

"Noble Abaris," he said, at last, in a low tone, to the princely bard, "cannot we spur on a little faster, thou and I? I can bear many evils with patience, provided I have two things which are essential to my existence,—sunshine and air. This horrible mist suffocates me."

"It weighs heavily on me also. Methought thou wert sleeping off some of the weariness of incessant travel. But follow me. We have only to gallop to the summit of the nearest hill to meet the morning in its glory," said Abaris, cheerfully.

"Hill! Where shall we find such a landmark in a sea of vapor like this?"

"We, who know where those landmarks lie, can find them in the darkest midnight. Follow me," replied Abaris, reining up his steed, which, obeying the signal, shot forward, like an arrow from a bow, and was lost to view in the mist. Pursuing the sound of his horse's feet, Clotaire followed him. For several minutes they galloped on in silence over a level country; at last he found that he was on rising ground, which his jaded horse ascended with difficulty. Guiding him slowly up, cheered by the voice of his companion, who was still unseen he ascended by slow degrees the narrow and rugged mountain-path, until he reached the summit, where he found Abaris, standing with folded hands and bowed head, looking toward the east, where a golden halo, glimmering through the white vapor, announced the rising sun. Clotaire dismounted, and leaned against a gray rock, waiting patiently until his orisons were over.

"It is brighter here; but this cloudy barrier still shuts out the view," he said.

"Be patient! I already feel the breath of the southwest on my cheek. It is moving like a spirit through the earth-cloud, which is rippling and flowing away like a shaded river toward a sun-bright sea. It will soon be lifted heavenward, where, banished with glory, it will canopy the pathway of the sun. Like the spirits of the just, who shake the dust from their robes to enter into a more glorious life, it leaves this ignoble earth to bathe in heavenly mysteries," said the bard, in a rapt tone.

"How sayest thou, Abaris? Is there another life than this, into which the just pass after death? If so, what becomes of those who, while living, sit in the earth with their crimes?" inquired Clotaire earnestly.

"They also pass into another life; but it is in the form of some ignoble brute or poor insect, where they remain enduring all the evils incident to its state, yet filled with a keen and immortal intelligence which makes their punishment more horrible. Thus their souls are transmigrated through progressive grades, until they develop a repentance and purity and wisdom to which they were strangers on earth, when they are released. Thus thou dost perceive that rewards await the just; and punishments the wicked," said Abaris, fervently.

"What is the code which must be adopted to procure the immortal life of reward?" asked Clotaire, with interest.

"The general laws of this grand code are benevolence, tenderness, forgiveness of injuries, and love of enemies. It is full of benignity and gentleness. It forbids sensuality, love of pleasure, and attachment to worldly objects."

"And suppose these laws are transgressed,—for nature must be perfect to practice them: is there no atonement?"

"None. We make our own destiny, whether for good or evil. But thou wilt know more in proper time. The mysteries of religion must be taught in the solemn gloom and silence of the temples. Wilt thou listen? for the spirit of song is on me. Hear the plaint of the blind and aged Oisín," said Abaris, uncovering his small, gold-strung harp which he always carried with him. He swept his hands over the keys, and to a plaintive and murmuring accompaniment which was interspersed with notes expressive of deep feeling, he sang, in clear and softly-modulated tones, the Lament of Oisín:

"I behold, O Sun, thy beams no more,
Whether thy yellow hair flows out
On the light eastern clouds, or thou
Tremblest at the gates of the west.
Thou art not like me! Thy years will have no end,
Neither shalt thou sleep in the clouds,
Careless of the voice of the morning!
Exit then, O Sun,
In the strength of thy youth!
Age is dark and unlovely;
It is like the glimmering of the moon
Through the mists of the hills,
When thy eyes dash through broken clouds."

Then, in more stirring strains, the bard, lifting up his voice from the soft recitative, sang the following anthem, while his eyes, flashing with the spirit of song, gazed toward the reddening east.

