

had been called for me, and walked home in the dreary, dark November night.

CHAPTER III.

That same suit would do very well. Who would notice whether it was old or new? I dressed with lingering, listless fingers, and wished the cab had taken me more slowly. I went at once into the concert-room, which was empty, but arranged and lighted for the performance. I had promised to look over the music. There was to be a supper after the concert, so I presumed the guests were taking tea. I had sat down idly at the piano, and began to play—sadly perhaps to my thoughts—when I heard a light, rustling step, and looked up. The old days, the happy Fridays, came crowding back, and drowning all the years of hopelessness, when I saw her, the bright changing face, the tender, laughing mouth and beautiful eyes. I felt for an instant as if she had come in for her lesson, and that it was natural to see her so. After that first moment I felt the difference, and I rose with a pain I could not suppress. She was as far from me as if those Fridays had never been. In her elegant sweeping dress and glistening jewels she came up to me with the frankly outstretched hand.

'Monsieur,' said she, 'I am glad to see you at your old post.' I must meet her with all the self-possession I can muster. 'But you would rather not be at yours, mademoiselle.' 'No, thank you,' she replied; 'though I am sent in now for almost the same purpose.—Would you hear me try this song? It is in the programme as sung by me, and I am afraid of your angry ejaculations breaking forth in public if I make a failure of it, and you are unprepared.' The old, willful manner and ready smile! 'Have I authority to correct where I wish?' 'A polite inquirer would have said, 'if I wish.' But of course you have. I would not sing it in this way on any other terms. Spare me all you can.'

She stood half behind me as I played, and then began in a rich contralto voice, sweet and pure, but that was all. At the end of the first verse I turned. 'Stand here, please, Miss Souve, and try to sing with more effect. Don't be afraid of seeming affected.' 'I am not afraid of seeming anything,' she replied, with her old impatience. 'Then, for the time, be really affected,' I said. 'If you continue to speak to me so gently and forbearingly I shall indeed be affected,' she replied, 'even to tears.'

Her piquant little face was indescribable in its gravity as she said this. 'Now, try another verse,' I said. 'What, standing here?' said she. 'Must I look at you all the time?' 'As you like, mademoiselle; but I wish to look at you.' 'Is that how you judge if the notes are right?' she asked. 'Is that what Alfred the Great means when he says, 'Things seen are mightier than things heard?'

'You have not forgotten your Tennyson, then, Miss Souve, if you have forgotten all else,' said I; 'and he is still the Great with you.' 'I have not forgotten my 'everlasting quotation,' she replied; 'nor who once applied that complimentary term to them.' 'Who did?' I asked. 'Never mind,' said she; 'but it was not the elegant little Italian master who taught me this song with infinite patience and infinite success.' 'An excellent musician, probably,' I said, rather unintelligibly, 'though hardly successful here.'

'Oh, indeed, he was,' said Marie. 'I'm sure if Amphion really left a small plantation wherever he sat down and sung—which wouldn't have been called grammar at Miss Berry's—Signor Malfi must have left quite an extensive forest; though he generally stood up to sing, being of the small smallest.' 'As he is not here to give you a finishing touch to his triumphant achievement, will you sing it to an inferior being?' I asked. 'Yes,' she replied. 'Tell me when to begin.' We got through another verse, then stopped again. 'Mademoiselle Souve, sing it as you would tell the fact to—no one. Don't sing so gladly of a very melancholy feeling.'

'I cannot sing to you,' she said, shaking the music with a little rather nervous laugh; 'You are so strict and particular, monsieur. I dare say I shall do it respectably when the time comes, and I have forgotten your innovation on the good little signor's style. Why you have grown more lenient and charitable in these long years?' 'Why should I?' I asked. 'What has there been to make me so? and if the years are long to you, and such as you, what have they been to me?'

