## AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. MAY 5, TRUE WITNESS 1871.

led them down into a deep and narrow glen, where, throwing off their embroidered togas and drawing their keen Saracen blades, they prepared for deadly conflict. After a few passes, the lithe and graceful Clotaire, who was accomplished in the use of arms, gained such an advantage over the blundering Saxon, who pluoged and beat the earth and air like a wild bull, that, after inflicting a flesh-wound on his thigh, he, by a skillful sleight of hand, disarmed him, and, pressing him back against the rocks, held him completely at his mercy.

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"Thou art fairly vanquished," said Clotsire. "In good faith, and according to the laws of chivalry."

"Vanquished? Yes! As to fairness, if the sun had not slanted into my eyes and blinded me, thou wouldst have naught to boast of," replied Ulric, sullenly.

" It is thy right, sir count, to claim another trial, if thou art not satisfied. I am at thy service," said the other, proudly.

"To give thee another advantage to boast over? It is, methinks, no proof of chivalry to offer fight to a wounded man !"

" Nay, Count of Heidelberg, I am no boaster. I forgot thy scratch. Here; take thy cimetar, and let us be friends," said Clotaire, holding out his hand.

"Thou hast vanquished twice, sir count .-Thou wilt forget my disgrace more readily than I; but I accept thy gage," was the Saxon's reply to the noble and chivalrous forbearance of his adversary.

Ere they reached the temple the following day, the young Count of Heidelberg had apparently forgotten the quarrel and eacounter of the evening before ; while Clotaire, in his frank and joyous nature, rejoiced that the animosity which he had provoked by his sarcasnis was so short-lived. Indeed, he frequently reproached himself for his levity, and behaved with more courtesy to his companion, nor meddled again with his peculiarities. But deep down in that Saxon heart, like a bolt that has sped into a burning crater, glowed the insult which he had not the courage either to forgive or to avenge; and he only, with crafty pretense, bided his time, to inflict a deadly blow on the head of him who had stung him. But he evinced no outward signs of his jealous hatred, and those who merely looked on the surface thought they beheld in the intercourse of the two a renewal of the friendship of Castor and Pollux.

"There is good news for us to-day, sir count," said Ulric to Clotaire, who was loitering along the picturesque shore. "I have been seeking thee in every direction for an hour past."

"News from home ?" said Clotaire, cagerly, lifting his bright, expectant face.

"If the winds could talk, we might have news from home. No. But it will please thee-even thee-well to hear it," replied Ulric.

"Had I wine, I would offer a libation beforehand for it," said Clotaire, laughing. "As it is, I will pour water on the sands in token of my thanksgiving to the gods for good tidings." And he dipped his hand in a small pool at his feet, and with a graceful gesture. threw the clear water from the hollow of his hand on the earth. " Now for thy news."

and romantic scenes which stretched out on Saxon, he led the way into the great hall of every side around them. But, heedless of Innistore, where tables loaded with viands of gold-tinted trees, or of purple rocks where rich every description, and wines from every clime vines flaunted their gay yellow flowers, they flashing in the light, were spread beneath banfollowed in silence a narrow wolf-track, which ners and other trophies of victories of the past. Knights and squires and mail-clad men were standing in gay groups through the hall: there was an animated hum of voices, the inspiring music of harps, the rattle and ring of arms, and a general hum of expectancy and pleasure. But there was a hush when the prince entered with his guests,-a hush which lasted only long enough for him to introduce them to the company; then uprose such a clamor of greeting and welcome that, alarmed, Ulrie of Heidel berg, with his eyes fixed on the great smoking rounds of venison, laid his hand on the hilt of his dagger, while Clotaire, everjoyed to be once more among his peers in age and rank, gave himself up to the excitement of the hour, and won his way to every heart by his frank and noble demeanor.

> After the feast began the chase, over hill and dale, over moor and brae, until the echoes rang with the shouts of the hunters and the baying of their hounds.

