ally, and occasionally using even stronger anathemas. His necktie was tied at last to his satisfaction, and seizing pen and paper he dashed off this note to the lady of his heart:

'DEAREST DOLLY:—I can't go to the picnic—don't expect me to-day. Got to stay on duty at home. I'm awfully sorry, but I can't get out of it. Now don't fire up, there's a dear girl. You know there is nowhere in the world I would as soon be as by your side; but 'there's a destiny that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.' I'll be with you to-morrow after rehearsal, and tell you all about it. And, meantime, I am yours—yours only.

BERTIE.

'P.S.—Don't flirt with Ward or Hecker, that's a dear girl. B.'

Mr. Vaughan hastily folded and sealed this eloquent epistle, and went off in search of 'Murphy.' Murphy was a small boy of twelve, and errand-runner in general to the household. An understanding—strongly cemented by dimes and quarters—had been established between him and 'Master Bertie;' and Murphy alone, perhaps of the whole family, knew how his young master was running after the actress. It still wanted ten minutes of the appointed hour, and without loss of time Murphy was hunted up.

'I say, Murphy!' called Vaughan, softly whistling him aside, 'I want you.'

'Yis sur.'

'I want you to deliver this note before twelve o'clock,' said Bertie, slipping the note and the customary fee into the youngster's grimy hand.

Murphy's grin broadened. He could not read, and it was the first time he had ever been called upon as letter-carrier; but he understood it perfectly.

'I will, sur. It's to them ye know, sur, isn't it?' cried Murphy, shutting one eye and cocking up the other.

'It's to Miss De Courcy, and must be delivered before twelve. You will wait for an answer; and mind, Murphy, not a word to a living soul.'

'Not a sowl, sur, livin' or dead! I'll be there an' back in a pig's whisper, sur. Long life to ye, Misther Bertie!'

'Hi! there—you, Murphy. 'Old the 'osses 'eads, will yer?' cried out Perkins, the Cockney coachman. 'Beg parding, Mr. Bertie, didn't see you, sir, but the hoff 'oss is a bit restive and fresh this morning. I say Murphy! look alive, will yer. 'Ere's the squire.'

Murphy held the frisky off-wheeler, and Mr. Perkins mounted to his seat. Squire Owenson, leaning on Sydney's strong young arm, appeared, Mrs. Owenson following. Bertie sprang forward to assist him in; then Mrs. Owenson, then Sydney; then with one parting glance of intelligence at Murphy, sprang after. Perkins cracked his whip and away they went at a rattling pace down the avenue.

The gloom of Bertie's untoward remark still hung over the horizon of the squire. His Jove-like front lowered portentously. Bertie saw it and fidgeted rather uneasily, essayed small remarks, and looked in the intervals out of the window. But Sydney, radiant of face and toilet, set herself assiduously to restore sunshine and harmony. She talked nonsense and laughed at it, made small jokes and laughed at them, and the laughter was infectious if the humor was not. By the time they reached the Sunderlands, general geniality had been restored; the squire smiled, and peace reigned.

A lively welcome awaited them. Two tall daughters and two taller sons blessed this household—all were rejoiced to see Sydney and Bertie; and in the midst of laughter, and talk, and good fellowship, young Vaughan's last trace of uneasiness vanished—like mist before the sun. He was one of those people to whom it is a sheer physical impossibility to be unhappy long—who shake off all thought of evil to come, and will eat, drink, and be merry to-day, come death and doom to-morrow.

The young men smoked cigars, and compared notes of their doings for the past year—the girls played the piano, and did likewise. Sydney's approaching marriage was discussed in all its bearings, and the Misses Sunderland were invited to make two of the five bridesmaids to officiate upon the occasion.

(To be Continued.)

SHOOTING IN VALLEYFIELD.

A STRIKER MORTALLY WOUNDED—HE DECLARES HIMSELF THE GUILTY PARTY.

