

ried the only daughter of an Austrian officer of high rank. Flohrberg had served long under his command, his misfortunes alone being sufficient to ensure to him a share in the esteem and friendship of the good General, who was ever ready to come to his aid, as we have already shown in the interview between Maria Flohrberg and himself.

With much anxiety did Maria await the coming of the letter from the English lady, and when, in due course of time it arrived, and its contents proved satisfactory, she hastened to claim the fulfilment of the General's promise.

With Fraulein's nimble fingers a very short time was necessary to put her modest wardrobe in order. As to the poor Frau, she wept incessantly, as did also the younger members of the family, between whom and the Fraulein Maria, there existed a vast disparity as to age, the eldest of the young ones being but fourteen years old, while the elder daughter was twenty-eight. Leave we, then, Maria, to bid farewell to her kindred, friends, and country, with as good a heart as she may; it will be long ere she beholds them again, for, sad and sorrowful, and heavy laden with trial and care, will be that poor maiden's heart ere again she sees those kind faces, or hears the loved voices of her early friends.

CHAPTER III.—FIRST IMPRESSION.—AN UNPLEASANT RECEPTION.

Brightly gleam the lights in a pleasant English mansion, whilst fairy-like strains of music float down the long avenue of elm and poplar, and lordly oak, which screen from vulgar gaze the dwelling of one of England's merchant princes. All is bustle and confusion without and within, amidst a throng of gay equipages, and to the confusion of its occupant—for the hour is very late, and the scene so novel—a cab draws up, with a small and modest-looking trunk at the top, and a very pale but not unexpressive face peers nervously out from the open window, then the grey eyes are raised to that moon-lit starry vault above and the lips move, it may be in a silent prayer that her advent hither may be a happy one, and at the same time the right hand is placed upon the little heart which throbs so wildly at this first entree alone and unprepared, save by a few in the little world at Coblenz. Alone? oh, how much do not those words imply fair reader; bless your happy fortune if independence be thine, or, if not, if there be a strong hand and willing heart to work for you, and save you this rough contest without a hard world, which seems determined that ladies shall find but few avenues for their exertions, and the few which do exist, unmonopolized by the stronger sex, shall sometimes be made disagreeable enough.

But to return; almost unheeded, alas, was our friend, the Fraulein Maria, as she descended from the cab, and asked, in accents of broken English, which fell trippingly from her tongue, if she could see Madame Montague.

'See Mrs. Montague to night,' said a powdered lackey, in accents of unfeigned surprise. 'Why, the very idea of that, now! I should rather think not, for sure, but if so be as you are the German governess, who cook was telling me was a-coming to the Hall, why, then, if you will be quick about the matter, I'll try and get speech of Miss Wilson, the lady's maid, and you can go to her room; you see, till she be at liberty to see you.'

Poor Fraulein, how rudely was her hope of sympathy and of kindly welcome dashed aside at this uncourteous reception. She knew that Mrs. Montague was aware of the exact time of her arrival, that she had just come off a most fatiguing journey, a friendless stranger, weary, tired, needing refreshment for the body, and rest for the aching frame, yet, there had evidently been not one kindly thought for her, and the tears already welled up in poor Maria's eyes, as she thanked the man, ungracious as was his manner, and followed him, and the servant who carried her trunk, through several long passages which led them to one of the back staircases, for, said the footman in a half apologetic manner, 'you see, Miss, as how all the front of the house is filled with people as have come to the ball, and it would seem odd like if you came in their way.'

Maria replied not, but followed the man till he stopped at the open door of a small room at the top of the stairs, on entering which, and whispering a few words to a person within, a showily dressed young woman stepped forward, and, eyeing Maria superciliously from head to foot, she exclaimed, in a half petulant tone, 'I'm sure, William, I don't know what to do with the young person. What an unfortunate thing, Miss, you should have come at a busy time like this; she added, turning to Maria as she spoke, 'the house is full of company. Who can attend to a stranger, I should like to know? I told my lady she had best bid you not to come till next week; however, follow me, and I'll take you to the housekeeper's room, and you can sit down and wait for her if she is elsewhere.'

