EUROPE.

American Beauty and French Critics.

Trades Combination and the Tailors' "Strike" in Cork.

Disraeli and the Critics of "Lothair."

The Marquis Bute and His Adhesion to Religion.

IRISH CRIME AND ENGLISH LAW.

Imperial Russian Honor to Bismarck.

PATTI OUT OF TONE.

The French Transatlantic mail steamship Pereire, Captain Dause, from Havre by way of Brest the 18th of June, arrived at this port yesterday forenoon. The Pereire landed our continental files, dated to the afternoon of her day of sailing from France, having made the run from shore to shore in time slightly over eight days.

Among the passengers by the Pereire was Mr. Bonaparte.

The Inman steamship City of Paris, Captain Kennedy, from Liverpool the 15th and Queenstown the 17th of June, arrived at this port early yesterday morning. The City of Paris landed our special correspondence and newspaper mail files from Europe dated to her day of sailing from Ireland. The mail packages were delivered at the HERALD Building at ten o'clock in the morning unopened and in good order.

The last of the four private balls given by the Empress Eugenie on Monday evenings was not as fully attended as those preceding. White was the prevailing color of the ladies' toilettes. The Emperor Napoleon did not appear, having been seized by a slight attack of gout on his return from the races Sunday evening. The cotillon was led by M. Bathaida, and supper served in the Galerie de la Paix.

The Emperor of France, leaning on the arm of General Reille, aide-de-camp, walked June 15 on the terrace at the palace. Marshal Le Bœuf, M. Segris and Admiral Rigault de Genouilly came to present their respects, and afterwards transacted business with his Majesty.

General Read, United States Consul General for France, gave the last of a series of brilliant dinners at his residence in the Avenue d'Antin.

The Jews in Algeria gave a grand banquet to M. Crémieux, their co-religionist.

The *Indépendant de la Drôme* announces a slight improvement in the state of M. Bancel.

The Duke and Duchess Porro di Borgo left Paris for the château of Crillon with the Louis-Mirepoix family.

The Prince and Princess and Mlle. de Wagram have gone to their residence of Grosbois.

The Madrid journals announce that the Prince of Orange arrived in that city.

King Victor Emanuel left Florence for San Rossore, accompanied by the Marquis Spinola and Colonel Galletti.

General Fleury, French Ambassador at St. Petersburg, accompanied by Madame Fleury, their two sons, and his sister-in-law, the Princess d'Isly, Count Chotek, Minister of Austria, and Baron Pasetti-Fridenbourg, Secretary of the Austrian Legation, arrived at Moscow.

The increasing value of landed property in Ireland may be judged from the fact that several extensive lots were sold in the Landed Estates' Court, Dublin, at twenty-four years purchase of the rental returns.

It has been usual when the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is absent from the country to associate the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin with the Lords Justices for the purpose of administering the executive in his Excellency's absence. On the present visit of Earl Spencer to England Archbishop Trench's name has been left out, his Grace being "no longer deemed a State functionary."

Monsignor Capel writes to the London *Times*, saying the report of Lord Bute's return to the Anglican Communion "has not the smallest foundation." The statement originally appeared in a French paper, but the Marquis deemed it "unworthy of formal contradiction." Monsignor Capel adds, "that Lord Bute was never a member of the Established Church of England."

A mail telegram from London, dated June 15, reports:—

So far from seceding from the Catholic Church the Marquis of Bute has started for Seville in order that on the festival of Corpus Christi he may be present at the service which the Catholic Church in Spain celebrates with such splendor and pageantry.

Mr. and Mrs. Allsopp, of Rockferry, Liverpool, were drowned by the upsetting of a boat on the river.

Fallows & Shaw's worsted mills at Wakefield, England, were destroyed by fire.

The Marquis of Waterford is about to lay the foundation stone of a new woollen factory at Kilmacthomas—a thriving little village upon his lordship's county Waterford (Ireland) estate.

In London Mr. Justice Byles agreed to liberate Hurt on two securities of £15,000, and Fiske on four securities of £500, with forty-eight hours' notice of trial, in the female "masquerader's" case.

The body of a young woman, named Lees, was found in a field near Enniskillen, Ireland, with her head cut off. She had run away with her sweetheart, and was missing about a week.

The obituary list of the London *Times* of one day contains some remarkable illustrations of prolonged existence in five ladies and three gentlemen, all of whom had reached four score years and upwards, their united ages amounting to 680 years, giving an average of exactly eighty-five years to each. The eldest gentleman had reached the great age of eighty-nine years, the two others of the same sex being eighty-six. Of the opposite sex the eldest was eighty-eight and the youngest eighty years of age.

A mail telegram from Pesth says that a trial which will be one of the most gigantic on record is about to take place in Hungary. The accused are brigands, 300 in number, and "it is expected that 200 of them will be condemned to death."