VALLEYFIELD, Que., May 5.—Last Friday, Frank Alexe, agent for the South Eastern Railway, arrived in this town, in order to hire the hands now on strike at Valleyfield to go to work in the manufacturies in the Eastern States. This afternoon he was in his carriage opposite Salaberry Hotel when one Leopold Tessier *alias* Lavine, asked him to hire him; Alexe answered that he only wanted families and could not hire young men; some angry words ensued and Tessier told Alexe to go to the D——, asking him to come down from his carriage and fight him if he was a man. Alexe gave him a slap and Tessier then picked up stones and throw them at him, not striking him. However, Alexe drove off, and Tessier followed him, accompanied by one of Francois Dion's sons; he reached him at Pierre Leduc's residence and tried to jump in Alexe's carriage, provoking him and using threatening language, stating he wished to kill him. Alexe drew his revolver and fired, the ball lodging in the upper part of the thigh. Tessier, supported by Dion, managed to walk about one hundred and sixty feet, till he reached Leon Quenneville's house, when he fell on the steps, losing an immense quantity of blood. Alexe, who was accompanied by one of J. St. Onge's nephews, drove back to the hotel. Tessier was taken into Quenneville's house, and Dr. Sutherland was immediately sent for and attended him. High Constable Bissonnette, who has been at Valleyfield for the purpose of putting an end to the strike, being notified, immediately drove to the shop with Dr. Lessage; Father Pelletier, parish priest, who was also sent for, heard the confession of Tessier, and administered the sacraments of the Catholic Church. Over five hundred people had been gathered round the house. Mayor Plante, with his clerk, Mr. Brodeur, N. P., received this *ante mortem* declaration of Tessier, who declared that he was the guilty party, and wished Alexe not to be troubled. Tessier is suffering greatly, and there is constantly somebody near him with their fingers on the wound, in order to hinder the blood from escaping; he has lost an immense quantity of blood, his clothes being literally saturated with it, and the doctors entertain small hopes of his recovery. Alexe has given himself up to the authorities, and he is under guard at Larocque's Hotel. Great excitement prevails at present in the town, apparent sympathy being manifested in favor of Alexe, especially after the dying man's declaration. The strike is not yet ended.

The average number of United States seamen transported across the Panama Railroad the past 25 years has been 500 per year at a medium cost of $250 a head, making about $300,000 expended by the Government for this item alone.

THE CONTEST IN COUNTY CORK

EXTRAORDINARY SCENES

[*Ulster Examiner.*]

Cork, Monday.

To-day, being fair day in Macroom, Colonel Colthurst and Mr. Kettle attended there for the purpose of forwarding their candidature. Mr. Kettle, accompanied by Mr. Finigan, had arrived by the early train from Cork. They were met at the station by a small crowd, who escorted them through the town. The Rev. Canon Cullinan, the Rev. Mr. Foley, P. P. Ballyvourney; the Rev. William O'Donovan, and the Rev. Mr. O'Donoghue were at the station. The crowd swelled, and both gentlemen were urged to go on to the fair field and address the people there. They were followed by the clergymen mentioned, and the clergymen were accompanied by a small crowd of farmers, who were evidently sympathisers with Colonel Colthurst. Mr. Finigan and Mr. Kettle having mounted one of the carts in the field, amidst great cheering, the priest endeavoured to force their way to the cart for the purpose of preventing them from speaking, calling for cheers for Colonel Colthurst, and asking to have the strangers put down.

Mr. FINNIGAN, amidst cheering from the crowd, said he had come there as one of the lieutenants of his leader, and Ireland's leader—Charles Stewart Parnell. [Great cheering.] He determined, so long as there were no religious question intervening, to dispute the right of the priests to interfere against the interests of the people. [Cheers.] He was a Catholic, and relied upon the authority of the late Dr. Kean of Cloyne, for the principle that after their duty to God came their duty to their country. [Cheers.] It was a shame and a disgrace that their priests should come there and attempt to repeat the Enniscorthy bludgeon men.

There was cheering at this point, and cries of "We will have no Enniscorthy here."

The clergymen called for cheers for Colonel Colthurst, and the calls were responded to by the small crowd of tenant-farmers around them, but were hissed and "bahed" by the great majority of the people. Cheers for Mr. Finigan, Mr. Kettle, and Mr. Parnell were called for and responded to, and there were continuous groans for the "English pensioner," as Colonel Colthurst was called. An attempt was made to roll away the cart on which Mr. Finigan and Mr. Kettle were standing, but the attempt was frustrated by the crowd.

Mr. KETTLE then came forward, amid cheers, and called for fair play for the people. [Cheers.] He came to fight the people's battle. He came there not against the priests, but against the landlords and English domination in Ireland. [Cheers.] He was proud of the spirit displayed by the people of Macroom that day, and he had no doubt whatever about the issue of the election. [Great interruption, and continued cheering.] He was of the people, and was prepared to fight for the people. He had no doubt, notwithstanding all opposition, that he would be returned on Tuesday as a member for the county. [Great cheering.]