It cost poor Fraulein much to keep down the tears which would rush to her eyes, but by a powerful effort she forced them back again, and when she found that she could command her voice enough to speak, she said, very quietly and as if she was nothing moved by the coarse manner of her reception by the lady's maid, 'I am sorry to have to trouble you, but shall feel obliged if you will kindly show me to the room I am to occupy. I am very weary, after my long journey, and do not wish that the housekeeper, who is, doubtless, very busy, should be disturbed on my account, and if—'

At this moment a light step sounded behind her, and the words, pronounced in a good humored tone,

'Bless me, Wilson, is this the young lady Mrs. Montague was saying would be here to night?' fell upon Maria's ears.

'Yes, indeed,' replied the first damsel, 'and, as far as I dare, I spoke my mind to Mrs. Montague about the folly of the thing, but the mischief was already done. Ah, well, English governesses have never stayed long, as yet, I wonder if the German one will suit better.'

'Cease your interference, Wilson, and leave me with the young lady,' replied Mrs. Somers,

whose good tempered, benevolent countenance cheered the spirits of the poor Maria. Then, as she led the way, she added, 'Unfortunately, for yourself, for I cannot see to your comfort as I would wish, you have arrived on the evening on which a large party has assembled, and Mrs. Montague is not very thoughtful, and merely told me that she fancied you would be here this week. A bed-room has been prepared, and that is all, but if you will come to my room there is a large fire, at which you can warm yourself, and I will send you some refreshment, and then, though there is small chance that anyone will sleep in this house till after four, or, perhaps, five o'clock, when the guests will all have gone, you may, perhaps, like to go to bed. You will assuredly see none of the family to-night, not even the young ladies. The younger of the two is away from home, and the eldest one, who, I understand, is merely your pupil for German, is one of the company to-night.'

As the good-natured housekeeper spoke thus, she drew an easy chair to the blazing fire, and insisted on helping Maria to divest herself of her bonnet and travelling garb, having done which, and received the warmest thanks from poor Fraulein, she bade her farewell for the present.

Maria clasped her hands together and continued buried in thought till the arrival of a servant with a tray, containing ham, sandwiches and tea, roused her from her melancholy musings. She was faint from long fasting, for she had suffered intensely during the voyage, and gladly partook of the refreshments placed before her.

A heavy load was, however, at her heart, so little care or kindness had been shown by her employer as to her reception, added to which, the coarseness of the maid, Wilson, who spoke as a favorite and confidential servant, and had alluded to the frequent bauges which had taken place with those ladies who had previously filled the place Maria was to occupy, served to depress and sadden her spirits; and she vainly strove to smile and look cheerful when the housekeeper re-entered, and, after a few moments conversation, asked her would she like to be shown to her chamber.

Maria joyfully assented, and Mrs. Somers conducted her to a small but neatly furnished room to which her boxes had already been conveyed.

After the departure of Mrs. Somers, who promised to call her on the following morning, Maria amused herself by taking a survey of her apartment. Fairview was situated in a beautiful village a few miles from Manchester, and, being built on an eminence, commanded a view of the surrounding country. To sleep was impossible, for dancing was being kept up with spirit in the lower part of the mansion. This, and the merry strains of music would, she felt, effectually banish sleep, however weary the frame might be.

'Assuredly I should not have come to-night, but would have slept at an inn, had I any suspicion that a bail was being held,' said Maria to herself as she drew the curtain aside from her chamber window, and looked out on the scene beneath, first wrapping her shawl around her, for the night was intensely cold, and there was no pleasant fire in the stove to cheer her with its warmth.

The cold, white rays of the moon lighted up the open country beyond; the trees were glistening with hoar frost; the bushes gemmed with icicles, and on the dense mass of shrubbery beneath, on which the rays of the moon had not fallen, streamed the full, clear light, flashing from the hall and refreshment room, lighted up by hundreds of waxen tapers.

A far in the distance rose many a tall chimney, marking the spots in which the mills were situated, mute evidences of the then prosperous state of the most flourishing of a commercial nation's counties.

Maria had heard much of the wealth of Manchester and its citizen princes, from General O'Donnell, as soon as the probability of her sojourn hither became known; she had heard, too, of the riches and poverty, the luxury and the ease, and the labor and the discomfort which would go side by side; she remembered that she was in the house of one of those merchant princes, and she thought that Fairview, even the very residence itself, mute instrument as it was in the hands of the architect, seemed to look patronisingly down on its poorer neighbors in the distant city.