As the sounds grew fainter in the distance, the vestals of the temple, released from their tasks, sought the shade and shelter of the sacred grove, to enjoy an hour of relaxation in innocent sports and converse. Far down, where the wood skirted the shore, Mona, pensive and alone, was wandering. Her mood was mystical and dreamy; and, to avoid the merriment and light-hearted jests of her companions the vestals, she had stolen away, and ran she knew not whither, until, reaching a little knoll, she saw through a narrow vista the distant ocean gleaming in the sunshine. All was silent there, except those sweet sounds which tranquilize the soul in solitude. The moan of the ocean, the chirp of birds over their new made nests, the soft rustling of leaves as the wind stole through the branches, made low, sweet music; and Mona, tired and spent, threw herself down on the budding moss, where, yielding to the influence of the scene, a tranquil but unutterable sadness stole over her. Her dream haunted her; Dairene's legend troubled her: she felt that she was on the eve of some wonderful event, which threw its shadow over her soul. Suddenly there was a crashing of branches near her, and, starting round, she beheld a savage wolf, with red eyeballs and frothing mouth, fixing himself conchant for a spring toward her. With a wild cry of alarm, she sprang up, and, leaning backward against a tree, clasped her hands on her breast, defenseless, and fearing to breathe or move, lest she should feel those deadly fangs fastening in her throat. Her veil was thrown back, and her hair, bursting the gemmed fillet that confined it, fell in wild disorder around her. Her face was white and ghastly, yet, with its expression of deadly anguish, was surpassingly beautiful. The wolf glared on her, sure of his prev. She closed her eyes. He leaped toward her; but, ere he reached her, a spear, aimed with unnering skill, had penetrated the side of his head and cleft his skull. Mona fell senseless to the earth, and her deliverer, rush-

ing forward, lifted her in his arms and bore her rapidly along urtil he reached a thread-like tarn that rippled down over the rocks into the mossy pool blow.

Never before had Clotaire of Bretagne seen loveliness so rare and perfect; never before had the sight of woman inspired him with such tenderness. He touched her face lightly and friend of mine, hard by the Porte Maillot. Shells much of their living force. With cheers and songs, touched her face lightly and friend of mine, hard by the Porte Maillot. Shells much of their living force. With cheers and songs, with green wreaths wound round their helmets, and everently, as he threw back her hair to lave her forehead. He could not tell why, but to gaze on those beautiful and motionless features made him feel almost guilty of sacrilege. He held his hand under the waterfall, and was in the act of sprinkling Mona's face again, when a hand was laid heavily on his shoulder, and a

## PARIS DURING THE INSURRECTION. (From Correspondents of London Press.)

Easter Sunday bore a strange aspect in Paris yesterday. The Boulevards were crowded as of yore, but this time by excited knots of political disputants instead of by vendors of sucre d'orge and children's toys. Churches were descried, many, indeed, being closed "by command," and during the greater portion of the day there was a steady flow of pleasure-seekers in the direction of the Champs Elysces,

A heavy fusillade was audible from the side of Colombes and Asnieres, and, supposing Neuilly to be in consequence tolerably quiet, I resolved to attempt a visit as far as I could penetrate through the Bois de Boulegne.

Neuilly is, without metaphor, a city of the dead. As far as the principal avenue is concerned, there is nothing remarkable to be seen. Brown-red spots upon the pavement mark the passage of death, while holes ploughed in the ground and trees torn up and scattered show that the struggle was a desperate one. The side streets present a heartrending spectacle, and give us a foretaste of what we are to expect should the Versailles army force an entrance into Paris. Piles of bodies, Versaillais and Federals, littered the doorsteps, and lay in heaps upon the staircuses, while long, thin lines of blood marked the progress of some victims, wounded unto death, who had crawled into a cupboard or