Mr. Kettle, and Mr. Finigan were then lifted over the heads of the people, and chaired for a short time until they begged to be let rest on *terra firma*. They then proceeded to the Victoria Hotel, accompanied by a large crowd, who enthusiastically cheered.

Colonel Colthurst arrived shortly after, in company with the four clergymen mentioned, and escorted by a number of farmers from the Ballyvourney district. They were immediately surrounded by a large crowd of townspeople and farmers' sons, who hissed and hooted them vehemently and cheered every now and again for Messrs. Parnell, Kettle, and Finigan. The farmers themselves did not interfere actively for or against at this stage of the proceedings, but a constant stream of them kept pouring in and out of the hotel for the purpose of interviewing Mr. Kettle and Finigan, and promising the tenant-farmer candidate their support.

At half-past one o'clock Mr. Finigan and Mr. Kettle, with green ribbons flying from the handles of their umbrellas, which were hoisted on their shoulders, left the hotel and proceeded to the platform erected for their convenience in the square. It was intended that they should address the meeting from the hotel, but the proprietors having expressed a wish that they should not do so, they acceded to it. They were immediately surrounded by a large crowd of farmers and townspeople and escorted amidst great enthusiasm to the place of meeting. Just as they reached the platform, and as Mr. Denis Lane was being moved to the chair, the Rev. Canon Cullinan and the Rev. Mr. Donovan were seen issuing from the house of Mr. O'Connell, solicitor, and forcing their way through the crowd to the platform. They were immediately met with cries of "No priestly dictation," and "Who supported Hussey?" amidst the great confusion that prevailed.

Mr. FINIGAN called loudly—Order, order. The priests have no right to come to disturb this meeting. [Cries of "Turn out with the priests."] We are assembled here to-day under the green banner of our country. (Mr. Finigan here waved his umbrella, from which, as already stated, green streamers were flying, and great cheering took place for several minutes.)

Mr. KETTLE—Groans for the poor-rate collector's son. (Groaning.)

When the confusion had somewhat subsided,

Mr FINIGAN said—I am here as the lieutenant of Ireland's leader. (Great cheering.)

The Rev. Canon Cullinane and the Rev. Mr. Donovan having been making great exertions all this time to force their way to the platform through the surging mass of people, the great confusion and excitement still continued.

Mr. FINIGAN (to Colonel Colthurst)—You are false to your profession, sir, to come here to disturb this meeting. I am here, men of Macroom, as the humble lieutenant of Charles Stuart Parnell. (Tremendous cheering for Mr. Parnell.) I have not been afraid of the German Gatling guns or the German bayonets. I am not afraid now to stand here for Ireland. (Cheering.) I am afraid of no man. (Cheering.) I am the grandson of a rebel of '98. (Great cheering.) I am the son of a of a rebel of '48—(cheering for the Finigans) and as long as the unsullied flag of Ireland is entrusted to my care I will do my best, as my forefathers did before me, to serve Ireland. I will stand or fall by that flag. They slander me foully who say that I am opposed to the priests. (Cries of "They are liars. We will not believe them.") I am not opposed to the priests—(no, no; you are not)—and I regret that you, Father Donovan, that you who were the supporter of Mr. Hussey—(groans for Hussey, lasting for some time)—should come here to this meeting and desecrate your holy office by standing between the people and the people's interests. (Tremendous cheering amidst which the Rev. Mr. Donovan attempted to force his way to the platform. There were loud cries of "Turn him out." A man in the centre of the crowd who raised a cheer for Col Colthurst was immediately hustled out of it.)

Mr. FINIGAN—If it were a question of faith or morals I would humbly follow the priests, but not in a question of the people's interest.

The Rev. Mr. Donovan having still continued his exertions to reach the platform, there were cries of "Turn him out," and a section of the meeting pressed forward to eject him.

Mr. FINIGAN (at the top of his voice, and amid great excitement)—Leave the priests alone. Father Donovan, you will have the support of and aid of an Irish soldier. (Cries of "Away with the disturbers.") I will not allow any of the priests to be touched or injured here, and I will extend to them the guardianship of an Irish soldier. (Great cheering.) I am deeply pained as a Catholic to find the cause of the people opposed by the priests of this country. (Cheers for Finigan.)

The Rev. Mr. DONOVAN—You are opposed to the bishops and priests of Ireland.

Mr. FINIGAN—When I went down to the fair field to-day there were cheers raised to "Murder Finigan." (Great excitement, and cries of "No one dare say that in Macroom.")

