

there to remain until it ferments. It is then packed in casks and conveyed to the island selected to commence "shelling operations." A shelling party will consist of about 50 men and a dozen or fifteen women; the former dive and collect the shells, while the latter open them, clean the shells, and look for pearls. At one of the islands being shelled, shells were getting very scarce, and the manager determined to move his party. Before doing so he told one of his best men to thoroughly examine the fishing ground to see that no shell had escaped the divers. In his descent he espied a bivalve with its mouth open, and resting on the fish was a beautiful pearl. He returned to the manager telling him he would go down again and have a better examination. The diver took with him a short, little bit of wood, and inserted it between the shell so that he should know it again, when at his leisure he would get it. He told the manager there were no shells left, and the party ceased diving, preparations being made on the morrow to go to another part of the lagoon.

A moonlight enabled our diver to go down quietly to bring up the shell; he swam with it to some little distance from the settlement, and then on the beach, by the light of the moon, he examined this splendid pearl. He went quietly to his thatched fare, but not to sleep; the beauty of the pearl haunted him, and as it was not his, but belonged to the manager, he had to use the greatest discretion in keeping the magnificent find a secret. A few more months and the party had returned to their homes, the agreement to dive having terminated. On arriving home, our friend of the other island was still silent about the *pohé*, until one day on the reef fishing he found a mother-o'-pearl oyster, and pretended his treasure came out of it. The islanders, young and old, were delighted with the *pohé*; none had ever seen one so beautiful; its complexion, size, and shape got noised abroad, and it reached the ears of the captain of a French barque at anchor in the harbor of Papote. He got under way, and *coute qui coute* to possess himself of this gem. A dead boat to windward of a week brought him up to the island; the natives came off as usual to trade, and among them the one who had the pearl. The captain commenced the business of trying to buy it. He opened the barter by enumerating such a lot of articles that when the values were added up, the captain found it was more than the ship and cargo were worth, so with a *Iaorona te Atua mau*, the commander squared away for Tahiti, and the island that contained the pearl was "soon hulled down." Months passed away and our friend still stuck to his treasure. There came in his way, however, a sprightly lass from from another island, whom he desired to make his wife, but he had no available property to commence housekeeping with, though he had still the *pohé*, so he resolved the next trading ship that came that way, he would exchange the *pohé* for some useful article of clothing. A little white speck one fine morn on the horizon soon increased into a good large schooner, and she was on trading bent. Our friend boarded her, and was soon deep in the mysteries of camphor trunks, American axes, knives, scissors, shirts, dresses, etc., etc.; a bargain was struck, and the pearl was transferred into the safe keeping of the captain. The schooner's prow was turned towards Tahiti, and on arriving there the pearl was exhibited, and all acknowledged it to be the finest ever seen. It was sent to Valparaiso for sale, and to the delight of the storekeepers it brought \$10,000 dollars, and then was considered cheap. It was sent to England, where it brought £8,000, and is now the property of one of England's most noble families.

The most valuable pearl in the world is in the possession of the Shah of Persia, the next is the Hope Pearl, belonging to a family of that name, bankers, at Amsterdam; the former is worth £60,000, and the latter, £30,000.

The best mother-o'-pearl shell is found on the coast of Australia, and the best pearls in the Lagoon Islands in the South Pacific.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND DIPLOMACY.

It is sufficiently well known that the Cabinet of Berlin has addressed, and has probably not done addressing, despatches implicitly menacing however friendly to the Belgian Government on the pretext, among others, that the Belgian Hierarchy were encouraging their brethren in Prussia in opposition to the policy of Prince Bismarck. If we may trust a telegram, which appeared in the 'Pall Mall Gazette' some evenings since, and we have every reason to believe that a more accurate telegram has not been published in Europe for a considerable period, Prince Bismarck must, in common consistency, reproach Lord Derby with permitting an exhibition of English liberty as alarming to Prussian despotism as anything which has occurred in Belgium at any rate. Of course Lord Derby will reply that in England liberty is above the Home and Foreign Offices put together, but this rejoinder can only inspire Prince Bismarck with a profounder sense of the necessity of remodelling the constitutions of Europe after the type of that notable compound of Press Laws, Falck Laws, and "Reptile" legislation of all kinds, which make up the pride and happiness of the "Culture Champions" of New Germany. Nothing, indeed, could be better calculated to destroy the small remains of the German Chancellor's equanimity than the news which, we learn from the telegram, has reached the official ears at Berlin. Not content, it seems, with expressing on manifold occasions the warmest admiration for the heroic confessors of Prussia and Posen, not content with publishing works like "Cassarism and Ultramontanism," in which the proceedings of their High Mightinesses, the Bismarcks and Falcks, are made to point a moral and adorn a tale by no means laudatory of "Reptilism," the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster, acting in complete unison with the other members of the English Hierarchy, is announced from Berlin to be contemplating a further step which must strike every true "Reptile" betwixt France and Russia with wrath and dismay.

