on an ordinary parade. As they marched past the Arc de Triomphe the band struck up the "Wacht am Rhein," and the mob began to hiss and whistle. At the same time an officer's horse slipped and fell, and a crowd pressed round the dismounted rider; instantly a comrade rode to his assistance; the crowd continued to hiss, and one man was ridden over, while two or three horsemen charged along the pavement. This had the effect of scattering the mob like chaff, and from that moment they looked on in profound and respectful silence. For an hour and a half, or until half-past 3, did this incessant stream of Bavarians continue, with here and there an interval occupied by some General and his staff. Then came the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, with men at his side who had been with him in the hard-fought fields of Orleans, Beaugency, and Le Mans. There were many familiar faces. Here was Prince Luitpold and Von der Tann. Wearing the cocked hat of an admiral rides Prince Adalbert of Prussia, and with him Prince Albrecht, of cavalry renown. But in all this brilliant array we look in vain for King or Crown Prince. There is, indeed, a curious mixture of simplicity and dignity in the whole proceeding. It is evidently looked upon as a pure matter of business; the faces of the men are devoid of any expression of curiosity or of boastfulness; the officers who are marching seem to be concentrating all the energy of their nature on having their backs and their legs as stiff and as straight as possible. They glanced neither to the right nor to the left, but glared straight before them, as if their eyes had been drilled as much as their bodies; those on horseback, either galloping to and fro, arranging the march of the columns, or gravely leading their regiments, there was nothing in their manner to indicate that they were not in the habit of marching down the Champs Elysees every day of their lives; there was, indeed, a certain grotesqueness in the absence of any effort for effect. Every now and then a tumbledown old carriage, with soldier servants smoking pipes, played its part in the column, and the officer, whose uniform was more gorgeous than any other, came in between some cavalry and artillery in a little black basket pony carriage. The French, quick to see defects where display is in question, were highly amused at these incongruities. In their eyes there were a hundred little evidences that these men who had crushed them, and were now marching past in unconscious simplicity, were in some manner barbarians. There was no *clie*; that was a consolation, at all events, for it was not to be denied that they had other qualities which were a good deal more to the purpose. Perhaps the very consciousness that their behaviour was in strong contrast to what their own would have been on a similar occasion was not without its effect upon the minds of the spectators. They could not realize a French army entering Berlin with no song of triumph, no exposition of trophies, no theatrical display of any kind. They may have remembered, indeed, how M. Thiers describes the gallant entry of the First Napoleon into Berlin, and contrasted it with this, in which neither the Emperor nor his son has taken part. It was curious to watch the countenances of the French crowd as they gazed at a party of Germans reading the names of Napoleon's victories over them on the arch above their heads, with as little emotion as if they were schoolboys learning a lesson. For a long time the whole of the space round the Arch was filled with soldiers waiting for their turn to march down the avenue, which was becoming pretty well packed by this time from the top to the bottom. Suddenly, up rode Bismarck himself, smoking a cigar, gazed at the scene for a few moments, and turned round and rode slowly away without going beyond the crest of the hill. When the army at the lower end of the Champs was massed in close order in columns of companies, an amusing scene occurred as the men went at a quick double to fill up the gap till it almost became a race. Then came several batteries of artillery, foot and horse, clattering along at a gallop, and making a brave show. I could feel, as I stood among the people, that they were becoming more and more impressed in the degree in which they felt they were being completely ignored. Whether there was a crowd to look on or not seemed a perfect matter of indifference to these very practical men,

who were merely performing a part of a military operation, and who had left their country to fight and not to show off. At last all the Bavarians had passed, and a Prussian regiment marched down the walk on the other side of the drive; then more Prussians came, but instead of going straight down the Champs Elysees they turned down side avenues in search of quarters. I mixed with the crowd to try and gather their general impression, but their remarks were generally of a most trivial character, pointing attention rather to the size and dress of the men than to anything else. One small *gamin* remarked ostentatiously to a youthful companion, "One of these brigands left the ranks; I at once ranged myself by his side; he instantly returned to the ranks;" and at that moment it is more than probable that a great part of the population of Paris delude themselves with the belief that the Germans are only on the Place de la Concorde now through their forbearance.

