

proceeded to the estate of Dacre Hamilton, of Cornacassa, for the purpose of carrying out evictions for non-payment of rent in the townlands of Lennagh, Dernaheco, Dernasella, Drumscoor, Knocknalun, Tonnystacken, Derryallaghan, and Barrittitoppy. Thomas Hamilton, K.M., and Captain Mansfield, R.M., were present during the proceedings, which lasted over three days. The following were evicted and were not reinstated as caretakers:—Con McGuinness, Lennagh; Michael McKenna, Lennagh; Pat McCaffrey, Dernaheco; John Lappin, Drumscoor; Peter McCarren, Dernaheco; John H. Spenny, Derryallaghan. Wm. Lee, Tonnystacken, was evicted, but was afterwards reinstated as caretaker. Settlements were arrived at in the following cases when the Sheriff visited the lands:—Arthur Sonna, Dernasella; Bernard Carben, Dernaheco; Bernard Carben (Red), Dernaheco; Catherine; McCaffrey, Dernasella, D. Deery, Derryallaghan; Catherine McCaffrey, Dernasella; Deery, Derryallaghan; Hugh White, Dernasella; John McKenna, Tonnystacken; Peter McKenna, Dernasella; Pat Deery, Knocknalun.

Parisian Notes.

THE mobilisation of the seventeenth army corps has been carried out with success. In three days 26 battalions of infantry, with the accompanying cavalry, artillery, and commissariat, have been placed in the field. The soldiers have had no child's play, as the weather in the South has been bad, and, owing to the incapacity of several of the municipal authorities, in many instances both men and horses have been left without food and exposed to the rain. A story is told of a certain officer of commissariat who once complained to the Duke of Wellington that General Picton had threatened to shoot him unless supplies were ready at the appointed moment. "Did Picton say that?" asked the Duke. The reply was in the affirmative. "Then you had better look sharp," returned his Grace, "for nothing can be more sure than that he will keep his word." Some commander of equal resolution seems required to deal with the provincial magnates referred to.

Some of those who already appreciate the Orleanists at their proper value will find their appreciation of them enhanced by the report that an adverse tone adopted of late by the *Soleil* and the *Temps* towards Irish affairs is due to the influence of members of the party in question, if not to their chiefs. What lends colour to the report is the fact that distinguished adherents of the House are either themselves landlords in Ireland or the intimate friends and connections of such.

The versatility of the section of humanity that ekes out its ways and means by preying in one shape or another on sections of humanity not so engaged, received a new and startling illustration here a day or two ago. An unfortunate man, evidently with suicidal intent, leaped from the parapet of one of the bridges into the Seine. He was, however, instantly followed by a devoted humanitarian, who not only rescued him from a watery grave and brought him safe to land, but also poured into his poverty-stricken palms the little wealth he had about him, in the form of a franc or two. The example was contagious, and a crowd of bystanders hastened to do the same, hoping by the alleviation of his misery to deter the unhappy victim of suicidal mania from a repetition of his reckless deed. He expressed himself relieved and repentant, and went his way accompanied by his rescuer, who naturally took an additional interest in his fortunes. A watchful guardian of the law, however, also followed, who seemed to smell a rat—as, indeed, considering that there was a question of the famous *eau de Seine* , he might smell many things. Both men, in a word, beook themselves to a public-house, where they were expected by a circle of friends, and where the policeman speedily discovered the nature of their game. The whole affair had been got up between them to collect money from a soft and sympathising public, a fair portion of which may always be found abroad in any great city.

The Saint Arnaud of the café-concert, as M. Jules Ferry called General Boulanger on a recent celebrated occasion has become the subject of comic refrains in the classic regions alluded to. His praises are now repeated in musical verse, but rather equivocal words, by Mme. Demay, who is one of the principal queens of song on this particular stage. General Boulanger proceeding to take up his command on a locomotive as nightly described by the fair lady brings down the house immensely. Another of her triumphs, it may be added, consists in the description of the singer's personal prowess as shown in an ability to break hazel-nuts by simply sitting down on them. Mme. Demay and all her vocal sisters are, nevertheless, still thrown into the shade by the veteran songstress Thérèse, who sings or declaims, or combines song and declamation and grimace, as cleverly and, it may be added, as loudly as ever. Thérèse, nevertheless, has remained stationary in the café-concert, while others who began there, as, for example, Judic and Theo, have moved into a higher sphere. But one who perversely chose the lower course of her own free will and having better opportunities open to her could scarcely be expected to rise again. Thérèse's former relations towards a lady of great rank, wife of one of the principal Statesmen of his day in Europe, were in the mouths of all Paris many years ago and, although her career on the questionable stage she adorns, and which has been stigmatised even by M. Zola, was already brilliant, much astonishment was expressed at the choice she had made.

A monument to M. Thiers has just been unveiled at Père la Chaise in the presence of Mlle. Dosne, the sister-in-law of the deceased Statesman, M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire and others. It consists of a chapel in the Renaissance style, and will henceforward be among the principal features in the cemetery.