'Perhaps leap-years,' she replied. 'Have you been teaching ever since?' 'How otherwise could I have lived?' said I. 'Who learns at twelve on a Friday now?' she continued. 'I forget,' was my reply. 'Oh, monsieur, what a fib!' exclaimed Marie; 'and how savagely you said it. I would not be that unoffending player for—all your talent.' 'Which you value so highly, mademoiselle,' said I. 'Not too highly,' she said; 'it would be sinful, and might cast unpleasant reflections on my own unfortunate deficiency. I am very happy without the power, Mr. Rikbart.'

'Of course,' said she; 'but you will not be so, and I will.' 'Perhaps the two things are incompatible.' I said it, bending over the music; but if she understood me she did not heed, and answered even more lightly than she had spoken yet. 'If I do not meet with the applause I merit, I shall consider it entirely owing to my accompanist. It is not to be expected that any one can play that extraordinary thing without trying it through first.'

'Sing with as much expression as possible, and trust to me for the rest.' 'How shall I trust you?' she asked. 'Not at all, or all in all?' Her mad, thoughtless words, pierced me strangely. I turned upon her with the passion in my face. 'It is not very probable you will do either, Miss Souve.' 'Shall I not? Why?' 'You are too far from me, in spite of my madness, to trust me in all,' I replied. 'You are too near to me, in spite of your rank and beauty, to trust me in nothing.'

'Monsieur Rikbart,' said Marie, folding her white arms on the flutist's desk, and looking gravely down upon her jewels, 'I think we shall all go astray to-night, unless you conduct by proxy.' 'Why so?' I asked. 'I have a lively fear that you do not care how you conduct—yourself. Do remember we are all at your mercy.' She did not look up, but I saw the irrepressible smile playing on her lips. Carelessly turning to the fire, I tried to answer with a steady voice. 'If you were at my mercy our disputes would soon end.'

'You would use your power mercifully then?' 'I would, for I would give it back to you.' At this moment a door at the further end of the room opened, and a gentleman sauntered up to us. Marie, rising from the desk, laudably turned her head, with a laughing gesture. 'Enter the cornet just in time to rescue the contralto.'

'All unworthy such a task,' said he. 'What is the enemy?' 'My unfortunate song,' replied Marie. 'Mr. Rikbart,' said he, 'if you have been able to find a fault in Miss Souve's singing, you are the greatest discoverer of the age. May I congratulate you on that honor?' 'Not until I make the discovery public, my lord.'

'Lord Hume, do you approve of the whole programme being in one sharp?' asked Marie. He looked astonished, as he well might. 'It is rather late to transpire, is it not, mademoiselle?' 'Ordinary minds would think so,' she said, her eyes full of laughter; 'but Mr. Rikbart could transpire, oh, a lifelong opera, in a few minutes. He has done it.'

Lord Hume laughed, though I am sure he could not have told at what, and began talking in that light, flattering manner that sits so gracefully on some men, but which made me feel inexpressibly sad and heavy hearted. Then the performers gathered rapidly, and the time for beginning was come. I was the conductor, heart and head once more in the performance, and nothing more, until Marie's song came; then, try as I would, I could not look professionally indifferent.

She stood up, and there was a brief, hearty applause, so beautiful she looked, so young, and fair, and graceful, and with an attempt at seriousness on the merry face that was indescribably winning. I think she must have thought of what I had told her, after all, for there was genuine expression in every verse, and I was not surprised, though glad when it was called for again. She gave me a quick, amused glance as I began, and I felt, as usual, defeated by her.

After her song, she joined the audience, and the programme went on with undeniable success. I would not stay, though Lady Winter and Sir Robert begged me to do so, with many thanks and pleasant words of satisfaction. I had work awaiting me at home even then, I told them; and I did not care to add that I could not bear the pain it caused me to see Marie as I saw her then, surrounded by handsome, flippant men, and gayest and merriest of them all; so I declined, and walked out into the hall, as the company entered the room. While a servant went for a cab, I waited there.

'Why do you not say good-night to me, monsieur?' said Marie. (To be continued.)

LIBERALISM VERSUS CHRISTIANITY.