The Rev. Canon CULLINANE here rushed excitedly through the crowd to the platform, and demanded of Mr. Finigan who it was that raised the cry of "Murder Finigan."

Mr. FINIGAN—I will tell you, sir.

The Rev. Canon CULLINANE—Tell me, then.

Mr. FINIGAN—I am going to tell you if you come near me, but do you think, sir, that it would be compatible with public interests to mention it here? But why do you come here sir, to raise your bludgeon against me?

The Rev. Canon CULLINANE—I did not, sir.

Mr. FINIGAN—But you did, sir.

Mr. KETTLE—Your bishop, surely, did not send you here as a bludgeon-man.

The Rev. Canon CULLINANE (loudly)—Who raised the cry of "murder Finigan."

Mr. FINIGAN—If you want to know, Father Donovan did it, sir, and I have evidence to prove it. Again I ask you why did you come here to disturb this meeting?

The Rev. Canon CULLINANE—This is my parish, sir.

Mr. FINIGAN—Well, then, I am here as an Irish soldier to fight against this English pensioner. I am here, as one of the people, to stand by the people. (Tremendous cheering during which Canon Cullinane retired, and spoke with the Rev. Mr. Donovan.)

The Rev. Mr. DONOVAN, who, after great exertions, was able to force his way through the thick mass of the people to the front of the platform, here cried out—Stop a moment.

Mr. FINIGAN—I ask the priests to retire in quiet and order, and not interfere with this meeting, just as I and my friend did not interfere with the meeting they held. I will stand by the priests of my Church in faith and morals, but I will stand by my country's cause whatever it may cost. (Cheers.)

The Rev. Mr. DONOVAN—What authority had you for saying that I called out, "Murder Finigan?"

Several VOICES—You did say it.

Mr. FINIGAN—I will give you my authority, sir, and will write to your bishop on the subject.

The two clergymen then retired to the outskirts of the crowd, amidst cheers for Finigan and groans for "Hussey's supporter."

Mr. FINIGAN—And now, in the name of Catholic Ireland, and recognising the right of every man to worship God as he thinks fit, I hereby, in the name of your leader and my leader, Charles Stuart Parnell, lift aloft the colours of the Irish nation. (Mr. Finigan here waved overhead the umbrella from which the green streamers were flying, and there was a wild outburst of enthusiasm.) Now (Canon Cullinane here re-entered the crowd), now I ask those priests to go to their church and mind their duty, and not be interfering with this meeting. (Cheers.) We wish to give them that compensation——

A VOICE—That they gave us. (Laughter.)

Mr. FINIGAN—Which is fair and equitable; but we must reduce the rents. (Cheers.) The man who tills the soil should have a right to live on the soil.

The Rev. Canon CULLINANE—Sure that is what Colthurst said.

Several VOICES—No, no; he would rather give us the "cat."

Mr. FINIGAN—Would it not suit your reverence to attend your own meeting and leave this. (Cheers.) There is no religious question being discusted at present, and even if there were, it was the Obstructionists in Parliament who fought for the priests and fought for the Catholic University measure. (Great cheering.) But while we fight for our holy faith we will also fight for our own holy land. (Renewed cheering.) We want the farmer, be he large or small, to have his family properly fed, housed, and clothed. We want him to pay his debts to the shopkeeper, and after that it will be time enough to think of the rent. (Great cheering.) The rent must come last—(tremendous cheering)—and we will fight and struggle for this in the Saxon Parliament.

Colonel Colthurst, in company with two or three clergymen, here entered the crowd.

Mr. FINIGAN—I am accustomed to hisses and yells in the Saxon Parliament, and I am not afraid to meet them anywhere. Now, people have told you also—the enemies of Ireland have told you—that we are anxious to get rid of Mr. Shaw. (No, no, and cheers for Mr. Shaw.) No, no; we do not want to do that. Mr. Shaw and I are on friendly terms. I ask you why did not Mr. Shaw come here to support this English colonel? (Cheers.) You must vote for Kettle and Shaw, and you must send to the right-about this English pensioner and old useless Whig—this man who, by private charity, is endeavouring to buy up your public spirit. (Cheers, and cries of "He will never be able to buy us.")

Colonel Colthurst and the clergymen attempted to address the people, but were received with repeated interruptions, mingled with groans. Colonel Colthurst having failed to obtain a hearing.

