MONSIGNOR DARBOY. HORRORS SURROUNDING HIS IM-

PRISONMENT AND DEATH.

PRISONMENT AND DEATH.

From Scribner's Magazine.

After an insurrection of seventy-one days, such as had never been known in the annals of civilization, Paris was finally delivered, Sunday, May 28, 1871. The reign of the Commune of Paris, pursuing its career of murder, dastruction, and terror, went out finally in blood and flame. Its almost incredible enormities—the massacre of the archbishop, and the commission of countless other murders of persons who refused to join in this fiendish work; its horrible and well-organized plans of incendiarism, intended to destroy the entire city, and resulting in the destruction of so many great monuments of Paris—are crimes which must excite eternal execution.

BEN HUR;

THE DAYS OF THE MESSIAH

BOOK SIXTH.

CHAPTER II.

nd so it was.

he morning of their se'zure, eight years lore, they had been carried to the Tower, ere Gratus proposed to put them out of yay. He had chosen the Tower for the pose as more immediately in his own pling, and cell V. because, first, it could better lost than any other; and, secondly, was infected with leprosy; for these prisons were not merely to be put in a safe the put in a place to die. They were actingly taken down by slaves in the httime, when there were no witnesses the deed; then, in completion of the say itsek, the same slaves walled up the door, are which they were themselves separated, i sent away never to be heard of more, save accusation, and, in the event of diserry, to leave himself such justification as ad sent away never to be heard of more of as a serial away never to be heard of more of a serial action, and, in the eyent of disciplination of a punishment and the commission of a double murder, Gratus present sinking his victims where natural leath was certain, though slow. That they night linger on, he selected a convict who and been made blind and tongueless, and sank him in the only connecting cell, there are observe them with food and drink. Under a colorumstances could the poor wretch tell the tale or identify either the prisoners or heir doomsman. So, with a cunning partly due to Messala, the Reman, under colorur of punishing a brood of assassins, smoothed a path to confication of the sectate of the flurs, of which no portion ever reached the imperial coffers.

As the law-step in the scheme, Gratus summarily removed the old Reeper of the prisoner, not because he knew what had been done-for he did not—but because, however the underground floors as he did it would be next to impossible to keep the transaction from him. Then, with masterly ingensity, the procurator had new mapping the underground floors as the did it would be next to impossible to keep the transaction from him. Then, with masterly ingensity, the procurator had new mapping the underground floors as the did it would be next to impossible to keep the instructions given the latter, taken with the omission as we have seen, of cell VI. The instructions given the latter, taken with the omission on the map, accomplished the were all alled lost. What may be thought of the life of the

were all alike lost.

What may be thought of the life of the mother and daughter during the eight years must have relation to their culture and previous habits. Conditions are pleasant or grievous to us according to our sensibilities. It is not extreme to say, if there was a sudden exit of all men from the world, heaven, as prefigured in the Christian Idea, would not be a heaven to the majority; on the other hand, actiher would all sufferious in the content of the condition of

semething more than mere remorse for sins; it comprehends a change of nature befitting heaven.

We repeat, to form an adequate idea of the suffering endured by the mother of Ben-Hur, the reader must think of her spirit and its sensibilities as much as, if not more than, of the conditions of the immurement; the question being, not what the conditions were, but how she was affected by them. And now we may be permitted to say it was in anticipation of this thought that the scene in the summer house on the roof of the family palace was given so fully in the beginning of the Second Book of our story. So, too, to be helpful when the inquiry should come up, we ventured the elaborate description of the palace of the Hurs.

In other words, let the serene, happy, luxurious life in the princely house be recalled and contrasted with the existence in the lower dungson of the Tower of Antonis; then if the reader, in his effort to realize the misery of the woman, persists in mere reference to conditions physical, he cannot go amiss; as he is a lover of his kind, tender of heart, he will be melted with much sympathy. But will he go further; will he more than sympathize with her; will he share her agony of mind and spirit; will he more than sympathize with her; will he share her agony of mind and spirit; will he and least try to measure it—let him recall her as she discoursed to her son of God and nations and heroes; one moment a philosopher, the next a teacher, and all the time a mother.