(From the Church Herald.)

The rapidity with which the corrupt principle of Liberalism is infecting the ranks of English High Churchmen, is a fact as potent as it is remarkable. Every issue of the leading Church papers affords fresh illustrations of the force of this political demoralisation, the falsest principles being weekly advocated either in editorial articles or in the correspondence columns of the most popular of our Church contemporaries. Sometimes, by the less discerning of these writers, the mutual independence of religious and political principle, and the consequent indifference of Churchmen to secular politics are insisted on; but such a view will not bear examination. On investigation it is always found to involve the denial that there is any such thing as political truth, and, as a consequence, in the place of political principle to substitute a base-serving expediency. The able writers in the *Guardian*—the most deeply offending of the High Church journals, and the boldest in its avowal of Radical affinities—know better. They see plainly that Radicalism in politics means ultimately Radicalism in religion. By way, therefore, of being beforehand with their readers, and developing the education of their party, the managers of that paper have recently been giving admission, week after week, to a series of Radical attacks on the Athanasian Creed, and have thus afforded a very significant illustration of the closeness with which political degeneracy is followed by theological depravity. It behoves those who are concerned to note well and profit by this lesson. When the leaves of political Liberalism once find entrance, it works surely, though for a time perhaps hidden from view; and, unless happily arrested in time, its result is as certain as it is disastrous. Political society is the result of laws binding men together in mutual relationships. Natural politics

regard the relations of men, so far as these can be discerned apart from a Divine revelation. This was the condition under which the heathen unparables and republics existed before the time of our Lord. When Christianity appeared a new principle was introduced which illuminated the whole range of human relationships. Our Lord revealed Himself as the appointed Ruler as well as the Saviour of men, and the ordinances of rule which had hitherto existed, as of natural right, both in the family and in the State, were seen to be the earthly shadows of a Divine rightful authority. In the family the paternal rule was seen to be based upon that of the One Father of all, and the dutiful subordination of the child, to be the image of the filial relation of our Lord to His Father. So the master was to rule as for Christ, and the servant to obey his master as unto Him. In like manner, in the State the ordinances of rule were invested with the authority of Him to whom was given all power in heaven and earth. His Kingship was manifested in the majesty of the civil ruler, and His execution of justice in that of the judge; while the rights of all were secured, and the consideration due to each enforced, by the common tie of Holy Baptism, which placed all Christian men on the footing of members of a brotherhood.

These then were the principles upon which Christian Political Society was founded, and they continued in force throughout the Christian world (doubtless with many abuses) until the French Revolution. Then the disintegration of society began, and it is going on still. So rapid has been its progress that there is no country on Western Christendom, excepting the Papal States, in which the old Christian foundations have not been overturned, or, at the least, as with us in England, sapped and undermined. And now we are in a position to understand what Liberalism is. It involves the negation of the principles upon which political Christendom has been based. N. Y. it is rather the aggregate of the influences which have thus been destroying it. Liberalism is the solvent of Christian society. It explains itself accurately by its name. It proclaims liberty, freedom from restraint. But in order to set free, that which binds must first be destroyed. As Liberalism is that which loosens, so Religion is that which binds. Accordingly, Liberalism is essentially the antagonist of religion, and sets itself successively against every law, principle, or custom which with us is based on a Divine rule in temporal and social affairs. Hence the attacks made by different factions of the Radical party on the kingly authority and the existence of privileged classes, in temporal matters, on the obligatory nature of theological dogma, and the right of the Clergy to declare doctrine, in spiritual, on religious tests and education, and the sanctity of the marriage tie, in the unavoidable sphere of mixed questions. These are all institutions proclaiming a rule over men from without, a claim which can be maintained only on the ground of an outwardly manifested Divine rule. The High Churchman admits this claim as to spirituals, while the Radical denies it in *Jote*. High Church Radicalism, therefore, involves an inconsistency which sooner or later finds men out; for our Blessed Lord is as truly the Fountain of temporal as of spiritual rule, and unless both fountains are exercised by Him through the appointed channels [sanctified by the appropriate Sacramental rites] within the limits of the Catholic Church, His offices are not duly manifested there, and the Church is not seen to be the "fulness of Him that filleth all in all." If religion is to be divorced from politics it cannot be said that the kingdom of our Lord is established on the earth—except in the sense adopted by the Quakers.

