

I come again, I shall bring some beautiful French toys and pictures. "Bring papa, and give my best love to him," she said, leaning back exhausted on the pillow. "Good-by, Cousin Donald; I am so tired." And then again a portentous slumber stole over her senses. "Do not come again, Donald More," said the agitated mother, going to the door with him. "There can be nothing in common between us. A wide gulf separates us. I will receive no favors from you; nor should John Halloran's children accept the slightest gift."

bosom, and place thee in the hands of Him who gave thee!" The dove, startled perhaps by the light, fluttered down and nestled close to the bosom of the child, within her arms, while faint and more low came up her breath. Dennis and Ellen, hearing the slight stir, came in, and knelt sobbing near the bed. "She is passing away very sweetly, my friend," said Mrs. Gray. "Let us not disturb her. It would be sinful to break in on such rest." At that moment the child stretched out her arms; a slight shiver passed over her frame; then truly she slept that sleep which shall know no waking until the Resurrection morn dawns on the weary earth.

commencement of the Passion. Our Lord Jesus Christ said then: *Nunc clarificatus est Filius hominis.* And yet He had already manifested Himself by His miracles, by His teaching, and by His fulfilment of the prophecies; but it was not until this moment that He said expressly, that now He was about to be glorified by His Cross, and by His death. Thus, then, before being glorified by His Resurrection and Ascension, He would to be glorified even by suffering and dying upon Golgotha. And we, too, shall have our resurrection from the depth of corruption into which we have been cast. But who knows whether even greater trials may not be reserved for us? We shall certainly be glorified by a vengeance worthy of God, either by the admirable conversion or the terrible punishment of His enemies.

The Department of the Seine, strong in armed men of advanced opinions, to constitute itself into an independent Republic, with its own system of government by communes. How the rest of France would appreciate an excess of this sort in its midst, continually, so to speak, coming to a head and bursting into luxury and riotous living which have attracted hither the wealth and wickedness of Europe would be so seriously diminished that great opportunity would be afforded to the inhabitants of his Republic to improve their morals. Meantime M. Lockroy, one of the Paris Deputies, has written to the *Rapport* to explain why he and his colleagues, who had announced their intention of retiring from the Chamber, have changed their minds. They had a meeting on the subject, and it occurred to them that, as they were elected by Paris to represent it in the Chamber, it would to some extent be a dereliction of duty if they did not represent it there. M. Lockroy and his colleagues are evidently making progress in their political education. The *Vengeur*, under the inspiration of M. Pyat, is constantly striking out new and original political ideas. One of its most recent constitutional theories is as follows:—"The sovereignty of the people is permanent. Consequently, the electors have, at any hour which may suit them, the right to convoke their committees, who shall exact or provoke the resignation of a Deputy who does not vote in the manner in which he ought to vote."

arisen in consequence of the siege, for which its rules had not provided, has given a certain color to these complaints. At the same time, as the Mont de Piété is conducted entirely on capital borrowed from other State institutions, and as the financial embarrassment under which Paris is suffering extends everywhere, there are pecuniary reasons why it is very difficult now for the Government to relax its rules, and afford special privileges and facilities to those who have pawned their goods, without running the risk of absolute insolvency. During the siege no one was allowed to borrow more than 50f. on any article no matter what its value might be. In spite of this, the pressure for money was so great that the store-rooms of the Mont de Piété became encumbered with articles, which 150,000 persons of all classes brought and pledged. I made a most interesting inspection of these immense storehouses of private property a few days ago, and walked through labyrinth of stored jewelry, each little box colored and numbered according to its year, all the even numbers indicating one year, all the odd numbers another. Here were no fewer than 100,000 watches and 25,000 clocks. There were diamond necklaces and bracelets of fabulous value, which had lain for many years, and which were pledged anew every year, that had glittered, nevertheless, on the arms and necks of their owners at every Imperial ball and on every State occasion, when they were hired from the Imperial pawnbroker for the night. Here, too, were evidences of the more real distress to which persons of rank had been reduced—one piece of lace after the other, the last customer's shawl, or a pocket handkerchief embroidered with a coronet, or such fine material that it was still possible to raise 3f. the lowest figure allowed, upon it; gentlemen's gold-headed canes, even ordinary riding whips, and no fewer than 2,000 opera-glasses. Her: was an umbrella, the pawn-ticket of which had been renewed every year since 1812, and a silk dress, the owner of which for the last 28 years had been unable to redeem it, but had regularly raised the portion of her annual income which it represented. Here were unwritten romances staring at one from the eyes of pawned pictures, and dreadful family secrets locked up in jewel boxes. This quarter of the establishment was what might be called the Faubourg St. Germain, of the Mont de Piété. When we went into the Belleville quarter the objects were very different. No fewer than 2,300 poor wretches had pawned their instruments, and starving seamstresses had pawned 1,500 pairs of scissors. Spades, shovels, teapots, without end.