With quickend remembrance of these unfortunates—remembrance of these turfortunates—remembrance of these turfortunates—the firm and the set her as they are.

are.
The cell VI. was in form as Gesius drew it on his map. Of its dimensions but little in the dean be had; enough that it was a roomy, roughened interior, with ledged and broken

on his map. Of its dimensions but hitted rides and short-compared the distance and speed and broken as the second of the Temple by a narrow but deep cliff somewhat in abape of a wedge. The workmen what in abape of a wedge is the cleft, and worked, in leaving a ceiling of the connection with number V. If I. II., I, with no connection with number V. If I. II., I, with no connection with number V. If I. II., I, with no connection with number V. I was enclosed on the connection of the best proof of the work was proved the contract of the contract

alf-embrace, moans piteously.

"Be quitet, Tirzah. They will come. God
s good. We have been mindful of Him,
not forgotten not to pray at every sounding
of the trumpets over in the Temple The
ight, you see, it still bright the sun is
standing in the south sky yet, and it is
and the sun in the seventh bour. Someardly more than the seventh bour. Someody will come to us. Let us have faith.

"Water, mother, water, though but a drop."
The nother stares around in blank help-lessness. She has named God so often, and so often promised in His name, the repetition is beginning to have a mocking effect upon herself. A shadow passes before her dimming the dim light, and she is brought down to think of death as very near, watting to come in as her faith goes out. Hardly knowing what she does, speaking almiessly, because speak she must, she says again:
"Pattence, Tirzah; they are coming—they are almost here."

because speak she must, she says again:
"Patience, Tirzab; they are coming—they
are almost here."
She thought she heard a sound over by the
little trap in the partition wall through
which they held all their actual communieation with the world. And she was not
mistaken. A moment, and the cry of the
convict rang through the cell. Tirzah heard
it also; and they beth arose, still keeping
hold of each other.
"Praise be the Lord for ever!" exclaimed
the mother with the fervour of restored
faith and hope.

hold of each other.

"Praised be the Lord for ever!" exclaimed the mother with the fervour of restored fatth and hope.

"Ho, there!" they heard next; and then, "Who are you?"
The voice was s'range. What matter? Except from flizah, they were the first and only words the mother had heard in eight years. The revulsion was mighty—from death to lifs—and so instantly!

"A woman of Israel, entombed here with her daughter. Help us quickly, or we die."

"Be of cheer. I will return"
The women sobbed aloud They were found; help was coming. From wish to wish hope flew as the twittering swallows fly. They were found; they would be released And restoration would follow-restoration to all they had lost—home, society, property, son and brother! Tae scanly light glozed them with the glory of day, and, forgetful of pain and thirst and hunger and of the menace of death, they sank upon the floor and cried, keeping fast hold of each other the while.

And this time they had not long to wait. Gesius, the keeper, told his tale methodically, but flaished it at last. The tribune was prompt.

"Within there!" he shouted through the

was prompt.
"Within there!" he shouted through the was prompt.

"Within there!" he shouted through the trap.

"Here!" said the mother, rising.
Directly she heard another sound in another place, as of blows on the wail—blows quick, ringing, and delivered with iron tools. She did not speak, nor did Trzih, but they listened, well knowing the meaning of it all-that a way to liberty was being made for them. So mon a long time buried in deep mines hear the coming of rescuers heralded by thrust of bar and beat of pick, and answer gratefully with hart-throbs, their eyes fixed upon the spot whence the sounds proceed; and they cannot look away, lest the work should cease, and they be returned to despair.

The arms outside were strong, the hands skilful, the will good. Each instant the blows sounded more plainly; now and then a piece fell with a crash; and liberty came nearer and nearer. Presently the work men could be heard speaking. Then—O happiness!—through a crevice flashed a red ray of torches. Into the darkness it cut incisive as diamond brilliance, beautiful as if from a spear of the moraling.

"It is he, mother, it is he! He has found us at last!" cried Tirzah with the quickened fancy of youth.

But the mother answered meekly, "Go d is good!"

A block fell inside, and another— then a

idea can be nad; enough that was the deged and broken walls and floor.

