

Miscellaneous.

THE DUTY OF LOYAL IRISHMEN.

Mr. Wm. Digby Seymour thus writes to the London Times on the above subject:— Sir,—You assigned me a liberal space in your columns when I recently addressed you in the capacity of counsel for Allen, Larkin, and Gould. I hope you will now allow room for this letter, which I write in the simple character of a loyal Irishman. I wish to make a suggestion which I would rather claim emanated from one more entitled than I am to claim the attention of my fellow-countrymen. In a crisis like the present, how ever, I hope I need not apologise for offering a word of advice, the sincerity of which can scarcely be called in question. I think the time has arrived when it becomes the solemn and paramount duty of loyal Irishmen of all persuasions, in London and the provinces, merging their individual differences, to declare by public meeting or formal address their unshaken devotion to the throne and constitution, and their unmitigated abhorrence of the Satanic atrocity which, perpetrated under the insulted name of Irish patriotism, has just sent a thrill of horror from one part of the kingdom to the other. There are obvious reasons, I think, of a large and national character, in favor of such a movement; but there are also considerations of a more practical and personal kind which are worthy of grave and immediate attention. A panic is rapidly spreading which, unless checked in its earlier stage, must tend to produce calamitous results among the industrial orders of Irishmen resident in the various centres of trade and commerce in England. Let the notion once possess the public mind that among the humbler classes of my countrymen "Irish" and "Fenian" are convertible terms, and who can say how long the English artisan or labourer will consent to work side by side with men committed on the above assumption to a diabolical policy of secret treason and dastardly crime? If ships are menaced with Fenian fire, how long will Irishmen be employed in our public docks? If warehouses are in danger from explosive compounds, how long will Irishmen be allowed to labor in their precincts? What, in a word, will be the prospects for the winter if thousands of Irishmen are driven from the English labour markets under the ban of a national proscription? These are no speculative questions, nor am I a fanciful alarmist. There are grounds only too solid for contemplating the possibility of such a catastrophe. It is not the professional man, whose social position is interlarded with various ties of home relations and private interests, who has anything to fear. The mischief will fall on those whose humbler lot exposes them to misrepresentation they cannot confute, and makes them responsible for guilt which they are no parties. Sir, I believe the vast majority of my countrymen in London, are at heart as loyal and true as any men in Her Majesty's dominions. I believe that the miscreants who planned the desperate outrage of Clerkenwell, if Irishmen by name or birth, are miserable and misguided tools of foreign conspirators. If I am right, can the loyalty of my countrymen be too soon declared? If I am wrong—quod Di prius ovesciant!—can the danger of the situation be too soon exposed? When assassins are abroad, when "Greek fire" may menace the home, or a Colt's revolver the head, of a loyal citizen, some risk must attend those who take a prominent part in such a demonstration; but the path of duty, if sometimes one of danger, is always one of honour, and I am confident there are thousands of gallant Irish hearts of every creed and class who are ready to respond to my invitation. The place, the time, and the form of holding such a meeting or preparing such an address as I have proposed I need not now pause to indicate; but I have made the suggestion, and I am prepared for my share in its execution.

HARD TIMES IN NEW YORK.—The New York World estimates that there are 50,000 persons out of employment in that city. About 40 per cent. of the 4,000 working jewelers have nothing to do; of the 2,500 jewelry box makers only 1,500 are at work; 60 per cent. of the diamond setters are idle; about one-third of the 1,500 jewelry polishers, who are mostly women, are unemployed; of the burnishers of silver plate, at least half have no work, and those that are employed earn small wages; of bank-note engravers only 100 are at work against from 800 to 1,000 in former years; of the 6,000 carpenters, about 500 are out of employment; of the bricklayers and masons, who are about half as numerous as the carpenters, many are out of work; all the hat finishers are found work by an association, but as work is dull, each individual receives pay only on alternate weeks; the 20,000 tailors are obliged to support themselves on 30 per cent. less work than last year; great stagnation prevails in the iron business, and a large proportion of the workmen have nothing to do; there are 10,000 ship-carpenters and caulkers out of employment; there are 200 idle men out of 4,000 cigar makers; and the dullness of business has greatly reduced the earnings of those employed; there are 3,000 to 4,000 long shore men, persons who unload vessels, who have no work, or at best, small and unprofitable jobs; there are over 5,000 unemployed clerks, many of whom have been lately discharged on account of the dullness of their employers' business; a great many servant girls are out of places, and their number is constantly being augmented by the arrival of emigrants who are desirous of domestic services, and are too poor to go westward. The office of the Superintendent of the Poor is crowded from morning until night. The majority of the applicants want fuel and clothing. This is a picture of the destitution existing in New York. The population of the other large cities in the Union are not much better off.