Victor Hugo published in a French paper the amount of his income. "I am possessed," writes the author, "in Belgium of 300 shares in the National Bank, producing about £1,360 yearly; in England, £17,000 of consols, producing annually £500; in France, from the Institute, £40; in Guernsey, Hauteville House, £40. Total, £1,940." M. Victor Hugo adds that "his property in his works is disposed of for some years to come, and that, owing to family arrangements, he pays over to his children some £1,200 a year."

The *Le Nord* says that "Dr. Cumming has been requested to leave Belgium, being without the necessary papers, and unable to give evidence as to means of subsistence."

The British channel telegraph cable has been found not to answer, and is being taken up.

FRANCE.

An American Sensation in Paris—Unpalatant Remarks on American Ladies—Transatlantic Beauties Excited—The Empress' Encouragement of Blooming Youth—What's to Be Done?—Outshine the Native Critics—Elegant Fetes.

PARIS, June 15, 1870.

We have had quite a commotion in the feminine portion of our American colony in Paris, occasioned by some very spiteful remarks in one of the leading journals in Paris—*La Liberté*. It is hardly fair to hold the proprietor and chief editor of that paper—Emile de Girardin—responsible for this uncalled for diatribe, for it appeared in the usual weekly contribution of a writer attached to the staff, who uses the *nom de plume* of "Vicomte de Lètoriere," and who is known to be a literary lady. What led to this splenetic attack on the young, unmarried ladies of Columbia it is hard to divine; but a personal motive of some sort is, doubtless, at the bottom of it. Perhaps the writer in question has seen her best days, and is fretted at the radiant and undisputed beauty of America's fair daughters; or it may be that this Gallic spinster has been overlooked in some of the late *fêtes* at the palace, where several of our lovely belles were the "observed of all observers." Be that as it may, the assault is so ill-natured and even bitter, that it has naturally attracted a good deal of attention in the American world. Before commenting on it further, perhaps I had better copy it *in extenso*. Here it is:—"They are so charming, our young French girls. Educated by tasteful mothers, they learn nothing of life but virtue; too limpid to be troubled, too white to be tarnished, ignorant of danger and preserved by their very chastity, they float through the world like doves in a tempestuous sky, the lightning not touching their wings. What a contrast they present, in their virginal purity, to the confused medley one meets of American girls; dressed like horses on parade, nothing being wanting, neither the mane nor the *croupière*. What need is there to invite these daughters of the Disunited States everywhere, of whom there are some who habitually occupy the boxes on the third row at the opera, behind the drop scene, where they cultivate their minds and their hearts by listening to the soft conference between ballet dancers and *les petit crévés*? In their democratic day these daughters of the Yankees tread with plebeian feet the royal stairs of the Tuileries, while noble descendants of high barons and ancient knights are forced to hide in some ruined manor their disdained nobility."

There is an effusion in which malice and anger struggle for the mastery. I would stake a trifle that the writer of the above is just one of those ignored descendants of some "ancient knight," whose "disdained nobility," lacking the means to support it, has not been recognized at the Tuileries as an acceptable substitute for those plebeian beauties that come teeming over every year from the United States, and whose claims to royal hospitality are graciously recognized by the imperial couple who occupy it. There is no denying the fact that our American girls—I mean those whose beauty, intelligence and grace raise them above the throng—are very marked favorites at court. They are not only invited to all the festivities in Paris, but are annually summoned to the gayeties at Compiègne, where they pass two or three days amid the splendors of that truly royal residence. I fancy the solution of this is to be found in the exceeding predilection of the Empress for every beautiful girl she meets, and, with that acute tact she inherits from that accomplished woman of the world, her mother, she knows that nothing contributes more to the real attraction of a *salon*, whether royal or otherwise, than the halo of youth and beauty. The Empress, therefore, never allows a pretty girl to pass her unnoticed, and it matters little whether it comes from east or west, or whether it represents an ancient pedigree or the new made family of yesterday.

Here is a proof of it. I was standing near an American friend of mine at one of the recent balls at the Tuileries, when the Empress, passing by, said to the gentleman in question, "I don't see your niece here to-night." He explained to her Majesty that a momentary indisposition had lost her the honor of being present. "I am sorry to hear it," replied the Empress, "for I don't like one of my pretty faces to be absent at a ball." What would the irate scribe of the *Liberté* have thought and felt if she, like me, had overheard this frank admission of imperial partiality for "pretty faces?"

Another anecdote, indicating the same well known trait, was related to me as having occurred at one of the last entertainments at the palace. The Empress was contemplating with singular interest a very lovely girl, often admired at Newport, Miss I——a, and the Ambassador of —— was standing by her. "Methinks," at length said her Majesty, "that I used to resemble that charming girl." "Yes, your Majesty, responded Señor O——, quite forgetting himself, "when you were young." "Of course," added the Empress, laughing, "when I was young, and that was a long time ago." The Ambassador was decidedly confused at this "palpable hit," and reddened to the temples. He had known the Empress all her life, but it would have been more gallant if he had not reminded her of the days when she was young, but hardly more beautiful.