In the beginning, the site of the Macedonian Castle was separated from the site of land with mortar and stone-dust stepped in the site of land with mortar and

sies were to the songs she would have from the control of the songs she would have from the same of the staging king of their race served to bring southing of forgetfainess, and keep slive in them both the recollection of the God who would seem to have been dead them—the world not more

at each advance maying the aufferres more and more loathsome; and so it would continue till death, which might be years before them.

Another day of dread at length came—the day the nother, under impulsion of duty, at last told Tirsah the na ne of the'r allment; and the two, in agony of denour, prayed that the end might come quickly.

Still as is the force of habit, these so afficted grew in time not merely to speak composedly of their disease; they beheld the hideous transformation of their persons as of course, and in despite clung to existence. One tie to earth remained to teem; unmindful of their own ioneliness, they kept up a certain spirit by taiking and dreaming of Sen. Hur. The mother promised required with him to the sister, and she to the mother, not doubting, either of them, that he was equally faithful to them, and would be equally happy of the meeting. And with the spinning and respinning of this slender thread they found pleasure, and excussed their not dying. In such manner as we have seen, they were solating themselves the moment desius called them, at the end of twelve hours' fasting and thists.

The torches fashed redly through the dungeon, and liberty was come. "God is good," the widow cried—not for what has fulness for present mercy, nothing so becomes us as losing sight of past lils.

The tribune came directly; then in the corner to which she had fied, anddenly, a sense of duty smoute the elder of the women, and straightway the swful warning—"Unclean, unclean!" Ah, the pan, the efforts acquit herself of that duty cost the masher! Not all the selfishness of joy over the prospect could keep her blind to the consequences of release, now that it was at hand. The old happy life could never be again. If she went near the house called home, it would be to stop at the gate and cry, Unclean, unclean!" She must go about with the yearning of love alive in her breast strong as ever, and more seesitive even, because return in kind could not be. The boy of whom she had so constantly thought, and with all

the cry which had been its sign immemorially and which thenceforward was to be her salutation without change—"Unclean, unclean!"

The tribune heard it with a tremor but kept his piece.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Two women, dying of hunger and thirst. Yet!—the mother did not faiter—'come not near us, nor touch the fibor or the wall. Unclean, unclean!"

"Give me thy story, woman—thy name, and when thou wert put here, and by whom, and for what."

'There was once in the city of Journalem a Prince Ben Hur, the friend or all generous Romans, and who had Cre sar for his friend. I am his widow, and this one with me is his child. How may I tell you for what we were sunk here, when I do not know, unless it was because we were rich? Valerius Graius can tell you who our enemy was, and when our in prisonment began. I can not. See to what we have been reduced—oh, see, and have pity!"

The air was heavy with the pest and the smoke of the torches, yet the Homan called one of the torches yet the Homan called one of the torches have pity in the same was and wrote the answer nearly word for word. It was terse and comprehensive, containing at once a history, an accusation, and a prayer. No common person could have made it, and he could not but pity and believe.

"Thou shalt have relief, woman," he said closing the tablets. "I will send thee food and drink."

"And raiment, and purifying water, we pray thee, O generous Koman !"

"As thou wilt," he replied.

"God is good," said the widow, sobbing. "May His peace abide with you!"

"As thou wilt," he replied. "Cannot see thee again. Make preparation, and to-night I will nave thee taken to the gate of the Tower, and set free, Thou knowest the law. Farewell."

He spoke to the men, and went out at the door.

Very shortly some slaves came to the cell with a large utiget of water, a having and

door.

Very shortly some slaves came to the cell with a large surglet of water, a basin and napkins, a platter with bread and meat, and some garments of women's wear; and setting them down within reach of the prisoners they ran swar. ting them down within reach of the prisoners, they ran away.
About the middle of the first watch, the two were conducted to the gate, and turned into the street. So the Roman quit himself of them, and in the city of their fathers they were once more free.

It is to the stars, twinkling merrity as of old,

TO BE CONTINUED.