As a mansion it had but little to recommend it in point of architectural design; it was spacious, solidly built, superbly furnished, but here we must pause; it lacked alike the quiet, grave homeliness of the old English mansion, of red brick, with its many casemented windows o'er-grown with ivy, or, the solemn beauty of the ancient halls and manor houses which grace our England's sea-girt isle. Approach Fairview from any point you will, it comes upon you full of pretension, garish as the sun at noonday, with its large plate-glass windows, unsheltered by any creeping plant; its gardens so trimly and yet not gracefully kept, looking, what it really is, a thing of to-day.

And who were the Montagues? Who should they be, but very fortunate people, who, unlike the majority of those who are running the race in this work-day life of ours, and whose efforts meet too often with failure, had achieved a brilliant success. Mr. Montague had started during the most palmy days that Manchester ever saw, and he left many of his competitors struggling and toiling behind him, whilst he was already at the highest pinnacle of success. As far as virtue was concerned, we may safely add that, he was what the world terms a good man. He owed no man anything. In the days of his adversity he had worked very hard; in the time of prosperity he was ever ready to help those whom he had left far behind in the race. He was, in fact, an easy, good-natured, hospitable millionaire. We cannot say as much of his wife; little was known of that good lady's antecedents, and she was wont to shrink any enquiries on the part of her family and friends as to her early life; the very little that was known of her, being, that she had been companion to a lady at whose house Mr. Montague was visiting, and that, enamored of her pretty face, he had made her his wife. As to

Mrs. Montague, we are bound to say that the appearance, she called her heart, was not much warmer than the smile that so often played on her beautiful mouth; but seldom or never broke into a laugh; her children themselves could scarcely be said to love her: and who should be her most faithful confidant and servile flatterer but the maid, Eliza Wilson.

(To be continued.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

PASTORAL OF THE MOST REV. DR. CULLEN.—The annexed are extracts from the Lenten Pastoral of the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, which was read on last Sunday in the several churches and chapels of the archdiocese. After having expatiated on the observance of penitential and religious works in the season of Lent, his Grace proceeds to remark: "During the holy season of Lent we are called on to pray, not only for the welfare of the church, but also for our temporal wants, and for our afflicted country. Perhaps in punishment of our sins, perhaps to give us an opportunity of practising patience and resignation to the will of God, our country is reduced to the lowest ebb of misery. There is no employment for industrious laborers; there is no trade of any importance; no commerce, and no manufacture, with one exception; whilst nearly three millions of people have fled from our shores in order to avoid misery and starvation. Yet, with these facts before their eyes, there are statesmen who, like the false prophet of old, cry out, 'properly, prosperity,' where no vestige of prosperity is to be found. Filled with sorrow at the sight of the overwhelming calamities that oppress our country, let us beg of God to remove the chalice of her sorrow, to pour oil into the wounds that have been made by many a ruthless hand, and to bind the heart that has been crushed by so many and such deep afflictions. Let us render our prayers worthy of being heard, by doing penance for our sins, by abandoning our bad habits, and by reconciling ourselves with God. In a spirit of humility, let us beg of him to grant us all His good gifts—let us ask of Him to assist us in securing a purely Catholic education for the rising generations, so that they may preserve the faith of their fathers, and be brought up in the fear and love of God. Let us beg of Him to protect the hardy and meritorious laborers of the soil, so that they may be allowed to live in the land of their nativity, and enjoy rights and protection which are not denied even to slaves in other countries. Let us finally, pray for the final abolition of an institution which owes its origin to the lust, and corruption, and avarice of English monarchs; which has ever been the support of oppression and the source of discord; which, for three centuries, has been the persevering enemy of Catholic education, and has prevented the people of Ireland from occupying that high position in literature and science to which they would have attained had they not been oppressed and trampled on, in order to compel them to adopt the principles of the Protestant establishment, which their consciences reprobate and condemn.

