

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21.]

HOUSEWIVES CORNER.

**CLAM SOUP.**—Select five large, plump clams and after chopping them finely add the liquor to the meat. To every dozen allow a quart of cold water, and putting meat, liquor and water into a clean vessel allow them to simmer gently, but not boil, about one and one-half hours. Every paricle of meat should be so well cooked that you seem to have only a thick broth. Season to taste and pour into a tureen in which a few slices of well-browned toast have been placed. If desired, to every two dozen of clams allow a teaspoonful of new milk and one egg. Beat the latter very light, add slowly the milk, beat hard a minute or so, and when the egg is removed from the fire stir the egg and milk into it.

**CORN SOUP.**—Twelve ears of corn stripped and the cobs boiled twenty minutes in one quart of water. Remove the cobs and put in the corn and boil fifteen minutes, then add two quarts of rich milk. Season with salt, pepper and butter, and thicken with two tablespoonfuls of flour. Boil the whole ten minutes and turn into a tureen on which the yolks of three eggs have been well beaten.

**FRIED OYSTERS.**—Drain the oysters, and cover well with finest of cracker crumbs, seasoned with salt and pepper. Let them stand half an hour, then dip and roll again in the meal; fry brown in a good quantity of lard and butter.

**OYSTER PIE.**—Allow one can of oysters for two pies, roll out your paste and put in your pie-pan or dish, then put in two quarts of rich milk. Season with salt, pepper and butter, and thicken with two tablespoonfuls of flour. Boil the whole ten minutes and turn into a tureen on which the yolks of three-fourths of an hour to an hour.

**BEF HEART.**—Wash it carefully and stuff it nicely, with dressing as for turkey; roast it about one and a half hours, and serve with the gravy, which should be thickened with some of the stuffing. It is very nice indeed.

**MEAT CRUMBETS.**—Use cold roast beef, chop it fine, season with pepper and salt, moisten with a little milk, have your hands floured, rub the meat into balls, dip it into beaten egg, then into fine pulverized cracker, and fry in butter; garnish with parsley.

**FRIED CHICKEN.**—Joint young, tender chickens; if old, put in a stew-pan with a little water, and simmer gently till tender; season with salt and pepper, dip into flour, and fry in hot lard and butter until nicely browned. Lay on a hot platter and take the liquor in which the chicken was stewed, turn into the frying-pan with the browned gravy, stir in a little flour; when it has boiled, stir in a teaspoon of rich, sweet cream, and pour over the chicken.

**PIGEON COMPOTE.**—Truss six pigeons as for boiling. Grate the crumbs of a small loaf of bread, scrape one pound of fat lard, chop thyme, parsley, onion and lemon peel, and season with salt and pepper, mix it up with two eggs, put this force-meat into the crevices of the pigeons, lard the breasts and fry brown; place them in a stewpan with some beef stock and stew them three-quarters of an hour, thicken with pieces of butter rolled in flour. Serve with brown sauce, and garnish with dill and strain the gravy on to the pigeons.

**TO ROAST WILD FOWL.**—The flavor is best preserved without stuffing. Put pepper, salt and a piece of butter into each. Wild fowl require much less dressing than tame. They should be served of a fine color and a rich brown gravy. To take off the fishy taste which wild fowl sometimes have, pour a glass of beer over them in the dripping pan, and bake them for the first ten minutes with this, then take away the pan and bake constantly with butter.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

FASHION NOTES.

Mrs. J. J. Skellington Editor.

Red is worn with every article of the toilet. Fur bands are used to trim flannel costumes. Lead white is to take the place of ivory and cream white.

Ball shoes and stockings are made of the color of the dress. In bonnets, the latest form is the Panama, made in bronze velvet.

Paneled slides to dresses are very fashionable and very effective. Scarfs of chenille, with deep fringe, are used for bonnet trims.

For in-door dresses, vests of plush are trimmed with Beiton lace. A large ruffled, with three rose leaves, is now the fashionable boutonniere.

Full eyebrows, to let the hair is to be arranged high and very elaborately. Gold thread embroidery is used on the vests, revers and cuffs of handsome dresses.