AFTER THE STORM.

VERSAILLES, MARCH 9.—The "Gross" Head-Quarters gone! The Crown Prince gone, and only General von Blumenthal and Colonel von Gottberg, with a few officers, left at Les Ombres to represent that great Staff! The Reservoirs deserted, not a gold or silver fish remaining! Last week the Crown Prince gave his *Zweier Stüpfel* a hint that they might vanish as they pleased, for his Staff was broken up.

Before his departure the Crown Prince sent Jerusalem rosaries to the Sisters of Charity who have been so good and constant in their attendance, and he also gave similar mementoes to some of the monks. These inexpensive and thoughtful acts make his Imperial Highness very popular, and his name is in good odour "*quoique il est bien Allemand.*" He left Versailles with his reduced Staff of personal attendants, Graf von und zu Eulenberg, Graf von Scheitnitz, Dr. Wegner, &c., Graf von Seckendorff having been sent on with letters for the Crown Princess, who must, no doubt, long to see her husband after a separation of eight long and terrible months. The Princess, however, is a soldier's wife, and knows well how the duty is paramount which detains the Field Marshal now on a tour among the troops before he repairs to Rheims, where the Emperor will, some say, hold a sort of Court for a day or two before he repairs to Germany and makes his State entry into Berlin on the 19th of March. Count Bismarck would like him to return at once. But the Emperor is loth to leave his soldiers. The Germans are, so far as one can judge, in no violent hurry to get home. The Landwehr, of course, are the first to march, and they will naturally be much wanted; but even on the faces of the line fellows of the Guard who have been in Versailles lately there was no great expression of rejoicing as they set out towards the Rhine, which they have "watched" to such good purpose. The course taken by the troops is rather aggravating, but it was provided in the Convention that they should be at liberty to pass between Valerin and the river, and so they struck out from the end of the Neuilly bridge to St. Gratien, by Courbevoie. They will leave behind them most bitter memories, and, judging of the future from the present, I would say it was not in the power of any Government to divert the mass of Northern Frenchmen from the study of revenge, and that it is worse than useless to reason to them of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come while they are trembling with passion and the desire of vengeance. Perhaps they may expend their rage on each other. Count Bismarck does not like the Republic, and he has been so busy in the Warwick line that he would not be disinclined to try his hand at a restoration. The Kaiser would not be averse from seeing on the Throne of France one whom he had hurled from it, and there are many among the German Princes who would hail with pleasure the captive of Wilhelmshöhe as Emperor of France—"the Sir and my good brother" of an Empire which should indeed perform a feat.

Paris was for four months and more bound by an iron hoop which France could not break. There were 500,000 inside it and 250,000 men outside. So 500,000 men were kept in by a band of 250,000 men. Iron will yield. It can be broken or bulged, melted or snapped. It can be filed asunder or rusted or cut. But the "iron circle" round Paris, tried by heat and by cold, by fire and by frost, by file and by point, never gave way. The minor contained the major to the end. Where is this iron circle? A circle is a well-defined idea. There ought to be no rift in its circumference. Thick or thin, it should be continuous. You may set out, however, from Versailles and journey round Paris, and you will be hard set to find any traces of a circle at all. There is not a wall of iron now, nor a fence of wood, nor lines of forts, nor continuous trenches, nor parapets; in fact, nothing one can call "lines" at all. No. The "iron circle" which was around Paris was made of "sexes." For four months the Prussians stood on the defensive. Every sortie against them has failed. The reasons of the failure were that in getting over the natural difficulties of the ground the assaults were exposed to the fire of fixed batteries from the entrenched front, which swept the troops before they could debouch and form their columns of attack. Often the heavy French field artillery, delayed by bad roads, by thaws and slippery ice, could not get into line, and they had to regret the infatuation for large calibres which had led to the abandonment of the pieces of 4, which could strike well at 3,000 metres, and which had the enormous advantage of being able to go anywhere.