At the opening of the Kensington University College, says the telegram—but here it is just the least bit inaccurate—it was resolved by the English Catholic Bishops, under the presidency of the Cardinal Archbishop, to have solemnly read in all the churches

and chapels in England the reply of the German Bishops to Prince Bismarck's "Circular Note" in reference to the next Conclave. "Was ever such a piece of audacious Ultramontanism?" must be the indignant exclamation of every salaried hack of the official and semi-official press of Prussia. What will be the use henceforth of suppressing the replies of the German Bishops in Germany if Cardinal Manning and the English Bishops, and other Cardinals perhaps and other Bishops, go straightway and publish to the world every masterly refutation, every outspoken and unanswerable truth, which Bismarckism does not dream of answering, but prefers to silence and thus to misrepresent? The question is evidently grave, the difficulty serious, the embarrassment most annoying. If then an expression of sympathy on the part of some Belgian Catholics provoked that diplomatic war which has been raging for the past two months, what may be expected from the latest incident? If the English Hierarchy are to be permitted in this manner to make known the true case of their German brethren, the whole game of mendacity and terrorism is as good as spoilt. What will be the use of shutting up every Prussian pulpit, and every printing press from which the pastors of the German Church could address themselves to the world, if the only result is to have all the Bishops and Archbishops of the British Empire taking up the inhibited functions of the German Hierarchy, and publishing with ten times the original notoriety and *éclat* everything that Prince Bismarck wishes should remain unsaid? The bare notion of the thing is almost enough to make the Berlin Cabinet prefer to restore to the German Bishops the liberty to speak out for themselves. Their worst complaints would not sound quite as crushing as when they are driven to have uttered by foreign advocates. Plainly the British Constitution must be overhauled at once, and thoroughly. Why should Britain pretend to greater liberty than suits the intellectual and moral development of "the first barrack in the world?" The example of a free England is enough to corrupt a whole continent of slaves, and unfortunately for the policy of Berlin the continent is by no means reduced as yet to thorough serfdom. It becomes simply unendurable that Cardinals, and Bishops, and priests should presume to expose the hypocrisy and denounce the tyranny of the despotic and denounce the tyranny of the despotic persecutors of the nineteenth century.

Even in England, as an exemplification of the aphorism that the exception proves the rule, there are some, it would appear, who in the true spirit of the original "Reptile" Press, are prepared to invoke the interference of arbitrary authority to check the free utterances of English Catholics. Unfortunately there is no arbitrary power left standing in England for the purpose, and it is just possible that the Court of Star Chamber is not going to be immediately re-established to please sycophantic journalists, either Prussian or British. The pretence that the Cardinal Archbishop and the English Hierarchy are engaged on some scheme for the furtherance of what the writers in question denominate "Papal Absolutism" is so ridiculously devoid of truth that the very document of the German Bishops, which is to be read throughout the length and breadth of England, is precisely an eloquent protest against the calumny that there can be any revolutionary or arbitrary change in the traditional constitution of the Conclave. The next Pope—may it be long before the necessity for electing him arises—will be chosen and raised to the Pontificate according to the strictest rules of Catholic precedent; and it is precisely because the German Bishops have crushingly disproved Prince Bismarck's assertions on this point that all England is going to be made aware of the real facts of the case. "Reptile" journalism objects to exposures of this kind. We should recommend Prince Bismarck, on the other hand, not to propagate the mis-statements which call forth such corrections. If he would only reflect that, thanks to the glorious unity of the Catholic Church and Episcopate, never more conspicuous or indomitable than now, there is not the slightest use in trying to suppress the Catholic replies to his misrepresentations, he might be brought to acknowledge that the sooner he turns back from a bootless undertaking the better. He will not attempt to constrain England as he has tried to constrain Belgium.—'Tablet.'

CARDINAL MANNING AND IRELAND.

THE following remarks of his Eminence in reply to the address will be read with interest by Irishmen, and with some surprise. Although he disclaims the quality of optimist, he paints the state of Ireland in such brilliant colors, that Irishmen would scarcely recognise it:—Cardinal Manning, after thanking the members for the address, said that from his youth, ever since he understood the history of Ireland, he had the strongest sympathy with that country, a sympathy which had been greatly increased since he had had a flock of Irish blood and of Irish faith. They would, he hoped, not suppose that he was insensible of the great duties which England still owed to Ireland, nor of the many inequalities of a lesser order which still remained to be redressed. He believed he might say with truth the material prosperity of Ireland was never greater than now. There was never, he believed, a time when Ireland, as a people, was so united as now. The people of Ireland never possessed so wide an extent of its soil since the day in which they possessed it all. They never yet possessed such abundant commercial wealth. The towns of Ireland were never more numerous or flourishing, its villages never so thriving, its agriculture, and its pasturage never more fertile. Its public intelligence was never so much developed, its public opinion never so articulately expressed by its public journals and its literature, and that public opinion never so powerful on the mind of England. Finally, he might say that the influence of Ireland in the mind of the Legislature was never so weighty, never so highly intelligent and so thoroughly appreciated as at this moment. They might think he was an optimist, yet sometimes those who looked on at a game of chess were able to see what was going on better than the players. Such was his firm conviction, and it seemed to him that the future of Ireland might be incalculably great.