"Whence are thy beams, O Sun,
Thy everlasting light?
Thou comest forth in awful beauty,
And the stars hide their heads in the sky;
The moon, cold and pale,
Sinks in the western waves;
But thou,—thyself,—who can be
The companion of thy course?
The oaks of the mountain fall;
The mountains themselves decay with years;
The ocean sinks, and grows again;
The moon herself is lost in heaven;
But thou art forever the same,
Rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.
When the world is dark with tempests,
When thunders roll, and lightning flies,
Thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds
And laughest at the storm."

And while the young bard's voice rang in silvery notes, floating out on the air like a spirit-song, the wind freshened, and lifted the gray mist upward, where, meeting the sun-rays, it brightened and glowed like flaming banners in the zenith. Far below them, Clotaire of Bretagne beheld a scene of rich and picturesque beauty spread out. Rath and glen, brae and knoll, all dappled with the snowy hawthorn and tinted with edges of light, lough and winding river, rolling lands rich with growing harvests,

* The doctrine of Metempsychosis was one of the dogmas of the faith of the Druids.
† From Baron Harrold's translation of Irish poetry.
‡ The same.

hoary forests, distant plains dotted with cottages and villages, the lofty Betsah-houses and their rich pastures and roaning herds, distant crags and purple hill-sides, where proudly uprose the chieftain towers and lordly strongholds, while here and there, rising like gray Titans amid the landscape, stood the high towers of the Druids, where, like the Egyptians and Chaldees of old, they studied the mystery of the planets and exercised some of the most awful and secret rites of their pagan creed,—all, bathed in undulating shadows or gleaming with crimson and gold, greeted the stranger's eyes.

"Dins Fidiús!" he exclaimed, shading his eyes with his hand, while he gazed delightedly down:—"This is worth a world-wide travel to behold. But ha! on this side I see a splendid city, filled with palaces of marble, over which innumerable banners, whose blazonry I cannot distinguish, are unfolding to the winds. Beyond, on the height of a gentle eminence, I see a magnificent palace, whose splendid pillars and majestic arches, whose noble porticoes and turrets of fretted marble, whose lofty statues and gleaming fountains, strike me with wonder, as the dark forest throws out the whole in the broad sunlight! Noble bard, do I look on Tara?"

"Thou art right, noble stranger. This is the city, that the palace of Tara," replied the bard, proudly. "There dwells Laogaire, monarch of all Ireland, and within its halls of legislation, every third year, the four provincial kings, the princes, the nobles, the chieftains, the Druids, the bards, the brehons, the ollahms, the commanders of battalions, and the master-artisans, meet to deliberate on the affairs of the nation, repair abuses, and dispense justice. It is called the Assembly of the Estates of Tara."

"And that palace to the right?"

"That," replied Abaris, with a smile, "is one of the wonders of the world, which fills every foreigner with amazement. It is the *Grimmian-na-Nianghean*, where the wives, daughters, and sisters of the princes, knights, and chiefs of Tara regulate, in deliberative council, all the affairs appertaining to their sex and rank."

"Women! almost shouted Clotaire. "And are their decisions laws?"

"Their decisions are laws."

"Dost thou know, sir bard, that this thing, which is indeed a novelty, increases my veneration for Erin? Where religion, learning, heroism, and woman are so highly esteemed, the people must needs be refined, intelligent and patriotic. But now pardon me, for I shall ask thee perchance a rude question; but it is suggested by thy own noble and lofty qualities, to an imitation of which I shall aspire."

"Thou art my pupil. All that I know thou mayest command," replied Abaris, well pleased with the frank and courteous manner of Clotaire.

"Are not thy talents, thy eloquence, thy bravery, wasted in the occupations of what seems to me a useless order? Why not leave music to women and troubadours, as we of Gaul do, and buckle on the sword and shield of thy fathers, that thy name may become glorious?" asked Clotaire, earnestly; for he had learned to love the gentle bard, as well as admire his elevated character.