THE SHAM INQUIRY.

(From the London Weekly Register.)

There seems to be some unfortunate fatality in the dealings of the Government with the Fenian prisoners and their friends. The partial pardon was not well managed; and there was worse management in the course taken by the Home Office with regard to the various complaints made in and out of Parliament against the prison officials for harsh treatment of the prisoners. That lies were told to the Home Secretary by some of those officials is beyond all doubt for men have died mad whom they represented as in their sound senses, and men have died of disease whom they represented as in good health and men have been subjected to ill-treatment which was stoutly denied. For such gross and mischievous representation there is hardly any punishment too severe; for it brings the Government under heavy reproach, and the administration of justice into odium. The issue of the Royal Commission is evidence that the complaints against the jail officials were too serious to be pook-pooked any longer. But that commission committed a great blunder in the issue of its first regulations for conducting the inquiry, and also in the delay in notifying the time and place at which the investigation was to be conducted, until it became a moral impossibility for the friends of the prisoners to attend. But a more recent piece of mismanagement, to use the mildest term, has just come to light. A man whose real name was Darragh, but who was entered in the prison list, and prosecuted, convicted, and sentenced as Pierson Thompson, was tried for taking part in the rescue at Manchester which led to the violent death of the police officer in charge of the prison van. Against the evident leaning of the charge of the judge, who declared that he never saw an *alibi* more thoroughly substantiated, the prisoner was convicted and sentenced to death. That sentence was commuted into penal servitude for life. The convict was confined for some time in Millbank, where he complained of bad treatment. His health gave way, and he was removed to Portland, where, by all accounts, he was treated kindly. But consumption had set in and the end was only a matter of weeks. The priest, the physician, the governor, and the hospital nurse did all in their power to soothe his last days, and the only remaining desire on his mind was that he should be buried in his native land among his kindred. He was assured that this last wish should be gratified, and he died in peace. In pursuance of this wish and promise the governor of the prison telegraphed to the friends who last saw the deceased at Portland that 'Thompson was no more, and that the arrangements for removing the body should be made without delay. Then came another telegram from Portland, stating that the remains could not be delivered without an undertaking that there should be no political procession or display at the funeral, and that the body should be quietly interred. That undertaking was instantly given, and the gentleman in communication with the prison authorities actually started for London to insure the fulfilment of the promise. Another telegram from Portland announced that the body was detained by order of the Secretary of State, who was not quite satisfied with the arrangements for preventing a political demonstration at Glasnevin. To meet this difficulty a telegram was despatched forthwith to the Home-office, stating that to prevent any demonstration, the remains would not be interred at Glasnevin, but would be buried privately in the burying place of the family of the deceased. The reply by telegraph was the expression of the Under-Secretary's regret that the last offer came too late, as the body had been already interred at Portland. If all this be true—and we have read all the telegrams as published in the Irish national newspapers—we feel bound to say that great blame attaches to the Home-office. But to violate faith, and refuse to give up the remains, after arrangements had been made for their removal, and after a solemn promise had been given that the funeral should be conducted quietly as becometh the burial of the Christian dead, is most reprehensible. An explanation of the circumstances ought to be demanded in Parliament, and, if the facts be as stated,