It is hardly a matter of surprise to read of the perpetration of great crimes in New York, Chicago, or some of the other cities of the Republic that have become so notorious for the audacity and daring with which crime is committed within their precincts, but when we see it stated that in well-regulated Boston and the cities that cluster around it, not a single night passes without the perpetration of two or three burglaries, we must confess some astonishment. Yet such is the fact. Excluding from the list three or four exceptional occurrences, such as the attempted bank burglary at Haverhill, with the murder which avenged its failure; an embezzlement in State-street, with the flight of an insurance clerk, &c., a local paper thus fills up the catalogue for a week:—"Two private houses in one of the most quiet and secluded parts of the city have been robbed of large amounts within the week. The safe of one store has been emptied in the day-time, confederates engaging the attention of all the attendants on duty to make it possible. One gentleman has been attacked by a gang of three highwaymen, provided with the means of rapid flight, in one of the most respectable streets of the Back Bay, and only saved from being plundered by a vigorous use of a concealed weapon, the possession of which might have made him liable before the law. A shop in the most crowded quarter of the town has been pillaged in the early evening, the special watchman employed to protect it enjoying himself meanwhile at the theatre. But we should be unable to give even a resume of the burglaries in shops and stores within the past seven days,—for the reason, among others, that only a portion of them ever get mentioned in print, or are known beyond the limited circles of private conversation among the sufferers and their acquaintances."

TAKING ADVICE.—A man having lost a quarter of a million by a lawyer's dog, repaired to the office of the lawyer and said: "I have come to ask for a piece of advice." "Suppose a dog carried off a leg of mutton from me, where do I look for pay, to the dog or the owner?" "Oh," said the man of the quill, "to the owner of the dog; he is responsible for any damage his dog does you." Said the man, "You owe me seventy-five cents." "Ah!" said the lawyer, "then my dog did the mischief? Well, here is the money."—"The face of the man expanded with a smile at his shrewdness in forestalling the opinion of the lawyer, and he was making his exit from the office when he was brought to a halt by the lawyer, "I have a small bill against you, my friend." "Ah! for what?" said the man. "For advice in the dog case—two dollars," was the reply. This was a poser. It being strictly legal, and the lowest fee in the calendar for advice, there was no dodging, so the money was paid over and he departed a wiser if not a better man.

PARIS AND ITS EXHIBITION.

Before the total dispersion of the fragments of the ex-Exhibition it would be perhaps wise to take a last promenade amongst the ruins. It would seem as if the elements were all in the commission, had resolved to allow no trace of this gigantic failure to survive. The storm which lately burst over Paris has destroyed every vestige of the vast greenhouses and the reserved garden, which had been almost marked out for preservation after the rest had been carried away. No scene of desolation would ever equal that which meets the gaze as you wander through the masses of broken palm trees, crushed magnolias, and every kind of rare and extensive plant, lost by the city of Paris for the exhibition, and not to be replaced under a sum of 90,000 francs. The violence of the wind may be judged when it is mentioned that the glass roof of the greenhouse seems to have been first lifted off and then to have fallen with a tremendous crash into the interior of the building, crushing everything beneath its ponderous weight. The confusion of broken statues, smashed glass, and twisted columns, gives the appearance of some newly dug out destruction, occasioned by the explosion of a mining battery which had lain for some time concealed beneath the earth and rubbish thrown up at the same time.