WORKING MIRACLES. Marvelous Cures by a Priest-the Halt,

Blind, Deaf and Suffering Go away Reinicing, SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF FATHER MOELL

The Philadelphia Times of March 2

The Philadelphia Times of March 29 contains the following remarkable account of the miraculous cures effected day after day by Father Moellinger, a priest of Allegheny City, Pa. Our esteemed Protestant contemporary, while admitting the cures worked through the instrumentality of sacred relics and the sacerdotal power, speaks of Father Moellinger as "perhaps the only miracle worker on this broad continent." This is a statement which the good Father himself would certainly repudiate, for the power given by Christ to the priest of His Church is displayed in every age and country, and will continue until the end of—time. We shall let the Times correspondent tell the story in his own way:

own way: Pittsburg, March 28 —In Allegheny City, on the north bank of the Allegheny river, there is a steep eminence known as Troy Hill, from the summit of which

A REMARKABLE LIFE.

The history of the miracle worker of Troy Hill is interesting and contains a spice of romance. He is a Belgian by birth, and is of mixed parentage, his father having been a Belgian and his mother a native of Holland. His grandfather was a general in the army of the first Napoleon, and in addition to the military title won by his sword held a patent of mobility, which has been handed down through a long line of ancestors, and which in course of time descended to Seighert Moellinger, who is the last of his line, and with whom the title dies. As far as the world is concerned, the title has passed away long ago, and only a coat of arms which Father Moellinger still adheres too, and an immense fortune, including castles and broad demesnes in Belgium, remain to evidence the power formerly enjoyed by the family of which the present representative is the only male survivor. The elder Moellinger was a strict Luthers, his wife a Roman Catholic. Seigbert was brought up in the religion of his father, but under the influence of a wealthy uncle, embraced Catholicity after the death of his father, and with unthe death of his father, and with unlimited resources at his command emigrated to this country and entered the ministry. He is now well up in the fifties, a tall, corpulent man, grey-bearded, and with the ruddy complexion of health. The church of which he is pastor pays him \$800 a year but he officiates mostly through two proxies, who cost him at least \$1,600. Adjoining the church is a private chapel, which he has had constructed at a great expense for the accommodation of his collection of sacred relics, which numbers many thousands.

THE HOLY RELICS.

Among these are a tooth of St. Anthony's, an altar used by the first Coristians and taken from the catacombs at Rome and endless tiles of saintly bones, skulls, finger nails, scraps of wearing apparel and pieces of the wood of the true Cross. These relics are literally priceless. They have no valuation. They were never sold, never purchased. Their accummulation was the work of years, and was accomplished by Father Moellinger in the course of extensive tours through Europe. It was his custom on visiting a European morhis custom on visiting a European morastery, and he appears to have visited them all, to present the abbot with a handsome check as a friendly contribu-tion to the monastic treasury. When his visit drew near a close he would put his visit drew near a close he would put the question: "Have you, perhaps, a relic or two that might be spared for my chapel in America?" To so liberal a benefactor it was hard to refuse even this request, and rarely did Father Moel-linger fail to secure the coveted treas-ures. In testimony of the genuineness of his relics, Father Moellinger has docu-ments sealed and signed at Rome for

Within easy reach of church and chapel is Father Moellinger's private residence, a comfortable structure, which he built twelve or fifteen years ago for the accommodation of Bishop Domenec, a Spanish ecclesiastic who once ruled the diocese of Pittsburg and Allegheny, but was deposed, exiled and ultimately died in a Spanish monastery. Rare paintings adorn the walls of the apartments in the pastoral residence; costly books, musical instruments, statuary and articles of virtu are a part of its equipment.

One Sunday an Irishman came to him in his reception room and begged him to do something for his son, who was suffering terribly with a broken leg and would certainly die if assistance did not soon reach him. "I can't attend to you on Sunday," was the response in a tone of unbending severity. But the Irishman was not to be suppressed, and renewed his pleading. "Wao's your doctor?" asked Father Moellinger. The Irishman

has pleading. "Who's your doctor?" asked Father Moellinger. The Irishman said that he had none. He was poor and himself a cripple, and his son was his only support. He had sent to different doctors, but they knew he had no money and refused to come.