There are two vices against which I would caution you in a special manner, expressive extravagance in worldly expenses and indulgence in the vice of drunkenness. Unhappily, though our country is exceedingly poor at present, yet many are most reckless in their expenditure, and by a foolish desire of distinguishing themselves at theatres and places of amusement by their dresses and their vanities, bring ruin on themselves and their families. It is useless to add, that the extravagance of female dress has exceeded all bounds, and that treasures are thrown away in promoting vanity, or what is still worse, in the introduction of improper or immodest fashions. Thus the good things given by God to be employed in works of utility or in pious or religious undertakings, are converted into instruments to offend His Divine Majesty, to scandalize the faithful, and to occasion the ruin of immortal souls that have been redeemed by the precious blood of the Lamb of God.

As to drunkenness, dearly beloved, all we shall say is, that it is a most disgraceful and fatal sin. It deprives man of the use of his most noble faculty, and sinks him to the level of the brute; it entails disease and sickness on his shaken limbs, it shortens his unhappy days, and oftentimes brings on an unprovided and untimely death. How many tradesmen have been reduced to the lowest state of destitution by indulging in drink! How often do they bring disgrace and infamy, and ruin on their wives and children! How many are now pining away in want who, if they had been temperate, might have happy homes and cheerful families! How many other crimes have their origin in drunkenness, such as illegal combination in secret societies, faction fights, public assaults, and scandalous immoralities! Would to God that the drunkard, entering into himself, would consider how fallen and degraded is his state; how he is scoffed at by all, how he is despised by the world, how he is trusted by none. And if his fate be sad in this world, what will it be in the next, when his lot will be in burning fire, and when he shall have to suffer an unceasing thirst for having, in the present time, gratified the cravings of his corrupt appetite? Dearly beloved, exercise all your influence to prevent the spread of this degrading vice, and do you, reverend brethren, caution your flocks against it; deny the sacraments to those who scandalously indulge in it, or expose themselves or others to its temptations, and denounce it from the altar with all the authority which you possess. To all we say in the words of St. Paul.—'The night is past, and the day is at hand. Let us therefore, cast off the works of darkness, and put on the armor of light. Let us walk honestly as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and impurities, not in contention and envy. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh in its concupiscence.'—(Rom. xiii. 12, 13, 14).

The following extract is from a Pastoral letter of the Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, Archbishop of Armagh, which was read in all the churches of the Diocese on Quinquagesima Sunday.

We ought at this time to pray much for the Church of Christ, which is suffering in many places, where a fierce persecution rages against our brethren—and especially against the Clergy and religious orders—stirred up by the spirit of infidelity, or at least of hatred of one, holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church. In our own country we have not indeed to deplore the continuance of open persecution of the Church; but as a Catholic people we have still many disadvantages to contend with; and among these, perhaps the greatest is, the difficulty of procuring a sound and truly Christian education for our youth. Were the Catholic University to obtain that recognition from the state, to which it has a fair and just claim, much would be done to apply a remedy to this evil. A flourishing university supplying a sound and Catholic education in the highest department of learning would exert a most salutary influence throughout the country, and all the departments of education would profit by it. Let us then pray that this matter may be taken into consideration by our rulers; that they may acknowledge the fairness and justice of our moderate petition:—viz: that whereas Protestants have here their universities richly endowed; and the advocates of mixed education from which religion is excluded, have their universities also richly endowed; we Catholics may have our university, not indeed endowed by the state, but so recognized by it, will be as valuable in the eye of the law, as the degrees conferred by any other university. In the mean time, Dearly Beloved Brethren, whilst waiting for this act of justice on the part of our rulers, it is our duty as Catholics not to withdraw from our universities those means of support, without which it would cease to exist. To withdraw its

means of support, would be to give by our own act to the advocates of mixed and un-Catholic education in this country, a more signal triumph than they have yet been able to achieve, backed by all the powers of the state. The truth of this assertion is evident, and shows us our duty at once, sparing me the necessity of explaining to you again the deep interest which our Holy Father takes in the university—how he has impressed upon us repeatedly the duty of supporting it; and how the Bishops of Ireland have, over and over again, in their general meetings, done in like manner. You are aware that for the support of the university a collection is to be made each November throughout the parishes of Ireland. I trust that all the parishes of this diocese will do their part generously on these occasions. I should be sorry to think that there is any parish in the Diocese of Armagh indifferent to a work so truly Catholic and national.