The Very Rev. Canon CULLINANE addressed the crowd from a window. There are some blackguards here. (Cheers for Parnell.) You are always in the habit of listening to me with respect, and I always gave you advice for your good. (Interruptions.) I want to say a word to you. This Mr. Finigan that has come here——(interruptions and cheers for Parnell.) He said the other day in Ennis, "Down with the priests." (Cries of "He never did," and cheers.) I will tell you what another of Mr. Parnell's followers said. He boasted that he ate meat on Good Friday, and that he was the follower of Garibaldi, the assassin. (Groans and interruptions.) Will you follow fellows that announce doctrines of that kind? (no, no, and interruptions.) Would you like the Catholic that would boast that he ate meat on Friday? (No, and renewed interruption.) You saw this Finigan up at the fair field as if he was a pious fellow pulling out his cross. (Cries of "Stand by the Cross," and cheers.) We won't stand by Finigan's cross. (Interruption.) Finigan's cross is the cross of hypocrisy, and we will have no hypocrisy. (No, no, and groans.) Now, boys, they are followers of Parnell. (Interruptions.) What did a young fellow from Clonakilty say the other day in Cork? He sneered at the Catholic Church in Cork.

Here the interruption, which lasted for some time, became louder owing to the conduct of some men in the crowd who gesticulated at the window at which Colonel Colthurst and his friends stood.

Colonel Colthurst then spoke, and was frequently interrupted. He said he was not afraid of Mr. Parnell nor of his lieutenants. He did not wish to say a word against Mr. Parnell, but he had not conducted this contest in a fair or honourable manner.

MR. SULLIVAN AND MR. CALLAN.
A SERIOUS CHARGE

Dublin, MONDAY MORNING.

The following extraordinary letter from Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M. P, to the Editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, upon Mr. Lowther and Mr. Callan, is published in to-day's (Monday) Freeman.

10th April.

DEAR SIR,—In reference to the election contest in Louth which has just terminated, I have to-day to ask your attention, and the attention of the Irish people, to a fact which throws a lurid light on the secret relation which may exist between the Government and professing members of the Home Rule party. Passing through Collon on Thursday last, I was handed some letters bearing the London post-mark, which had been lying there apparently for some days. At first I was at a loss to think who could be writing to me at Collon, but I recollected that a letter of mine published in the *London Times* about a week ago was dated from that place. On opening one of those letters, I found it contained direct, precise, and absolute information of a fact previously made known to me in a less positive manner, that within the then past week Mr. James Lowther, the Irish Chief-Secretary, had received from Mr. Philip Callan a communication, offering himself to oppose me in Louth, and asking Mr. Lowther for money to carry out this purpose. Now, sir, this is a very serious statement and not to be lightly made. I am in a position most solemnly to pledge myself in the face of the world that I know it to be true. I think you will agree with me, sir, that the matter cannot rest where it now is; that it is due to the character of the Irish representation, and to the purity and decency of Irish political life, that it should be challenged, investigated, proved, or confessed. I hereby undertake to prove it by the evidence of just one witness—namely, Mr. Lowther himself. He is, at all events, a gentleman, and will truly tell if this damning story be a fact or fiction. As for a denial from Mr. Phillip Callan, we know the high esteem in which that should be held; and the point at issue is not as to whose cheques are chashed for the occasion, or who else may be financially confederated in the affair. The one plain and simple statement which I hope you, sir, as one of the public guardians of public morality, will insist on being answered is—Did Mr. Lowther receive from Mr. Phillip Callan an application for money to contest Louth against me.—Yours very truly, A. M. SULLIVAN.

THE FRENCH CANADIANS.

The French Canadians are hard at work organizing for the celebration of St. Jean Baptiste day, the 24th of June, 1880. It is to be a national affair on a grand scale. The race throughout this continent will be represented by delegates from Massachusetts, Illinois, California, the Canadian Northwest, the Acadian settlements in the Maritime Provinces and from the coast of Newfoundland. The gathering will be held in the city of Quebec, the cradle of the race, and the spot rendered sacred by its glorious past.

