"It may be no; but I am happy, for I you shall be happy; every ody shall be happy. going to marry, I have no part to play... I hate deception; it, is almost as bitter as bate deception; it, is almost as bitter as marrying one who is in love with another person.

And is that

That must indeed be better. And is that of us. the reason that you do not many your cousin? enquired Lord Montfort.

I may be in love with another person, or I may not, said Miss Grandison. But, how-ever that may be, the moment Ferdinand very candidly told me he was, we decided not to I think we were wise; do not you. marry. I think Lord Montfort?'

'If you are happy, you were wise,' said Lord Montfort.

'Yes, I am pretty happy; as happy as I can well be when all my best friends are miserable.

Are they? I think so: my aunt is in tears; my uncle in despair; Ferdinand meditates suicide: Henrietta is pining away; and you, you who are the philosopher of the society, you look rather grave. I fancy I think we are a most miserable set."

'I wish we could be all happy,' said Lord

Montfort.

'And so we might, I think,' said Miss Grandison; 'at least, some of us.'

· Make us, then, said Lord Montfort.

'I cannot make von.' 'I think you could, Miss Grandison.' At this moment Henrietta entered, and the

conversation assumed a different turn. 'Will you go with us to lady Bellair's, Kute?' said Miss Temple. 'The duchess has asked me to call there this morning.'

Miss Grandison expressed her willingness; the carriage was waiting, and Lord Montfort sfiered to attend them. At this moment the servant entered with a note for Miss Grandison.

From Father Glastonbury,' she said; dear Henrietta, he wishes to see me immediately. What can it be? Go to Lady Bellair's, and call for me on your return You must, indeed; and then we can all go out together.

And so it was arranged. Miss Temple. accompanied by Lord Montfort, proceeded to

Bellair. House. 'Don't come near me,' said the old lady when she saw them; don't come near me; I am in despair; I do not know what I shall do : I think I shall sell all my china. Do you know anybody that wants to buy old china? . They shall have it a bargain. But I must have ready money; ready money I must have. Do not sit down in that chair; it is only made to look at. Oh! if I were rich, like you! I wonder if my china is worth three hundred pounds. I could cry my eyes out, that I could. The wicked men; I should like to tear them to pieces. Why is not he in Parliament? And then they could not take him up. They never could arrest Charles Fox. I have known him in as much trouble as anyone. .. Once he sent all his furniture to my house from his lodgings. He lodged in Bury-street. I always look at the house when I pass by. Don't fiddle the pens; I hate people who fiddle. Where is Gregory? Where is my bell? Where is the page? Naughty boy! why do not you come? There, I do not want anything; I do not know what

to do. The wicked men! The greatest favourite I ever had : he was so charming! Charming people are never rich; he always

'I do not know what you can do. I have got

riends are in trouble. · Who is in trouble, Lady Bellair?

'My dearest friend; the only friend I care about. How can you be so hard-hearted? I salled upon him this morning, and his servant was crying. I must get him a place; he is such a good man, and loves his master. There he is crying down stairs, in Gregory's room. Poor, good creature! I could cry myself, only it is of no use.'

'Who is his master?' said Lord Montfort. 'Nobody you know; yes! you know him very well. It is my dear, dear friend; you know him very well. The bailiffs went to his hotel yesterday, and dragged him out of bed, and took him to prisen. Oh! I shall go quite distracted. ... I want to sell my china to pay his debts. ... Where is Miss Twoshoes?' continued her ladyship; why do you not answer? You do everything to plague me.'

' Miss Grandison, Lady Bellair?' 'To be sure; it is her lover.' 'Captain Armine?'

Have I not been telling you all this time? They have taken him to prison.'

Miss Temple rose and left the room. 'Poor creature! she is quiet shocked. She knows him too,' said her ladyship. 'I am afraid he is quite ruined. There is a knock. I will make a subscription for him. I dare say it is my grandson. He is very rich, and very

'My dear Lady Bellair,' said Lord Montfort, rising, favour me by not saying a word to anybody at present. I will just go in the next room to Henrietta. She is intimate with the family, and much affected. Now, my dear lady, I entreat you,' continued his lordship

'do not say a word. Captain Armine has good friends, but do not speak to strangers. It will do no harm; it will indeed. 'You are a good creature; you are a good

have nothing on my mind. Now that poor I am A mine's friend, I am in deed. I will Ferdinand has told Sir Batcliffe we are not prove it. On my honor, I will prove that I am his best friend.

die scorer than be under an obligation to either of us.

'You shall place him under still greater obligations inan this, said Lord Montfort. 'Yes! Henricita, if he have been true to you, you shall not be false to him.'

'Digby, Digby, speak not such strange words. I am myself again. I left you that I might be alone. Best and most generous of men. I have never deceived you; pardon the emotions that even you were not to witness.'