The favorite dress bonnet for young ladies and young matrons is of maroon velvet. Waste coats figure on all kinds of toilets, from the robe de chambre to the dinner and ball dress.

The fashion of walking through a quadrille or the lancers is to be abandoned for actual dancing. Small pendants shaped like acorns or tassels are sold by the dozen to be worn among the plaits of lace trimming.

At the opening ceremonies at Ottawa on Thursday last, the Princess Louise wore a black satin princess train, trimmed with white, studded with diamonds, a tiara of diamonds in her hair, and a diamond necklace.

Lady Maenanara, a black silk princess train, low-necked, with jet trimmings, velvet ostrich feathers in her hair.

Mrs. DeWinton, a black gros-grain silk princess train, trimmed with satin, coronet of diamonds on the head, and diamond necklace.

The following is a description of some of the dresses worn by western ladies at the drawing room, as telegraphed to the *Advertiser*:  
 Hon. Mrs. Geo. Brown—black velvet, trimmed with black lace, jet head-dress of feathers and lace; ornaments, diamonds.  
 Miss Carling—princess dress of pink silk, trimmed with cream-colored satin; ornaments, gold.

Lady Maenanara—princess robe of black velvet with very long train, low square collar; berth of black Brussels-point lace; flowers, crimson poppies; head-dress, pale blue agrette; poppies and long black tulle lappet; ornaments, gold.

Hon. Mrs. Mackenzie—Elegant black velvet coat train, with old gold colored satin, new shade, trimmed with honiton lace; amethysts and diamond feathers in her hair.

Hon. Mrs. Macdonnell—Pale blue silk, trimmed with blue satin; ornaments, diamonds.  
 Mrs. Frank Smith—Black silk trimmed with honiton; caps of white satin trimmed with flowers; ornaments, gold.  
 Mrs. Gertrude Smith—gros-grain silk, trimmed with silk point lace and flowers; ornaments gold; head-dress, white silk feathers and pearls.

The former Venezuelan Consul at Baltimore has applied to Archbishop Gibbons for Sisters to go to Venezuela as teacher.

FRANCE AND IRELAND.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR OF 1870.

BY A. M. SULLIVAN.

From the *Catholic Fre Press*.

With a sudden crash the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 burst upon an astonished world. The shouts of "A Berlin! A Berlin!" were ringing in the streets of Paris, before people in these countries had fully realized the situation, so suddenly, so swiftly, had it all befallen.

For a hundred and seventy years, Ireland had been intensely and devotedly French in its sympathies. Public writers who little cared to look beneath the surface for causes, when confronted by the striking evidences of this fact in 1870, said it was owing to an absurd hope on the part of the disaffected Irish, that France might some day come to their aid. Others, a little better informed, traced its origin to the Hoche and Humbert expeditions in all the Irish insurgents of 1797 and 1798. In truth this feeling had an older origin, and brings to view one of the rare instances which belie the proverb which declares that "Between nations there is no gratitude."

It began in 1690. It had no previous existence. Throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Spain had been the prominent, constant and liberal ally of the Irish in their struggle against the English power. But the services of France were not merely more recent; they touched sensibilities that never were moved by gifts of arms and engines of destruction. That French armies had fought on the Irish side, on Irish soil, was much; that Irish battalions for nearly a hundred years, had served through Europe, under the "four-lilies" war was more; but what seems to abide most deeply of all in the Irish memory is the part played by France in affording asylum to the fugitives, and education to the children of Ireland in the penal times. "There is scarcely one of what are called the 'old families' in the kingdom today that does not treasure in its traditions the story of how some one or more of its members, a hundred years ago, was smuggled off to France to be educated in an 'Irish College.'" Ireland is full of these reminiscences. Nor is it possible to conceive of anything more calculated to touch the feelings of a poor but proud people, than the conduct of France to the Irish in the last century. Just in proportion as the penal code was degrading and humiliating them at home, so did France surround the refugees with every mark of honor and respect, open to them her schools and colleges, placed them at the head of her battalions and gave them high commands in every branch of the public service. It cannot be wondered that a century of relations so peculiar and intimate as these should create a very considerable "solidarity" between the two countries.

