INFERNAL MACHINES.

It was not until more than two centuries after the famous 5th of November that the idea of employing a fulminating process against the chief of the State was adopted in France, where twice in two months an attempt was made to blow up Napoleon, at that time First Consul. It was in each instance on the occasion of visiting the opera that Napoleon, according to the designs of his enemies, was to be blown to pieces. The Paris Opera House has, in fact, been the chosen scene for carrying out a large number of murderous projects against the rulers of the country. In addition to the two attempts made on the life of Napoleon I., it was in front of the opera that the Orsini shells were thrown which so nearly disposed of Napoleon III in the year 1857. It was beneath the portico, too, in the old Opera, in the Rue Richelieu, that the Duc de Berri was assassinated; but it would be too long a story to give even the briefest accounts of attacks made upon sovereigns by ordinary means. It was intended to employ against Napoleon I. a destructive method of a mixed kind. Rockets and grenades were to be hurled from various parts of the theatre into his box. But, to insure his death, conspirators armed with daggers and pistols were stationed in the corridors into which the box opened, with orders to shoot and stab him, if, escaping the missiles, he attempted to make his way to the outer doors. The conspiracy, according to Napoleon himself, who told the story at St. Helena, was revealed by a captain in the line. "What limit is there," said Napoleon, "to the combinations of folly and stupidity? This officer had a horror of me as Consul but adored me as General. He was anxious that I should be torn from my post, but he would have been very sorry that my life should be taken. I ought to be made prisoner, he said, in no way injured, and sent to the army to continue to defeat the enemies of France. The other conspirators laughed in his face, and when he saw them distributing daggers, and that they were going beyond his intentions he proceeded at once to denounce the whole affair."

The informer having been brought before him, Napoleon at first suggested to the Prefect of Police that he should not be allowed to go to the opera that evening. It was decided, however, that his absence would awaken the suspicions of the other conspirators, and everything was allowed to go on as though the plot had not been discovered. The sentinels outside Napoleon's box were ordered to let no one approach who had not the password, issued immediately before the Consul's departure for the opera; for it was known that a certain number of conspirators had taken up their position in the corridor to extinguish the lights at the moment when the rockets were to be fired and the shells thrown. The opera for the evening was "Les Horaces," a work composed by Porta to a libretto founded on Corneille's tragedy, and the signal for action was to be the delivery of a passage in which the Horatii swear to conquer or die. Then all the lights were to be put out, and, apart from the shells intended for the Emperor, fireworks were to be cast indiscriminately about the theatre, while the general confusion was to be increased by cries of "Fire!" The leaders of the plot, like the claqueurs of the present day, had attended the rehearsal of the opera so as to note the cue given to them for the grand demonstration and attack. But at the performance, the Prefecture of Police was also largely represented, and there were altogether upwards of 200 persons in the theatre who were paying no attention to the music except with a view to a particular quartet, in which the old Horatius opened the piece by calling upon his sons to swear "*que le dernier de vous sera mort ou vainqueur*." The instrumental introduction to the quartet was, however, the signal for action chosen by the police, and before the singing began the conspirators were all in custody in one of the vestibules of the theatre.—*New York Herald.*

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, TEMUKA.

(From an occasional correspondent.)

January 31, 1882.

Last Sunday his Lordship Bishop Redwood made his first official visitation to this district since his return from Rome. Crowded congregations assembled both at Mass and Vespers, many people coming from Timaru; not a few members of other churches were also present. At the end of the second Mass, his Lordship administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to about 20 children, after preaching to them a very instructive sermon explanatory of the Sacrament. At Vespers he preached again, taking for his subject *Faith.* The discourse was able and particularly felicitous in its illustrations. Three fatal errors were pointed out and forcibly refuted—that Faith is *irrational*, that it is *unnecessary*, and that it is *alone sufficient*. A bare outline, such as our present space might allow, would, however, convey a very inadequate notion of this remarkable sermon. In conclusion, the Bishop warmly congratulated the Catholics of Temuka on the erection of their large and handsome stone church, with its noble tower and spire, its merry peal of bells, its glorious procession of Saints on its stained glass-windows, its beautiful and solid altar, and last, but not least, its four-dial clock in the steeple. The church was, he said, a great proof and monument of their Faith. When he had spoken to crowded congregations in London about the zealous and devoted manner in which the Catholics of Temuka had carted gratis, and from a distance of 11 miles, the stone to build it, his description was received with the liveliest approbation. He thanked them most heartily for their generous offerings and successful exertions, while he exhorted them to be still more diligent in building up the temple of their souls. He was happy to tell them that on the previous day he had consecrated their peal of bells, and he hoped that as often as their sweet tones gladdened their ears, their hearts would warm with the love of God, and their minds be renewed in Faith. He then gave them the Apostolic Benediction, this being his first visit to the parish after his return from Rome.