Whatever people may say to the contrary, if Paris, as looks now imminent, becomes the arena of a fierce and bloody conflict, her fate is sealed; her palaces will become abandoned, her population paupers, and her ruin complete as a centre of fashion and of pleasure. In the words of one of our poets, "The rejoicing city that dwelt carelessly, that said in her heart, I am, and there is none beside me, will become a desolation: every one that passeth by her shall hiss, and wag his hand." The first step towards this consummation is indicated in the *Cri du Peuple* of to-day, edited by a certain Jules Valles, a theorist, who may be considered as the representative of the most extreme class. Admitting that the party to which he belongs cannot conquer France from the reactionaries, he calls upon

LENTE ALLOCATION OF HIS HOLINESS PIUS IX.

On the occasion of the commencement of Lent the Sovereign Pontiff held the usual reception of all the Parish Priests of Rome, and of the Lenten Preachers. The Pope then addressed to them, in solemn and touching terms, an Allocation, which is translated as follows by the *Tablet*:—

It has pleased the Supreme Lord of all things to permit all that we now witness, all that afflicts us in these days; it has also pleased Him that His Vicar should be witness of the events that have so changed the aspect of the Capital of the Catholic world, that we may say of her to-day as it once was said of Sion, "All her ways mourn." And in truth this city, which is by her nature and by her title the centre of Catholicity, always has had an aspect full of gravity, e. that even when she gave herself up to some laudable recreation she still remained the City of the Saints. But at the present hour, alas! how is the pure gold become dim! Violence, injustice, and brutal force have overthrown our walls, they have penetrated even within the sacred enclosure: a dark cloud went before them black and horrible, a cloud of dagger men, assassins, impious and wicked persons ignorant of shame. Within a few short weeks how has all been changed! The ministers of the Lord are no longer respected; many of them have been insulted and turned to derision; the churches have been profaned; some of them have even been polluted and dishonoured by the emissaries of Satan. Worse still, they now threaten to take away from Rome those religious communities which form its richest treasure. To plunder the Church, that is their long-cherished project, and the one they will at last put in execution if Almighty God leave them sufficient time to carry out their designs.

In the midst of such painful catastrophes and of so violent a tempest, what shall be the weapons with which we must war against the assaults of hell?

In the days of Pagan Rome it was said: *Agere et pati fortia Romanum est!* A Father of the Church, in the Apology which he presented to the persecutors of Christianity, also said: *Agere et pati fortia Christianorum est.*

Now then, if we observe the present attitude of the people of Rome, it also deserves to have this said of it. I speak of the Roman people, not of the worshippers of Jupiter or of Mercury, but of the Roman people who adore Jesus Christ, and who venerate the Holy Virgin and the Saints. Are not we ourselves witnesses of all that it has done to stem the tide of evil; of the admirable associations established to assist and defend the truth, and to succour the afflicted? The churches are very much thronged, the Word of God is eagerly listened to, the Sacraments are received with great fervour. I do not go abroad, but you will know—your yourselves—all that Rome has done to resist the work of lies and of wickedness.

Well, then, it is precisely because I do not go abroad that you, the parish priests and preachers, must tell it throughout Rome that the Pope is unable to bless this people of whom I speak, and to approve and encourage them to persevere in their conduct.

Then tell them that fathers of families should not allow their children to go to theatres where plays are acted which insult religion and morality, and where vice and immorality triumph. Such places are forbidden to Christian families; they cannot be present at performances intended to dishonour God and the Church, to overthrow the faith, and to break her most sacred laws.

Tell them also that I thank the Romans for the sufferings they have undergone, and particularly all those Civil Service employees who, in such large numbers, have remained faithful to honour, loyalty, and conscience, and have chosen rather to undergo all sorts of privations than to become accomplices in treason and felony.

Tell them that I know all this, and that I bless them as I do all those who can do and suffer like true Romans.

But will so many prayers cause the morning of peace to dawn? Will it dawn soon? That it will dawn is certain; but it will be soon, I know not. It may be that we shall have to endure more and different griefs still.

I remember Judas, who, when he had eaten of that bread which is *mors vitæ, vita bonis*, went forth from the Upper Chamber of God.—I say of God, for it had become so, by the presence and the work of the Saviour. The traitor went to hasten on the

WITHIN THE CITY.

The *Mont de Piété* is the title given to the great pawn-broking establishment of Paris, in which, during the siege, the poorer classes were by press of famine compelled to pawn their tools, their cooking utensils, and domestic furniture. The correspondent of the *Times* describes the aspect of the place:—

The fact that the State is the universal pawn-broker in France, that a certain amount of red tape is incidental to an establishment of such gigantic proportions, and that unforeseen exigencies have

THE ASSEMBLY AT BOURBONNEX.