The news of war between France and Prussia had an electric effect in Ireland. That France would win in a few weeks Napoleon would be at Berlin—that was regarded as a foregone conclusion. In fact, the possibility of any other issue never once presented itself to the Irish mind.

Let us, French Consul to-night, I said a friend to me, as, with flashing eyes, he rushed into my room one day. "We must make a sign; we must show on what side we are."  
 "Yes, 'twould be a good idea," I said, "but there is not time to arrange it for to-night. We would require a day or two."  
 "I have it! A day or two! Say an hour or two. You don't know the state of feeling. The slightest notice will bring the people out in thousands. I'll run off to Nolan, and you'll see the result."

That evening, about half-past seven o'clock the strains of a trade's hand in Thomas street gave signal that a "something was up." At the very first strain of the drum, all Ireland—I can call it nothing else—seemed to tell the people what was a-foot. When the band marched off eastward to the Corn Market and struck up the *Marseillaise*, a shout, a wild, thrilling cry, burst from the thronged street and crowded windows. Gathering as it went, the crowd reached Gardiner street, turned into Donegal Place, and up Gardiner street, hitting opposite the French Consulate. A police inspector and a few of the force had met it at the foot of Sackville street. The officer seemed not to know what to make of it all. At length he appeared to think the right thing was to clear the street, and he evidently wished to do so as good humoredly as possible.

"Move away!" he called out to the bandmaster; "you must move away, boys; I can't let you stay here any longer."  
 An angry shout of "stand your ground," broke from the crowd. The *Marseillaise* went on.  
 "I can't have you move off, men. Where's Mr. Nolan?"  
 The indomitable John Nolan, presiding genius of the scene, cried "Here."  
 "Mr. Nolan, let us not have any unpleasantness. I must clear the street."  
 "Do you mean to prevent the people committing themselves to France?"  
 "No, but this crowd, and all the rest of it, don't you see I can't allow this—oh—here's Mr. Sullivan."

"Mr. Sullivan, I appeal to you. There will be bad work. Speak to the people, sir."  
 "Really, Mr. Howe," I said, "I think you are unnecessarily nervous. Such expressions take place every day amongst us unhindered."  
 "Never mind," whispered Nolan in my ear, "we will move on, for I hear the Bricklayers' Band coming up. We'll have a dozen of them here in five minutes; and you'll see 'em."  
 "Yes, boys," I shouted aloud, "we still move on; we'll march up and down between this and the Custom House; fall in; ready; march!"

The inspector was in the act of expressing his intense satisfaction, when—what?—did he hear a rattle? at the upper end of the street, another *Marseillaise*. He and his men ran at full speed to meet and turn back the new arrival. While expostulating with the Bricklayers' musicians at the corner of Brittan street, another crash of drum and ophedides broke on his ear coming down Summer Hill.

"Run boys some of you and stop that Summer Hill band."  
 Bang, bang, came another big drum from the opposite direction. The band, led by a young man, came down North Great George's street came "Partant pour la Sviria."  
 Up Talbot street marched "Mourir pour la Patrie."

The unfortunate police-inspector looked the picture of distraction.  
 "What was he to do? The bands all kept marching. No less than a dozen or more of them in the midst of twenty or thirty thousand wildly excited people, kept circulating, so to speak, between the Custom House and Brittan street corner, baffling all prevention. And then such a medley of French and Irish airs! Bands, side by side, playing away as if devoted to the desperate energy. "St. Patrick's Day" was hopelessly muddled up with "Allons enfants de la patrie!" the "Wearing of the Green" was compounded with "Dunois, the young and brave."