"We'll reid to the religious sense—the most impressive parts of the science of a noble church architecture, of music, of sculpture, and of painting. How bare and lifeless our Protestant churches "Well," said Father Moellinger, "I'll

He did so, and found that from lack of attention the condition of the leg was such that amputation was necessary. A doctor was at once sent for, the leg amputated and the young man's life saved. Father Moellinger paid the bill out of his own pocket and afterwards drove the grateful father out of his house when the latter made an attempt to thank him and latter made an attempt to thank him and kiss the hem of his garment.

CURING THE SICK
In this instance the cure was effected by ordinary means. The number of instances however in which apparently instances however in which apparently incurable maladies have been cured by Father Moellinger, without the use of material means, runs far up into the thousands. There is at present a woman named Nelson, living in the Ninth Ward, this city, who, after years of suffering, has just passed from under the hands of Father Moellinger fully restored to health. Mrs. Nelson, who is a Protestant and who was brought up to regard hostility to the Catholies as a cardinal virtue, did not conceive the idea of consulting Father Moellinger until all other means had failed repeatedly. She was long a victum of rheumatism in its most aggravated form. Her limbs were crippled and distorted and locomotion became an absolute impossibility. Up

felt like large pebbles under my knees.
The pain was terrible. In a few days, however, I was restored to health and becsme the robust individual you see before you. If ever there was a miracle, this was one, and Father Moellinger worked it."

A lad who, on the Fourth of July, lost the sight of both eyes by the premature discharge of powder, was taken to Troy Hill by his mother. His sight was restored, the only injunction being that already mentioned, "Pray do not eat meat on Friday."

A YOUNG MAN'S STORY.

meat on Friday."

A YOUNG MAN'S STORY.

As the lad is not a Catholic it might be supposed that as time passed on he came to violate the latter part of his instructions. When asked if such was the case he answered emphatically in the negative and accounted for his persistence by relating this instance: "A young lady in Allegheny, who is like myself, a non-Catholic, became subject to the falling sickness. The doctors did her no good, so she was induced to go to Father Moellinger and ask his help. He cured her, but exacting the usual promise not to eat meat on Friday. The promise she kept for nearly a year. One evening, Friday as it happened, she attended a party, at which cold meats were served. He friends twitted her subjection to the influence of the priest and laughed at her refusal to indulge her appetite as she pleased. Angered by their taunts the young lady partook of the meat and immediately atterward fell over in one of her old fits. She went back to Father Meollinger and besought him to cure her again, but he refused positively, declaring that he no longer had the power. That is why I never yield to the temptation to eat meat on Friday."

INSTANCES AMONG HUNDREDS. A YOUNG MAN'S STORY.

Instances among hundreds.

These few cases are selected from among hundreds that are well known and well authenticated, because of the fact that the subjects in each one of them is a non Catholic. As for an explanation of the miraculous cures, none can be obtained from Father Meollinger himself. Outside his church he never talks about them, and every attempt to draw out an explanatory interview has proved futile. So common have been his miracles, "faith cures," or whatever they may be called, during the past fifteen years, that they ceased long ago to attract public attention here.

Now and then an item finds its way into the local papers chronicling a miraculous cure on Troy Hill, but no one interferes with or takes any notice of the procession of invalids that keep coming and going, year in, year out, at the quiet church of the miracle worker.

For performing his cures he never takes one cent. INSTANCES AMONG HUNDREDS.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Ave Marie

Ave Maria.

"Montreal," says a Protestant correspondent of the Hartford Times, "is the real City of Caurches; here the mother Church rules and reigns." The correspondent is perfectly right and we are glad his Protestantism has not blinded his eyes. Montreal, is, indeed a City of Churches, no city in America more so. The grandest and most remarkable of these churches is curiously enough, not The grandest and most remarkable of these churches is, curiously enough, not the Cathedral, but the great Church of Notre Dame, whose grand front, with its lofty portice of granite, rises from one of the city's principal thoroughfares. These noble towers can be seen, in one direction, for a distance of thirty miles. In one of them there is an enormous bell, probably the largest in America, which it takes twelve men to ring. The writer concludes his description with a remark which, coming from a non Catholic, is striking, though we wonder the thought does not suggest itself to them more frequently—"The Roman Catholic Church deserves honor for what it does in lifting up the heart and soul of the people by seem in comparison!"