To return to the censorious critic of the *Liberté*. I am ready to admit there is a difference very marked in general between the bearing, and often in the dressing, of French and American girls. It is the well known usage in France for all unmarried girls to be reserved in manner and very modest in attire, never wearing jewelry or gaudy colors. A French girl, after her *entree* in society, still preserves a certain coyness, a restraint in tone and speech, that is becoming enough, but often rather tiresome. Once married, her dress, manner and conversation all change, and these are the privileges of her new condition. American girls, however, undergo no such stiff training as this. They are in the habit of giving free expression to their feelings and opinions, subject only to the restraints of good breeding, and consequently they have in point of vivacity a great advantage over their French rivals, and the fact that they are foreigners renders this superior animation unobjectionable in the eyes of the men, though doubtless they would consider it strange in a French girl. I say in the eyes of the men, for I perceive clearly that gentlemen, French or otherwise, would for the most part rather dance or chat with an American girl than with a French one, however like a "dove on a tempestuous sky," simply because they are more entertained by the untutored *naiveté* of a sprightly girl, who talks and acts with the impulsive freedom our American manners allow. The French women, both married and single, however, are displeased, I have reason to know, at what they call the singular *laissez aller* of our American girls. It is evident they consider themselves encroached upon by these "daughters of the Yankees," whose attractions of one sort or another are not only receiving too much notice at court, but, worse still, are demoralizing the French gallants, whose assiduities they once monopolized. It is evident there is a deal of volcanic material accumulating in the French female world of Paris against our plebeian beauties, as may be seen from their violent explosion in the *Liberté*; and who can predict what may happen in the future, if the nuisance is not in some way abated?

Can the HERALD make some ingenious suggestion that will tend in some degree to calm the wounded sensibilities of that disdained class the avenger in the *Liberté* represents, and to prevent some dire catastrophe that might possibly ensue? How do we know but that, sooner or later, some grand banquet may not be got up, when all the picked loveliness of the United States may be assembled only to be swept away at one fell blow by poisoned ices in the Borgia style? Really it is time to look after this matter. I ask again, can the HERALD suggest nothing? I appeal to its well-known sympathies for the fair sex of all tongues and on every side of the water.

I have run through my letter without touching any other than this dainty and captivating topic. I must reserve for next mail a lot of interesting items, yet I have just space to mention that the popular Minister and his amiable wife dined at the Tuileries a few days since, and, what is considered here a high compliment, the Emperor led Mrs. Washburne to dinner. When the scribe of the *Liberte* hears of this great fall be the indignation thereat; but, luckily, Mrs. Washburne is a married woman, and they are allotted here far more perquisites than is vouchsafed to the "doves" aforesaid.

Mr. Washburne gave a very elegant entertainment a few days since to a large number of his countrymen resident here and *en voyage*. Everybody went away greatly delighted by the richness of the feast and the genial urbanity of their host. A grand dinner was also given the other day to the new Minister to the United States, M. Prévost-Paradol, by Mr. T. Balch, where the American Legation and a number of distinguished celebrities, including some of the Cabinet Ministers, were present.

The Drought—Fire in the Forest of Fontainebleau—"Red Tape" Rules and Their Violation.

PARIS, June 15, 1870.

We are getting into a peculiarly perplexing predicament. Rain does not fall, we are all as dry as chips, it is thirsty weather, water is scarce and the price of bread is augmenting.

The forest of Fontainebleau found it too hot, some days since, and burst into flames, it is supposed spontaneously, although it is asserted by some to have been the act of an incendiary. The son of a barrister was returning through the forest on foot, when his attention was attracted by flames on the plateau above Apremont. He proceeded immediately to Barbizon, in search of Monsieur le Maire, at whose door he hammered in vain, that functionary being absent. The adjoint was next applied to, and the request made that the tocsin should be sounded. Monsieur l'Adjoint was a man of red tape, and wanted a precedent for sounding the tocsin in a similar case. He searched, found none, and declared he could only order the drums to beat. "Well, then, rattle away." "But," remonstrated the Assistant Mayor, "here are the drums only, and I must send for a drummer, which will take a quarter of an hour." This was too much for the excited son of a barrister, who seized a drum and visited various parts of the town, rattling away as he did so in a manner that would have made Patti, in "Lucia," or Celine Montaland, in the "Cosaques," jealous. This unusual flagellation of the sheepskin soon collected a small troop of the inhabitants, and among others a number of the colony of artists who inhabit the place. Brush, mahlstick and pallet were cast aside, and the disciples of the art of painting hurried up if possible to save their favorite trees. Forest guards, gendarmes and troops arrived, and at last the flames were mastered when nearly seventy acres had been devastated. The pine trees, burned from stem to summit, still remain erect. Sight-seers have a new sensation; they flock in crowds to visit the blackened rocks and tree trunks—the only remaining vestiges of the late fire.

THE PARIS PRESS.

There are in Paris 980 journals, of which forty are political.

