

early success, though it gives a lad a good start, gives him little ease; that the race of life is a race which tests endurance more than speed; that some of the most hopeless failures in latter years have been of the dashing brilliant, clever young fellows who seemed at school and college to carry everything before them; and that the slow, plodding lad, who seemed to have nothing in his favour, except a dogged determination to go on, often comes out higher than either he himself or any of his friends expected."

"How the old time comes o'er me!" The papers are ringing with the following paragraph:—"A request made by Prince Arthur to be allowed to volunteer for service on the Gold Coast has been refused." How good of "the sweetest young prince," and how thoughtful of the Horse Guards! I can recall, during the siege of Sebastopol, when the English troops were perishing of cold and starvation in the trenches before the badly beleaguered city, that a similar request was made to the Queen by the Prince Consort. Her Majesty naturally declined to listen to it. 'Punch,' at which people used then to smile, immortalised the incident by a cartoon, in which Albert the Good was represented, kneeling on one knee before Majesty, his finger to the side of his nose, and these sincere words in his mouth:—"Pray—do let me go to the Crimea!" The whole world laughed, as all London is laughing now.

The 'Echo,' which for a long time past has subsisted on the crutches of impotence, is occupying theological ground with a display of skirt and a height of heel which would have been creditable to a withered belle of the Renaissance. In an article on Irish affairs one fearful contributor writes—he is rejoicing over the protest presented to the Cardinal respecting the management of the Catholic University—they (the Irish papers) "Evidently fear to provoke the unpleasant reminders . . . or to evoke remarks on Galileo, or the celebrated lecture in which Dr Cullen proved conclusively that the sun goes round the earth—a theory which every staunch Roman Catholic is now bound to hold since the definition of the Infallibility affects the decree of every past Pope." This is not bad of the 'Echo,' when you consider that Father Secchi of the Papal Observatory is the most renowned astronomer in the world—Huid, Lockyer, and Huggins counting for what they are worth—and when you remember that the Cardinal never did say what this enlightened print avers he did say. However, there is no abuse so refined as a gentleman's.

The 'Times' declares that the substitution of Dr. Lyon Playfair for Mr Monsell is intended by the Prime Minister as a significant hint to the Irish Catholics that they need not look for any more attempts to conciliate them of the kind typified by the Irish University Bill of last Session. If this be so, we can only say first, that it is extremely unfair to throw over a good Postmaster-General, who has given all the support in his power to Mr Gladstone's Irish policy, for such a reason as that; next, that it will not increase the content of Ireland to know that the best Irish Members are less eligible than before for Imperial duties; and lastly, that there is something a little ignoble in such an attempt to conciliate the bigoted Orange feeling, especially when it takes the form of slights to old political allies.

When the judge took his seat in the Central Criminal Court, London, on Monday, to take stock of the month's vice, he was confronted by forty-five prisoners, two of whom were charged with wilful murder, one with manslaughter, five with forgery, one with arson, three with robbery with violence, and three with wounding feloniously. The remainder were cases of an ordinary description, such as beating wives biting off friends' noses for fun, and thrashing children's heads with pokers and flat irons. We are becoming eminently respectable. On Monday, too, by the way, Mr John Henry Yeates, who recently pleaded guilty to two indictments charging him with forging dividend warrants by which he robbed the Great Eastern Steamship Company of £40,000, was brought up for sentence, and sent for ten years' penal servitude. You see he had touched "pruputty," and caught it hot accordingly. If he had only killed his wife he might have escaped through the benefit. Nothing short of a real luxury would satisfy him, and he suffers accordingly.

The defeat of the Whigs at Exeter adds to the uncertainty already pretty strongly associated with the results of the General Election in England. In 1868 the city returned two Liberals; it is now represented by two Conservatives; but the majority in each contest was small and no one can tell how the scale may incline on the next occasion. To us, we confess, the return of Mr Mills is not distressing. It helps to prove that neither Whig nor Tory will possess a preponderating strength in the next Parliament, and that the balance of power will really rest with the Irish members. If our countrymen profit to the full extent by the opportunity thus presented to them, we may expect the triumph of Home Rule in the new future.

It is seldom that England voluntarily does honour to an Irishman's memory. But we are glad to record one of the exceptions. A movement is on foot to promote the erection of a monument to Oliver Goldsmith, in London, and it is proposed, if it should be necessary, to hold a commemoration at the Crystal Palace on the centenary of Goldsmith's death, the 4th April next, in order to raise funds.

GERMANY.

Germany Preparing for the Next War.—The Germans, it appears, are hard at work preparing for the next war with France. Their attention is at present directed chiefly to strengthening the fortified places—Metz, Strasburgh and the others—on the frontier.

The debates in the Prussian Parliament makes clear the fact that "nobbling the press" is a feat just as successfully practised by Prince Bismarck as it was by Lord Clarendon himself. Bismarck, indeed, does not go so clumsily to work as the English prototype; he manages to get the "Ultramontanes" abused for a bribe without resorting to the vulgar expedient of paying specifically so much a column for each article. The thing works somewhat in this way. There is in Berlin a Government Press Office called the 'Literarische Bureau,' in which correspondence, articles, and paragraphs are manufactured by Government clerks, and these are forwarded, gratis, to the various newspapers in Germany disposed to accept them. As they all contain news not otherwise obtainable, they are generally inserted; but the Government

gives its news conditional on the publication of the commentary with which it is flavoured, and we need not say that a favourable tone towards the Ministry in the editorial columns is also expected in return for the free despatches. It is as if the Government in England spent the public money in organising a newspaper telegraphic agency, such as that of the "Associated Press," and then sent its bulletins—spiced with the regulation flavouring—gratuitously to certain public journals.