the fulfilment of the official promise enforced by the House of Commons.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The sixteenth session of the Catholic University of Ireland was closed on Friday in the beautiful church of that institution. The entire space around the sanctuary was filled with the professors in their robes and the students in their academic costume. The High Mass commenced at twelve o'clock, and after the Gospel the Rector, Dr. Woodlock, delivered a very impressive discourse from the rails of the sanctuary. After having reviewed at considerable length the decrees already published by the Eccumenical Council regarding education, he passed to the religious solemnity in which the members of the University were just then engaged, and dwelt upon the nature and object of it with much eloquence. He said that the great principle which called the Catholic University into existence was, that in the cultivation of the powers of the soul religion and science ought not to be separated, and he congratulated the Catholic people of Ireland for having generously sustained their prelates in the long and successful defence they have made of that important principle. Sixteen sessions, he said, have passed away since Dr. Newman came at the bidding of these prelates to open this University, as a great central school for the development of the national genius on this principle, and he [Dr. Woodlock] was there to give solemn thanks to God for the blessing he had given to the work inaugurated sixteen years ago by his illustrious predecessor. The principle which called for the establishment of the University, and the mental powers of one of the deepest thinkers of the present time in connection with it, has in those sixteen years grown into a great power, which has penetrated into every corner of this vast empire. Its influence is abroad among the people, and from them has found its way into the Imperial Senate, where, but a few nights ago, it achieved a significant triumph. Now that it has risen into this importance, it is the duty of the members of the Catholic University to join to-day and, in an especial manner, offer their thanks to God for the blessing He has given to this principle and to this University during the session which we are now closing. When the High Mass was concluded, the *Te Deum* or hymn of thanksgiving, was solemnly chanted, in alternate versas, by the choir and the members of the University with the most devout attention. From the body of the church the whole congregation looked like one family kneeling in prayer, and with blended voices, pouring forth their gratitude to God. The blessing was then given by the rector, and the session was announced as closed.

THE PRIMATE OF IRELAND.—It is an interesting fact that the present Primate of Ireland, Dr. MacGittigeh, wears the episcopal ring which his predecessor in his first See of Raphoe wore at the Council of Trent.

On Sunday evening one of the most successful missions with which Clonmel ever had the privilege of being favoured, terminated. The closing sermon, on the Last Judgment, was preached before the largest congregation ever assembled within the walls of a splendid church of SS. Peter and Paul's, by the Rev. Dr. Cooke, and as a composition of pulpit oratory could not be surpassed. The beneficial results of the holy mission were fully attested by the immense numbers who at all hours of the day, from early morn to midnight, attended the confessional, and partook of the Sacrament of the Eucharist at each Mass. An impromptu meeting of the parishioners was held in the sacristy, immediately after the devotion, the Very Rev. Dr. Power presiding, Mr. Thos. Dorney acting as secretary, when it was unanimously resolved to present the Rev. gentleman with a suitable address and testimonial, on his departure from Clonmel, where his zeal, indomitable and successful exertions as a missionary, during the past fortnight, has deservedly gained for him the respect and esteem of the Catholics of the town and surrounding country. Upwards of £30 were collected.

THE PASSIONIST MISSION AT ARDYOONE.—In speaking of this mission the 'Weekly Observer' says:—In terms as humble as they are sincere, the Passionist Fathers bespeak the assistance of the Catholic public of Belfast for the furtherance of their good work. Sorely tried, they have yet, with the zeal of their holy founder combated most of the difficulties that beset them, but many still confront them. They have done much for us; far more than we can ever repay. But we can do something at least to aid them in their good work. There is a heavy debt impending over them, not incurred for their own simple wants; and much of what they propose to do is still unfinished, and must remain so if timely aid be not afforded to them. We know we have but to mention the matter to procure for the Passionist Fathers the aid of which they stand so much in need, and to secure for the Catholic people of Belfast the services of the Passionist Fathers, to which they owe so much.

The 'Newry Reporter' says:—The Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, Bishop of Down, arrived in this town on Monday evening 4th ult., on his return from Rome, where he had been attending the Eccumenical Council. He was met at the Edward street railway station by the priests of the town, who accompanied him to his residence, Violet-hill. Matthew Kelly, Esq., Cragbrien, Ennis, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the County of Clare.