During the discussion of the Treaty of Peace, one of the first to mount the tribune was M. Victor Hugo; but before he had spoken twenty sentences, he had the good taste to make an offensive allusion to the Pope, which called up a score of members on the Right, who denounced the speaker as wishing to infuse discord into the meeting. What made the attack all the worse was, that in the diplomatic box, between Lord Lyons and Prince Metternich, was Monsignor Clugni, the Papal Nuncio, who, by his dress, and tall person, must have been perfectly visible to M. Hugo. The Nuncio at once took his hat and left the Assembly; whilst from the Right of the House the cries against Victor Hugo's unprovoked rudeness were redoubled, and were only silenced after a considerable time by the President, whose right hand hardly ever left off touching his deep-sounding bell, to call the Deputies to order.

From the English point of view, however, there can be no doubt there was, indeed, yesterday in the Chamber a most remarkable row—the word is scarcely Parliamentary, but there is really no other that so well describes the scene. As usual, it arose suddenly and quite unexpectedly, having no connexion whatever with the general course of the debate, which had been, on the whole unusually prosaic and tame. The question before the House was whether the Algerian elections, among them that of Garibaldi, were valid, and it might have been settled and apparently was about to be settled on purely legal or constitutional grounds, when unluckily it seems to have occurred to M. Victor Hugo that the occasion was a fitting one for a general eulogy of his illustrious friend, Victor Hugo is unpopular with the great majority of the House, and he was still his great reputation at once procured him a ready hearing, the Assembly rapidly settling down into hushed attention as he approached the tribune, and the eulogy, well-managed—as, for instance, a practised orator like M. Louis Blanc would have managed it—might have been allowed to pass without censure if without applause. But M. Victor Hugo can have had little practice as an orator, and, indeed, if he has any oratorical gifts, as his admirers protest, he must have yesterday somehow completely lost command of them. Nobody who heard him, as I did, for the first time, could possibly have discovered a trace of them, or could have failed to be painfully impressed with the piteous spectacle of a great man made to look very little by being in the wrong place. His fine face and noble bearing—which would make the fortune of many a public speaker—only increase one's disappointment by raising false hopes, and his delivery is so slow and hesitating that it would be barely tolerable if the speaker, embarrassed by his own wealth of words—as might easily be supposed to be Victor Hugo's case—were struggling to choose the best, and it becomes unbearable when, at the end of the sentence, all this labor produces something so tame and commonplace that, if it was worth saying at all, it should at least have been said at once and got over with as little notice as possible. Victor Hugo's manner, too, is—or, at least, yesterday was—terribly against him. He put one hand in his pocket, and with the other kept up a series of violent spasmodic jerks at the audience, much as if he were throwing his words at them, and hoped by throwing very hard to give even the little words weight and force. One could scarcely be surprised at the growing impatience and irritation with which the Right heard him, and when at last he showed so much want of tact, to use no stronger word, as to say to a French Assembly, in the presence of several distinguished French generals, that Garibaldi was the only general on the French side who had not been beaten, deafening shouts furiously drowned his voice, and there followed, for several minutes, one of those extraordinary scenes of tumult and confusion which baffle all description, and which must be seen to be properly appreciated. I doubt whether they are to be seen anywhere but in a French political assembly. There must at one moment have been at least 20 speakers all on their legs together, shouting something either at Victor Hugo or at each other, and shaking their fists, while the wretched President, purple in the face from helpless indignation and the exertion of ringing his bell, endeavored, of course in vain, to shout silence louder than them all. Naturally one does not hear one in a hundred of the things said, but now and then a pause occurs from general loss of breath, and then a speaker who has warily reserved himself gets a chance of quickly slipping in half-a-dozen audible words. General Ducrot got such a chance yesterday, and called on Victor Hugo to withdraw words which were an "outrage" to the Assembly. The Right took up the cry and cheered General Ducrot again and again to the echo. At last the President, taking advantage of another pause, made the Assembly understand that Victor Hugo, who had been all this time resolutely confronting, with both hands in his pocket, the "outraged" House, was about to explain himself. Silence was obtained, but the great poet, not accustomed to this sort of popular reception, was now fairly in a pet, and after declaring that the House which had refused to hear Garibaldi, now refused to hear him,