The returns of agrarian grime in Ireland which Mr Balfour declined to produce in Parliament, on Merch 25th, in sustainment of his case for coercion, have been laid on the table of the House of Commons, in a return by provinces, showing the total "agrarian outrages" between 1844 and 1880, and also during each of the years 1880 to 1886, inclusive:—1845, 1,920; 1880, 2,585; 1881, 4,439; 1882, 3,433; 1883, 870; 1894, 762; 1885, 1886, 1,056 With reference to the total for the year 1886 it is to be remembered, as Mr. Gladstone, who had the figures in his hand, pointed out in his great speech, that more than half of the "outrages" were threatening letters, on which it would, as Mr. Gladstone said, be perfectly ridiculous to base a demand for coercion. Of cases besides threatening letters there was an increase in 1886 over 1885 of six. 1t. 24 on this colossal increase of half-a-lozen outrages in one year that Mr. Balfour The returns of agrarian crime in Ireland outrages in one year that Mr. Balfour bases his demand for the suspension of every vestige of the British Constitution in Ireland!

Irish American

City, on the north bank of the Allegheny river, there is a steep eminence known as Troy Hill, from the summit of which the twin cities of Allegheny and Pritzburg may be seen stretched out like a vast panorama. To the east a curl of smoke shows where the thriving town of Sharpsburg nestles at the water's edge, and westward the broad bosom of the midst of a comparatively numerous, but quiet and industrious colony, is the home of perhaps the only bona file miracle-worker upon this broad continent. It is a shrine which is the Mecca of endless processions of pligrims, not alone from the cities of Pittsburg and Alleghamy and the surrounding country, but also from neighboring States, and in many instances from far distant points, to which rumor has carried the fame of the presiding genius of this notable locality. The name of this individual is Father Seighert Moellinger, and he is a priest of the Roman Catholic Church. To him the halt, the blind and the deaf wend their way in tears and go back healed and rejoicing. People who have been the cities of Pittsburg and Alleghamy in the cities of Pittsburg and Alleghamy and the surrounding country, but also from neighboring States, and in many instances from far distant points, to which rumor has carried the fame of the presiding genius of this notable locality. The name of this individual is Father Seighert Moellinger, and he is a priest of the Roman Catholic Church. To him the halt, the blind and the deaf wend their way in tears and go back healed and rejoicing. People who have been the chapel and kneit down, "says Mr. Thompson, "the sand on the filor the propertion of the High Church Times the Church of England is simply marvellous. Here we have the chief of the top of Troy Hill she was brought last week, and presented and instruction she alone can state. At all exertise the priest of the Church of England has not long since the top of Troy Hill she was brought as the carried out his injunctions she alone can state. At all events she is now to use her own language, was p

as a warning to all recalcitrants because they held to the very doctrines which the Church of England has, for three hundred years, and does now, in her XXXIX. Articles protest against. And now, forsoth, this same Church of England, has made a great mistake that she has not beatified those martyrs who died protesting against her heresies and her rebellion. Surely wonders will never cease. We confidently look for the day, not far distant either, when these same men will claim that they have not only never protested against the Pope, but, in fact, that the Pope rightfully belongs to the Church of England and they have more right to him than the old historic Catholic Church.

The tendency in these days, and in

Catholic Church.

The tendency in these days, and in this free country above all others, is more and more towards secrecy in association. It is a dangerous tendency, displaying at once a mistrust of our Government, laws, and social organization. There is no more reason why an association of any lawful nature should be pledged to secrecy, and committed to signs, grips, passwords, and such like, than a club. That which cannot stand the light of day, and of pure public opinion, condemns itself in advance as belonging to the dark-lantern order of society. It is at once undemocratic, un-American and unchristian.

London Universe.

If England were as free from crime as

society. It is at once undemocratic, unAmerican and unchristian.

London Universe.