'Take my : rm, dearest, let us walk into the garden. I wish the speak to you. Do not tremble. I have nothing to say that is not for your; happlusss; at all times, and under all circumstances, the great object of my thoughts.'

He raised Miss Tample gently from the sofe.

He raised Miss Temple gently from the sofa, and they walked away far from the observation of Lady Bellair, or the a ricular powers, though they were not inconsiderable, of her lively guest.

In the meantime morning broke out upon the unfortunate Ferdinand. He had forgotten his cares in sleep, and, when he weke, it was with some difficulty that he recalled the unlucky incident of yesterday, and could satisfy himself that he was indeed a prisoner. But the bars of his bec-room window left him not very long in pleasing do bt.

H s friend, the little walter, soon make his appearance. 'Slept pretty well, sir? Same breakfasi a yesterday, sir? Tongue and 'am sir? Perhaps you would like a kidney instead of a devil? It will be a change.'

'It will come sir. You an't nsed to it. Nothing else to do here but est. Better try the kidney, sir. Is there anything you fancy?'

'I have made up my mind to go to gail boday.'

'Lord! sir. don't think of it. Something will

Lord! sir, don't think of it. Something will "Lord! sir, don't think of it. Something will turn up, sir, take my word."
And sooth to say, the experienced waiter was not wrong. For bringing in the breakfast, follow-! by an underling, with a great romp of plated covers, he informed Ferdinand with a chuckle, that a gentleman was inquiring for him. 'rold you your friends would come, sir.' The gentleman was introduced, and Ferdinand beheld father Glastonbury.' said Ferdinand. scarcely daring to meet his glance, 'this is very kind, and yet I wished to have saved you this.'

this."

'My poor child,' said Father Glastonbury.

'Oh! my dear friend, it is all over. This is a more bitter moment for you even than for me. kind friend. This is a terrible termination of all your zeal and labors."

'Nay!' said Father Glastonbury; 'let us not think of anything but the present. For what are you held in durance?" this.

you held in durance?"

'My dear father Glastonbury, if it were only

My dear father classonbury, if it were only only ten pounds, I could not per mit you to pay it. So let us not talk of that. This must have happened sooner or later. It has come, and come unexpectedly: but it must be borne, like all other calamities.'

But you bave friends, my Ferd nand.'

Would that I had not! All that I wish now is that I were alone in the word. If I could hope that my parents would be verne to myself, I should be comparatively easy. But when I think of them, and the injury I must do them, it is hell, it is hell.'

"I wish you would tell me your exact situa-

'I wish you would tell me your exact situa-tion,' said Father Glastonbury.
'Do not let us talk of it; does my father know of this?'

"Do not let us talk of it; does my father know of this?"

"Not yet."

"Its well; he may yet have a happy day. He will sell Armine."

Father Glastonbury shook his head and sighed. 'Is it so bad?' he said.

My dearest friend, if you will know the worst, take it. I am here for nearly three thousand pounds, and I owe at least ten more.'

'An i they will not take bail?'

'Not for this debt; they cannot. It is a judgment debt, the only one.'

'And they gave you no notice?'

'None; they must have heard somehow or other that my infernal marriage was off. They have all waited for that. And now that you see that affairs are past remedy, let us talk of other topics. If you will be so kind as to remain balf an hour in this dungeon. I shall quit it directly; I shall go to gao! at once.'

Charming people are never rich; he always looked melancholy. I think I will send to the rich man I dine with; but I forget his same. Why do you not tell me his name? "

'My dear Lady Bellair, what is the matter?"

'Don't ask me; don't speak to me. I tell you I am in despair. Oh! if I were rich, how I would punish these wicked men?

'Can I do anything?' said Lo:d Montfert.

'I do not know what you can do. I have got the rich. I do not know what you can do. I have got the rich. I shall not doe or two or three days, if I can stay as long. See my lawyer: not that he will do anything; or can I expect him: but he ma is well call and see me. Adleu, dear friend."

'I do not know what you can do. I have got Friend:

Father Glaston bury was about to retire, when the tic. I always have the tic when my Ferdinand called him back. 'This affair should the kent outer,' he said. 'I told Louis to say I was

Father Glastonbury was about to retire, when Ferdinand called him back. 'This after should be kept quiet,' he said. 'I told Louis to say I was out of town on Brook-street. I should be sorry were Miss Temple to hear of it, at least until after her marriage.