The following statement of their numbers and object is of interest; it is official:—Religion, Roman Catholic, 62; Protestant, 25; Jewish, 3; instructive, 28; law, 48; administrative, 26; political economy, 63; medical, 59; natural science, 40; agricultural, 33; horticultural, 10; military art, 19; marine, 12; history, 26; fine arts, 65; architecture, 9; archæological, 19; public works, 35; financial, 49; industrial arts and trades, 66; ladies' journals, 36; fashions, 66; sport, 29; Free Masonry, 5; Spiritualism, 5; bibliography, 16; literature, 86; in all, 940 non-political journals, of which 113 are stamped and consequently entitled to receive advertisements. There are in addition to the above 40 political newspapers. With all proper deference for our French contemporaries, I find their perusal most irksome, the mind being in a constant state of doubt as to facts.

FEMME A BARBE.

All have heard Theresa sing the celebrated *Femme à Barbe*. The original *femme à barbe*—large, fat and forty—was wont to exhibit her ugliness at the various *fêtes* around Paris, and is supposed to have served as a model for the star of the Café Chantant. In consequence of domestic troubles the mirsute Eve tried to drown herself near the Pont du Change. Medical examination proved her to be insane, and she has been consigned to a lunatic asylum. Theresa, who has already made 120,000 francs by doing so, is still singing in the Chatte Blanche; but, thank goodness, I have not heard her for many months. The Gaité theatre, notwithstanding the heat, where she nightly is applauded by her admirers, whose name is legion, is not very far distant from one bearing the name of an actress who, having been from the commencement of this century a public favorite, now has sought repose in retirement. Born on the 30th of August, 1798, Virginie Déjazet made her first appearance before the public in 1802, since which she has been constantly before it. Thirty-five years since her talent was described by Brazier in the following terms:—"Virginie Déjazet, the most daring actress that I know, recoiling before nothing, frightened at nothing, uttering slang with perfect tact. Virginie laughs with the public as with a friend, with an air of saying, 'I am about to give you something very bad, but don't be afraid, it is I. I am a good fellow.' Virginie understands everything about the theatre, malice, nature, grace, jollity, and if she does not make you cry it is that she will not, *ou qu'elle le veut bien*." A greater compliment to an actress could hardly be paid.

BANKING AND BANKERS.

Three self-styled bankers, whose united ages would not reach the threescore years and ten spoken of in Holy Writ, are at present absent from Paris. They are accompanied by 800,000 francs, which, if everybody had their own, would be quietly reposing in the pockets of the waiters at restaurants, attendants at baths, servants and others, who were taken in by a small financial sheet, published weekly, with the especial object of making victims. Every person in Paris likes speculation. My *bonne* has shares in this and the other financial scheme. She is learned in obligations of the Ville de Paris and government loans. The absence of the young bankers alluded to above is deplored by hundreds of small capitalists. Although acting in concert they had establishments in different quarters of Paris, the Crédit Financier, the Caisse des Petits Capitalists and the Caisse des Rentiers. In the safe was found, after their departure for Belgium, twenty-six francs, bearing the Pope's effigy, which, as I before told you, diminishes their value considerably.

CRIME.

Suicide is still on the increase. Heat of the weather is said to have something to do with it, and yet I should imagine that but few inhabitants of this capital can hope to find cooler quarters in the next world. Four of us attempted and three succeeded in one day in anticipating payment of the debt to which humanity is heir. One, a geographical engineer, took a header from the Pont de l'Alma, and a policeman took a header after him, as did also an inhabitant of the neighborhood. He was brought out alive, although before throwing himself into the water he had tried to strangle himself with a rope tightly tied around his throat, and had swallowed the contents of a vial full of ammonia. It is evident he was not born to die by suicide. At the Pont de l'Alma a man attempted to drown himself, while at the Pont de la Concorde another, anxiously watched by a gaping crowd, was walking about quietly at the bottom of the river, airing himself with a pipe of gutta percha tube, the orifice of which was supported on the surface of the water by two pieces of wood. The shoes of this submarine *flaneur* had soles armed with perpendicular points, which enabled their wearer to walk easily against the current.

GOSSIP.

In Paris if a person drops a sou in the gutter everybody stops, everybody gazes intently, without knowing at what, and everybody chatters, without knowing what they are talking about. A policeman arrives, utters the magic *circulez, messieurs, circulez!* and the crowd disperses, no one knowing anything, but every one inventing some story to retail and be improved on by the first person to whom the great event is imparted. Paris is a gossiping, lounging place. How people get through any business at all is a mystery. The time lost in trying to find people at their offices or residences is amazing. From eleven till one you can find no one; or rather, the two best hours in the day are wasted in *cafés* with breakfasting and the *demie tasse*, followed by the small glass of cognac and cigars. Until initiated in Parisian customs I became as thin as a fiddle string in my endeavors to find people. I found, however, that it is as hopeless to attempt to catch a Parisian between those hours as it is to fish for trout under a bright sun, when the fish are taking their midday nap and would not "rise" at the daintiest living fly on the wing, much less at an artificial.