It may be asked: What have they to celebrate? First, a marvellous history that may be said to date from that spring morning in 1535, when Jacques Cartier and his little band attended Mass in the Cathedral of St. Malo, while their craft, the Grand Hermine, the Petite Hermine, and the Emerillon, waited for them with sails set in the roadstead. Three hundred and forty-five years have passed since then, and it is safe to say that no people on the face of the earth have achieved more in the same length of time, and in the face of as cruel a fate, than the French Canadians. The original settlers in New France numbered 25,000 souls; their descendants number a million and a half. They were the pioneers of religion and settlement in North America. While the rest of the Mother Country gave itself up to the corruption of the age, the nobility of Normandy and Brittany sent their sons as soldiers or missionaries to New France, and corried the elements of civilization from Quebec to the Rocky Mountains, and from Lake St. John to New Orleans with intrepid, daring, and unfaltering steps. Marquette penetrated the far West and discovered its secrets. DeBrebœuf and Lalement suffered martyrdom on the shores of Lake Simcoe; and the Company of the Hundred Associates opened up avenues of trade and commerce everywhere. Champlain, Montmagny, De Tracy, D'Aillebout, Frontenac, Vandreuil, Beauharnois, Longueuil and Galisonniere, among the French Governors, have won an immortal place in Canadian history. The Jesuits and Recollets, the early apostles of the country, receive homage from all who admire courage and devotion to duty; and Laval and his successors in the See, who reaped what the missionaries sowed, were men of wonderful energy and tact. It is true, the Canadians, after keeping the Iroquois at bay, subduing the forest and carrying the Gospel into the wilds of the continent for a century and a half, were conquered, and that they have since quietly accepted the inevitable; but their fall is marked by no stigma of disgrace. On the contrary, there is not a more brilliant chapter in their history than the records of their deeds when, all but abandoned by their leaders, they fought Wolfe and General Murray until Quebec was no longer habitable, and then loyally sided with the conqueror in his struggle with the revolted colonies. The name of Wolfe does not overshadow that of Montcalm; and if Brock was the hero in Upper Canada in the war of 1812, De Salabery was not behind him either in skill or courage. The era of peace dawned in 1815, and since then the French Canadians have prospered amazingly, albeit the Province for forty years afterwards was weighed down by the feudal system. In politics they have given Canada Papineau, Lafontaine, Morin and Cartier, Garneau, Ferland, Casgrain, Gaspe, Tache, Sulte, Fabre and Lemoine are worthy names in literature; while Hamel in art, and Lajeunesse (Albani) in song, have a world-wide reputation. It is often charged that the French Canadians are a degenerate race; but the mere fact that in spite of two centuries of feudalism, of Indian wars, of foreign invasion, and of association with the dominant Anglo-Saxon, they exist today a million and a half in number, with their ancient faith and language ever fresh, is proof of unparalleled vitality.

The *Golos* is satisfied that Bismarck will aid England and Russia in carrying out the Treaty of Berlin.

WHAT THE SPIRIT SAID TO THE PRINCE.

BY "G."

PROLOGUE.

I.

Lift up, O Celt!—lift up thy rebel soul!
Caper with joy, ye verdant, soft *boreens!*
Erin, happy waiters on the workhouse dole!
A Prince is coming, and he is our Queen's!
Georgius, Gulielmus, Alfredus.
Dux, ducis, admiral and Feldsengmeister!
Sing out, ye lofty crags, where Marlin Head is!
Ye waves, immortal *caoiners!* sing the royster!

II.

He's husband to great Alexander's daughter;
Hight Romanoffski Vladimira,
(The Tartar's self just now is dodging slaughter:
His courtiers say 'tis but a chimera,)
The babies born unto this princely pair,
By preconcerted act of noble senate
Needs must choose holy Russia, (as it were,)
To make their *debut* on this plebeian planet.

III.

Two hundred thousand guineas doth he pocket;
Low, hungry peasants' sweat marks every shilling,
And were not peasants made to fill a docket
Or Prince's pouch, instead of beastly swilling?
The poor bucolic dogs were just created
To feed our gilded swarm of princely paupers;
To strew their path with flowers, vile breath abated,
And cheer "'Is 'Ighness," the barbaric yawpers!

IV.

O happy, happy Erin, be thou grateful!
Didn't Tommy Moore indite a lay to Georgie?
Ah! Denis Florence, thou poetic pate full,
Shall not another Prince to idylls urge ye?
Come, tuneful Mac, Apollo's lyre be twanging!
Can nothing glorious to Parnassus call ye?
The welkin's full of cheers,—great guns are banging,
Conceive, O Mac, a classical "Come all ye."

V.

WHAT THE SPIRIT SAID.

Sure Slievnamon and Kerry's hills are reeling,
Old Wicklow's shamefaced mountains hide the verdant;
Mark you the Sprite from Stafla's white foam stealing,
Who speaketh myst'ries:—"Darlin' Prince, your servant;
'Tis pity, Prince, this treasonable famine
Should stalk betwixt the wind and your desarvin';
But, softly, now; sure, Prince, we're only shammin',
He blames the knife who's ignorant of carvin'!