If England were as free from crime as Ireland how happy might she be. Yet although Ireland is free from crime, she is not happy. No wonder. She is tyrannized over and persecuted as no country has ever been before. The people are not allowed the freedom which every civilized person would expect. But never will Ireland be thoroughly content till Home Rule is established. With all the unfortunate country's suffering, it is a pleasure to hear with what patience they bear their trials, and how free they keep from crime. See what the judges say: Mr. Justice O'Brien, addressing the grand jury of the City of Limerick, said: "Substantially and really there is no crime at all." Baron Dowse opening the assizes at Maryborough, Queen's County Kildare, The state of affairs is much the same as I found in Carlow, and as my brother Andrews found in the County Kildare, The county of Roscommon Judge Murphy congratulated the grand jury on the condition of their county. At the Commission for County Fermanagh Chief Baron Palles congratulated the grand jury on the peaceful state of the county. Lord Justice Fitzjibbon, opening the assizes for County Louth, said that the county was in its usual state of freedom from crime. In opening the Commission for the County of Sligo Mr. Justice Lawson said: "The report of the county inspector is satisfactory. The business to go before them on the present occasion is extremely light." Chief Baron Palles congratulated the grand jury for County Cavan on the state of the county. Baron Dowse, in opening North Tipperary assize, informed the grand jury that the business was very light." If England could boast of such results, now proud she would be. But no; in this "centre of civilization" murders, cases of biting, and horrible outrages are found in large numbers.

Boston Pilot.

The address made by Cardinal Gibbons.

declares that the Protestants of this country recognize in Leo XIII, a Pontiff whose superior in wisdom and purity has hardly occupied the chair of St. Peter. He has proved himself an astute statesman, and an example of official dignity and force, as well as of personal modesty

and piety."

It is aunounced that Major Saunder-It is aunounced that Major Saunderson, the Orange fanatic of the House of Commons, is to be made Under Secretary for Iraland, in place of Gen. Buller. This is in keeping with the atrocious policy of Balfour. The London correspondent of the New York Sun says: "The Character of Major Saunderson is one which will seem incredible, or at least incomprehensible, in America. Here is a clever and capable, an honest and not ungenial man really living in the convicclever and capable, an honest and not ungenial man really living in the conviction that the holiest being that ever trod this earth since the days of the Nazarene was King Billy; that the most sanctified symbol next after the cross is the Orange lily; that the highest claim Queen Victoria has upon the allegiance of her subjects is her Dutch lineage; and that if Home Rule should be granted in Ireland the Pope would be found sailing up the Bay of Dublin with a retinue to catablish himself in Dublin Castle and make Ireland the base of operations for conquering the United Kingdom "He is a hard case; ou," we can match him on this side, Look at Fu, on! this side. Look at Fuiton!

For Children Starying to Death,

For Children Starying to Death,
On account of their inability to digest
ordinary food. Scott's Emulsion can be
digested and give strength and fisch when
all other food fails. See what Dr. A. H.
Peck, Penn. Med. College, Petitoodiac,
says: "I have used and prescribed Scott's
Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, and find it an
excellent preparation, agreeing well with
the stomach, and its continued use adding
greatly to the strength and comfort of the
patient." Put up in 50c. and \$1 sizs.

Sure to Satisfy. There are many remedies for coughs and colds, but there are few that prove so satisfactory as Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, which is a pleasant and reliable cure for all throat and lung troubles, including brouchitis, asthma, croup, whooping cough and the pulmonary complaints of young or old.

A lady writes: "I was enabled to re-move the corns, root and branch, by the use of Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experi-

are crimes which must excite eternal execration.

Of one of these my position gave me a special knowledge, and I shall now return to speak of it at greater length.

It was from the fact that I was the only foreign minister who remained in Paris during the days of the Commune that I was brought into relations with the Archbishop of Paris. Up to that time I had known him only by general reputation, and as a man eminently beloved by all who knew him, sincerely devoted to the interests of his Church, and distinguished for his benevolence and kindness of heart. When I heard of his arrest by the Commune, on one of the first days of April, I considered it one of the most threatening events that had taken place. Yet it was hardly possible to suppose that any in jury could come to a man like the Archbishop Darboy. hardly possible to suppose that any ir jury could come to a man like the Archbishop Darboy.