IRREVERENT.

It is difficult for the French to be serious; they are lively by nature. The Paris *gavroche* is celebrated for witty sallies, even in reference to the most serious subjects. I heard one yesterday afternoon, at the corner of the rue de Lafayette, where your correspondent, among others, had been brought to a standstill by a passing funeral. Followed by a considerable number of letter carriers in uniform, the interment was evidently that of a postman. A *gavroche* in a blouse at my elbow took his cap off like everybody else as the hearse went by; but he could not resist causing an indecorous utter in the crowd by alluding to the defunct in an audible voice to one of his pais, "*Dis donc, auguste!*"—is he prepaid and stamped for foreign post, or does he go free?

IRELAND.

Execution of the Law—The Special Commission in Meath—Causes of the Extra-Judicial Assemblage—Municipal Excitement—The Prisoners, Their Appearance, Trials and the Result—Sentences—The Scene in Court.

TRIM, June 15, 1870.

The Special Judicial Commission for the county Meath, which has, for some time past, been the subject of much controversy and speculation, concluded its labors in this town on the 9th instant. Though the criminal calendar was a long one, only two of the prisoners, strange to say, were put on their trial; but, as these were convicted, the Crown was, I suppose, so well satisfied with its victory that it did not wish to proceed further, and adjourned the other trials till the next assizes.

CAUSES.

As the commission is over, I wish to make a few observations upon it and upon the state of things which occasioned it. There are few, I think, who will deny that, for the last six or eight months, the social condition of the counties of Meath and Westmeath has been such as required the interposition of the law. Whoever reads the letters I have already written from this county will, I doubt not, be led to form a similar opinion. Several murders have been committed in the county, but none of the criminals have been made amenable to the law. Numerous other offences of a less serious nature have also taken place, and, in the majority of instances, it is to be regretted the offenders have not been brought to justice.

So many criminals have escaped that Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues were accused, and, indeed, with some semblance of justice, by their political opponents, of the greatest neglect with regard to the state of Ireland. Night after night in the House of Commons they were persistently taunted with fomenting disturbances of a religious as well as of a social nature in Ireland, with encouraging the assassination of the landlords, with doing all manner of wicked and foolish things; but, I may remark, that the only ground the tory "squireens" had for these accusations was that the government did not adopt any extraordinary measures to prevent these crimes. The object of the tories was two-fold. They wanted these outrages to be regarded as the result of Mr. Gladstone's policy, and they were resolved on forcing him to adopt coercive measures that would bring his government into disfavor with the Irish. Unfortunately, in the latter instance they were but too successful. But, instead of regretting these outrages, the tories sang a pæan over every one that took place. They did more than this. They encouraged them in every way they could. They were ready to join with the Fenians, with the Orangemen, with any and every society in fact, to help on and encourage those outrages which they so loudly deplored in the House of Commons. The importunities of these tories and the actual state of the country forced Mr. Gladstone at last to introduce the Coercion bill, and, strange to say, with the exception of Sir John Gray and his few followers, from none did he receive such opposition as from the tory members.

COERCION.

The Coercion bill was passed, and while it placed the entire population of Ireland under some restrictions it completely suspended the liberties of the people of Meath, Westmeath and Mayo. Notwithstanding its severity and the extraordinary powers with which it invested the magistracy and the police crime still continued in Meath.

The special commission, which is just now closed, was issued by the Lord Lieutenant for the purpose of dealing out the severest punishment to such persons as would be found guilty of crimes of a political or social nature, and, by making an example of them, deter others from following in their footsteps.

ON TRIAL.

I have no fault to find with the object of the commission; I believe that circumstances justified it and that it was absolutely necessary; but I do not see why all the prisoners were not put upon their trial or why the Crown was satisfied with the conviction of two. It is an extraordinary fact that, although only two prisoners were tried, the county Meath, for being purged of these two criminals, will be put to the enormous expense of £4,000 sterling, and all this for a trial of about ten hours. The presiding Judges, Chief Justice Monaghan and Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, are, it is said, to receive £1,000 sterling between them. During the trial Judge Fitzgerald never opened his mouth, and the Chief Justice delivered two charges, which were remarkable for nothing but their bad English. The Attorney and the Solicitor General will also come in for their share of the cash, and the prisoners' counsel, who, though employed by the Crown, will also be paid by the people of Meath for their strenuous exertions in behalf of Mr. Radcliffe's would-be murderers.

When government went to the trouble of raising such a "fuss" and of incurring such expense, it should have arraigned all the prisoners or have had no commission at all.

INDICTMENTS.

The trial of Edward Gearty and John Brady, for the attempted murder of Mr. Radcliffe, J. P., was looked forward to for several months past by the entire population of this county, indeed I might say of Ireland, with the utmost interest. It was the most serious offence of a political or social nature with which any person in the county stood charged; and although it was not very remarkable in itself, still it had a public significance which the people as well as the government were not slow to recognize.