VI.

"'Tis mighty mane for beggars to be atin',
We know it well,—or even to be livin';
The gintlemen are kilt with tax and ratin'.
And, troth, dear Prince, one soon gets tired of givin'!
By coorse, all things were made for lords and princes,
Farm laborers, poor peasantry and cottier; ——"
"'Old!" cries the Prince, "Sir, 'ave you lost your senses?
Now, w'y the dayvil 'ave the wretches got 'ere?'

VII.

"Ah! if we had but sworn our troth to Harry,
And pawned our souls to that damned lustful satyr;
If Erin's prelates sold their God to marry,
Like the pot-bellied, poltroon Saxon Pater;
If we had broken shrine and sacred niche,
And sang the the apotheose of Bessy's bairns,
She had not harried us, the wanton—witch,
That she might caper in her lordly harems!

VIII.

"By herrin's, Prince, we are a curious people!
If we sa'd 'Yes,' you'd change our rags to ermine;
All that you ask is jist a change of steeple,
Four bleak, bare walls and Bishop Jocelyn's sermon!
To sing 'God Save the Queen' on Sunday morning;
To pray for kings, landlords, queens, process servers,
With Hanover damnation—lofty scorning
For Parnell's pack of property disturbers!

IX.

"Och, by the seven-league club of Fin ma Coul!
We're a quare pack,—as obstinate as *boneens;*
'Tis pity, faix, we have no Saxon school
To tache us how to kneel to British *shoneens!*
To crook a shank by royal regulation,
To shade our eyes before a crown and scepter,
To cheer the mistress of an alien nation
Whose starving hinds for forty years have kept her!

X.

"Ah! would we had a Famine every saison!
This royal pity's sweet to us poor sinners;
'Tis betther to our stomachs—(and good raison!)
Than gorgin' for a month on Windsor dinners.
'Tis strange, dear Prince, that spite of all sich kindness,
Which lays our gratitude a heavy tax on,
We Irishmen are troubled with a blindness
That cannot see the beauties of a Saxon!

XI.

"Dread, princely figure—head of naval thunder!
Don't stick a Tract in every bit of bacon,
'Tis indigestible, and, sure, no wonder!
It's hated hard from Pethersville to Pakin!
It won't assimilate, as say the doctors;
It's not a healthy *kitchen* to our lumpers;
It has an ancient flavor of tithe-proctors,
A faint suspicion of your Bible-thumpers!

XII.

"Didn't Aristides write his name to glory
Upon an oyster or its shell, the crathur?
And to his wife, didn't Cumberland, the gory!
Do what he never did to foemen—bate her?
Magnanimous as Aristides Justus!
Write thy great name on this our latest famine!—
Ye turn your head away!—Ah, jewel, trust us!
What? All our loyalty is "blawsted gammon!"

XIII.

"Most gracious Prince! though your ancestral triremes
Through wreathing foam rushed on our coasts in anger,
We, eager, watch where Albion's pennant streams,
With beer and bacon, not with balls to bang her!
And, on the ragin' wilds of roarin' ocean,
(Sure, don't you knew), you'll write yourself a Thriton,
And carve upon Brittania's brow the notion—
(It is of brass)—that you're a pretty bright one!

XIV.

Though Neptune rise up from his roamin' billows,
'Tis pity, Prince, our lobster is—*Nego!*
Potatoes blighted [illegible] our pillows
Than ocean kings most terrible *Quos ego.*
That is, if we had pillows, which we haven't;
Good blocks for rebel heads is only proper;
Hard thumps is what we want, we Celts depravant,
The sharp arbitrament of Calcraft's chopper!"

XV.

Wild Stafla's spirit saw a lovely vision,—
Saw moonlight chased by ruddy, rosy dawning;
Then murmuring caverns liquid fields Elysian
Stole, emerald, forth from rocky nook and awning,
The crested waves, like lambs upon green meadows,
Ran merrily to hide themselves in caves;
'Is 'Ighness watched the flashing lights and shadows,
The spirit left as she passed 'neath the waves.

WHAT THE PRINCE SAID:

"By Jawge! you know!"

FASHIONS AND FANCIES.

Gathered ruffles made very narrow and double of the silk are on Paris dresses.

Grenadine dresses, entirely black, are made over glossy Surah skirts to make them light.