beneath the shadow of a fireplace, and lay there still, with calm, white faces, fixed in ghastly relief in the light that penetrated down the chimney. In some instances there had evidently been a severe contest, hand to hand. Men lay in twos and threes, cone upon another, and I felt like a ghost in some Icelandic tale of horror, the only living creature among so many dead. The distant fusillade and crash of shells served but to increase the stillness and impress me with the general hush. I was astonished to remark that several women had fallen, in one instance pierced by many balls. All of them were in the continiere uniform, some with a gaily-painted little cask strapped round the waist, others with pistols undischarged still in their belts. There was one lying alone within a courtyard, a handsome young woman, with black hair braided about her temples, a smile upon her lips, and the fragment of a sabre in her hand. She belonged to the 68th battalion, and had been struck down by the explosion of a shell. Further on, half buried under a heavy door which had fallen from its hinges, were two men, one a sailor and the other a soldier of the line, killed by fragments of the same projectile, and half across the door and over the courtyard stones were trails of some long creeper just bursting into leaf. Many houses are unroofed and open to the sky, while shattered blocks of stone and heaps of bricks and slate render some of the narrow lanes almost impassable. I find upon, inquiry that a very large proportion of the victims of the last few days are women, counting together those who have been killed by accident and those who have perished sword in hand. One lady, indeed, bids fair to rival Theroigne de Mericourt-"Citoyenne Eudes," as she is called, wife of the General of the same name, who now commands at Issy, and who is a member of the Commune. It is said that she has been under fire several times, and has picked off her men with soldierly rangfroid.

Meanwhile, I became aware that the battle on my left was increasing in intensity. A violent fusil lade continued, lasting until sunset, while shells were incessantly hurled on Maillot, the Ternes, and the Arch of Triumph. Five projectiles fell within the American ambulance, which is empty and left to its fate; 20 more exploded at the top of the Champs Elysees within half-an-hour. Foot passengers fied scared, or shrunk under the shalows of the house, and the National Guards remained hidden behind corners, shaking their fists and vowing vengeance on the *canaille*. "We have had enough of this," they said. " We have been too long suffering with those brutes. Out with the feu Gregeois, the picrate de potasse, and the dynamite. We will sweep them from the face of the earth !" and they waved their arms and uttered imprecations, and then resumed their pipes and retired still further under shelter, quite satisfied with their own conduct.

About dusk I crept back into the town, and made for the Avenue de la Grunde Armee, where lives a

The whole of the area between the Rue de Rivoli, the Hotel de Ville, and the Prefecture de Police positively bristles with barricades, and from morning to night a swarm of citizens is engaged in rendering them impregnable. I was examining the biggest of these barricades which blocks up the Avenue Victoria when a mob of insurgents, soldiers, workmen, and National Guardsmen, all jumbled to gether, came full tilt down the avenue fresh from plundering a depot of arms near the Place Saint-Jacques. A good number of the men carried six or seven rifles, and they distributed them freely to whoever asked-in fact, they were glad to be relieved of the load. One of the citizens, groaning under the weight of four Chassepots, a couple of Remingtons, and several parcels of ball cartridge, told me generously that I might have my choice. I selected the best of the Chassepots and the largest parcel of cartridges. I hold them in trust for the next duly constituted Government, should we over have such a thing again.

And now, what do they want? was the question I asked myself as the last of the gang hobbled by me with his spoil. I turned to the sentinel who was guarding one end of the barricade, and inquired of him politely whether social liquidation was what he, too, was aiming at. Yes, that was it, he wanted the "liquidation sociale"-the rich had everything and the poor had nothing ; the time was come for changing all that.

What the men of the Commune wish materially to change are all practices and ideas of law and justice. They have already struck a blow at the rights of property in various ways by "remitting" rents which did not belong to them ; by keeping as prisoners sometimes Generals, sometimes private in-dividuals, sometimes even their own friends and confederates; by suppressing newspapers, and, on occasion, a few human lives ; by seizing from the Insurance Companies sums which were there in some sort as a deposit; in making requisitions on the coffers of the Railway companies and on the Bank of France ; in taking possession of the money of the Treasury and of the City, even of the prov sions which England has so generously sent to the destitute of the French capital, and of which a portion was used two days ago to supply the troops in the Place Vendome. They have driven the Judges from the bench and rendered the sittings of the Tribunals impossible. They will not hesitate long to issue paper money, which will have a forced circulation, and which will have to supply the want of resources which is becoming more and more menacing. The assignate of the first Revolution will appear again. But these assignats had for security the sale of the confiscated estates of the emigrants, which did not prevent their falling immensurably below their nominal value. What guarantee will the new Commune of Paris secure for its paper money? Churches, and the property of religious bodies. But who will buy these things if they are put up for sale, and if they are not sold what sureties for the future will be given to the holders of assignats? What faith can be put in the stability of the Commune ? It will be necessary, then, with or without guarantee, that this paper money should be put into forced circulation. But here appears a problem of the existence of which the present masters of the city do not seem to have an idea—which is the problem of food.