The bloodthirsty Raoul R'gault had signalized his brutality, after reaching almost supreme power in the Commune, by ordering this arrest. The order was in these words: "Order the arrest of citizen Darby (Georges), calling himself Archbishop of Paris," and on the 4th of April the archbishop was arrested at his residence. The sgents of the Commune told him that they arrested him simply ss a "hostage;" that they wished to treat him with all the respect due to his rank, and that he would be permitted to bave his servant with him. They transported him from his residence to the perfecture of police in his own carriage, but when once in prison, instead of receiving the respect due to his rank, he was treated like a vulgar criminal. He was soon removed from gar criminal. He was soon removed from the prison of the perfecture of police to the prison of Mazas in an ordinary prison the prison of the perfecture of ponce the prison of Mrzas in an ordinary prison carriage. No sooner was he in his cell than his isolation became complete. He received no news, he heard nothing from the outside, and saw no persons, not even his fellow-prisoners.

Shut up as he was in his dreary cell, forbidden communication with any person, it should not be wondered at that I temporarily lost sight of him in the whirl of the terrible events then passing in Parls. But on the 18th of April the Pope's nuncio, Flavius Chigi, wrote me a confidential communication, a king me to receive kindly four ecclesiastical canons of the Metropolitan Church of Paris, who would come to me to claim my protection in favor of their srchbishop from the insurgents; and he asked to be permitted to join his prayers to those of the good canons, and to assure me of his great gratitude for all that I thought I might do in endeavoring, at least, to prevent any dearges exping to the life of Mer. Derhoy.

in endeavoring, at least, to prevent any danger coming to the life of Mgr. Darboy. This communication was brought to me by the canons, and they made a very strong Visiting Versailles on the 22nd of April, I called upon the Pope's nuncio to talk with him in relation to the situation. The outrage in arresting this most devout and excellent man and confining

devout and excellent man and confining him (au scrtt) in prison could not but create a great sensation, particularly in the Catholic world. I fully sympathized with the nuncio and the gentleman who had addressed me in respect to it, and had no hesitation in telling the nuncio that I was at his disposal to do ever thing in my power, of course uncfficially to secure the release of the archbishop I assumed that I should only be con forming to the policy of our government, as illustrated in like circumstances, by as illustrated in like circumstances, by complying with the request in the hope that I might be able to ameliorate the condition of the prisoner. I returned from Versailles to Paris on the evening of the 22d of April, fully determined to act in the matter. The first thing I did after reaching my house was to send a messenger to Gen. Cluseret the Commune's minister of war, to make an appointment to see him at terminate to see him at terminate to see him at terminate of the commune's minister of war, to make an appointment to see him at terminate of the commune of the com to send a messenger to Gen. Cluseret the Commune's minister of war, to make an appointment to see him at ter o'clock the next morning (Sunday) My messerger returned, saying that he had found Cluseret, who had treated him very kindly, and had asked him to request me to call upon him at the ministry of war at that hour. Taking with me my private secretary, I reached the ministry of war promptly at the time named, where I found Cluseret occupying a deak which had previously bee occupied by the regular minister of was of the government. I had known him quite well, and he received me ver kindly. I then stated to him the object of my visit, saying that I did not visith him in my diplomatic capacity, but simply as a private individual, in the interest of good feeling and humanity, the see if it were not possible to have the archbishop released from prison. I sai that the incarceration of such a mau under the pretext of holding him as hostage was an outrage, and that the commune, in its own interest, should once release him. He answered that

once release him. He answered that was not a matter within his jurisdiction and however much he would like to se the archbishop released, he thought, iconsideration of the state of affairs the in Paris, it would be useless to take as steps in that direction. The peop would never permit the release; and if (Cluseret) should attempt to intervene his behalf, it would not only render the his behalf, it would not only render to situation of the prisoner more deplotable but it would be fatal to him (Clusered Indeed I very much doubted myswhether the Commune would dare, the excited state of feeling at the moment, to release the archbishop; but I told Gen. Cluseret that I must see he and ascertain his real situation, the could the head of the health and whether he was the situation of the health and whether he was the situation of the health and whether he was the situation. and ascertain his real situation, the ordition of his health, and whether he win want of anything. He replied that could see no objection to that, but sethat it was necessary to get a permissifrom the procurer of the Commun Raoul Rigault, and suggested that