Among the advanced marks of our civilisation is the announcement of a boxing match which, if the police permit it, is to take place in the Bois de Boulogne. Still more advanced, perhaps, will be the cockfight to come off on the same day. The champion bird rejoices in the name of Franc-Pipard, and is recommended to the sporting public by a valiant record of having slain twenty-five opponents. It must be admitted, then, that the chief city of Europe takes a worthy place in the light of the closing century. But, still, it might well be wished that boxing and cock-fights were the worst.

The Under-Secretary for the colonies has devised a plan for the promotion of emigration to New Caledonia and Guiana. He proposes to utilise convict labour in those settlements in clearing land and building villages which might then be offered to immigrants on a system of deferred payments. He invites the assistance of the governors of the respective colonies in furthering his project. But were such a plan adopted with respect to New Caledonia, it would afford an additional excuse for the transportation there of the *recidivistes* to which the people of Australia and New Zealand are so much opposed.

THE WELLINGTON BAZAAR.

OPENING CEREMONY BY ARCHBISHOP REDWOOD.

(From our own Correspondent.)

QUITE a wonderful transformation was effected at the Wellington Opera House last week, the occasion being a grand bazaar, which was got up by the ladies of the Thorndon and Te Aro parishes, in aid of the church funds of both parishes. For the past six or eight months these ladies have used the most strenuous exertions to bring the bazaar to a successful issue, and the result must have been very gratifying to them, and must have amply compensated them for their labours. Institutions of the kind have in past years been by no means uncommon in Wellington, but no former bazaar has ever eclipsed the present one, either for the amount of goods collected or for the choiceness and variety of articles so collected. The result of the bazaar, from a monetary point of view, has also been eminently satisfactory, and will largely help to diminish the parish debts. This result is mainly due to the fair stall-holders and their assistants, to whom every credit is due for their activity, zeal, and energy. Indeed, the manner in which they set to work to find the end of the deepest pockets was truly marvellous and speaks volumes for their business tact and ability. The bazaar proper was held on the stage of the Opera House, which had only one fault, that of being too small for the crowds of people who thronged the bazaar nightly. No less than eight miniature shops or stalls were fitted up on the stage, besides a large arbour in the background designated the flower stall. The array of wares to be disposed of were arranged on these with great taste, and the scene when illuminated by electric light at night was a very brilliant one. To the executive committee, who are as follows, is largely due the success of the bazaar—viz., Rev. Father M'Kenna, Messrs. R. P. Collins, K. A. Marshal, A. M'Donald, and T. Hodgins.

The formal opening of the bazaar took place on Tuesday, the 26th inst. at 3 p.m. Shortly after that hour his Grace Archbishop Redwood, attended by the Very Rev. Father M'Namara, S.M., V.G., Rev. Dr. Watters, S.M., D.D., and the members of the executive committee, entered the Opera House. His entrance was the signal for loud and prolonged applause, and when quiet had been restored he declared the bazaar open in the following speech:—

"Ladies and gentlemen—I have much pleasure in being here to open this bazaar, but that pleasure would be greatly enhanced if the task had fallen to the lot of one who would have honoured us with his presence and encouraged us with his sympathetic words had he not been prevented by indisposition,—I allude to his Excellency the Governor (applause) and I am sure you will join me in heartily thanking him for his kind willingness to be present which we accept with the same gratitude as his actual presence. (Loud applause.) However, I am glad to replace him, albeit unworthy, and the occasion affords me unfeigned gratification for many reasons. It is always delightful to meet a large gathering of friends bent on innocent enjoyment, and it is an equal pleasure and cheering sight to see great numbers of persons working harmoniously and vigorously for some good and noble object, and when success rewards their efforts our joy is complete. Now, I believe this bazaar is and will be an unqualified success. It is a success already, inasmuch as it proves to induce the vast amount of industry, art, ingenuity, skill, and taste which was lying dormant in so many members both of the strong and fair sex in this city and which wanted a fitting opportunity to display itself. Let anyone go round and inspect those beautiful and well furnished stalls, and whether his eye be indulgent or critical he will find, I venture to say, unmistakable proof of considerable talent, great industry, and exquisite taste in not a few of the articles so profusely exhibited to the admiring, and, I hope, purchasing public (applause). And while I bestow the well earned meed of praise on the indefatigable exertions of all who have given so much of their time and anxious care to produce and procure this varied assortment, I beg to tender to them one and all my warmest thanks. I am grateful indeed to the numbers of my own flock but still more so to many kind friends—God bless them—who hold not our religious tenets, but are heartily at one with us in all charitable undertakings and have most generously spent a great deal of their time and trouble to help us on this occasion (applause). I also offer my hearty thanks to the Garrison Band, Mr. Grey's band, the Hibernian and St. Patrick's College bands for kindly giving us their pleasurable services during the evenings of the bazaar (applause). Reverting to the multitudinous contents of these stalls, I wish I had more power of description at my command than I have at present to do justice to the splendid array now set before us. But you know I am not an auctioneer, nor a manufacturer, nor an art critic. The many fair occupants of these picturesque stalls will replace me