Men of all classes flocked into Trim to be present at the trial. The town was so crowded that it was next to impossible to get a bed. The law officers of the Crown had to sleep in bedrooms in which I heard they could not stand upright. At the two hotels, which were very far from being comfortable, a stranger would be accommodated with a bed for a guinea a night. The jury were sent to a hotel, and were so badly provided for that the Chief Justice felt it to be his duty to fine the Sub-Sheriff twenty pounds sterling. The HERALD'S special correspondent, who came back here the evening before the trial, was obliged to repose on a sofa in an apartment occupied by three others, and for this luxury paid half a guinea.

STREET AND COURT SCENES.

Every one was up early next morning. The Judges arrived from Dublin by the ten o'clock train and took their seats on the bench an hour afterwards. The streets and lanes were crowded, but comparatively few were able to obtain admission to the court.

EDWARD GEARTY,

the chief, or rather I should say the only, criminal, is a man of about forty years of age and has an extremely forbidding cast of countenance. He is a small man, rather below the middle size, of dark complexion, heavy eyebrows, wicked looking eyes. He wears a black whisker and moustache. A worse countenance, I think, I have never seen. His character, if report can be relied on, is quite as bad as his appearance. He enjoys a very unenviable reputation in Kells, of which place he is a native. For years he was mixed up with all the secret societies of the town and neighborhood, and was the leader of the ribbonmen. In 1859, when the Phœnix boys were being arrested in different parts of Ireland, Gearty found it necessary to go to America, but returned to Kells a year or two afterwards, when the danger was over. As far as I am able to understand, the inhabitants of that town neither regret his absence nor his fate.

JOHN BRADY.

The other prisoner, John Brady, is a boy of about twenty years of age, and had the misfortune of falling into bad company a few years ago. He has quite a boyish look, and there is nothing vicious about his appearance.

TESTIMONY.

The trial of these two men, though short, will not, I think, be forgotten in haste in the county Meath. Brady, a short time after his arrest, made a voluntary statement to the resident magistrate of Trim, which was produced in evidence against him at the trial, and created a sensation such as, I believe, was seldom felt in a court of justice. They knew that their intended victim, Mr. Radcliffe, was in town, and they armed themselves and went to meet him at a lonely part of his road home. Brady was to hold the bridle lines while Gearty was to fire the shot, and, if necessary, to cut Mr. Radcliffe's throat, for which purpose he brought with him a butcher's knife. As was agreed upon between them Brady seized the bridle and Gearty discharged the contents of a large pistol at his intended victim, which, providentially missed his head and took effect in his hat. Brady was so frightened that he let go the bridle and thus prevented his accomplice from despatching Mr. Radcliffe with his knife.

It also came out during the trial that several persons were to be murdered within a short time from the attempt on Mr. Radcliffe's life. Among them were a Major Dalton and his son, Lord Dunsany's agent, and a gamekeeper in the neighborhood of Kells.

These facts, with many others I need not introduce here, gave a dreadful interest to the whole proceedings. I saw the Chief Justice actually tremble on the bench. The Solicitor General, who certainly is not a severe or rough-tempered man, was so excited with the horrible story he had heard that he delivered one of the ablest and most telling speeches I ever listened to against the prisoners.

SENTENCED.

Gearty received the heaviest sentence the law allows for the offence of which he was guilty—namely, penal servitude for the term of his natural life.

Brady, in consequence of his youth, was strongly recommended by the jury to mercy, and was let off with ten years' penal servitude.

HOPE.

I have no doubt that this sentence will be attended with the best possible consequences. It will give Gearty's accomplices, of whom a large number are in custody, a fright which, probably, they little dreamed of. It will, it is to be hoped, put an end to those lawless societies which, beyond all doubt, exist in this country, and should it do this it will accomplish a great deal. To strike terror into the hearts of the people was, I feel certain, the reason which induced the government to issue the commission; and their object was a wise one, and will, in due time, bear good fruit.

FIRST EFFECTS.

The prisoner Gearty, like most other murderers, was a coward; for when sentenced he fainted in the dock. The unfortunate man leaves a wife and a large family to bewail his unhappy fate. The former and two or three of the latter gave vent to their feelings in screams and sobs, which those who had the misfortune to hear will not soon forget.

The Tailors' Trade "Strike" in Cork—What an Employer Says.

[From the Cork Reporter, June 17.]

At the police office yesterday the charge against the tailors on strike for combination came on for hearing.

Mr. Cremen, on behalf of the accused, suggested that it be withdrawn in view of some arrangement being come to for the settlement of the dispute between the operatives and their employers.

Mr. Bishop, the complainant, stated that he could not go from his place of business to his private house without being annoyed and threatened with assault.

The case was postponed until Thursday next, and should the master tailors get no cause of complaint in the interim, it will not probably be proceeded with.

Neutralizing Agencies.

[From the Cork Reporter, June 17.]

In the British Parliament Mr. Heron intends to ask the government how long it is intended to keep the military in Tipperary workhouse, with the view of having them removed.