The collection of the St. Peter's Pence, I am happy to say, proceeds steadily in the diocese. We were enabled through your generosity to transmit again nearly five hundred pounds to the Holy Father, as the result of the collection in the diocese, last year. We confidently trust that the collection of this year, will show that the zeal of our people for the independence of our beloved Pontiff is not abated.

PASTORAL OF THE MOST REV. DR. MACALEX.—We extract the following from the Lenten Pastoral of his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam:—

'It is not on account of the olansy indulgence alone we are indebted on this occasion to the Holy Father. He has, on account of the other important subjects treated in the same encyclical letter, laid us under deep obligations. Mindful of the commission given by our Redeemer to St. Peter—of feeding His sheep and lambs—a commission which descends to the Pope as his rightful successor, he has addressed to the Bishops of the Christian world a series of most valuable instructions bearing on the present condition of society, and on the prevailing errors of the age. Along with promulgating the true doctrine of the Church and exhorting the pastors to hold the form of sound words which they heard from those who went before them, he condemns, at the same time, the gross errors by which men are so often deluded, thus teaching truth by both methods, like those who, in former times, taught the value of freedom and temperance, by exposing the disorders of drunken slaves.

It is not our intention, for it would far exceed the scope of a pastoral instruction, to set you before you in detail this melancholy catalogue of hideous errors, against which the Holy Father guards with such vigilant zeal the pastors and their flocks. Many of those revolting errors, instead of being new, are the worn-out opinions of ancient heretics, which are now renewed by the perverse activity of modern infidels, after they had so long slumbered in utter forgetfulness. Those modern unbelievers, laying claim to superior information whilst they are the slaves of the grossest vices, remind us of the character of the same ancient heretics who despised the humble Christians who walked in the ancient path and assumed to themselves the name of Gnostics, or men of knowledge and progress, outstripping, as they boasted, by their advancement in science, the slow and cautious movements of the Church.

Of those people, hear the account given by St. Paul, for some of them appeared in the Church even at that early period.—'There shall be a time when they will not bear sound doctrine; but according to their own desires they will heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears, and will turn, indeed, their hearing from the truth, and will be turned to fables.'—(2 Timothy, iv. 3.) In similar language St. Peter foretells:—'There shall be lying teachers among you, who shall bring in sects of perdition and deny the Lord who bought them, bringing upon themselves swift destruction. And many shall follow their luxuries, by whom the way of truth shall be blasphemed.'—(Peter, ii. 1, 2.) It is against such sectaries and their pernicious errors a large portion of the Pope's encyclical letter is pointed—'mec who, speaking 'swelling words of vanity, allure their followers, promising them liberty when they themselves are the slaves of corruption.'

AN IRISH BISHOP ON EMIGRATION.—The Catholic Bishop of Ephin, in his lenten pastoral, seeks to discourage emigration. He says:—'You will occasionally address your people on the subject of emigration to dissuade them from it. Our earnest advice and admonition to all is, to remain, if possible, at home. Better times are approaching; most of them can by thrift and industry support themselves in their present position and even improve it; and none of them, if they love their country, will abandon it, unless forced to do so, to the birds and flocks of those who would exterminate their race. Besides, it is a lamentable fact, and you will impress it on your young people, that of the Irish emigrants who land each year in America, thousands perish within a few months of their arrival by war and sickness; a large proportion remain in the seaports and cities in a state of deeper and more degrading distress than what they suffered at home; and worse than all that, a large number of them, men and women, who at home led religious and virtuous lives, are carried away by the evil examples that surround them, neglect their religious duties, contract sinful habits, and finally lose their faith. What virtuous girl would, for all treasures of the earth, expose herself to the ruin of those thousands of Irish females who people the prisons and houses of ill-fame in American cities. Let no one presume on her virtue. Those poor outcasts were, whilst at home, virtuous and exemplary. There were, many of them, the joy and pride of their families; but they fled rashly from their homes, from their parents and the priests who loved and guarded them; they rushed blindly and recklessly into danger and perished in it. And so will all who imitate their example.'