Ferdinand was once more alone with the mirror, the loo-table, the hard sofa, the caricatures which he hated even werse than his host's portrait, the Hebrew Bible, and the Racing Calendar. It seemed a year that he had been shut un in this apartment, instead of a day he had grown so familiar with every object. And yet the visit of Father Glastonbury had been an event, and he could not refrain from pondering over it. A spunging-house seemed such a strange, such an unnatural scene, for such a character. Ferdinand recalled to his memory the tower of Armine, and all its glades and groves, shinning in the summer sun, and freshened by the summer breeze. What a contract this dingy, confined, close dungeon! And was it possible that he had ever wandered at will in that fair scene with a companion fairer! Furth thoughts might well drive a man mad. With all his errors, and all his disposition at present not to extenuate them. Ferdinand Armine could not refrain from esteeming himself unlucky. Perhaps it is more distressing to believe ourselves unfortunate, than to recognize ourselves as imprudent.

A fonu mistress or a faithful friend, either of these are great blessings; and whatever may be one's scrapes in life, either of these was well be sources of consolation. Ferdinand had a fond mistress once, and had Henrietta Temp'e loved him, why, he might struzg'e with all these calamities; but that sweet dream was past. As for friends, he had none, at least he thought not. Not that he had to complain of human nature. He had oxperienced much kindness from menkind, and many were the services he had received from kind acquaintances. With the received from kind acquaintances with the received from kind acquaintances with the received from kind acquaintances with the received from

in a spunging-house. The day wore away, the twilight shades were descending; Ferdinand became every moment more melancholy, when sudremly his constant ally, the waiter, rushed into the room. 'My eye, sir, here is a regular non enquiring for you. I told you it would be all right.'

do no harm ; it will indeed.

'You are a good creature; you are a good creature. Go away.'

'Lady Frederick Berrington, my lady, announced the page.

'She is very witty, but very poor. It is no use speaking to her. 'I won't say a word. Go to Miss Thingabob; go, go.' And Lord Montfort escaped into the saloon as Lady Frederick entered.

Henrietta was lying on the sofs, her countenance was hid, she was sobbing convulsively.

'Henrietta,' said Lord Montfort, but she did not answer.' Henrietta,' he again said, 'dear Hearletta!' I will do whatever you wish.'

'Save him; save him!' she exclaimed. Ohi you cannot save him! And I have brought him to this! Ferdinand, dearest Ferdinand oh! I shall die!'

For God's sake, be calm,' said Lord Montfort, but the for him.'

'Ferdinand, Eerdinand, my own, own of thim.'

'Ferdinand, Eerdinand, my own, own fort, 'there is nothing I will not do fer you, for him.'

'There's is a word the bear this life no longer.'

'There's is a word in the solom and the world, but a law of the world but a law or the world but a l

Here is 5001.; four other fellows at 5001, we an manage it.'
'No more, no more! I beseech you.'
'But you cannot stop here. Quel drole apparte-

ment!

Before Charley Doricourt was in Parliament
he wis always in these sort of houses, but I got
him out, somehow or other; I managed it. Once
I bought off the fellow five hundred dozen of champagus.

'A new way o pay old debts, certainly, said
Fe-dinand.

'I was going to ' marely 'o have something.

was going to ; merely to have something to

'I will stop and dine with you,' said the Count, ringing the bell, 'and we wil' talk over affairs. Laugh, my friend; laugh, my friend Armine: this is only a scene. This is ''.'4. What can we have for dinner, man? I shall dine here.'

'Gentleman's dinner is ordered, my lord; quite ready, said the waiter. 'Champagne in ice, my lord?'

'A be sure; everything that is good. Mon

cher Armine, we shall have some fun'
'Yes my lord,' said the waiter running down
stairs. 'Dinner for the best drawing-room
directly: green-pea-soup, turbot, beefsteak,
rosst duck and boiled chicken and everything
that is good, champagne in ice; two regular
nobs!'

The dinner soon appeared, and the two friends sealed themselves.

'Potage admirable!' said Count Mirabel. 'The best champagne I ever drank in my life. Mon brave, you health. This must be Charley's man, by the wine. I think we will have him up; he will lend us some money. Finest turbot I ever ate! I will give you some of the fins. Ah! you are glad to see me, my Armine, you are glad to see me, my Armine, you are glad to see your friend. Encore champagne! Good Armine, excellent Armine! Keep up your spirits; I will manage these fellows. You must take some bifteak. The most tender bifteak I ever tasted! Tais is a fine dinner. Encore un verre! Man, you may go; don't wait.'

'By Jove, Mirabe!, I never was so glad to see anybody in my life. Now you are a friend; I feel quite in spirits.

'To be sure! always be in spirits. C'est une betise not to be in spirits. Everything is sure to go well. You will see how I will manage these fellows, and I will come and dine with you every day until you are out, you shall not be here cight-and-forty hours. As I go home I will stop at Mitchell's and get out a novel by Paul de Kock. Have you ever read Paul de Kock's books?'

'Never said Ferdinand.