Mr. Stackpoole will, on next Monday, in Parliament ask her Majesty's Postmaster General what steps he proposes to take and when they will be taken towards securing for the people of Ireland "a cheaper, more widely extended and more expeditious system of telegraphy."

ENGLAND.

Patti Out of Tone.

The musical editor of *Le Gaulois*, of Paris, gives the following account of a difference between Mme. Patti and Herr Wachtel:—

In one scene of "Don Giovanni," as is well known, the tenor sings an air of some length, during which time Zerlina and Zannetto are left on the stage taking no part in the music. By a conventional arrangement the artists representing these characters usually retire and only return when the tenor has finished his air. At the last representation of "Don Giovanni" at Covent Garden Herr Wachtel, who had requested Signor Tagliafico to arrange with Mme. Patti to observe the usual course, found, when about to commence his famous piece, that, although Signor Tagliafico had retired from the stage, Mme. Patti was still there. Believing that she had misunderstood the arrangement, he said, in a low voice, "Leave the stage," which Mme. Patti at once did in great indignation, and immediately protested to Mr. Gye that she would never again sing with a tenor who could speak to her with such insolence. An explanation followed, which was simply that Signor Tagliafico had omitted to inform Mme. Patti of the desire of Herr Wachtel, and the lady at once admitted that the latter could not have intended to affront her; but Herr Wachtel, in his turn, was indignant, refused to sing again, and demanded that his engagement at £600 per month should be cancelled, which was done.

DISRAELI'S CRITICS.

Lothair Under the Scalpel, and by Whom.

The Glasgow *Herald's* London correspondent writing upon the above subject says:—

The slashing criticism of Mr. Disraeli's book contained in this month's "Blackwood" has been written by Mr. Lawrence Oliphant, author of the recent "Piccadilly Sketches," and a well-known contributor to the tory magazine. Mr. Oliphant, who became known to fame by the record of his travels in connection with Lord Elgin's mission to China, entered Parliament as the representative of the Stirling burghs, having been elected at the general election which took place immediately preceding Lord Palmerston's death. A sudden whim, partly occasioned perhaps by ill-health, caused him shortly after entering Parliament to resign his seat, and he departed for America, where he was next heard of as one of the founders of a new sect, whose peculiar principles seems to have been a combination of religion and farming. Here he was for some time entirely lost to high class society, of which he had been once an influential member, and what little was heard of him merely revealed the fact that he was leading a life of transcendental solitude, somewhat akin to that described in Hawthorne's "Blythesdale Romance." He was, in fact, beginning to be forgotten in England, when, at the commencement of the present year, his "Piccadilly Sketches" appeared, and brought him more prominently before the public. They were very bitter and slashing in their tone, and, as they satirized the more glaring of our social evils, in the cynical vein of a man who, having probed their depths and found them vanity, had retired into the wilderness, where he could rail at them with authority, the book became the town's talk, and was extremely popular at the fashionable libraries. One of the strangest features in connection with this publication, however, remains to be recorded. Having written, as it were, from the heart of his solitude, in the most caustic and condemnatory terms, of modern fashionable society, Mr. Oliphant left America and came over to London to hear what that society which he had so strongly ridiculed had to say about his book. He has been haunting the clubs for some time since, and "Lothair" having been opportunely given to the world while he was idling, he had the opportunity of feeding fat his grudge, ancient and otherwise, upon Mr. Disraeli, and writing a review which, at all events, has created a sensation.

[From the London Standard, June 15.]

Some of our readers may recollect that from the time the Peelite section purchased the *Morning Chronicle*, apparently for the purpose of writing Mr. Disraeli down, there were published in that paper, year after year, invectives against that gentleman which far outstripped all the limits of political discussion. No one knew at the time who wrote them; they were ascribed at the time to various individuals; but at last it came out the slashing writer was Goldwin Smith, then a man comparatively unknown outside the walls of Balliol. Surely the Oxford professor must have forgotten in his irritation at the "venomless story" of "Lothair" for how many years he libelled Mr. Disraeli with impunity and anonymously.

Whence the Title?

"A. H. B.," writing to the London *News*, says:—

Why Mr. Disraeli pitched on the name of Lothair for the hero of his last novel has puzzled more than one of your contemporaries. I think even Mr. Goldwin Smith might, if he knew the source of Mr. Disraeli's inspiration, admit that of a certain sort of cowardice he is not guilty. On turning to *Punch* for 1844, vol. 8, p. 16, I find among the characters in Punch's Pantomime one described thus:—"Lothair (sometimes called Young England, afterwards Harlequin), Mr. D'Israeli." The significance of the motto, "*Nosse omnia hæc satus est adolescentulis*," is also explained by this reference. Like M. Regnier, Mr. Disraeli, in retiring from a profession in which he has been so eminent, considerately wished to give the benefit of his experience to that Young England with which he was once himself identified.

GERMANY.

Russian Imperial Honor to Bismarck—The Czar at Ems.