The trade of Paris is stopped in its growth. No more orders come in, and if they did they could not be executed or despatched, nor would the value be recovered The manufactories are at a standstill the workmen mount guard at the barricades, and I can quote a large establishment, the most considerable of its kind, and the trade of which is most ineportant, where 3,000 less clerks and workpeople are employed now than throughout the siege. When it is remembered that trade in Paris produced two milliards five hundred millions in 1869, and that now it is reduced to almost nothing, it will be easy to see the difficulty of the problem which the "Commune of Paris" will find placed before it while waiting for the other Communes of France to seal the compact of the Federation with it .-. Times.

## THE RETURNING BOLDIERS OF FRANCE. (From the London News, April 1.)

CARLSBUHR, March 28 .- There are two streams of men in uniform setting in opposite directions across the Franco-German frontier, and a short railway trip, from which I have just returned, has shown me

which was withdrawn under the act for the disestablishment of the Irish Church) has received from the Church Commissioners the sum of £360. 000 for compensation.

IRISH REGISTRAR-GENERAL'S REPORT .- The Registrar-General's Report on the last quarter of the year 1870 states that the cold weather caused great mortality among the young and the aged in Ireland. Several deaths at upwards of 100 years of age were registered. A Castleblaney registrar records the death of an old Waterioe man at 103, and "his wiry spouse" at 100; and the registrar at Celbridge the death of a labourer, a native of Maynooth, retaining his mental faculties to the last, at 106, who was in Celbridge workhouse for his last four years, a man "remarkable for his extreme good temper. A military pensioner died in the Castletown Union at (as stated) the age of 116; he said he served at Bunker's-hill as a drummer; he was in possession of all his faculties until within a few weeks of his

death, and was not confined to bed until the cold weather set in. The Registrar-General has to state that scarlet fever prevailed in Ireland in the last quarter of 1870, and ten registrars report the presence of small-pox. But he observes that the provisions of the Compulsory Vaccination Act are being zealously carried into operation throughout the country, and with the most beneficial results. He states that the reports of the sanitary condition of the various districts show an improvement as compared with former years. The Clifden registrar reports a great deal of fever, nearly all brought from Scotland, and states also that there have been many cases of phthisis, almost every one occurring in labourers returning from Scotland in an advanced stage of pulmonary disease. In the year 1870 therewere 150,151 births registered in Ireland, and 90,695 deaths, showing a natural increase of population amounting to 59,456; but 74,855 energants left the ports of Ireland in the year, and this changes the increase of population into a decrease of 15,399. But, in truth, the registration of births and deaths in Ireland is very imperfect, and the registration of marriage is still more so.

All Ireland demands is to rule herself; to have the power of making the laws to govern her own people. That will satisfy her. It will change disaffection into loyalty, convert enemics into friends and cement a real union between the two countries, quite different from the parchment union which mpels the Fenians to conspire for separation. Let the concession of Home Rule be made, and the Irish government will be a Protestant one. But the Catholic millions will have no objection to that. They have confidence in their Pretestant countrymen, and rely upon the patriotism of the Irish Lords and Commons to serve all creeds alike, and labour to restore the prosperity of the country.

A London contemporary, whose article on the subject we publish in another page, is beginning to see that a parliament in Dublin would not injure the interests of England. He can now observe that the Irish parliament, which expired from the effects of perjury, corruption and tyranny, did wonders for the country. And so it did. It improved commerce, manufactures and agriculture to such a degree, that it was said there was no such progress made in any other nation in so short a period. Well, this is what Ireland desires to witness again. She is too large, and her people are too intelligent to submit to a continuance of the wretched mis-government which she has so long experienced. If England is wise she will at once concede Ireland's demand for Home Rule, and then, having secured the good will of the Irish people, she may set the threats and sneers of the world at defiance .- Dundilk Democrat.