"Know, O noble stranger," replied Abaris, speaking with grave eloquence, "that I would not exchange my bardic character for the most powerful throne in Europe. Our functions are sublime and holy, and it is by no ordinary labor that we attain to the highest dignities of our order. We are trained to arms; and though not bearing arms in the field, we excite the chieftains and soldiers to valor by singing the glories of their fathers. Our persons are held sacred by contending armies, who consider any injury inflicted on us a sacrilege. During an engagement we animate the troops with the Rúsca-Catha, and when we give the sign of truce the fierce might of battle ceases, to listen to the voice of our negotiations. We march with our chiefs at the heads of armies, our only arms the harp, our only defense the white robes of our order. While the battle rages, we stand apart, and watch in security every action of our chiefs, and not only record their noble deeds, but also any dastardly act they may be guilty of. Another of our important functions is, with pomp and pageant, and with all the ceremony of lamentation, to bury the dead. If a prince or a chief falls in battle, we utter his name and inscribe it in psalters for posterity. The Druids perform the sacred rites, the *Seonachai* recites his funeral song, which is sung over his grave by a *Reverende*, who sustains his voice by striking the keys of his harp, while the symphonies of the solemn ceremony are performed by minstrels, who chant in chorus at intervals, in which they are joined responsively by attending bards. Then we soothe the tumultuous passions of the living, and impress on their minds a reverence and imitation of the virtues of the dead,—their excellence and heroism.

(To be Continued.)

THE INSURRECTION IN PARIS.

A PICTURE OF CLUSERET.

A man, vigorous of form and that which form contains, who has the faculty of impressing himself on others, and making them his instruments,—above the middle height, strongly built, though somewhat rounded and stooped, with an upper face that is admirable from its height, broad forehead, piercing eyes, and spirited nostrils—such was the man who entered latest into the *Basserie Rievane* before I quitted it, and who is the last and central figure in this sketch. "Who is he?" I asked my Irish acquaintance. ("I fear that Irish friend left his country because of some little difference with the constituted authorities on the question of how Ireland could best be governed.") "He," answered my Hibernian, "is Cluseret." "And who, pray, is Cluseret?" I asked again. "Ah! I see you have not read the London papers lately. Scotland-yard knows Cluseret, and I know him." I was anxious to ascertain what Scotland-yard had to do with Cluseret. "This, simply," said my informant, "he was commander-in-chief designate of the *Femina* insurrection in Ireland which never came off. He escaped arrest because he had the prudence never to

trust his four bones on Irish soil, not like unhappy Fariola, who was caught and sent to prison, and let out like a vagrant to enjoy liberty in bare foot on the snow-covered streets of Dublin." I was interested by the information the Irishman gave me of this man and pressed him for more. These, as far as I can recollect, were his words after:—"Cluseret is of Spanish family, settled in La Grange, I think, for a century and a half. When I knew him first, in 1866, he had a brother in a high position in the administration of the finances, whom he used to visit at his place in Normandy when he was 'hard up.' Indeed, I believe that when not engaged in some paying revolutionary scheme, the general was almost entirely dependent upon his brother for support. Of his career in the French army I do not know anything, except that he served in the Crimea and in Algeria up to the rank of Captain, and that he obtained the rare distinction for a soldier of that rank of the rosette of officer of the Legion of Honour. He told me himself that he left the French army with the purpose of devoting his life to *la revolution* when he was convinced that he had learned all the art of war which he could learn in it. He went with Garibaldi to Marsala, as of course you know. A person who served with him in Sicily, and who was no great friend of his, told me that Cluseret was everywhere conspicuous for bravery, and on one occasion charged a whole army at the head of fifty men. After the annexation of the Two Sicilies he obtained the rank of colonel in the regular Italian army. He abandoned this position as soon as the American civil war broke out, and proceeded to the United States. In 1861 he was appointed colonel on McClellan's staff. During the course of the campaign of the following year he rose to the grade of brigadier-general. In 1863, after McClellan's removal, he quarrelled with the War Office, because it would not adopt a plan which he held to be the only feasible one for subjugating the South. After this he was engaged, I have heard, but he never spoke of the matter himself, on the military committee of Jurists in New York, and in writing for some Franco-American papers. In January, 1866, he came over to Europe, commissioned by the State Government of New York to examine the militia organizations of the old world, and report on them for the benefit of the American system. At any rate, he visited several English arsenals and camps, among others Woolwich and Aldershot in pursuance of his mission; I do not know whether he ever sent the report; but he did not leave for America until compelled to do so in 1870 by the Imperial Government, which found an excuse for his expulsion in the fact that he had served in a foreign army while a French subject. He is a very fluent speaker and writer—writes French with a great deal of elegance when he likes to take trouble, which is very seldom. He generally composes as fast as he can put pen to paper, and that is fast enough, considering that he scarcely puts down more letters of a word than serve to make it recognizable by persons accustomed to his penmanship. He is a very clear thinker—is, of course, a free one—but believes in the immortality of the soul. He has a fearfully violent temper. This betrayed itself very early in his career. When yet a *coligny* he stabbed a man who interfered with one of his love affairs, and had to be on his keeping until it was found out that the wound he had given was not fatal. Jules Richard, of the *Egypis*, said to his literary merit, 'Il crivait sans-failliment dans un style qui ressemblait à un long séjour à l'étranger.'