On February 17th the Archbishop of Cashel, the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, held a conference at Thurles with the Catholic Clergy at which the following resolutions were adopted:—

'That the only true course of policy open to the friends of Ireland to adopt, is to return to Parliament a body of representatives who will not attach themselves to either Whigs or Tories, but hold themselves independent of both, and oppose any and every party that will not concede to this country those measures of justice for which the National Association has been established.'

PARTY TUNES.—Party tunes, too, formed an amusing element in the late discussion in the House of Commons, and, as a good deal of misconception prevails on this subject amongst newspaper writers, as well as in parliamentary circles, a few passing annotations may not be without some practical use. We have often been amused, almost to the verge of hearty laughter, by reading in the lucubrations of some of our Tory contemporaries loyal denunciations of that vile and most treasonable melody called 'Garryowen'; and, on the other hand, Roman Catholic journalists are sometimes equally loud in their philippics against a wicked, offensive, and most insulting Orange march called—'Kick the Pope before us.' Even in the late Parliamentary debate, 'Garryowen' was singled out as one of the most prominent of the party tunes, whose anonymity was especially dwelt upon. Now, the original song of 'Garryowen' belongs to the second half of the last century, and it was neither a political ditty, nor a party song of any description, good, bad, or indifferent, but a rollicking, roving, 'bohemian' production, lifted with equal vigour by Protestants and Roman Catholics in common, and its very name would have been dead long ago but for the spiteful air with which it is associated. This, then, is the Tory blunder in regard to 'Garryowen,' which is not, and never was a party tune, in its original state, and now for the counter and equally 'indecent blunder' of Roman Catholic journalists, the so-called Orange march of 'Kick the Pope before us' being exactly 'Garryowen' under another name, without the vari-

tion even of a solitary grace-note. A second rebellious tune, about which a good deal has also been said, is the 'White Cockade,' and here it is necessary only to say that this is a well known Jacobite air, which, during the life of 'Prince Charlie,' would no doubt have been deemed disloyal, but that era has long since passed away, and any man who would now make the singing or playing of a fine Jacobite melody to be treasonable, would be simply laughed out of all educated society; and yet this is literally the total disaffection which lurks in the 'White Cockade.' Why, 'Johnnie Cope' is a far worse effusion of Jacobite malignity than the 'White Cockade,' and yet we have heard 'Johnnie Cope' lustily skirled out on the Highlan' bagpipes in the public streets of London, without the interference of a single policeman to haul up the rebel minstrel before a bench of justice. Our own local Jerry air of 'No Surrender' we, we suppose, be regarded as a party tune in Ulster; and yet in the south of Ireland it has been a favorite melody amongst the Roman Catholic population, at least since the early part of the last century, under the name of the 'Boys of Tipperary.' Various other so-called party tunes have histories still more curious than those above mentioned; but we have not space to continue this inquiry; and at all events, enough has been said to show the mischievous ignorance which prevails on a subject of very grave importance in its frequent bearings upon public tranquility.—*Derry Standard.*

GROSS ORANGE OUTRAGE.—Omagh, Feb. 20.—A few nights ago two men named John Cullen and John Donoghue, when near the railway station at Dungannon, were met by two men, who are employed in the flax mill of Messrs. Hale and Martin of that town, named David Boardman and Alexander Arnold, who commenced shouting, 'To H— with the Pope!' They then attacked Cullen and Donoghue, without the slightest provocation. The former ran away, and Boardman fired a pistol at him. He then knocked Donoghue down with a blow of his fist, and stabbed him in the arm with a penknife. Cullen went to the police barrack, and gave information to the police, who immediately after arrested Boardman and Arnold, and brought them before R. G. Brooke, Esq., who discharged the latter and committed the former for trial to the next Assizes of this town. On Boardman being searched, a pistol recently discharged and the penknife with blood on it were found in his trousers pocket.