In a short time quite a formidable body of police had arrived, but they were powerless for any useful purpose, and had much better have been quietly kept out of view, close at hand, as is always done in like cases on the more fortunate side of the Channel. No one was being molested, alarmed or menaced. The people much excited and enthusiastic, but thoroughly good-humored, seemed as if they would never tire of cheering; and as clearing the streets was an utter impossibility, and was utterly unnecessary, the police were simply an irritation, despite the best efforts of the leaders on both sides to bring things to an end pleasantly. Towards ten o'clock and as the demonstration were prepared to move off homeward, an incident occurred which well illustrated the way in which collisions are precipitated but too often in connection with popular demonstrations in Ireland. At the head of one of the bands was carried a French flag. Some police subordinate without the knowledge of his superiors, thinking to signalize himself in efficiency, shouted out to seize the flag. A more unwarranted, nay a more culpable proceeding than this could hardly be conceived. It might have led to a riot, which in the then state of popular feeling would have spread all over the city. The populace would have spilled the last drop of their blood in defence of that flag in front of the consulate. One easily perceives what a "point of honor" was involved in this. I realized all the danger, and rushed to the spot where the trouble had arisen. There, in the midst of the gaslight, I saw a fierce struggle going on. Two or three policemen had gripped Mr. P. J. Smyth round the throat, and were assaulting him in the most violent manner. Striking blows in his defence came my brother, and the other policemen were hitting back. In the midst of all, guarding the precious tri-color, were P. Egan and John Nolan.

I rushed to a police sergeant who seemed the busiest in the struggle, and shouted in his ear, "The Superintendent will report for this. I will have him here now, can't you think of a better device for securing even a moment's cessation of the encounter, so that I might have a chance of intervening."  
 He turned round, and to my intense relief seemed to recognize me. "You have no authority for this," I said, "while your Superintendent has been trying to get me out of the way, you are beginning a scene of bloodshed. Come to him this instant and hear what he has to say."  
 "These men have assaulted us in the execution of our duty," he said, half bullying, half hesitating. "Although, as a matter of fact, I knew not at what point of the street the Superintendent was when I ventured to use his name, he now came running up, breathless and astounded in most fortunate time. Grips were let go, some noisy altercation, no doubt followed; but things ended peaceably in a rather comical compromise, by which neither side seemed defeated. The police carried off the flag-pole, but the tri-color itself was retained by its guardians, who, waving it proudly over their heads, marched away amidst frantic cheers. In an hour afterwards the whole assemblage had peaceably dispersed. The big drums were put away, the tambourines laid to rest, and, as midnight tolled, few would have imagined that that famous city had narrowly escaped a night of turmoil and riot.

Before the first shot was fired at Saratoga the Gallic sympathies of Ireland found a vent. All over the country there sprang up committees to aid the sick and wounded of the French army. Bales of lint, and hundreds of pounds came pouring in from every part of the Kingdom. National Committees were formed in Dublin, and on the list of its members were to be found some of the foremost citizens of the Irish metropolis. The whole country responded with enthusiasm to its call for funds, and it soon became clear that the Dublin Committee had but to say what Ireland could do for France, and its suggestions would be instantaneously effected.

At one of the earliest meetings it was decided to organize, equip and forward an Irish Ambulance Corps. No sooner was this fact made known in the newspapers than the house of Mr. Lesage, one of the secretaries—an energetic and ardent French-Irish citizen of Dublin—was besieged with a crowd of "volunteers." They blocked up the footway; they rained out into the street; they rendered the transaction of business impossible. He had thought to enrol a score of names in a day. In a little over twenty-four hours two thousand had applied, of whom he could enrol the names of only a couple of hundred. An office was now taken, at which the work of medical examination of the applicants, and investigation into their testimonials of character were carried on by a sub-committee; while another section of the general body were busy purchasing ambulance wagons, tents, horses, harness, hospital beds, and surgical appliances. The Corps became something astonishing. The most violent scenes took place daily at the office, when young men, who had come to Dublin from even the most distant countries, bent on "joining," were told the lists were closed. It became absolutely necessary to add to the list of names a certain number of "non-residents" to open a register out of which future detachments might be forwarded.

It was plain these thousands of volunteers had a purpose beyond the tame and peaceful duties of attending ambulance wagons, and uneasy and serious were the deliberations of the committee as to whether they ought to persevere with the project, in view of the turn things might take the moment our Corps touched the soil of France. Some were for desisting; others, the majority, decided that the course of action which individual members of the Corps might take in France was a matter beyond their consideration. Of this committee, whose duty was discharged as long as they strictly and in good faith continued their efforts to the establishment and maintenance of an Irish Ambulance Corps.