THE EVACUATION.

PARIS, March 3, P.M.

The 48 hours' occupation of Paris has just terminated in a blaze of glory for the German army. Rumours were rife last night that Colonel Valdau had returned from a conference with Comte Moltke at Versailles, and that the arrangements had been made for an immediate evacuation. At eight o'clock this morning I tried to get into the Place de la Concorde from the Rue de Rivoli, but found two inexorable lines of French sentries, who allowed no ingress into the Prussian quarter under any pretext whatever. A considerable crowd had already collected, but the rows of cossacks formed an effectual barrier to any entrance. A thick fog prevented me from seeing more than that the Place de la Concorde was apparently deserted. I tried every other Avenue into the Champs Elysees, and upwards of an hour elapsed before, at last, at the bottom of the Avenue Friedland, I succeeded in passing the charmed line, with the aid of a friend fertile in expedients, and saw, looming through the fog, the Arc de l'Etoile; but even before we could distinguish its outline the distant cheers of the German army reached us, a long continued unbroken roar, rising and falling like the waves of the ocean, and as intermittent. It was impossible to doubt what those cheers meant. Thirty thousand Germans were marching in triumph beneath the Arch on which are chronicled German defeats, and making it ring with their shouts of victory. A line of German dragoons at the top of the avenue again barred our progress, these multiplied precautions being evidently necessary to limit as much as possible the crowd which was attempting to gather. At this moment the top of the Avenue of the Champs Elysees and the open space near the Arch were filled with troops waiting to pass through it, and a small but silent crowd was collected on its outskirts. Suddenly we were startled by a shot which apparently proceeded from the Germans, and caused some little emotion among the bystanders. It was evidently fired in the air, and might possibly have been an accident, but the episode was not reassuring. By degrees we reached the Arch itself and were witnesses of a spectacle which no one who was present, be he French, German, or neutral, can ever forget. The broken ground beneath the Arch had been levelled and a good roadway made through it, and along this passed Infantry, Cavalry, and Artillery. The faces of the men radiant with an exultation which it is impossible to describe. For this supreme hour they had endured and bled, but now the dangers and the hardships of the war had come to an end. Their faces were turned at last to the Fatherland, and their first step homewards was thus made the sign and pledge of their success.

As the head of each battalion came under the Arch the mounted officers leading it reined up for a moment, cast one look up at the list of victories inscribed overhead, one glance back to their men, and then, waving their helmets high above their heads, gave the signal for a ringing cheer. In a second, every helmet was in the air; the horses, startled by the sudden roar, pranced and reared; their riders, carried away by the excitement, with heightened colour and flushing eyes, still waved their helmets, while the men strained their throats with their shouts of triumph.