The High Sheriff of Kerry has invited Maurice James O'Connell, Esq., D. L., Lakeview, to act as foreman of the grand jury at the coming assizes.—Mr. O'Connell has accepted the invitation.

The bill to disfranchise Sligo and Cashesel was read a third time and passed to-night in the House of Lords.

The 'Freesman' says: We have received a letter signed by Luke J. O'Shea and J. Pollard, stating that £15 has been appropriated by the original Amnesty Committee to the family of the late Pierson Thompson out of the funds to which they are trustees.

Dr. Leslie, the Protestant Bishop of Kilmore, died on the 8th ult. at his residence Cavan. Only two months had elapsed since his consecration.

Intelligence received from Limerick is to the effect that an alarming outbreak of lung disease, known as distemper, has taken place at Brurear. The cattle on several farms are represented as affected. The Government has been communicated with.

The 'Irish Times' of the 4th ultimo says:—At a meeting which took place on Saturday, the friends of Sir Dominic Corrigan finally concluded to put him forward again as the Liberal candidate for the representation of Dublin. Invitations have been issued to his probable supporters for a larger meeting at the Grosvenor next Friday. It is stated that Mr. Cecil Guinness is not inclined to stand.

to is a relative of Dr. Flynn, of the Zouaves, and of Rev. P. F. Flynn, O. C., Olinnell; and is a Waterford man.—Waterford Citizen.

A suit was recently brought in the Court of Common Pleas, Dublin, by a girl named Brown, daughter of a bricklayer in Monasterevan, to recover damages for Dr. Kitzson, of Olinnell, for alleged unskillful treatment. The Chief Justice ordered that the plaintiff be non-suited for lack of proof of her charge.

On the morning of the 2nd ultimo, a gentleman named William Wallace Batten, who held an appointment in the Inland Revenue Department, whilst standing at a desk in one of the offices at the Custom House, he was suddenly observed to fall backwards without uttering a word. On being raised it was discovered that he was dead; cause, apoplexy.

The Skibbereen *Eagle* thus speaks of the crops:—The potato crop in this neighborhood never looked so well; the oat crop is growing luxuriantly; the hay is in many instances being made into ricks and gives promise of a plentiful season; rye has been cut down for some time; the mangel wurzel and turnip are in good condition. We have heard of a fly commencing its work of destruction. Farmers say that if the potato blight will, by God's mercy, be kept away until the middle of July, potatoes will be sold for 2d per stone.

DROGHEDA ASSIZES.—The commission was opened on Saturday before Chief Justice Whitelego, who congratulated the jury on the light calendar. Dr. Bond applied, in behalf of the Dundalk Grand Jury, to make a presentment for £58 for expenses incurred in the maintenance of a number of Fenian prisoners transferred in 1867 from Drogheda Jail to the Jail of Louth on the Lord Lieutenant's warrant. Mr. Munnroe, on the part of the Drogheda Grand Jury objected. The presentment was ordered.

James Murphy was recently indicted for bigamy at the Wicklow Assizes. The evidence showed that in April 22, 1860 he married Mary Burke, in Ennis, Co. Wick, and on February 21, 1869, married Jane Ruth, his former wife being still alive. The prisoner was convicted, and sentenced to eighteen months imprisonment, with hard labour.

The bill introduced by Mr. Stansfield and Mr. O'Connell, to amend and enlarge the Act relating to the navigation of the River Shannon, authorizes for that purpose a grant from the national exchequer of the sum of £31,000. It was referred to the Examiners of Private Bills, and leave was given them to sit and proceed forthwith.

Mr. Maguire, a Dublin publican, has obtained a verdict in his favour in an action brought against the *Irish Times* for libel, the damages being laid at £1,000. The libel consisted of a statement, under the head 'Army News,' to the effect that a garrison order had been issued prohibiting soldiers from frequenting the plaintiff's house. The case was tried three times, the juries upon the two former occasions having disagreed.