We have now before us a slip of paper which illustrates the means which are being resorted to for the purpose of influencing European public opinion in a manner injurious to the Catholics of Germany. It is part of a lithographed correspondence drawn up under the direction of the Prussian Government, and circulated throughout Europe in English, French, Italian, and other languages. The copy in our possession is in English, and was lithographed at Berlin in English. It contains the Government version of two facts connected with the persecution with controversial comments on them, and is evidently intended as an "inspiration" for the English press.

In the Prussian Diet Herr Camphausen, in the name of the Government, rejected the proposal presented by Herr Bernard on behalf of the Catholic party for the repeal of the newspaper stamp tax. He declared himself a confirmed partizan of a free and unshackled press, but added that the Prussian Cabinet had referred this matter to the Imperial Government and would await the result of the steps which it had taken. Notwithstanding this declaration the House gave a striking proof of the state of public feeling upon the question by deciding in favor of the proposal by a majority of 351 votes against 6.

John, King of Saxony, died the 29th October in the 72nd year of his age and the twentieth of his reign. A Catholic King, ruling a Protestant people, he had contrived better than most of his predecessors to secure the respect and good will of his subjects.

Archbishop Ledochowski has sent a great number of clerics belonging to his Seminary to an ecclesiastical Seminary at Innsbruck:

Bismarck and "His Majesty."—There are people even yet in Germany who do not seem to be animated with Evangelical respect for the architect of the empire. On a dark night recently, an artist surreptitiously ornamented a wall in one of the German cities with a mammoth drawing of a cathedral; around it was a rope at which Bismarck was represented tugging away with all his might, while the devil stands by curiously regarding his efforts. The interpretation was furnished in the following dialogue, printed in large, bold letters beneath the scene:—

His Satanic Majesty—"What the devil are you doing there?"

Bismarck—"I am going to pull down the Church."

His Majesty—"Oh! indeed? You are going to pull down the Church! And how long do you think it will take you?"

Bismarck—"About three or four years."

His Majesty—"Indeed! Well, I have been at the same job these 1800 years and have not accomplished it yet. If you do it in three or four years, I will resign my office in your favor."

"MARY OF THE SNOWS."

A LETTER from Estella (Navarre) in the 'Daily News,' dated October 27, says:—"Our state of inaction has been pleasantly disturbed by the arrival of Prince Alfonso and his wife, Dona Blanca. He is a fine young man, though not so tall as Don Carlos. His wife is handsome, and has golden hair—a veritable princess of romance. In her semi-uniform of a blue Hussar jacket trimmed with fur over her black riding habit, and with a white Carlist cap and golden tassel, she looks exceedingly well. Their reception was most enthusiastic.

A letter in the 'Times' reminds us that Maria de las Nieves, or Mary of the Snows, is the daughter of Don Miguel, late King of Portugal, whose other child is the sister-in-law of the present Emperor of Austria. The princess herself, two years ago, married Don Alfonso, and during the last ten months the youthful pair—for she is only twenty-one and her husband twenty-four—have gone through all the hardships of the war in Catalonia. As a natural consequence she is idolized in Catalonia, and her presence in a battle was looked upon as a sure harbinger of victory. Dona Blanca's fame has long since reached the King's followers, and his hot-blooded and passionate Navarros were all burning with eagerness to see that lady of whom they heard so much. I determined, in consequence, to ride over to a village in the neighborhood of headquarters, so as to meet the royal cortege, and thou witness the welcome sure to be given to Don Carlos's sister-in-law. General Dorregaray rode past, conversing with Don Alfonso, a slight-built young man, very like Don Carlos in face, but a pigmy compared to him in stature. A few yards in rear of her husband came Dona Blanca, the heroine of a thousand stories which are freely circulated in the Peninsula. Slight, fragile, and rather under than over the usual stature, Dona Blanca sat on a coal-black Barbary charger, which once belonged to the enemy, with consummate ease and skill. She was attired in an Hussar's dark blue pelisse jacket, embroidered round the waist, and worn over a riding habit of the same color. Very prepossessing and decidedly pretty would have been the verdict, if a jury composed of London dowagers, and with daughters of their own to bring out, could have been asked to pass a judgment. But Mary of the Snows was eager to reach her destination, and after only a quarter of an hour's rest at Aranza, to take some refreshment at Valdespina's house, we continued the journey, accompanied by hundreds of the inhabitants of Estella, who had purposefully walked out to kiss the hand of their renowned princess. The escort kept slightly in the rear, as there was no need of its services. The only self-constituted guardian who walked by the side of the princess was an old cura, who from time to time, when he saw his parishioners were too intrusive, freely boxed their ears, and cuffed them with his priest's cap. At last we reached Don Carlos's headquarters. The streets here were literally paved with human heads, and the resounding vivas for Dona Blanca that rent the air as she rode into the square might have recalled a British cheer. Don Alfonso himself was almost unnoticed in the rapturous applause given to his lady.