Cluseret was the last Communist I saw. I did not wish to see more. A doubly dangerous one he, for I noticed that the man drank but beer or claret, never touched alcoholic liquor.—*Standard's Correspondent.*

REPUBLICAN AUSTERITY.

The following notice has been issued by General Cluseret, the Minister of War in Paris under the Commune:—"To the National Guard, Citizens.—It is with pain I have observed that, forgetful of our modest origin, the ridiculous mania for gold lace embroidery, and *ajouillettes* is beginning to spread among us. Working men, you have for the first time accomplished the revolution of labour by and for labour. Let us not ignore our origin, and above all do not let us be ashamed of it. Working men were working men we are and will remain. It is in the name of virtue as opposed to vice, of duty against abuse, of austerity against the corruption over which we have triumphed, that I invite you to bear this in mind. Let us remain virtuous and upright men, and we shall then find an austere Republic, the only one that can and ought to exist. Before punishing, I would recall my fellow-citizens to themselves. No more tassels, no more tawdry gear, no more of that gold lace which it is so cheap to display, but which is so costly to our responsibility. In future every officer who cannot prove his right to display the insignia of his rank, or who shall add to the regulation uniform of the National Guard *ajouillettes* or other vain marks of distinction, will be liable to military penalties. I avail myself of this opportunity to remind every one of the duty of obedience to superiors in the service. By rendering obedience to your elected officers you obey yourselves.—Paris, April 7. E. Cluseret."

There is, however, a measure which has proved highly successful both at Montmartre and in other parts of Paris, and which has brought a great number of soldiers to the Commune, at the same time that it insures warm, if not disinterested, support among the women. The Commune has decreed that a pension of 600f. shall be paid to all the wives, lawful or unlawful, whose husbands have died in battle. The children, legitimate or illegitimate, will, up to the age of 18, receive a pension of 365f. This a wife, lawful or not, the mother of six children, who has had the misfortune to lose her husband at the barricades, will find herself *quasi facta*, passing from the working class to the condition of *roturier*, with an income of nearly 2,800f. These advantageous circumstances have not escaped the notice of the wives, the unlawful as well as the lawful, who inhabit one of the hills of the capital, and many have no doubt seen a double advantage, for they have since then become passionate admirers of the Commune. They shame the timid, restore sinking courage, comfort the tired men, and if necessary, denounce the cowards who draw back from their Communist duties. They go themselves to work at the barricades, and lead their husbands to the gates of the city so as to be quite sure that they do not stray on the road. Never has such splendid ardour, such perfect devotion, been seen. What an awakening for these wretched women on the day of the suppression at once of the Commune and of their pensions! The Government at the Hotel de Ville are preparing irreconcilable enemies among these women for the Government which will succeed them.—*Correspondent of the Times.*

(FROM TIMES SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, April 14, 1871.—DEMOCRATIC LIBERTY.—Such members of the Parisian upper classes who have been rash enough to remain in town are perpetually subject to persecution at the hands of the Commune. Yesterday I received a visit from the brother of a gentleman who had shown me much kindness during the siege, and was begged by him to make public the following details for the satisfaction of his many friends in England. M. de la Grangerie is possessed of considerable fortune and a handsome house in the Quartier St. Germain. In the month of September last he placed himself, his possessions, and his energies at the disposal of the Paris Press, then occupied in organizing that Ambulance the ramifications of which were legion, and whose flag might have been seen floating in every quarter of the town. The Abulances du La Presse were