The splendid and costly mansion of Joseph Hall Esq., Olinnell, near Quin, one of the most magnificent residences in the County of Clare, was totally burned to the ground on the night of June 30, together with its contents plate, furniture, etc. There was a dinner party assembled when the fire broke out, which originated in the burning of the kitchen fire. The fire spread with great rapidity throughout all parts of the house, and with destructive effect. The building was insured for £25,000.

According to the returns obtained by the enumerators, the number of emigrants who left the ports of Ireland during the quarter ending 31st March last, amounted to 12,743—8,321 males and 4,422 females—being 2,054 more than the number who emigrated during the corresponding quarter of 1869. The number of births registered during the quarter ended 31st March last being 39,743 (according to the returns obtained by the enumerators at the several assizes), a decrease of 1120 would, therefore, appear to have taken place in the population of Ireland during that period.

An 'seizure of arms' has been made in the North. The police of 'Ballysade,' in the County Cavan, on doubt from 'information received,' searched the house of a Mr. Jones, of Nahalla, and found there a large number of guns and revolvers. Mr. Jones, it is stated, is not a desperate Fenian, but an ultra Orangeman, and, therefore, was not surprised to see no announcement of his arrest, nor any statement that he is to be tried by Special Commission. It is said that this confiscated armament was the property of the bravos who shot the unarmed man at Drumslor, and we may be sure that we shall hear no more about the seizure. In this happy country the penalties of indulging in the sport of shooting offensive Catholics are as nothing compared with those for being suspected of patriotism.—Flag of Ireland.

On Wednesday last Patrick Barry was sentenced to a month's imprisonment with hard labour (for returning without reasonable cause to the parish of St. Pancras, and becoming chargeable to the public there). He had been removed by the St. Pancras guardians to the Newcastle Union, county Limerick. He alleged as a 'reasonable cause' for his return, that he did not know any one in Limerick. This poor fellow had, we suppose, spent the greater portion of his life in the parish of St. Pancras. The reputation of the poor house there would hardly induce him to return. In this country the guardians have no power to 'remove' a pauper Englishman, much less to punish him with a month's hard labour for daring to return. The advantages of the union between England and Ireland are, of course, reciprocal, but the reciprocity is all on one side. In the sister country, they keep all our aristocracy, but liberally send us back all our paupers.—Irish Times.

THE FLAGRANT NOISES.—Some excellent observations were made by the Chairman of the Quarter Sessions at Fermoy the other day, in deciding an appeal before him on behalf of the blacksmith who had been fined by the local justices for having torn down offensive placards exhibited on the Rectory house. Of course the Chairman held that the man had acted illegally, as he undoubtedly had, in tearing down the placards in the manner proved, but in consequence of the wanton provocation given, the penalty decreed in the Court of Petty Sessions was reduced to a nominal amount. 'His Worship informed the magistrates that they are not bound to support Dr. Collins in conduct calculated to cause a breach of the peace, and gave them in addition a general advice to refuse to recognize such charges as the one before him. This is truly just and sensible advice, well suited to the time, and tending to lull the public spirit of the country in the direction it is now happily taking.—Nation.

Matthew Lovatt, Ballymahon, the blacksmith whose house was found by the police a large quantity of guns, lock nipples, etc., about five or six months ago, was brought up at the last Longford Quarter Sessions, and discharged on his own recognisance in a sum of £20, on getting a good character from the police and his parish priest.

The 'Irish Times' of July 7 says of a late issue of 'Zoolmans': Our pleasant and able contemporary arrives this week at a degree of excellence even beyond that which it has up to the present displayed. The full page cartoon is particularly fine. Its dramatic personae are four. The chief of them is Erin, a lovely maiden, whose eyes and limbs and flowing hair were evidently designed for freedom, but who is lashed to a stake, and whose feet are being deprived of the liberty to move within the narrow limits, for a while, of the 'Party Processions Act.' The two remaining characters are Mr. William Johnston, M.P., and Mr. McMahon, M.P. The former, who makes a capital likeness, has been done ample justice to by