Plaited skirts, forming double kilts, are very fashionable for foulards and for thin wool dresses.

The gay cotton dresses are quite as effective as those of foulard, and are secured for Newport and Saratoga.

A new fancy is that of using creamy white India muslin shirred inside of open necks of grenadine and foulard dresses.

Hoods are about being revived, and are made on round capes that reach only to the elbow, as well as on the long straight gowns that form over-dresses for suits.

The satin-striped grenadines, also plain canvas grenadines, are used in Paris for trimming plain black silk dresses; when the plain grenadine is used there are usually narrow panels or tongues of silk on satin falling upon them.

Tea gowns, pilgrimage suits, Spanish costumes, jersey bodices, matinees and English driving cloaks are the novelties displayed on opening day by exclusive modistes who remain late in Paris in order to secure the newest fashions.

The matinees, or morning costumes, are most dainty toilettes, made with a petticoat and long unlined sacque of Surah silk of cream white, pale rose, heliotrope or light blue, trimmed with gathered ruffles of the same edged with Breton lace.

Some Spanish costumes made by Worth represent the most bouffant styles, and also give new suggestions for black grenadine dresses, as they are made of black brocaded and jetted grenadine, lined throughout with pale Isabelle yellow silk or else with bright Jacqueminot red.

There are beautiful petticoats of Surah and of satin—pink, white or blue—with two puffs stuffed with hair placed at the top of the back, which thus answers the same purpose as Peter Cooper's air cushion; plaitings of Breton lace trim the edge of these dainty skirts.

Directoire collars and square cuffs are made of jetted net and edged with a row of cut jet beads like those used on the brims of bonnets; these trim basques of black grenadine, and also of silk suits. Surplice and square necks of such dresses have black beaded tulle draped inside of the opening.

Creamy muslin embroidery and white Languedoc lace are lavishly used on French costumes of Turkey-red calico, very delicately painted by hand. Other cretonne, satine, and mummy cloth dresses are made up in the Watteau designs that are used for foulards, and are elaborately trimmed with lace.

Jet netted aprons or else fringe half a yard deep, trim the fronts of many grenadine dresses. Sometimes the sleeves come only to the elbow, and below this are half-sleeves of jetted net that fit the arm smoothly, or else wrinkle like a thread glove, and are finished at the wrist with ruffles of lace and loops of satin ribon.

Two kinds of black grenadine are in the same dress; that for the plaited flounces is striped with satin, and the stripes are made to go around the figure, instead of being lengthwise. For the body and overskirt satin grenadine with transparent open figures outlined with jet is used, also the large satin balls and polka dots.

The apron overskirt, plain or in diagonal plaits, is one of the popular fashions for grenadine dresses, while the new black drapery is formed of two loops, one above the other. These are made of a single breadth, with both ends plaited to the belt, and the curved lower edge trimmed all around with a wide plaiting. Below this is a longer curve that is similarly trimmed.

There are most graceful sacques of black Surah imported to wear with black silk or grenadine skirts in the house These are not lined, and are as cool as muslin. They are trimmed with white plaitings of the black Surah, on which is laid a band of old-gold, red or heliotrope Surah, and this plaiting is edged with black Breton lace. A plaiting six inches deep lies around the neck like a cardinal collar.

Spanish dresses are very elaborate, and are meant for dressy occasions, yet they have short skirts, measuring two and a half yards at the foot, and this may be said of nine out of ten of the imported dresses; very few demi-trains are shown, as these are restricted to house dresses, while for full dress evening toilettes court trains of great length with full flowing breadths are used.

A Spanish dress is of black Sicilienne, made over a cherry-red shirt, trimmed with two wide plaitings of satin-striped grenadine. On these plaitings rest squares of embossed velvet that are edged on three sides with frills of white Languedoc lace and some jet tassels. The elegant combination of black, white, and red is very effective made in this way.

UNMITIGATED DISTRESS.

DUBLIN, May 4.—Captain Potter, of the Constellation, was to-day presented with the freedom of the city of Dublin. Lord Mayor Gray, who presided at the ceremony, stated that the distress in Ireland was as great as ever, and he feared that during the next three months it would prove most severe. Captain Potter signed the Burgess Roll amid cheers. He returned thanks to the citizens, and the crowd cheered the officers as they were leaving the City Hall.

Advertising Cheats.

It has become so common to write the beginning of an elegant, interesting article and then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such cheats and simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible, to induce people to give them one trial, as no one who knows their value will ever use anything else.—*Providence Advertiser.*