WAGES OF LABOR.—According to Mr. Flint, Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, who investigated the subject while in Europe, thirty-seven cents per day is the highest sum paid the farm laborer in England or Ireland, the laborer boarding himself. In most parts of Ireland, the farm laborer gets but twenty-five cents per day and with this sum he must board and lodge himself. Even at this low rate, he is not able to procure labor on full time. In Belgium the average price is about thirty cents per day, the laborer finding himself. In Saxony, the rate is about twenty cents per day. At the large Agricultural Institute at Golberg, near Weissenau, it is twenty-four cents per day. In and around Heidelberg, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, it is from thirty to thirty-five cents. In and around Cassel thirty-seven cents per day. At the Agricultural College at Weihenstephan, females are paid eighteen cents per day, finding themselves. These prices are for the season of harvest, when prices are generally higher than any other seasons in the year.

The researches of the Irish Census Commissioners prove that, including the famine years, the mortality during the last 20 years has been lower than the mortality of England, Scotland, and France, and, a fortiori, of any of the other great States of Europe. The Quarterly Reports of the Registrar-General for Ireland show that the mortality of no province in Ireland probably exceeds 20 per 1,000 of the population while in the Bassee Alpes, in the true Celtic Brittany, and in the wretched parts of the south-east of France, described by Victor Hugo, the people die off at rates ranging round 30 per 1,000 annually.—*Cor. Times.*

The telegraph informs us that another Fenian, one Patrick McCann, a millwright, has been arrested at Belfast for using seditious and treasonable language. The language in question is said to have consisted in saying that men were coming from America who would make the police hide their heads, and that he did not care for the Queen.

On the 27th a party of about 100 men assembled on the townland of Wragh, county O'avan, where they pulled the roof off a unoccupied house, and set fire to it, broke a gate, and fired several shots. They also posted a threatening notice, signed 'Molly Maguire,' threatening with death any one who would have anything to say to a farm of land from which a person residing at Swainlinbar had been recently evicted.

A man in drink walked over the cliffs, 300 feet high, at the Giant's Causeway, a few days ago. His body was only identified afterwards by the clothes.

DUBLIN EXHIBITION.—The Great Dublin Exhibition will we understand, be opened by the Prince of Wales, and with the same ceremonial which would have been observed if Her Majesty had not been prevented by circumstances from inaugurating it in person.—*Post.*

ROBBERY IN A CHURCH.—A few nights ago the parish church of Lurganby, county Leitrim, was entered, by ingeniously taking a pane of glass out of one of the windows, and some twenty or thirty shillings of the poor-box money abstracted.

The Tipperary election has resulted in the return of Mr. Moore, the candidate supported by the Archbishop of Cashel and the Clergy as well as by the National Association of Ireland, by an immense majority over Mr. Gill, whose principles are supposed to be deeply tinged with Fenianism. Mr. Moore's majority on the first day was so great that his opponent did not choose to increase it and to show his own insignificance by prolonging the contest to the second day.

In anticipation of the usual charge of want of fertility of the soil of Ireland, it was pointed out that McCulloch, Prof. Lowe, Prof. Johnston, and Sir Robert Kane—high scientific authorities—affirmed that when properly drained the soil of Ireland was more fertile than that of Great Britain. Sir Robert proves that if the mean value of land in England be taken at 16, it will be 14 in Scotland, and in Ireland 17 and a-half. So much impression did this irrefutable fact make on our law-givers that the Government organ next morning contemptuously said that 'the physical deficiencies of Ireland were the true cause' of her miseries. 'The conformation of the country which makes so large a part of the soil mere bog; the dampness of the climate which unfits the soil for the growth of corn; the want of minerals which prevents the establishment of manufactures elsewhere than in the North' (that is suppose to be a mineral) 'are among the chief causes of the backwardness and misery of Ireland.' Our climate, we are told, is the most unsuited in the world for agriculture.

'Tis a pity that the Messrs. Malcomson did not know in time that the South was so unfitted for their great cotton factory. Cork must give up hope of her linen factory, for it has no minerals; coal is, indeed, delivered there at a cheaper rate, than it is in London, and London has factories, France, Belgium, and Germany must find it 'dearer' than Ireland does to get their complement of coal from England—yet their factories flourish.—The Government organ probably supposes—that that the Wicklow mines are somewhere in Ulster, otherwise it might have learned that ore imported into England is again exported to Ireland, because it 'can be prepared more cheaply here, which is rather a singular proof of the unavailability of our climate for manufactures or industrial works.—*Dublin Irishman.*