'What a fortunate man to be arrested! Now you can read Paul de Kock! By Jove, yon are the most lucky fellow I know. You see, you thought yourself very miserable in being are rested. 'Tis the fin-st thing in the world, for now you will read "Mon Voistn Raymond.' There are always two sides to a case.'

'I am content to believe myself very lucky in having such a friend as you,' said Ferdinand; 'but now as these things are cleared away. let us talk over affairs. Have you seen Henrietta?'

'Of course, I see her every day.' The dinner soon appeared, and the two friends

Henrletta?' Of course, I see her every day.

'Or course, I see her every day.'
'I hope she will not know of my crash until
she has married'
'She will not, unless you tell her.'
'And when do you think she will be
married?'

"When you please.
'Cher ami! point de moquerie!'
'By Jove, I am quite serious,' exclaimed the
Count. 'I am ascertain that you will marry her

sathat we are in this damned spunging-house.'
Nonsense!' expect to see her. Fatisfied with this explanation, Ferdinand joined the Count at his banquet, and was woke from his cleep and his dream apparently by Mirabel wheep and his dream apparently by Mirabel drawing a cork. Ah! why did he ever wake? It was so real;

Ah! why did he ever waze? It was so real; he had seen her so plainly; it was life; it was the very smile she wore at Ducie; that sunny glance, so full of joy, beauty and love, which he could live to gaze on! And now he was in prison and she was going to be married to another. On I there are things in this world that may well break hearts!

The cork of Count Mirabel was, however, a substantial sound a sentile tangat his door; he

substantial sound, a gentle tap at his door; he answered it, and the waiter entered his cham-'Heg pardon, sir, for disturbing you; only

'Heg pardom sir, for disturbing you; only eight o'clock.'
'Then why the duce do you disturb me?'
'There has been another nob. sir. I said as how you were not ur, and he sent his compliments and said as how he would call in an hour, as he wished to see you particular.'
'Was it the count?'
'Was to the trans a recular nob. sir, for he

'No sir; but it was a regular nob, sir, for he had a coroner on his cab. But he would not leave had a coroner on his section his name.'
'Catch, of course,' thought Ferdinand to himself. 'And seatby Mirabel. I should not wonder it, after a'l, they have broken the bank at Crocky's. Nothing shall induce me to take a

ducat. However, Ferdinand thought fit to rise, and contrived to descend to the best drawing-room about a quarter of an hour after the appointed time. To his extreme surprise he found Lord

a little confused: 'II am afraid I have sadly disturbed you. But I could not contrive to find you yesterday until it was so late that I was asnamed to knock them up here, and I thought, therefore, you would excuse this early call, as, as, as, I wished to see you very much indeed.'

'You are extremely kind,' said Captain Armine. 'But really I much regret that your lordship should have had all this trouble.'

'Oh! what is trouble under such circamstances!' replied his lordship. 'I cannot pardon myself fer being so stupid as not reaching you 'The very finest sense in the world. If you will not marry her, I will myself, for I am resolved that good Montfort shall not. It shall never be said that I interfered without a result. Why, if she were to marry Montfort after all my trouble; dining with that good duchess; it would be a failure.'

'What an odd fellow you are, Mirabel!'

'Of course! Would you have me like other people and not odd? We will drink is belie Henriette! Fill up! You will be my friend when you are married, eh? Mon Armine, excellent garcon! How we shall laugh some day; and then this dinner, this dinner will be the best dinner we ever had!'

'But why do you think there is the slightest hope of Henrietta not marrying Montfort?'

'Because my knowledge of human nature assures me that a young woman, very beautiful, very rich, with a very high spirit, and an only daughter, will never go and marry one man when she is in love with another, and that other one my desr fellow. like you. You are more sure of getting her because she is engaged.'

What a wonderful thing is a knowledge of human nature is like my friend the waiter's experience. One assures me that I am certain to marry a woman because she is engaged to another person and the other, that it is quite clear my debts will be puld because they are so large. The Count remained with his friend until eleven o'clook, when everybody was locked up. He invited himself to dine with his friend until eleven o'clook, when everybody was locked up. He invited him or th

descended the staircase of the spunging-house, humming 'Vivela Bagatelle!'

