

MARSHAL MACMAHON.

HITHERTO all parties in France have vied with each other in praising Marshal MacMahon. The Monarchists, although they consider that he only keeps the way clear for the King, express full confidence in him; the Bonapartists, in denouncing the Republic, are always careful to say that they do not include its President in their accusations; and even the Republicans have been in the habit of rather noisily asserting their belief in his loyalty. The two first parties continue in this way of thinking; but there are signs that the third are beginning to feel some discontent. It is noted that in the debate on the Municipal Bill M. Gambetta declared, somewhat mysteriously, "We are not free to act;" and the Republican journals have strongly commented on this hint. One of them points out that the pressure alluded to by M. Gambetta "comes from a higher and more distant source than the Ministry, which is only a passive agent in transmitting that pressure;" and M. Gambetta's own paper openly says "it is impossible not to perceive an attempt at personal government, to which the country will not lend itself." There can be no doubt that Marshal MacMahon feels himself in an unpleasant position. All his personal sympathies are with the Conservatives, yet he is compelled to govern by means of a Ministry which is accepted by a Democratic Chamber of Deputies. It is improbable that he incites the Cabinet to act in opposition to the serious wishes of the Chamber in so far as the latter may be supposed to be in accord with the nation; but it would be strange if he did not prevent it conceding too much to the extreme section of the Republicans. He could not, indeed, hold his position if the wilder members of the Left were to control the Administration. We do not know that M. Gambetta has any particular reason to regret that the Marshal hesitates to sanction too rapid progress. France would easily take alarm, and the Republic may be expected to advance all the more smoothly and safely for having a strong and cautious hand at the helm.

A DISTINGUISHED IRISHMAN.

[From a letter to the Albany 'Evening Times.']

HAVING read the honorable mention in the 'Times' of Tuesday, of P. J. Smyth, member for Meath, as an "orator of the highest order," I wish, as a personal acquaintance—I might say friend—to state a few particulars about that distinguished gentleman, which may be of interest at least to your numerous Irish readers. Mr. Smyth is the only son of the late James Smyth, a wealthy brewer of Kilmainham, near Dublin. He took an active part in all the movements of the Young Ireland party in 1848, and was one of the associate editors of the 'Nation,' in connection with Mitchell, Duffy and Dillon, the most ably conducted paper in the United Kingdom. During the state trials of that year, Mr. Smyth was not indicted, but was not the less active. After the conviction of his compatriots, he organised a project of a desperate and daring character for their rescue, but the sentence of death being commuted to that of transportation, they were sent to Van Diemen's Land. Mr. Smyth sailed for Australia simultaneously with his chained friends, whom his noble heart yearned to rescue, and he arrived there a few days before the patriotic convicts. Then he matured a plan for rescuing them, which eventually succeeded, and in a short time after, both he and they received that great ovation on these shores.

Leaving his friends in America, and being under no legal restriction by the British government, as an irresponsible writer in the 'Nation,' he returned to Ireland, which was now famine stricken, and devoid of all patriotic action, in fact, dead as a corpse on the dissecting table. In this darkest hour of Ireland's history the truest of patriotic sons was active—even hopelessly—to stir up some national spirit among the people—an effort which proved utterly fruitless.

He became editor of the 'Waterford Citizen,' a bi-weekly paper in the national interest, to which I was an humble though welcome contributor.

A project for establishing a weekly paper in Cork was ardently entertained by several influential persons on that occasion. I had the pleasure of meeting him about home when he visited in company with the late patriotic Edward O'Sullivan, of Cork. This project, however, did not succeed, and he subsequently purchased the 'Dublin Irishman,' a large weekly, of which the son of Chief Baron Pigot was editor.

During Mr. Smyth's connection with the Waterford 'Citizen' several of Lord Derby's tenants in the adjacent county (Tipperary) were served with notices of ejectment which were to be carried out on the 25th of March, (Lady day, the day so much dreaded by tenants in Ireland), with, at the time a challenge to Lord Derby defying him to make the attempt, even intimating in unflinching terms that he would be there "with the pikemen of the Galtees," to frustrate his wicked inhumanity. We shall meet at Philippi. "On, Stanley, on!"

Mr. Smyth would have been hanged then, sure as daylight, but the latter appealed to the chivalry of Stanley, and not in vain.

At the time of his father's death Mr. Smyth wrote me an affecting letter, intimating his parental loss, stating, among other things, that he sent him a flag when all concerned occupied the rugged encampment on Slievenamon, void of arms, ammunition or provisions, with a message in which the father said, "You return victorious with this flag or dead upon it." Worthy son of a patriotic father, who left him a large and well merited fortune which he freely shares in all good works. Such is P. J. Smyth, one of the most patriotic and disinterested men of Ireland, and now one of the most brilliant orators in the British parliament.

THE PATRONESS.