No matter at that moment upon which side one's sympathies might be, it was impossible not to catch the infection of the enthusiasm, not feel one's heart beating and one's cheek flushing in harmony with the palpitating mass of men which went roaring and rolling past like some mighty torrent that had ever proved irresistible, and was still sweeping all before it. No wonder the groups of spectators looked stunned and awe-stricken. All along the Champs Elysees came regiment after regiment, with colours flying, swords and bayonets glancing in the sun, for the mist had by this time cleared away, and down the Avenue de la Grande Armee, as far as the eye could reach, the glittering line extended—Generals with their Staff, horse artillery and lancers with fluttering pennons, breaking here and there the line of march, the whole making the most gallant array that a soldier might wish to look upon. It was the only occasion upon which I have seen the Germans indulge in military glorification; they fairly revelled in their triumph, and it was the more legitimate now, because in entering they had modestly gone round the Arch, and because if they were Frenchmen present to witness their own humiliation, the Germans by choosing a very early hour and closing up all the Avenues had done their utmost to confine the celebration of their triumph to themselves. There were, indeed, not above three or four hundred people present, and these were quite of the lowest class. At exactly ten o'clock the procession came to an end. The last cheer had been given, the last helmet waived; the Cavalry pickets were beginning to close in from the rear when a carriage and one horse containing three German officers in uniform, who were evidently non-executives, and had allowed themselves to be late, came up from a side Avenue; in an instant the mob began to close in upon them and try to frighten their horse so as if possible to cut them off, yelling, hissing, and pelting them with dirt. The occupants of the carriage kept their temper admirably, and beckoned to the Dragoons to wait for them; in a moment more they were safe, but had they been five minutes later they would certainly have been murdered. Encouraged by this episode and by the fact that the last Dragoon had his back turned to them, the mob rushed through the Arch, whistling and howling and closing in upon the retiring pickets. Finding themselves unnoticed they were getting bolder, when half a dozen Dragoons slowly faded about. In an instant the yelling *canaille* were flying in all directions. It required only half a dozen armed Germans to look at them to strike terror into their craven hearts. For abject cowardice combined with refined cruelty the last 48 hours have shown that a low Paris mob cannot be matched. A gentleman-like French officer, in full uniform, rode up to within a few yards of the retreating Germans and remonstrated with the people. He appealed with great feeling to the position in which both he and they were placed, and he implored them not to disgrace themselves by an exhibition which could do their enemies no harm and bring infinite disgrace upon themselves. The appeal had not much effect, for officers are not in favour now with the Paris populace, and they succeeded in provoking one dragoon to charge them, saving themselves, however, by precipitate flight from injury, and then returning to pelt him as soon as he rode back to his comrades. This kind of thing went on for some time, and I was astonished at the patience and moderation of the Germans. At last half a company of Gendarmes appeared upon the scene, looking deeply depressed and mortified by the duty which they found themselves

called upon to perform. They kept the rear of the retreating Germans free from *gamins*, and before 11 o'clock not a German soldier remained within the fortifications of Paris.

The occupation of a great part of Paris for 48 hours by a hostile army and its triumphant departure without *contrepens* of any sort may be considered a triumph of military diplomacy, and creditable both to the population of Paris, and especially to the authorities by whom it is governed, and to the Army of Occupation.

REPAIRING DAMAGES.

The rapidity with which damages are being made good is astonishing. If the agreeable tourists whom the French appreciate do not hasten they will have little left to reward them, not even the cobble blocks of St. Cloud. As for the pillars of some costly marble which supported the ceiling of the grand hall, they are giving way rapidly to pick and bar, with which the soldiers prize off fragments. The essence of peace and of victory has somehow been shed on the troops. The men look happy and rather triumphant—haughty in look and bearing—stalking about much as the Britisher does among "the niggers" in an Eastern bazaar.