Throughout the project the Dublin Committee had provided one of the most extensive and complete and best equipped fields in the world, ever attended an army. On the 18th of October, 1870, the men marched in the Round Room of the Rotunda. Having received their uniform, they "fell in," and were finally inspected in the gardens close by, where the wagons, ready horsed and fully stored, were drawn up. Dr. C. P. Baxter, surgeon in chief, and his medical staff, in the presence of an immense concourse, took charge of the Corps. Handed by a band they marched off to the quay, where the French language "La Fontaine," specially chartered for their conveyance, awaited them. Amidst ringing cheers and prolonged farrowels from the crowded shore, they sailed on their errand of friendship and success.

Throughout the Franco-Prussian war that Corps was maintained in the field wholly by the Irish people—that is to say out of the funds contributed to the Dublin Committee, who declined to allow the French Government to pay any part of its expenses. The most flattering testimonials attest the high regard in which the French authorities, army, and people, held its labors and services, amongst these tokens being a massive gold medal presented by the inhabitants of Clontarf to the Surgeon-in-Chief commanding the Corps.

"Is this a fair?" said a stranger, stopping in front of a place where a festival was in progress, and addressing a citizen. "Well," replied the citizen, "they can't say, but they can't possibly say." He probably had invested in a ticket in an oyster soup lottery, and had drawn a blank.

Luckiest man I ever knew, everything succeeded with him. He had only say what he wanted and he got it. Why confound it, he was walking with him one day—the last day of his life—and he said to me, "When I die I want to die suddenly." He got run over that very night, by hokey. Ever see such luck?

[To be continued.]

100,000-HORSE POWER.

GIANTIC STEAMERS THAT SHALL MAKE 23 MILES AN HOUR, IN WHICH THERE SHALL BE NO SEA-SICKNESS.

The *New York Sun* gives an account of experiments which have been carried on for many years in Baltimore, and in which millions of dollars have been spent, with no promise to revolutionize ocean travel. The experiments were begun by the Winans family of Baltimore, with what were as now, called "eigar steamers." The experiments were made under the immediate guidance and supervision of the venerable Ross Winans, the great locomotive builder and inventor of eight-wheeled or double-track cars, and his eldest son Thomas Winans, the firm with which they were connected having accumulated gigantic fortunes through contracts with the Russian Government. Both Ross and Thomas Winans have recently died, and the spindle-steamer enterprise is now being presented by William L. Winans, De Witt Clinton Winans, and Walter Scott Winans, three sons of the late Ross Winans, of Baltimore, who reside in London. The steamer "Winans," of Baltimore, which was 235 feet in length and 16 feet in greatest diameter, had been running upon an experimental trip from the fall of 1859 to April 19, 1861. But when the war broke out the experiments were discontinued, and soon after Thomas Winans went abroad, and soon began, in connection with his brother, William L. Winans, assisted by their younger brothers before named, and by Messrs. James Murray and F. H. Hamilton of Baltimore, both engineers of great ability and experience, the building of a spindle 256 feet in length and 16 feet greatest diameter. This vessel was named the "Ross Winans." She has been the instrument of a continuous series of experiments for many years, having been subjected to almost unnumbered alterations, internally and externally, and while the details of the results obtained have never been made public, enough is known to warrant what is given below regarding the construction of four immense ships, and the practical application of the knowledge acquired through twenty years of earnest and skillful efforts, and the expenditure of several millions of dollars of the private funds of the Messrs. Winans.

William L. Winans has never relaxed his pursuit of the eigar steamer project, and to what extent he has followed it may be inferred from some recent developments that are both interesting and startling. The later experiments have been conducted at Millwall, under the supervision of his brother, Walter S., and De Witt Clinton Winans, the office of the house being at 12 Beaufort Gardens, London, where its legal and business affairs are under the charge of Major Osann Latrobe, formerly of Baltimore, and a son of the venerable John H. B. Latrobe, the well known lawyer.