LETTER FROM HENRY GEORGE.

The short day was closing in long twilight as I got into Cork and made haven of the first hotel I could find, and as the Dublin tram would not leave until ten, started out to learn something of the news, and, if possible, the feeling of the people.

I soon found that the people were afraid to talk to a stranger about the things uppermost in all men's minds. I did not know a soul, nor could I remember any name I had heard of before, and as I had originally proposed to go first to Dublin I had no letter of introduction to Cork; but I knew that if I could find the leading men of the Land League I would discover some one who would know me. But the people in the stores into which I stopped to inquire were the most perfect "know-nothings." There wasn't any Land League; it had been suppressed; it didn't have any officers; or, if it did, they did not know who they were or who they had been, and did not want to know, for, as one shopkeeper expressed it, "the less a man knows about such things these times the better he is off." In fact, to take them literally, one would have thought there never had been a Land League in Ireland, and that the proclamations pasted up on the dead walls warning people against having anything to do with a criminal association calling itself the Land League were levelled at a chimera from Mr. Forster's fervid imagination.

So, I turned to my car driver. "Do you know any of the clergymen of Cork who have been in sympathy with the Land League?" "Sure, I do," said he, "there's Father * * , who was going to be suspended by the bishop for the par the took with the Land League." "Drive me to his house, then." But Father * * was not there; he had been sent away; but from another clergyman I found to whom I might go. I went, made myself known, and was in a moment among the people who would talk freely.

The Land League was not dead, they said. But with leaders in prison, with communications out, with detectives everywhere, and an irresistible force garrisoning the country, it was having its head to the storm. Its meetings were still held—one had been held there the day before—but held in secret. And the spirit of the people was unbroken. Nobody dreamed of forcible resistance to anything the Government might do—men armed with sticks and stones could not fight repeating rifles and flying artillery; but the principles of the Land League had sunk deep, and to beat them out of the hearts of the people would be like beating water, which yields only to close up again. All this and much more I heard at Cork, before taking the train for Dublin, to shiver away the night hours, and see the rifle-bearing constabulary at every station, as though one were passing not through a peaceful country, but through the lines of an army in time of war. First impressions of Dublin are pleasant, for, landing by the train, one does not see the poorer quarters. Splendid railroad stations, fine streets, paved as an American would hardly believe possible, handsome shops in the retail streets, and in the residence streets long rows of spacious, old-fashioned houses, built of a sort of yellow brick, which blackens with age—each house with a great big knocker; imposing public buildings and churches—some of them grand specimens of architecture—as plentiful as in Brooklyn. The main avenues are lively and picturesque enough—two-storied trams and the national jaunting car, drays drawn by horses that remind you of elephants, and carts pulled by rat-like donkeys, with exaggerated ears. Rosy-cheeked ladies, with sensible dresses that show the boot; barefooted and ragged urchins, who try to tell you what is in their papers in the most musical of brogues, of which you understand about one-half, but are willing to pay a penny now and again for the pleasure of listening to it; and—uniforms everywhere. If soldiers and policemen make a people happy ,this must be nearly paradise. The police are a stalwart body of men, clad in comfortable, dark uniforms: the soldiers are the pick of the English and Scotch regiments—strong, active men, in the very prime of life, wearing smart clean uniforms. They move about in twos and fours and sixes, with fatigue caps set jauntily on their heads, a light cane in their hands, and generally a sword-bayonet by their side. Every now and again you meet a detachment marching down the streets with rifles on their shoulders and blankets on their backs, on their way to the country to guard somebody's castle, or help evict somebody's tenants. And, as you talk to the people and read the papers, you soon begin to realize that all this parade of force is not idle show. You are in a country ruled by brute force—where the whole governmental organization rents not on the consent of the people, but on the clubs of policemen and the sword-bayonets of a standing army.

I doubt if an American, until he comes here, and gets "the feel of the thing," can realize—I am certain that the vast majority of my countrymen do not begin to realize—the tyranny under which Ireland lies to-day. To our notions it does not seem possible that such a state of things can exist in an English-speaking community this late in the 19th century.

Our fathers had a very vivid recollection of British tyranny, and a very thorough contempt and hatred for it, but for some time past the common belief of Americans has been that personal liberty is really as secure under British institutions as under our own; that the English monarchy had, in fact, become a republic in all save the name.

As to England this may be measurably true, but as to Ireland nothing could be more erroneous. There is to-day no country in the world making the slightest pretence to civilization where the funda-