The houses for a mile and more by the American Railway near the point du Jour are a good deal damaged by shells and splinters. There had been an extensive flitting, to judge by the vans of furniture drawn up before many doors—in some cases before holes where doors had once been. The principal article of consumption is glass. Men with crates full on their backs are to be seen in every street. Modern ruins are very deceptive. St. Cloud and Montreuil look fresh and attractive from the Bois and Billancourt. The Palace has suffered beyond any dissimulation, but villas and houses on the wooded slopes over the river, just crisped with green here and there, seem to be fit for immediate occupation. It is worth a painter's while to come and study them. Plenty of subjects, and infinite varieties of the same type. Families looking for their houses. Fancy a party of refugees hastening home; the well-known spot appears in sight; thank God! it is safe. Never view beguets doubt. There is a ruggedness of outline about the roof and chimneys new and disagreeable. "What are the specks we see?" "Those holes in the walls? Cannon shot." "And the dark marks now visible above the windows?" "Smoke streaks." Why, the roof has fallen in? The house—our home is a shell filled with rubbish. Or the house stands intact, and the owners approach very joyfully. There is a black scrawl on the wall. "Corporal Schmitt, 7th Mannen, 2d Company, 1st battalion O Regiment." Singing of men in chorus in the drawing-room; head with a pipe in it out of the master's bedroom; tobacco smoke out of the library; the parrot's cage empty on the lawn, which is covered with glass and broken bottles, and as the owner would make further inquiry he is warned of his own premises in a manner which brooks no delay. You saw the story of the man who went out to his villa and found it doorless and windowless. He went to the builder of it and ordered doors and windows to be made, and, when they were ready, off he set with his man to repair damages. A miracle! He could not believe his eyes; doors and windows were all in their places. An Eton-Major had settled in the mansion in his absence and had fitted it up with doors and windows from the neighbouring residences.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The *Times* thus comments on the state of Ireland—What are the facts? Whether under the influence of the Peace Preservation Act of last year or otherwise, the amount of crime in Ireland as a whole has remarkably decreased. In hardly any of the Assizes now being held there any considerable number of Crown prosecutions, and when this is remembered in connexion with the Charges of the Judges last Spring, the improvement is seen to be extraordinary. The number of offences of all kinds in the month of January, 1870, reported by the Constabulary, compared with the number last month, had fallen from 713 to 231, and of these the agrarian offences had fallen from 391 to 35. Even in Westmeath there has been a diminution of the minor classes of agrarian crime, and in King's County and Meath this diminution of lesser offences is, to say the least, not counteracted by any increase of graver crime. Lord Hartington said last night there has been no serious crime to report in Meath, and again, that it was scarcely necessary to refer to King's County, the statistics of which show one actual murder and one attempt at murder in 1869, compared with two attempts in 1870, and one attempt this year. These two counties seem to be improving rather than the contrary, and yet the Chief Secretary declares that the Government has reason to believe them to be as much subject to the Riband conspiracy as any part of Westmeath. What, then, it will be asked, are the statistics of crime in Westmeath? The words of the Chief Secretary as reported are unfortunately not free from obscurity.—"In 1869 there were two murders and two attempts to murder in Westmeath; in 1870 there were four murders and seven attempts; there were during the past winter three murders and two attempts; and in January of this year one further attempt to murder." This statement is very unsatisfactory, but it is clearly not one over which we should lose our presence of mind. It is evident that whatever Lord Hartington meant by "the past winter" must be included in 1870, since it was not January of this year; and whether it refers, as we assume to December or any other month, it is plain that if three murders were committed in that period only one murder was committed during the rest of the twelve months. It may suit Mr. Hardy to describe this as "murder stalking abroad," and undoubtedly the alarming tone of Lord Hartington's speech warranted the phrase; but men of common sense, who know what the past history of Ireland has been, must find it difficult to understand this Ministerial outbreak of disappointment. We do not wish to underrate the importance of the fact of four murders being committed in one county in a twelve-month; we should be much better pleased if the process of healing Ireland of her woes had been more rapid; but no man ought to have expected an instantaneous cessation of crime, or should be ready to fly to extremes because it has not been attained. Above all, what part is it expected that a Committee of the House of Commons is to play in the matter?

DUBLIN, March 2.—The attendance of the Grand Jurors of the County of Westmeath at the present Assizes is more than usually numerous and influential. The fact is creditable to their public spirit, and is regarded as evidence of their desire to cooperate with the Government in protecting life and property. The numbers who attended in obedience to the summons of the High Sheriff showed that the gentlemen of the county are determined to perform their duty unswayed by the terrors of the Riband system. Among the presentments brought before them were two under the Peace Preservation Act, in reference to recent murders. In one case they allowed a claim of £800 to the widow and family of Thomas Dowling, of Ballinagar, steward of the Misses Perry. In the other case they passed a presentment of £375 for the mother of Waters, the process server.

Chief Justice Monahan, in addressing the Grand Jury of the County of Westmeath, said that things were going from bad to worse. The police returns showed three men shot, four lives attempted, 45 threatening letters, several houses burnt, and five or six cases of cattle houghing. In the large majority of cases the offenders had not been made amenable.