OUR Buffalo contemporary the 'Catholic Union' quotes this pretty story from L. Veillot:—

Our captain was a brave seaman, who maintained his authority without the aid of oaths, and in foul weather, as in fair, his cheerful temper was unruffled. In his cabin hung the portrait of the Blessed Virgin.

"Captain what do you think of the weather."

"It is villainous! We shall be tossed about at such a rate as to be forced to stop."

"But the ship is good, and the captain lucky."

"I am fifty years old, and I have spent fifty years upon the ocean's waves, for I was born upon waters. In my voyages to Rome I never met with any serious accident, but I cannot say the same of many other trips."

"Captain, I saw the likeness of a certain Lady in your cabin. Is she the patroness of your vessel?"

The captain smiled.

"The Company of the Imperial Line do not trouble themselves much about a patroness. Our good ship is called the *Lycurgus*. Did you ever hear of a saint of that name? But the Lady of whom you speak is my own special patroness."

"How long has she been such, captain?"

"Since a certain day, when I and several others, who did not any of us very often think of looking up to heaven—I mean the heaven of our good God—suddenly found ourselves near the bottom of the sea. Then, when all hope of earthly aid had vanished, we discovered that we were more pious than we professed to be, for we made a vow to 'Notre Dame de la Garde,' she immediately took us in tow, and we entered the port as if led by the hand."

"In our shirt-sleeves and barefooted we fulfilled our vow, chanting the litanies as we went along."

"Ah! the good Virgin did all things well. Sometime afterwards she gave me my wife, and my wife gave me my daughter."

"Now my wife and daughter pray for me. As sentinels they stand before 'Notre Dame de la Garde,' where their prayers burn like two tapers of purest wax."

"They ask the Blessed Virgin that I may die in my bed, well prepared by a good confession. They tell her that as we have been so separated on this earth, we should not be so in eternity. God will grant them what they ask."

"My daughter will close my eyes, and bury my poor body. So, now, go to your cabin and sleep as tranquilly as I do."

IRISH MORALITY.

THAT staunch Protestant paper, the 'Scotsman,' makes the following confession in regard to the "modesty and remorse" of women in Ireland, based on the report of the British Registrar-General:—
"The proportion of illegitimate births to the total number of births in Ireland is 3.8 per cent.; in England the proportion is 6.4; in Scotland, 9.9; in other words, England is nearly twice, and Scotland nearly thrice worse than Ireland." Something worse has to be added from which no consolation can be derived. The proportion of illegitimacy is very unequally distributed over Ireland, and the inequality rather humbling to us as Protestants, and still more as Presbyterians and Scotchmen, taking Ireland according to the registration divisions, the proportion of illegitimate births varies from 6.2 to 1.3—the division showing this lowest figure is the western, being substantially the province of Connaught where about nineteen-twentieths of the population are Celtic and Roman Catholic. The division showing the highest proportion of illegitimacy is the northeastern which comprises or almost consists of the Province of Ulster, where the population is almost equally divided between Protestants and Roman Catholics, and where the great majority of Protestants are of Scotch blood (mixed with the blood of Saxon freebooters) and of the Presbyterian Church. The sum of the whole matter is, that semi-Presbyterian and semi-Scotch Ulster is fully three times more immoral than wholly Popish and wholly Irish Connaught—which corresponds with wonderful accuracy to the more general fact that Scotland, as a whole, is more immoral than Ireland as a whole.

HISTORICAL! Vide "Jurors Reports and Awards, New Zealand Exhibition." Jurors: J. A. Ewen, J. Butterworth, T. C. Skinner. "So far as the Colony is concerned, the dyeing of materials is almost entirely confined to the re-dyeing of Articles of Dress and Upholstery, a most useful art, for there are many kinds of material that lose their colour before the texture is half worn. G. HIRSCH, of Dunedin (DUNEDIN DYE WORKS, George street, opposite Royal George Hotel) exhibits a case of specimens of Dyed Wools, Silks, and Feathers, and dyed Sheepskins. The colors on the whole are very fair, and reflect considerable credit on the Exhibitor, to whom the Jurors recommended an Honorary Certificate should be awarded." Honorary Certificate, 629: Gustav Hirsch Dunedin, for specimens of Dyeing in Silk Feathers, &c.

"DUKE OF EDINBURGH."—The old wooden structure that did duty as the Duke of Edinburgh Hotel, in Russell-street for so many years, has, we are pleased to observe, given place to a new brick building, erected at considerable cost, in order to meet the rapidly increasing requirements of this popular and important part of the city. The present proprietor, Mr D. HARRIS, has spared no reasonable expense in furnishing and fitting the building with every modern comfort and convenience. The situation is extremely healthy, and commands splendid views of the ocean and harbour, and is within easy reach of the business part of the city. Persons in pursuit of a respectable and comfortable residence will do well to go to the "Duke of Edinburgh" Hotel, Russell-street, Dunedin.—[Adv.]