And all around the outer circle the scene is even yet more indicative of ruin and desolation, animated enough, but with the animation of destruction, that of a besieged town about to be surrendered to the enemy, whose inhabitants are packed up in all haste to avoid the sack and pillage which must ensue. Hundreds of waggons loaded to the very utmost are hurried along by locomotives, whose discordant whistles echo through the long covered ways like those of the flying population. The very atmosphere is loaded with the hissing jets of steam, and if there had been any sun it would have disappeared behind the clouds of vapour sent up by the perpetual tumult. The whole aspect of this hurry and tumult reminds one of the flight of the Hebrews out of Egypt, only that in this case the despoiling has been all on the side of the Egyptians. But from the park is the desolation most visible. The cynical visitor declares that King Haussmann must surely have contemplated the bombardment of the building in order to get it all the quicker out of sight. The walls are knocked down in many places to get the heavy machines more easily through—the footways are encumbered with boxes and with packages—with rough deal cases and bales of coarse matting. Here the sacked city is behind in all its nudity of aspect. It is San Salvador after the earthquake, or Sebastopol after the cannonade. Here and there the trees have been cut down to allow of the passage of heavier waggons, and amongst the stumps which stick out some feet above the ground, you may see the colossal pieces of artillery—half buried in the mud—with their ponderous jaws wide open, as if appealing against the neglect and oblivion to which they had been condemned. It is curious enough that the Oriental portion of the park has been preserved from destruction the last of all. The Bey of Tunis has given orders for numerous photographic designs to be taken of the Bardo in its various aspects all through the Exhibition; and photographers are busy now in tracing it as it stands amid the ruin going on around it, while the temporary past-board edifices, the Turkish coffee-shops and Turkish divans, with all their water-paint decorations washed out by the rain, and their canvass architecture torn and torn by the wind, still subsist like the deserted tenements of Bartolomeo Fair, when the actors have gone on before and the carts have not yet arrived to carry off the properties. Inside the building all shape, form, or consistency has vanished completely.

The human portion of the show is not the least curious to behold. Never was a finer opportunity afforded for the observation of the contrasts of national character. The French workmen, who leave their work half finished to admire the cleverness with which the first half has been performed, and rushes off to seek approval; the Belgian, who goes steadily but with such solid precision, despising all resource but such as proceeds from himself; the American who, on the contrary, seizes, without thanks or acknowledgment, on every man's suggestion, when calculated to diminish labor and facilitate progress; the English, in their shirt sleeves, with their trousers tucked up, move in and out amongst the engines swarming about the earth with the stupor of the Frenchmen for not understanding the direction of the machinery; the whole together reminding one forcibly of the Tower of Babel, just at the very moment when the Divine wrath was made manifest in the confusion of tongues, and consequent enmity of souls, arising from the impossibility of comprehending each other. The railway companies have established a service which saves much time and risk. Every hour the waggons start for the circular railway, and are steamed away to the different stations, where they are loaded on to the railway which conveys them to their place of destination. And as the engine, which puffs and snorts along the narrow line, disappears from sight, bearing after it the unsold produce which its owner had been at so much pains and expense to convey to the great International Exhibition of 1867, we cannot help feeling some sympathy for the load of care and disappointment by which it is accompanied. And what remains to us of all this vast show, which, by the help of ten thousand navvies and terrazziers, will have entirely disappeared from the eyes of the earth with the last day of the year which gave it birth? The answer may be found in the swarms of painted harlots attracted hither by the Exhibition, and now left to float like so many bubbles on the great ocean of the misery of Paris. Their numbers render the great boulevards impassable after a certain hour of the night. Neither the special ordinances of the police nor the individual efforts of the owners of the different cafes situated in the principal thoroughfares, can remedy it; the "social evil" has increased to such an extent that it has become the subject of inquiry of the Government from the Medecine to the Bastille do these poor wretches being, still estranged in the summer flurry in which they shone forth during the Exhibition time, go shivering along, pacing the pavement from sunset till sunrise, famished with hunger, burnt up with fever, yet shaking with the cold, a living reproach to all the splendor which greets them on the way; and the tears roll down their painted cheeks as they try to grimace a smile as the *gaulois* passes them by from the opera to his club, heaving nothing but the inconvenience to his own precious person of wading through the mud across the pavement to his carriage. The boulevards at this moment are actually fermenting with this strange leaven of human wretchedness, and the gay and pleasant reflections once suggested by the brilliant shops and illuminated cafes are all saddened by the contrast of those hollow-eyed, hungry-looking victims, whose mirth is even more pitiable than their despair, and whose laughter rings with such startling echo above the rattling of the balls and the loud clattering of the billiard players. A memorial has already been sent up to the Chamber of Deputies, signed by the member for Lillecourt, to suggest that some measures be taken for the immediate removal of these unfortunate to their respective Provinces; and an amelioration of the law by which they are subjected to the surveillance of the police, the limitation of their numbers, and a provision for sickness and old age—which begins very early with these unhappy creatures—have been suggested as fit subject for debate at the same time.—Paris Correspondence of Liverpool Journal.