Considerable excitement and speculation existed some time back with references to preparations made to obtain possession of the holdings of several tenants of the estate of Lord Charles Pelham Clinton, at Thornhill, near Castletown, and the attitude expected to be assumed by the tenantry and their friends in connection therewith. On Saturday affairs reached their denouement, which it is satisfuctory to say, was at least penceable. The tenants under notice to quit, to the number of thirty, or thereabouts, had come to terms with the agent. Mr. Wright, solicitor, the process of dispossession being only to be applied in two cases. At an early hour the County Sub-Sheriff, Mr. Johnson, attended by thirty police, under Mr. Holmes, S.I., proceeded to the lands, which are situate about five miles from Castletown and form part of the arable soil which relieve the stony desolation of that wild but beautiful mountain region. The scene which preceded and accompanied the eviction was one sadly and peculiarly Irish. At points along the road by which the posse was expected to approach, groups of the country people, men and women, had gathered, waiting with patient, subdued faces to witness the engines of law in operation, and as the police marched by the occupants of the poor dwellings by the way hurried out to look. . It had a startling effect also to hear the sudden shrill calls in the solitude, and see distant figures apparently starting from the heather on the hills, shouting and gesticulating as they perceived the sheriff and his force. No evidence whatever of a hostile demonstration, or even of hostile feeling, was apparent. A crowd accompanied the officers, and looked on while the usual formality was being observed, but beyond sarcastic comment and "chaff," for which the people of the district appear to possess a native genius, nothing was offered to the preservers of the peace which could arouse their action, offensive or defensive. It is understood that the arrangements between the tenantry and the landlord are favourable to the former, and we have been informed that in the two cases in which evictions were enforced, the holders will not be permanently dispossessed.-Cork Examiner. THE EXODUS FROM IRELAND .- It is a singular fact, and one that speaks very eloquently for itself, that what Mr. Gladstone has called the banishmene of the Irish people is going on as steadily this year as at the worst and most disturbed period since 1865. Though the season has scacely begun as yet, Queenstown is crowded with emigrants, and there seems every reason to believe that before summer the weekly departures from this port alone to the United States will average two thousand. Every succeeding year, too, it is noticeable that emigration is more and more becoming a hard matter-of-fact business transaction, losing much of its gloomy associations. The scenes at departure are dwindling down to the most formal propertions; and save in very mrc instances one sees little of the visible tokens of grief which used to form so painful an accompaniment of transatlantic emigration. Indeed the regret belongs rather now to those who stay behind and who watch the uncensing flow of the hardiest and most vigorous of our race. The emigrants this year are nearly all of the comfortable agricultural class, most of them provided with a little capital, and bound for the Western States of the Union.-As usual, young women, either farmers' daughters or domestic servants, predominates. There is also a sprinkling of the artizan classes, and from week to week a large number of retired members of the constabulary. They come principally from Clare, Tipperary, and the midland counties-Meath, Westmeath, and King's and Queen's Counties sending a larger contingent than usual, doubtless in view of the expected suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. Large numbers also come from Galway and the adjoining counties, the proportion from the County Cork being small. For the accommodation of these multitudes of emigrants the four companies running steamers from this port have been tried to the utmost, and extra steamers have had to be started as The Catholic College of Maynooth (the grant to | in previous years to carry off the surplus left by the

" Thou dost know that Abaris, the bard, is of the royal house of this province of Munster. The stronghold on yonder height belongs to his father, and is governed by his brother, the royal heir, who sends us greeting, and an invitation to a wolf-huat and feast to-day."

"I will not quarrel with thy news; for, in sooth, it stirs up the blood in my veius to hear of a hunt once more," exclaimed Clotaire, with flashing eyes. "But Semo! what sayeth Semo?"

"Intent on the rites of the temple, he consents to our going under the protection of Abaris, who, you know, is not a Druid, but as gallant a bard as ever touched harp or falchion. But here he comes in search of us."

"We must speed without delay to Innistore, nobles," said Abaris. " The Clana Doagha\* are assembled, and wait our coming; the beagles are unleashed, and the wolf-dogs howl to be on the scent of the quarry," said the noble bard.

"But our weapons? We have no weapons, noble Abaris," said Clotaire.

"Weapons? Targe, shield, and spear are in the halls of Innistore. Our steeds paw the walls. They shuff the chase, and are impatient to be gone.'

steep rocky paths leading to the temple, and, almost breathless with eagerness and haste, leaped into their saddles, and coursed like the winds toward the stronghold of Innistore.