Yachtsmen and tourists who visit the Isle of Wight or Southampton, have often been puzzled by a strange craft that cruises in these waters, and invariably slows down to ordinary speed when approached by other vessels. She seldom appears to have anything more serious on hand than a party of gay pleasure-seekers, but watersmen and others who have watched her closely tell of bursts of speed in which she flies through the water like an express train. She is the vessel with which all the later experiments have been conducted, and the results to which these experiments have led are as follows:—One spindle-shaped steamer, 508 feet longer than the "Great Eastern," or 1200 ft, in length, is already designed and to be built. It will have engines of 100,000-horse-power, and will be propelled by twin screws under the after quarter of the vessel. The mean speed of this vessel is expected to be over twenty nautical or twenty-three statute miles an hour.

She is to have a tower 150 feet high, containing in part, state-rooms looking out on circular balconies, but having within a hollow cylinder extending vertically through-out its entire length, and traversed by an immense weight susceptible of being adjusted at any desired height. This is an invention of Mr. William L. Winans, and the effect that it produces upon the motion of the vessel is precisely the reverse of that which one would most readily infer. When "sailed" to proper height, in proportion to the "beat" or motion of the waves prevailing, it absolutely prevents all rolling. The great length of this steamer will prevent pitching, so that, presuming it justifies the claims and expectations of its inventors, it should be very advantageous for purposes of ocean travel. It is designed for the transatlantic mail and passenger service, and their port of entry in this country will be New-London, Ct., of which a special survey was made three years since with this view. Milford Haven is expected to be the port of entry for Great Britain. That it will revolutionize ocean travel is the conviction of the Messrs. Winans, and on that conviction they have expended millions, and are about to expend still more, if being their intention to construct three other similar vessels as soon as that despatched had have been successfully operated. The estimated cost of construction of the vessels is one million sterling each, and it is confidently believed by the Messrs. Winans and many of their friends, that they will accomplish the passage of the Atlantic in less than six days at all seasons and in spite of any weather which has been known as yet on that ocean.

A curious case was heard before County Judge Bell at a late sitting of the Division Court in Ridgetown—because of Bingham v. Young. It was an action to recover the price of a stove sold by plaintiff to defendant. From the evidence it appeared that the plaintiff, who is a dealer in stoves, had delivered the stove in question on a Sunday, the defendant therefore claimed that the transaction having taken place on Sunday, the plaintiff could not recover. If there had been nothing further than the sale and delivery, as aforesaid, the plaintiff could not succeed, but it appeared from the evidence that the defendant subsequently on a week day promised to pay for the stove. The courts have held that under these circumstances the claim can be enforced. Judgment was therefore given for the plaintiff for \$20.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A gristmill at Sheffield, named Rogers, has been the victim of a raid outrage. He had a grinding wheel, but scarcely had any employment. Three other men in the same work were fully employed, and Rogers tried to obtain work from the same firm. He did have smashed his grinding stone, and rattened four wheel bands so that Rogers is threatened to do for him.

The Thunderer Disaster.—Gunnery experiments, to elucidate the cause of the Thunderer explosion, were made on Wednesday at Portsmouth, and it was proved that if properly loaded by the hydraulic process with way in position, the projectile could not slip. It was shown to be impossible that what could be drawn out in withdrawing the rammer.

EXTRAORDINARY DOUBLE SHIRTS.—An extraordinary double shirt is reported. Millie, Martha Cook, a young dressmaker, engaged in one of the fashionable establishments in Paris, fell in love with the clerk in the same house, a young man, named Aragon. They wanted to get married, but the father of the girl refused his consent on account of the tender years of her lover. So the couple resolved on a subtle and went down to Lagny, where they both hanged themselves to the window of the hotel room they had engaged.

ROUND THE WORLD IN SIXTY-THREE DAYS.—Mr. de Hays, American Consul at Alexandria, has recently made the *fourde monde* in 63 days, starting from Alexandria, he reached New York, via Brindisi, Paris, London, and Liverpool, in 29 days. From New York to San Francisco, Yokohama, and Hongkong occupied the same period, ten days were taken up in the voyage to Ceylon, and 12 days in the voyage from Ceylon to Suez, whence a journey of a few hours was sufficient to complete the circle to Alexandria.