The *Memoire Diplomatique* of Paris states that when Count Bismarck, who accompanied his sovereign the King of Prussia to Ems, took the hand of the Czar, and was lifting it to his lips, the Emperor Alexander anticipated the action by saluting the Prussian statesman on the cheek. From this gracious salutation it is inferred that Count Bismarck is in great favor with the Czar. The *Mémorial* adds that "in diplomatic circles it is still believed, notwithstanding the denial of the semi-official journals, that in the interview between the two sovereigns plans have been agreed to in furtherance of the work of disintegration which has for some time past been carried on towards Austria; on the part of the one Power, by secretly inciting the Czechs to refuse all compromise with the Court of Vienna, and of other by propagating and encouraging Pan-Slavist ideas throughout the countries under the Austrian sceptre which are inhabited by a slave population."

The *Presse* of Vienna, however, announces that the object of the royal meeting at Ems was to arrange a marriage between the second son of the Czar, Prince Wladimir, and a youthful princess of the royal family.

Finance and Trade in Frankfort.

[From the London Times (city article), June 16.]

The advices from Frankfort describe a great tendency to animation on the Bourse. Old and solid railway securities command high prices, and Lombard and Austrian-French shares are especially in request, on the expectation of a large export of grain—a circumstance which has also caused the Vienna currency to rise two per cent during the past week.

A new bank has been started at Frankfort under the title of the German-American Bank, and among the promoters there are very good names. "They might do a profitable business," it is remarked, "but the question is whether anything of American origin could be safely endorsed *as long as judges are appointed by universal suffrage* and not by competent authorities, who could ascertain the characters of persons in whom such functions should be vested." United States bonds are in demand for investment, while there is scarcely any floating supply on the market.

The Frankfort municipal authorities have granted a concession to a company for extensive waterworks, with a guarantee of four per cent interest on the amount of their shares, taking also 1,500,000 florins on their own account. The water will be brought from the Vogelsberg and the Spessart, a distance of thirty miles, previous attempts to bring it from the hills in the neighborhood having failed, and the undertaking seems to be expected to prove highly remunerative. At a meeting of delegates from the French and South German railway companies interested in the traffic between France and Austria-Hungary at Prague, it has been resolved to reduce the freight for corn from Pesth to Paris, via Cologne, as has previously been the case via Kehl; to admit Dynamit in the international traffic; to grant a reduction in the freight of cotton sent from Havre, and various other reductions, to secure the transport for their lines.

SPAIN.

Prim's Speech on the Search for a King.

The following is the text of the speech pronounced lately by Marshal Prim in the Spanish Cortes on the subject of finding some one to accept the vacant throne. He said:—

The deputies probably expect me to proclaim the name of a candidate with whom I had been authorized to treat on the part of the Spanish government. (Hear, hear.) I shall not do so, because if I did I should commit an indiscretion which might lead to complications; and, besides, my honor is pledged. Gentlemen, you will, doubtless, approve my reserve. (Yes, yes.) The candidate was assuredly in the condition Spain requires. That is to say, of royal race, Catholic and of full age. But fatality had written in the book of destinies of nations that we were not to succeed in finding a king. The Prince, I have been informed with as much delicacy as benevolence, cannot for the present accept the crown. Then the government thought the time was come to refer to the Cortes and make the Assembly the arbiter of the question. Thus I sum up my statement. The Ministry has not been fortunate in these negotiations; it has no candidate for the crown of Spain to present you, at least for the present, out will it have to-morrow? I cannot say. I can only assure you that the government is animated by entirely the same sentiment as the monarchist deputies, and that most certainly the Cabinet has not lost all chance of finding a monarch. Without being able to fix a date or wishing to name the exact day, the government will continue to treat the question with great prudence and reserve until it can present to you a candidate capable of creating a general opinion in his favor. Like you, we have considered that the first thing that the country required was to get out of the interregnum at any price. But we have no candidate to offer you, yet, as it is possible that the majority in the Cortes may have one, you will, with your exalted wisdom, take what determination you may deem proper in conformity with your patriotic spirit and sentiments. I may add that the government, as well as the deputies, looks on the continuance of the provisional state of things as a great evil; but not having in its power any means of getting out of this painful situation it does not share the exaggerated fears which have been expressed as to the dangers which would result therefrom to liberty and society.

A Paris journal of the 16th of June reports the speech and then adds:—

The Marshal acknowledged that the Spanish crown had been offered to four different candidates in succession, all of whom refused it. As he did not give their names we will supply the deficiency by stating that they were the ex-Regent of Portugal, Don Fernando; the young Duke of Genoa; Count d'Eu, son-in-law of the Emperor of Brazil, and Prince Frederick of Hohenzollern.

RUSSIA.

A Church Sensation from Paris—Intolerance and Self-Sufficiency.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Eastern Budget*, of Vienna, writing on the 6th, says:—

The news that an English family of the name of Dickson was brutally ill-treated the other day by the pew opener of the Russian church in Paris has produced a great sensation here. It appears that this family, having a