THE POWERS OF IMAGINATION.—Billy Smith is a carriage maker in a shop of Palford & Co., in our village. Billy is a genius, as the gossamers red and yellow stripes on Palford's waggon show; and while counterfeiting nature one day, for his own amusement in the rear of the shop, his mind happened to run on the subject of rotten eggs, and forthwith one of these interesting objects appeared on the board beneath his magical brush. It was represented as broken, and was so natural that an observer might fancy that it caused a disagreeable odor. The picture remained there for some time, all who had occasion to go that way, not caring to disturb a thing so forbidding to the delicate sense of the nasal protuberance. One day "Squire M"—saw it and applied his fingers to his nose, Billy saw him and explained to him that it was merely paint. At first he would hardly believe, but finally convinced, he offered Billy ten dollars to paint a similar one on his door step. The "Squire" was something of a wag, and wished to see the effect produced on the ladies and gentlemen who had been invited to a party at his house that evening. Billy received ten dollars and promised to have the painting ready in time.

Evening arrived, and so did the ladies and gentlemen; and as each in succession passed over Billy's painting, they elevated their feet and skirts, and applied their noses to the painted handkerchiefs to their noses, wondering if the "Squire" was aware of the presence of that frightful thing on his step. The party progressed, and the rotten egg was the subject of much remark. "Squire M"—heard and felt jolly over the success of his little practical joke. When everybody was chatting at the table after supper, and not a few of them about the "apparition" at the door, the "Squire arose, and uttering a preliminary "hem" said: "I suppose you all saw that on my door step didn't you?"

Everybody assented, some of the females uttered a little scream, and others of that sex fanned themselves vigorously. The "Squire resumed: "What is the pestilence that walketh in darkness?" replied: "Please sir, bed-bugs."

"I had that placed there to illustrate the power of imagination, as I'll show you, if you'll adjourn to the door." All went. "Now," said the "Squire, taking out his snowy pocket-handkerchief, you will see that this is not what you supposed it was, but merely a painting." And he pressed the handkerchief on the "illustrated" spot, then raised it suddenly to his nose. "By Jupiter!" he exclaimed, "it's a rotten egg after all!" Billy had taken the ten dollars and broken *bona fide* rotten egg on the door step.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

TAKING A NIP ON THE SLY: OR SCENE AT A FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKER'S.—Miss T.—"What shall your dress be?" Mrs. S.—"I'll take an alpaca with trimmings; what is yours my dear?" Miss T.—"Give me a moir-antique, plain." Dressmakers produce samples of the above goods in a liquid form, and serve them out in glass tumblers. Ladies empty tumblers, and dressmaker enters it in bill as gimp and bugles. The business is carried on quite professionally. A rose you know, would smell as sweet by any other name, and Bourbon is just as good as if you call it gingham. The following explanation of terms may enable you to come to an understanding with your wife's dressmaker:—Moir-antique, white silk, London gin; gingham, Bourbon whiskey; alpaca, Santa Croix; delaine, Jamaica Rum; tartan, Scotch whiskey; poplins, Irish whiskey; silk, S. O. P.; barege, sherry; plain merino, XX Ale; all wool plain, all-ant. Mixed drinks are distinguished by the style of trimmings. A "gingham flounced" means Bourbon sour; spotted silk is a mint julep. A poplin gown is synonymous with hot whiskey &c.

A sad accident took place at East Chebogue on Tuesday morning. Mr. Ebenezer Allen, who had several years ago, lost the use of his legs, went out with his son, a little boy of only 8 years, and one of his daughters, a girl of 15, to get a load of wood about half a mile from their dwelling. The girl was left with the team a little distance off, while the father, assisted by the little boy, proceeded to cut down the trees for their load. The child says he cautioned his father to keep out of danger, but from his crippled state he did not do so, and a large tree fell on him. The child immediately ran for his sister, and they together lifted the log from their father's head. Mr. John Hersey, who happened to be within a few hundred yards at the time, and hearing the lamentations of the poor children, hastened to the spot, where he found Mr. Allen dead, with his head crushed quite out of its natural shape; he must have died immediately.—[Yarmouth Herald.]

We learn from the Bridgewater Times that a very serious explosion lately occurred at New Dublin, in the store of Mr. Donald Currie. Having a lighted pipe in his mouth, Mr. Currie was stooping over or near an open keg of powder, when it is supposed that a spark must have fallen into it, causing the explosion. Mr. Currie was seriously, though not dangerously, injured. His face, which received most of the blaze, is burnt and completely filled with powder. Fortunately his sight is not impaired. The building is a complete ruin. The roof and the side and end nearest the powder were blown entirely off, and a smashing business was done in crockery. The principal part of the goods, being on the opposite side of the store, escaped with slight injury. There were three or four men in the shop when the explosion took place, but they threw themselves flat upon the floor and escaped from the blaze. A piece of the building slightly injured one of them.