the largest and most comprehensive in the city, and M. de la Grangerie was recognized as the chief of the Committee. When this unhappy civil war began almost every private hospital had been dismantled, and most of the doctors had retired to their respective homes. M. de la Grangerie, however, called together as many of his *employes* as could be found, and infused the Geneva flag once more. A few days back he was driving his little ponies without the walls, going his rounds, to see that the waggons were at their posts, and being stopped suddenly by a band of National Guards, produced his card, announcing himself as the head of the Press Ambulances that had come to be so well known during the last eight months. "Have you got a pass from the Commune?" asked one of the men rudely, intimating that if he failed to produce such a document he would be arrested as a suspect. "Of course I haven't got one, and do not require one," retorted M. de la Grangerie; "take me to the nearest *poste*, and I will immediately establish my identity." "So you are M. de la Grangerie; a Legitimist nobleman; such *canaille* as you are better under lock and key." A guard jumped up on the box of the phaeton, while two more took their seats behind, and the unfortunate gentleman was conducted to the Conciergerie, to be locked up in a dark cell on no particular charge, in spite of his assertions that he had never been involved in politics. His mansion in the Quartier St. Germain was quite enough to ensure detention, and in the Conciergerie he remained for days, holding occasional communication with the occupants of the two other cells in the same passage—old friends, as it happened—the Archbishop of Paris and the Curé of St. Sulpice.—After four days' incarceration he was removed to La Roquette, where murderers are kept till they pay the forfeit of their crimes upon the scaffold—a miserable prison situate in the filthiest quarter of Paris; there he was forced to go through the ceremony of taking a bath, and would have been clothed in the felon's dress had there not been a difficulty as to fitting his corpulent figure. Denied to his friends and neglected by his guards, he on one occasion narrowly escaped death by suffocation from the charcoal in his stove, while on another he well-nigh fell a victim to the explosion of a chasspot, the bullet of which, fired by mistake, penetrated the grating of his door and lacerated against the wall opposite.

I took a carriage and drove to La Roquette in hopes of seeing him, but of course where relations are forbidden to pass it is hopeless for a stranger to attempt to venture, and, meeting a party of friends who were bound for the Conciergerie, I accepted a seat in their carriage and penetrated with them into the apartments of the Governor. We demanded an interview with the Archbishop, which, after some demur, was granted on the condition of our talking with him through a grating. This we, of course, declined, as being inconsistent with his dignity, and after further parley it was arranged that we should be ushered into his cell, a National Guard being sent with us to prevent our talking treason. M. de la Grangerie was sitting on a wooden settle with a missal on his knee and, shaking each one by the hand, thanked us for our visit and sympathy. He gave us an account of the affair of Notre Dame on Good Friday. It appears that a band of National Guards marched about midday into the church and demanded the immediate opening of the treasure-chests. Upon being asked by what authority, one of them produced a dirty paper, purporting to be a commission from the Commune, and proceeded, cap on head and pipe in mouth, to make an inventory of the plate. Presently another man came up, saying that a carriage was at the door, and ordering the bystanders to assist him in packing the treasure in great canvas bags which he had brought with him. On the first alarm an attendant in the sacristy had hurried to the Hotel de Ville, and forcing his way into the council chamber, had demanded to know by whose command so great a sacrilege was being perpetrated, and was there informed that no such order had been given. The sacred vessels were again consigned to their accustomed places of repose, and there the matter ended. The Archbishop declined to believe that the Commune had had anything to do with the matter, preferring to suppose that it was merely an audacious attempt at robbery. Our National Guard now interfered, and told us that we must stay no longer, and so the Archbishop bade us farewell, hoping to see us at his palace a month or two hence, "should this be permitted to remain in its place," he said, pointing to his venerable head. Stories of arrests crowd in upon us, and if this state of things continues not even strangers will be safe.

The Commune has been doing nothing since it was installed except destroying what it found established, and then contradicting its own decrees. Its edict on rents, remitting three quarters of the tenant's debt, has had no other result than to relieve from their expenses the least deserving portion of the population of Paris, and, by depriving the proprietor of his rights, to deprive him of the money necessary to enable him to discharge his own debt to the State. The Commune reclaims the amount of the taxes, but how can it exact the taxes when it has suppressed the income?