MR. GLASSSTONE ON SPELLING REFORM.—In a lecture at the Young Men's Christian Association, Manchester, on Monday night, Mr. Henry Pittman quoted this sentence from a letter written by Mr. Glassstone: "If I were younger, and had some things of my own to do, I would gladly take hold of this reform." Mr. Glassstone's opinion of English spelling, which he would "gladly" help to reform, was also read, as follows: "I am afraid our language bothers the foreigner dreadfully. I honestly can say that I cannot conceive how it is that a foreigner learns to pronounce English, when you recollect the total absence of rule, method, system, and all the auxiliaries which people generally get when they have to acquire something that is difficult to attain."

FRENCH SERVING GIRLS.—The French servant girl is generally much better off than her American or British sister. She carries three-fourths of her earnings to the savings bank, and is never content until she is the possessor of at least \$100 with which to buy a debutante land of the city of Paris, which is higher to the chance of winning \$300,000 of the quarterly drawings. Grosville Murray further observes that they have too much taste to disfigure themselves as certain English— and we might have added American—house-maids do, by tricking themselves out in cheap finery. Their universal costume is a white linen cap and a gown of printed cotton or calico, with perhaps a silk kerchief of a gay color to wear on Sundays. Morning is sometimes worn, but not often. While she is not inordinately fond of the attractions of dress, she is imbued with a native good sense which teaches her the propriety of attiring herself according to her station. She is too thrifty to spend more on dress than she can afford and would think herself ludicrous if, affecting to array herself like a lady, she dressed otherwise than in the height of fashion, and wore gloves or boots that were not of the best quality and the most perfect fit. When a Frenchwoman rises into the class where it is incumbent on her to wear a bonnet instead of a cap, she must have everything to match, and the bills of her milliner and dressmaker become serious items in her expenditures.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE.—The Princess Louise, according to the Ottawa letter of the *New York Herald*, has intimated to the Secretary of State that this is not an appropriate time for costly entertainments. He was deplored the shabbiness of the furnishings of Rideau Hall, and proposing to carpet the interior before the meeting of the House, when the Princess said that not a dollar of public money should be spent on the Hall so long as the present hard times continue; that economy was necessary everywhere, and that she would see that Rideau Hall set a good example in that respect. The Princess looks after her household duties with the vigilance of a New England matron, and much of her spare time is devoted to charitable work.

THE PROSPERITY OF FRANCE.—The remarkable prosperity of the French during these hard times is attributed in some degree to the efforts made to provide women with employment. The Republic contains several hundred institutions for the instruction of young women in various branches of industry. Chief among these industries are painting on porcelain and ivory, the design and manufacture of jewellery, engraving on wood, silk weaving, designing of pattern-type-setting, book-binding, brush and basket making, the manufacture of clocks and watches, and of paper-mache goods.

THE JESUITS AND POLITICS.—The *Paris Univers* reports that Father Beckx, the General of the society of Jesus, has recently addressed the following letter to the Father Provincials of the Order throughout the world:—"The public and the press are much and diversely occupied over the doctrines and line of conduct adopted by the Society of Jesus relative to the various forms of the political regime. In view of this discussion, I deem myself compelled, by the duty of my ministry, to remind the provincial fathers of the Society's principles in this matter."

The Society of Jesus, being a religious Order, has no other doctrine or rule of conduct than those of the Holy Church, as declared by my predecessor, Rev. Father Bootham, in 1857. The great glory of God and the salvation of souls—these constitute our true and only aim, to which we tend by apostolic labors proper to the institution of St. Ignatius.

In fact and in law, the Society of Jesus is, and declares itself, a stranger to all political parties, whosoever they may be, in all countries, and under every form of government, it restricts itself exclusively within the exercise of its ministry, having in view but its object, which is far above the interests of human politics.

"Always and everywhere, the members of the Society loyally discharge the duties of good citizens and of the faithful subjects to the power which rules their *habitat*; always and everywhere, it teaches and inculcates by the example of its own conduct, the principle of rendering unto Caesar what belongs to Caesar, and unto God what belongs to God.

"These are the principles which the Society of Jesus has never ceased to profess and from which it will never depart."

St. N. who died recently, was a devout Catholic twelve years with true Catholic zeal for the relief of the poor, and his example to wealthy gentile.