Although, when Ferdinand was once more left alone to his reflections, it did not appear to him that anything had occurred which should change his opini in of his foriorn lot, there was something nevertheless, inspiring in the visit of his friend Count Mirabel. It did not seem to him indeed, that he was one whit nearer extrication from his difficulties than before; and as for the wild hopes as to Henrietta, he dismissed them if from his mind as the mero fantasite schemes of a sanguine spirit, and yet his gloom, by some process difficult to analyse; had in great measure departed. It could not be the champsane, for that was a remedy he had previously tried; it was in some degree doubtless the magic sympathy of a joyous temperament; but obiefly it might perhaps, be a cribed to the flattering conviction that he possessed the hearty friendship of a man whose good-will was, in every view of the case, a very enviable possession; with such a friend as Mirabel, he could not deem himself oute so, unlucky as in the morning. If he were fortunate and fortunate so unerpectedly, in this instance, he might be so in others: A vague presentiment that he had seen the worst of life came over him. It was countly in value of life came over him. It was countly in value of life came over him. It was countly in value of life sheep in better himor with his destinythat. His dreams were charming; he fanced that he was at Armine, atthough in a spanging-house, fell asleep in better himor with his destinythat. He had been for the last eight months.

His dreams were charming by the Barbary rose-tree. It was moonlight, it was, perhaps, a sight recollection of the night he had looked upon the garden from the window of his chamber, the night after he had first seen Henrietts. Sundenly, Henrie ta had first seen Henrietts. Sundenly, Henri

the rose-tree, where, to his surprise, Katherine was walking with Lord Montfort. Ferdinand called out for Henrietts, but, as she did not appear, he eptered the Place, where he found Count Mirabel dining by himself, and just drinks. Count Mirabel dining by himself, and just drink-ing a glass of champagne. He complained to Mirabel that Henrietta had disappeared, but his friend laughed at him, and said that, after such a long ride, leaving Italy only yesterday, he yesterday. I never can excuse myself for the inconvenience you have experienced. Ferdinand bowed, but was so perplexed that he could not say a word.

inconvenience you have experienced.

Ferdinand bowed, but was so perplexed that he could not say a word.

'I hope, my dear Armine, said his lordship, advancing rather slowly, putting his arm within that of Ferdinand. and walking up and down the room together, 'I hope you will act at this moment towards me as I would towards yeu, were our respective situations changed?'

Ferdinand bowed but said nothing.

'Money, 'Ou know, my good fellow, continued Lord Montart.' is a disagreeable thing to talk about; but there are circumstances which should deprive Such conversation between us of any awkwardness which otherwise might arise.'

'I am not aware of them, my lord,' said Ferdinand, 'though your good feelings command my gratitude.'

'I think, upon reflection, we shall find that there are some, 'said Lord Montfort.' For the moment will only hope that yo,' will esteem those good feelings, and which, on my part, I am anxious should ripen in sincere and intimate friendship, as sufficient authority for my placing your affeirs in general in that state that they may in future never deprive your family and friends of society necessary to their happiness.'

'My lord, I am sure that adversity has as

iness." My lord, I am sure that adversity has assumed a graceful hue with me, for it has confirmed my most amiable views of human nature I shall not attempt to express what I feel towards your lordship for this generous goodness, but I will saw I have profoundly increased with

wards your fortiship for this generous goodness, but I will say I am profoundly impressed with it; not the less, because I cannot avail myself in the slightest degree of your offer.'

'You are too much a man of the world, I am sure, my dear Armine, to be offended by my frankness. I shall, therefore, speak without lear of misconception. It does appear to me that the offer which I have made you is worthy of a little consideration. You see, my dear of a little consideration. You see, my dear friend that you have placed yourself in such a situation that however you may act the result cannot be one completely satisfactory.

(To be Continued.)

## Workingmen.

Before you begin your heavy spring work after a winter of relaxation, your system needs cleansing and strengthening to prevent an attack of Ague, Bilious or Spring Fever, or some other Spring sickness that will unfit you for a season's work. You will save time, much sickness and great expense it you will use one bottle of Hop Bitters in your family this month Don't wait .- Burlington Hawkeye.

## THE IRISH FAMINE.

Pastoral Letter of Mgr. Thibaud, Bishop of Autur, (France), on the famine in Ireland.

BELOVED BRETHREN, -A country with which at different periods of its history, France has maintained the most fraternal relations is just now subjected to a fearful trial: famine is raging in Ireland

In the other countries of Europe, the inclemency of the season, or the insufficiency of the harvest may induce a temporary strain on the slender means of the rural and working classes; they are not, however, absolutely de prived of every means of subsistence.