Where the Commune has shown its thorough understanding of the laws of economy is when, contemplating an effective blockade, it invited free trade to supply the city with provisions. With a sovereign contempt for past errors, it declared that it considered "the free initiative of the merchants" the best means of provisioning Paris "without burdening the Budget of the Commune." There was an excellent reason for the Commune to abstain from providing, as it did last September, food at its own cost. The Commune has no money in reserve, and lives from hand to mouth on small municipal revenues, &c., on the plate of the Ministerial offices, and acting in contradiction to its own edicts, it demands aloud the back rents of premises belonging to the city which have been let to private individuals. The Commune would therefore have some difficulty in finding in its coffers the millions necessary to provision Paris. As for its credit, it has none, and there is not a peasant who would lend it a sack of flour. If, then, it turns to "the free initiative of the merchants" it will be because it cannot do otherwise, as it would be contrary to its principles that the State should be everything and the "free initiative" nothing;—that the State should be able to provide everything after having absorbed everything. This is, if I am not mistaken, the foundation of the doctrine of practical Socialism. And this is so true that, while appealing to the "free initiative," it tries at the same moment to annihilate that "initiative" and to confine away that "liberty." The Commune offers gratuitously to the merchants "magazines as large as they want" to collect their grain and flour. These goods will still remain the property of the merchants who will trade with them as usual; but, in the case of Paris becoming really blockaded, a *maximum* of payment will be fixed for the sale of this grain and flour. This *maximum* will be settled according to the price at the moment of investment. The Commune engages not to "requisition" these goods, but will have the refusal of purchase at the *maximum* settled. It is in this way and in this sense that the Commune understands the "free initiative." It says to the merchant, "I am generous. You will get in at your own expense any quantity of goods that you please, and will confide them to me. Importation is free. As to export, that is another question; the goods will be exported if I do not buy them, and if I do buy them it will be at a rate which I have fixed; and if I have no money, which is highly probable, I will pay you in good *assignats*, which I will make expressly. The printing office is

already prepared. At the same time, if I do not buy them myself you have no right to sell them above the *maximum* settled; and you will be paid equally in *assignats* if there is no more money in Paris." In a word; it is to be a "free initiative" to buy and prohibition to sell. This economical system, which may be called the preliminary requisitionary system, will, I think, greatly astonish the partisans of Free Trade, but the economists of the Commune will be still more astonished at its results. They may be very certain that they will never see enough sacks of flour enter the doors of the magazines, so generously offered, to feed them for two days.—*Times.*

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Most Rev. Dr. Conroy, Bishop of Arlough and Clomacnoise, was consecrated at Longford, on Tuesday, with great pomp and ceremony. The cathedral was decorated with embroidered banners, brilliant draperies, and graceful festoons of evergreens and flowers. Cardinal Cullen officiated on the occasion, assisted by the Primate and the Bishops of Down and Connor, Elphin, Meath, Raphoe, Kilmore, Perth in Australia, Bombay, Galway, Clogher, and Dromore. There was a host of parish priests and curates, Lords Gerard and Grenville, Mr. Bease, Vice-Lieutenant of County Cavan, and a number of magistrates and other influential persons were present, and an immense congregation filled the sacred edifice. After the celebration of mass by the Cardinal and the Bishop elect and the reading of the Papal bull by Monsignor Woodlock, the oath of loyalty to the Holy See was administered, and a profession of faith made by the new prelate, who then prostrated himself before the high altar, and the book of the Gospels was laid on him as a type of the heavy burden of his official duties, while the choir chanted the Litany of the Saints. Having then, with reverential expression, kissed the Cardinal's hand, he was led away by the assistant prelates to an adjoining chapel, where he was invested with some of the insignia of his office, including the pastoral cross of gold, which was suspended from his neck, and conducted back to the throne of the Cardinal, who pronounced a solemn prayer over him, marked his forehead with holy oil, and then bestowed upon him the crozier, ring, and mitre, the symbols of his authority, explaining their import in the formulas which he repeated. His Eminence then descended from the throne, and the new Bishop took his place upon it, and then, joining in the procession, blessed the prostrate multitude as he passed along the great aisle of the cathedral. The consecration sermon was preached by the Most Rev. Dr. Donnan, who descanted upon the virtues and talents of the new bishop, vindicated the Apostolical succession of the Church, and reviewed the circumstances in which the new Bishop was placed. Another procession formed, and the ceremony concluded. The Bishop afterwards entertained his friends at dinner in the College of St. Mel, and proposed the health of the Pope and Cardinal Cullen. His Eminence, in responding, echoed the sentiment of the Bishop, who said, in reference to him, that they had all nailed their colors to the mast on the reduction question. He declared that they would not be satisfied with anything less than a Catholic University.