Under the massive arch of the great portal of Innistore stood the noble and handsome Prince of Munster, waiting to be the first to offer welcome greeting to his stranger guests. A knight of the Golden Collar,-an order conferred only on those of royal descent,-he wore his honors bravely. His large blue eyes and yellow hair, his checks glowing with health and manly exercises, his broad shoulders and fine athletic figure and noble air, made him a fine type of the higher classes of his countrymen. His finely-proportioned limbs were covered closely with purple cloth. A braccon, or vest, of saffron-colored silk, fastened with large emeralds set in gold, covered his breast; while the close sleeves of a flowing mantle of some fine and glossy fabric gave him all the advantages he could desire in the use of his arms .--Over the whole was thrown a fallung, or cloak, of ample dimensions, which, after he had re- a soft slumber stole over her. ceived his guests, was taken away by an attendant. Arm in arm with the young Count of Breingne, and followed by Abaris and the

\* The Knights of Munster.

voice, in accents of alarm, whispered,---"Flv1 My brother Abaris approaches !-She is a vestal of Nerf."

It was the Prince of Munster who spoke the warning. Ulric of Heidelberg was with him, gazing down with a rude and triumphant expression on the insensible Mona.

"I may not leave her thus, be she what she may," cried Clotaire, gathering the folds of her veil over her face. "I have just rescued her from the fangs of a ferocious wolf."

"This is madness, sir count. It would destroy her to be found thus. Ha! she revives!"

Mona opened her eyes, and, finding herself leaning on the bosom of a stranger and surrounded by knights, she uttered a low cry, and, covering her face with her hands, sprang away, and was soon lost to view in the overhanging earth and champ their bits beyond the temple gloom of the woods. By this time the wolfdogs had found the careass of the savage beast they had been chasing all day, which, with loud And with fleet steps the three sprang up the yelping and deep-mouthed cries, they tore and tossed. On Mona sped,-up eliffs, along the narrow footpaths skirting the sea, until she reached a range of high overhanging rocks which jutted out a picturesque headland, into the frothing surges. Drenched with the spray, on she went, over the jagged rocks and slippery ways, until the startled sea-birds flew shrieking and circling around her,-until the wild weird commotion of the surf beating on the cliffs and rushing up into the narrow caverns which indented the shore shut out the echo of the deep-mouthed baying of the dogs and the shouts of the hunters. Then she paused, gasping, panting, and trembling, and looked cagerly around for a place of shelter, when she espied near a narrow opening, which seemed to lead far back into a deep and irregular cavern. Into it she crept. and to her great joy, saw, far back, a lamp burning in a niche, which threw a pale light around. Going toward it, she discovered a nook in the wall of the cavern, heaped up with dried leaves and moss, on which she threw herself, exhausted and fainting, and soon

(To be Continued.)

"Do you enjoy good health, Zachary ?" "Why, yes, to be sure; who doesn't?"

were bursting in all directions and I was obliged to choose my time, rash from behind a sheltering wall, and dive into my friend's porte cochere. I found his wife and himself at dinner, and was invited to join in the meal. Amid the general thunder and erash it was no wonder that she was nervous, and I must say that of all dinners this one was the strangest at which I have ever assisted. The maidservant brought in dishes with a rush, in order to avoid a portion of the passage which she considered particularly exposed, poured out the wine with a shaking hand, clinking as she did so the bottle against the glass, while her mistress, at every reverberation which seemed nearer than the rest, retired under the table with a smothered shrick, dragging the cloth with her, to re-appear shortly, with mute appeals for forbearance from her husband, who was stoically sitting opposite, calmly dissecting a chicken's leg. The house was certainly in direct line of fire, and seemed to shiver whenever a shell burst in the road below. Every now and then a window broke with the shock, increasing my hostess's apprehensions, and all at once. as dessert was being placed upon the table, there came a loud report, and the adjoining drawing room was filled with smoke. My friend and I hurried out, imagining that a bomb had entered the apartment, but we found that a shell had exploded on the balcony.

A correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette, writes : "Yes, citizen," said he, "il nous faut une liquidation sociale." "And what do you mean by that?" I asked. "I mean that the poor shall no longer be the tools of the rich, and that the people, being the majority, shall have a Government that will represent them." This dialogue was taking place at one of the barricades of the Place Pigalle-that which closes the Rue Trochot. My interlocutor was an insurgent National Guardsman, and he had requested me very civilly to pay the toll to which everybody else submitted who desired to pass-i.e carry a few paving-stones to help to strengthen the barricade. On my representing that I was a foreigner, and consequently anxious to maintain a neutral policy in so far as it was possible, he was good enough to tell me that those who declined carrying paving-stones must go round by the other way. Nevertheless, he deigned to strike up a minute's conversation, and, in reply to my inquiry as to wherefore this new rising, answered as above, "Il nous faut une liquidation sociale."

So, starting on the half-mile circuit to which my neutrality condemned me, I mused on these words social liquidation." I threaded the Rue Duperre, once a tranquil thoroughfare, now the only channel of communication left clear between the Rue de Faubourg Montmartre and the Quartier Pigalle, and consequently as thronged as one of the inner boulevards. Carts, empty omnibuses, a hearse with one horse and a queue of mourners behind, trying in vain to make their way to the Cimetiere Montmartre, were blocking up the road, and on the two pavements trooped a couple of mobs, bowing congratulations to each other across the street, and flourishing democratic journals printed on candle paper, and bearing such pleasant titles as the Venyeur, Drapeau Rouge, and Guillotine. One of the most curious features of French revolutionizing, by the way, is the amazing rapidity with which these amiable carmine prints start into being like carrion crows over the bodies of prostrate Governments.

hearts heating high with the pride of victory, the Germans are travelling home. • • • The stream which sets westward is of different bue, less oyous in its course, and with far less of hope before it. But the future masters of France are right glad to turn their faces towards home, and songs may be heard from the trains which convey them. Ever and anon parties of them strike up quaint provincial ditties, which are all about Lisette and the village, and have not an allusion in them to glory or to war. Napoleon's army returns a trifle sadder, let us hope a trifle wiser, than it set forth. The men go back without a rallying cry, without a leader to whom they can cling in their defeat, and it is natural that the rumors which arrive from Paris should double their perplexity. They cannot shout "Vive l'Empereur!" The time has not yet come for that. The men feel too sore at Napoleon's failure. Yet to shout "Vive la Republique!" among these homeward-bound prisoners would raise almost as bitter a smile just now as to venture on the long-forgotten " Vive le Roi!" Speak to any group of the travelers in uniform about what has happened lately in Paris, and you will hear curses flung at the *canaille* which shot the two Generals in cold blood. Ask yonder sunburnt sous-officier of the ex-Imperial Guard what he thinks. The answer is prompt and decisive: "Monsieur, they will want us back among them. We at least have obeyed our superiors to the last. Those conscripts under Vinoy had learned their drill in the evil days of France, and could not be trusted." Take the sense of the four or five Zouaves who stand chatting in an offhand way at the end of the platform. They are bitter in their tone against certain vague personages styled "ces imbeciles"-presumably the Marshals of the Empire-but are convinced that a little gun-powder will bring Paris to reason. There is nowhere, that I can see, among the prisoners a gleam of interest in, or sympathy with, an ideal Republic. They are anxious to get back to France, and they desire to make no difficulty about the form of Govcrament which they may find existing on their return. But they will willingly support strong measures against the party of disorder. They have evidently no faith in tine talking, and no doubt but that their skill and determination will decide the fate of France if affairs should come to down right civil war. • • • Among the French officers returning from Germany there is a great deal of Bonapartism, and scurcely a tinge of Republican feeling. The officers hold themselves more aloof, and are more guarded in what they say than are the men, as may well be supposed. But they go home the irreconcilable enemies of the "Reds," and the lukewarm friends at best of the most moderate Republic that can be devised.

## IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

On Tuesday, 11th April, the Rev. Dr. Conroy, successor of the Right Rev. Dr. McCabe in the See of Ardagh, was consecrated at Longford. The cercmony was one of great splendour, his Eminence Cardinal Cullen, eight Bishops, and a vast number of the clergy being present.