It is not so in Ireland, where the country people depend almost exclusively for support on a single means. Let only the potatoes or Indian corn fail and whole provinces are at once invaded by famine, real and complete famine, accompanied and followed by allits

borrors. Thirty-three years ago, in 1847, all Europe was stirred by the wail of distress, which, rising from the shores of sorrow-stricken Ireland, and taken up by the powerful and compassionate voice of Pius Ninth, was soon reached to the extremities of the universe. The Pope solicited the two-fold help of prayer and alms in favor of a nation to which might well be applied these words of the Christian charity passes boldly over every Prophet Isaias: "Go, swift messengers, to a barrier of politics and geography, apart from

"What means should we leave untried to succor the Irish people," said the august Pon-tiff but a few months ago seated on the Apostolic chair. "We know full well how, in the darkest days, these people won for themselves a name by their constancy in professing the Catholic faith; at the price of what labours the Irish missionaries have spread the true faith amongst the most distant countries of the universe; in fine, with what plety and religious affection this nation honours the Holy Apostle Peter in the person of his

successors!" (2.) Docile to the voice and example of the Vicar of Christ, bishops recommended to their people the cause of Ireland, and all the Christian nations of the world might be seen uniting in one immense concert of charity to

give food to a people perishing of hunger. Some years later, though not to such an extent, the island of green meadows, so well called by its poets "The Emerald of the Ocean," was again visited by the terrible scourge. It was in the spring of 1860, just

twenty years ago. Permit us, beloved brethren, to here recall one of the dearest memories of our early priesthood. Once more the distress of Ireand forced itself on public attention. Christian pulpits re-echoed the eloquence of the best accredited voices soliciting the generosity of the faithful for a famishing peo-Your bishop, then 32 years of age, ple. (3) received the very honorable mission of making a personal examination into the the dioceses of America and England comsituation of Ireland, so as to study, not only in its effects, but also in its causes, the peri odical suffering of a country to which Providence, however, has refused no element of

For the space of three months, it was our appy privilege to survey in all directions his island, whose aspects are so varied and picturesque. Received with the most feeling sympathy by all classes of society; more than once saluted in the most touching language by the people who recognized in our person, together with the sacred character of priesthood, our quality of a son of France we beheld with our eyes, we touched with our hands the exceptional and proverbial wretchedness of the Irish peasant.

Queque ipse miserrima vidi. (4).

To be sure, the five millions who make up the population of the island-diminished nearly by half in forty years (5) through the double and implacable influence of periodic famine and emigration-are not all deprived of what is strictly necessary. In Ireland, as verywhere else are to be found the contiguity and contrast of riches and poverty; but in no other country does it attain such proportions or reduce men to such utter destitution. There are, in particular, certain portions of the island doomed to an incredible excess of privations and sufferings. We may signal, as having visited them with

(1.) Isalas ch. xviit.

(2.) Encyclical of Pius IX. recommending to all the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops and Bishops of the Holy Catholic Church the sufferings of the Irish people, March 25th, 47, (3) Mgr. Dupanloup, at St. Robb's; the Abbe Marmillod, at St. Cloudde.

(4) Encid. II.

(5) In 1841 the official census of the population was over nine, millions. In 1841, it was only.

was over nine, millions. In 1621 it was only 5.764,000. No doubt the latest census would show a new and notable diminution.

scrupulous attention, and notwithstanding their difficulty of access, that part of Ulster which forms to the north the County of Donegal, and to the west the great Province of Connaught, which was ravaged by Cromstigmas of one of the most dolorous pussions

hills of Connemara and the morasses of the Northwest, upon which at the price of unceasing toil, the peasant scarce succeeds in finding a spot sufficiently solid to build his poor cabin, and some tillable soil on which to plant potatoes and Indian corn, the sole food of his numerous family.

As the traveller advances into these regions his eye meets nothing in the distance but a desolate waste of mononotous dreamness: not a tree, not a verdant branch, or a green spot can be seen to rest the eye. There is nothing in ail directions but a gloomy expanse of bog, where, day and night, the only sound to be heard is the dismal roar of the ocean.

The rural population of this region are, as it were, cut off from the rest of hamanity, and given up to a wretchedness so extreme that one would consider a description of it invented at will, were it not confirmed by all those who, like ourselves, preferred a personal investigation to what they held only on the faith of others. It was in there districts (7) we saw poor women waiting for the time of low tide to gather on the rocks a marine plant, called in their language dhoulamaune, which they carried to their cabins to cook with potatoes, as the evening meal of the family. This unsavory herb, which we had the curiosity to taste, has by itself, no nutritive virtue; but by increas-ing the quantity of food it lessens the time necessary for digestion, and thus retards by so much the hour when it will again be neces-

sary to meet the exigencies of hunger. But these retrospective souvenirs would lead us too far from our purpose, and we must be brief. Certain letters recently sent us from these distant regions place again before our eyes the same scenes of destitution. Both labor and food fail at the same time, and already the newspapers of the country chronicle the sad verdicts of local juries, charged to pronounce on demises called accidental—death from hunger.

Desiring to confine ourselves strictly to the accomplishment of a work of charity, we will not undertake, beloved brethren, to expose to you the political, religious, social and economic causes to which the situation of Ireland must be attributed.

We have devoted no less than two years of our life to the examination, in all its bearings, of this painful and difficult question, and in drawing up for the public the result of the detailed enquete which we did our best to prepare during our voyage.