DUBLIN, April 7.—The Quarter Session Courts are now generally sitting, but have little criminal business to transact. They act as gleaners in clearing away such charges as have not come before the Judges of Assize, but with few exceptions, their task has been very light. Even in districts in the South, which have not always borne a high character for tranquility and obedience to the law, the Chairmen have expressed satisfaction at the state of the calendars, which, in many instances, were almost blank. In Waterford, for example, there was but one case of common assault. The same may be said of Dungarvan. The representatives of those historic places can testify that the habits of the people have not always been so peaceable. But this is the time for the spring work in the fields, and if they were ever so disposed they have not leisure at present for breaking each other's heads. Perhaps, if a suitable opportunity offered, they would prove that they have not degenerated, and in fighting qualities are still worthy of their sires; but the Chairmen are well pleased, and they are well qualified to speak as to the improved condition of the country. Mr. Rolleston-Spinner, Q.C., in addressing the Grand Jury at Tipperary, remarked that there were only seven cases for trial, some of them for the least criminal class of assault, one or two cases of forcible possession, and one case of robbery. There was nothing to show a "systematic disposition to offend the laws of the country." In Clonmel, the capital of the county and a populous town, there was not a single case for trial. He contrasted the general state of the county with that of Cappaghwhite, which, he said, was almost the only spot in the South Riding in which crimes of grave magnitude were committed. He suggested the expediency of appointing a sub-inspector and having an extra police force stationed in that locality. He expressed a hope that Cappaghwhite would improve now that Acts had been passed which ameliorated the condition of the people, and were calculated to remove any discontent which might have heretofore existed with respect to the relations of landlord and tenant. In the Land Act he observed, they had received a great boon, while, at the same time, no injustice was done to the landlord, so that they ought to rest satisfied with the rights of property as they now existed. The law protected the tenant as far as it fairly could, and if he were dispossessed capriciously or unjustly it allowed him compensation.—*Times Cor.*

In the Dublin Corporation on Monday, Sir John Gray, M.P., moved a resolution in favor of educational equality; that an address be presented to the Queen on the subject, and that a deputation wait on Government, asking that the views of her Majesty's Catholic subjects on this question be promptly carried out. Alderman Campbell said that an Irish Parliament would settle the question in three months. The resolution was carried unanimously.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.—Some English journals, says the *Nation*, are not particularly dainty in the language they use, or the pictures they present to the public, in reference to the Royal Family. Certain of the cartoons published by the *Fun* and *Punch* appear not infrequently in some London publications. To take a case in point, the birth of a son of the Prince of Wales a few days ago was announced in *Reynolds's Newspaper* under the heading "Another Inauspicious Event," and the death of the infant is thus referred to:—

A HAPPY RELEASE.

We have much satisfaction in announcing that the newly-born child of the Prince and Princess of Wales died shortly after its birth, thus relieving the working-classes of England from having to support hereafter another addition to the long roll of State beggars they at present maintain.

This disgusting and atrocious style of journalism has never, we rejoice to say, disgraced Ireland; and most heartily we hope it never will. In our country National editors have again and again stood in the dock and the dungeon for their political opinions; and as long as the National cause remains to be fought out, they must be as ready as ever to face such penalties still. But our warfare is not with the innocence of infancy; our weapons are not coarse and brutal personalities; our cause is higher, more noble, and more great than a cavil at the civil list; and we feel assured that Irish Nationalists will never