It does not seem necessary to resume the discussion of these grave problems in order to dispose you to receive favorably our appeal for the Irish people. We are not ignorant of the unfavorable

circumstances under which we once more solicit your generosity. We are not yet over a winter which has everywhere rendered necessary an exceptional exercise of charity. We are obliged. and will yet for a long time, be under the necessity of relieving the wants of those by whom we are immediately surrounded, and in whose favour you have already so generously opened your hearts and your purses. We feel it is almost an indiscretion to extend

our hand for the wants of a foreign nation. But, spart from the consideration that Montfort.

'My dear friend,' said Lord Montfort, looking a little confused: 'II am afraid I have sadly disturbed you. But I could not contrive to find you yesterday until it was so late that I was asham-distributed friend; and devastated by a torrent of calamities, to the fact that every wretch, whatever his nationality or the language in which his cry yesterday until it was so late that I was asham-distributed friends and it hought, there are in the fact that it was asham-distributed friends.

It is not the fact that every wretch, whatever his nationality or the language in which his cry of distress reaches us, is our brother, in his target them up here, and I thought, there Europe two nations which France has always regarded and loved as sisters, viz: Poland and

With the one we have often mingled our blood on the battle-fields of the continent with the other, according to the vicissitudes of fortune, we have, each in turn, given and received. In 1847 famishing Ireland received from France, then prosperous, an amount of help proportioned to her want. In 1870 France was crushed beneath the weight of her reverses. From the midst of her habitual poverty Ireland collected considerable sums for the relief of our prisoners of war. We have wept with her, she has wept us. This interchange of commiseration and fraternal assistance has woven an indissoluble tie between the two countries; and, although at present famine is again visiting and desolating the Irish nation, France will find the means, in spite of her own wants, to aid her sister in distress, and to send her with the sympathy which preserves from despair the alms that saves

from death. Only a few days ago, notwithstanding the charges that bear on the Pontifical treasury, solely maintained by the liberality of the faithful. Leo XIII sent 10,000 francs to fam-

ine-stricken Ireland. An American journal (New York Herald) took the initiative in a subscription at the head of which he inscribed himself for the sum of a hundred thorsand dollars. mittees are being organized and collections prescribed to aid the Irlsh bishops in feeding able me to prove or disprove the truth of my their people.

It is impossible for us, beloved brethren, to keep outside this great movement of

I have said more than once, but I love to repeat it; the diocese of Autun has a very special, a sacred reason to take a foremost place in all works of zeal and mercy. It is ous that Our Lord Jesus Christ has made known by a signal privilege the special graces with which he intended to favor his Church by opening more widely to it the treasures of goodness and compassion contained in His divine heart. By this title, whoever suffers in the world belongs to us, and through gratitude for the unspeakable gift the world envies us, as often as it hears pronounced the name of Paray le Monial, we should be more engerly zealous than others in pouring forth upon human woes the balm of cordial charity.

Thus did you act, brethren and most beloved children, when three years ago we communicated to you the heart-rending descriptions of our missionaries in the East. what is characteristic of Irish poverty is that and when we solicited your compassion in behalf of the unfortunate inhabitants of the banks of the Ganges decimated by a dreadful famine.

Your hearts were touched: even the poorest added their mite to the offerings of the rich; you all responded to our appeal with a generosity that won for you from the Apostles of Orient the most touching expressions of gratitude. 

(6) The soldiers of Cromwell executed in so barbarous a manner the orders of their master that I reland became a desert, of which it used to be said: That there remained not enough water to drown a man wind to hang him, or earth to bury him. (Villemain, Vie de Cromwell.) well.)
(7) Particularly in a certain part of Donegal.

When, again, but a few weeks ago, it became necessary to support our religious schools at Chalon, and establish at Anton a complete system of voluntary contribution for the relief of the poor, it sufficed for come bishop to well with such unpitying cruelty, and of raise his voice and you press a cagerly forwhich we may affirm without exaggeration ward, as in the first case, to place on their that it still bears, after two centuries, the former footing institutions that had been unjustly proscribed—as in the second, to proever endured by a people for fidelity to the portion your liberality to the excess of want.

Solventestanding the unfavorable circum.

We still can see, in imagnation, the rugged stances in which we still find ourselves, we stances in which we still find ourselves, we confidently recommend to you the starving people of Ireland; and from that distant island where, since the time of St. Patrick, (8) our country has been known and loved words of gratitude, the echo of which wel-comed us twenty years ago, will ascend to an infinitely good God imploring His bleesing on the inexhaustible charity of France.

> (8). According to the most ancient traditions, mentioned and confirmed by the Roman Broviary, St. Patrick was a near relative of our great St. Martin, of Tours. L'Echo de Fourviere

## IRISH BELIEF.

Beautiful and Elequent Acknowledge ment of Soutreal's Generosity to Ireland-An Irish Catholic Prelate's Gratitude.

The following reply, by His Grace the Most Rev. Daniel McGettigan, Primate of all Ireland, to the letter of Father Dowd accompanying \$8,450,10, collected in the parishes of St. Patrick's and St. Aun's, in this city, for our suffering friend's in Ireland, was received recently. We are happy to place before our readers this beautiful effusion of a tender and truly charitable hearf :-

ARMA'GH, IRELAND, 5th March, 1880.

Very Rev. and Dear Father Dowd:

A poor woman, after being largely helped at a Convent door by the grood Superioress, the other day, was going a way without say-ing a word. But tears of gratitude were rolling down her emaciated cheeks. Being asked by one of the nuns, "have you ne word of thanks to your rev. m other for all she has done for you?" The puor creature replied, "Sure, dear Sister, I would not speak what I feel in my heart by talking about it." Well said!

I am like that poor woman. No tongue could adequately express what I felt t be other day, on receiving the princely don tion of £1,727 18s 3d through for the parishe's of Ht. Patrick's and St. Ann's, Montreal, Ax the

relief of our suffering people. Gratitude, it is said, is garrulous; but let it suffice for me to say, that I cannot a ufficiently praise and thank our bountiful frie ads in Montreal, for their timely and munificamt contributions towards the relief of our virtuous poor in their sore trials.

It is a great source of pride and gratificstification to know that your appeal was so promptly and generously responded to by all classes and creeds, and I beg of you to convey to the kind contributors our warmest acknowledgments for the substantial sympathy and splendid liberality in helping us in this dark hour of distress; in return, I can promise you and them our lasting gratitude, and the fervent prayers of our afflicted people.

I know well how persons in receipt of limited incomes must sacrifice many little ianocent luxuries to enable them to be charitable. No one is more thoroughly able to appreciate such sacrifices than the poor Irech themselves, who are doing more at this mement to relieve the poor than the British Parliament and all our workhouses. It is idle for me to say that your wishes

will be faithfully carried out in the distribution of your handsome donation, and I wat not fail to ask all those who share in your bounty to pray that Heaven's best gifts may descend on the heads and hearts of all our benefactors.

years of health and happiness, I remain. Very reverend and dear sir,

Your talthful and grateful servant, DANTEL MCGRTTHAN.

TRANSVAAL. Or. Russell's Reply to Sir Garnet Welseley! In the Daily Telegraph of this morning appears a long letter from Dr. William Howard

THE ALLEGED ATROCITIES IN THE

Russell, lately that journal's special correspondent at the seat of war in Bouth Africa, in which that gentleman, replying to Sir Garnet Wolseley, justifies his allegations comcerning the behaviour of a portion of the British troops in the Transvaal. He thus concludes :-"The most hostile critic, the most prefadiced partisan, cannot point out one single personal object I could have in taking the

course I have done. I never dreamt of sub-

mitting my correspondence or my informa-

tion to Sir Garnet Wolseley or any member

of his staff. I never intended to make any charge against him or them. I could not hold him answerable for what occurred before he was in the field, and for eircumstances of which he was ignorant. But even had I done so, my views .of the duty of a newspaper correspondent would have forbade my acquiescing in the censorship which is implied in the remark that I should have referred to a competent authority to eaallegations. It is quite clear the competent authority 'knew little about the facts to which I called attention, and I am too well acquainted with the subtleties of official denials to be engaged with them if I can but it. I wanted the truth to be latown, do good. because I believed it would The house was on fire, was I to blame for warning the inmates because some thief, might come in and steal the plate? If I amproved to have made false statements, and. that I recklessly and wickedly have done . public mischief, I suffer the tremendous per .alty of forfeiting the confidence I have dajoyed, the good name I have earned, the Yav-our of my friends, and the support of the ser-vice, to the interests of which ing to my lights I have devoted my life, and for what? If I establish the truth of all I have. asserted. I shall have the consolation, indeed, which has been so often my only regard, of knowing that I have at much risk rendered a benefit to the State, and hat I have strengthened the hands of hose who are charged with the maintens age of the dis-cipline and efficiency of the British army, in resistance, if they will make eit, to destructive innevations. It is thank less work for me.

the Queen and country." Exchange paper. London, March 23.—. In the House of Lords last night the Duke of Rutland, Conservative. called attention to U is depression of trade and agriculture. Beaconsfield contended that the revival of trade was general .. He believed ito would last; to insist on receprocity by other countries would be impossible, now that we had parted with our import duties. The present state of things was brought about by

a succession of bad harvests.

God grant it may be profitable and useful for