An exchange says: "The London Times has taken up the question of naturalization in earnest, and advocates a revision of the matter by a mixed commission. The law, as it stands, is absurd enough. The child of American parents, born in England, is a British subject, and might be tried for treason against the Queen. Not only that, but the born American is a British subject, by law, if his father or grandfather was one. The stamp is so indelible that it lasts three generations. In strict law, not only every naturalized Englishman or Irishman in America could have claimed exemption from conscription in the late war, but the children and grandchildren of adopted citizens could have done so.

A MISTAKE.—Charles to the altar led the lovely Jane, and to her father's house returned again; where, to convey them to their wedding tour, already stood a brilliant coach and four. When lo! the gathering showers at once descended, clouds and warring winds contended; this moves him not, but in he hands his bride, and seats himself enraptured by her side; when thus to cheer the fair one he begun: "I hope we soon shall have a little sun." But she to whom the weather gave no pain, who heeded not the blast nor pattering rain, but most about her future state bethought her, replied, "My dear I'd rather have a daughter."

Napoleon's chief of Paris has an eye to politics as well as to the beauty and convenience of his city improvement. When the Empress said to him, looking at one of his long, straight boulevards, just opened. "Why did you make that boulevard so long and straight, it is tiresome." "Madame," replied the perfect. "I made it very long and straight, because the generals of the artillery, whom I consulted a great deal on the subject, assured me that it was impossible to teach cannon balls to turn round the first corner to the left."

The death of the eminent Italian composer Pacini, is announced as having occurred at Pevia. He was born at Catania, in 1796, and had attained his 71st year. His genius was precocious, for at the age of eleven years he wrote sacred music. Three years after he wrote a little opera entitled "Annetta e Lucindo," which was received with favor at Venice.

We are informed that an affray occurred on Saturday, the 4th inst., at a tavern in Kennetcook, between two men named Miller and Lee, resulting in the death of the latter. It appears they were playing cards and quarrelled, when Miller went into a room, got a gun, and deliberately aiming at Lee, shot him dead.—Citizen.

In Boston, short dresses are about all that are seen upon the streets, but the length is made up with the evening dresses with their long trains. It is said of a fashionable Boston lady, who went to a party in that city not long since, that she arrived there about the first of the evening, but the last of her dress did not arrive until twelve o'clock.

Count Bismarck's yearly income, since he received the gift from the Prussian Parliament, is between forty and fifty thousand dollars. He lives economically, and, according to a correspondent, said some weeks ago to Rotshild, that he had no doubt that he would, by-and-by, become a millionaire. Until 1865 he was heavily in debt.

The Manchester Examiner states that on the day of the Fenian executions, it printed 192,645 copies, which it believes to be the greatest weight of newspapers ever printed and issued in one day from any office in the world. The public were supplied at the rate of 35,000 per hour, or nearly 600 per minute.

When the Duke de Choiseul, who was a remarkable lean man, came to London to negotiate a peace, Charles Townshend being asked whether the French government had sent the preliminaries of a treaty answered, he did not know, but they had sent "the outlines of an ambassador."

The papers containing the details of the celebrated Yelverton-Longworth case weighs three tons. The case has been tried thirteen times, has employed twenty-six judges and 200 lawyers, and has cost \$25,000! The present Grand Master of the Masonic Fraternity in Great Britain is the Earl of Dalhousie. He is the sixth of his family installed in the position. Just a hundred years ago his grand father was "made" Grand Master. There are 1500 professional thieves in the city of New York, not including the Aldermen and Councilmen. Two of these are known to have amassed fortunes of 60 or 70 thousand dollars. A charity scholar under examination in the Psalm, being asked, "What is the pestilence that walketh in darkness?" replied: "Please sir, bed-bugs."

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Disorders of Children. If these Pills be used according to the printed direction and the intiment rubbed over the region of the kidneys, at least once a day as salt is forced into meat, it will penetrate the kidneys and correct any derangement of their organs. Should the affliction be stone or gravel, then the Ointment should be rubbed into the neck of the bladder, and a few days will convince the sufferer that the effect of these two remedies is astonishing.

Disorders of the Stomach. Are the sources of the deadliest maladies. Their effect is to vitiate all the fluids of the body, and to send a poisoned stream through all the channels of circulation. Now what is the operation of the Pills? They cleanse the bowels, regulate the liver, bring the relaxed or irritated stomach into a natural condition, and acting through the secretory organs upon the blood itself, change the state of the system from sickness to health, by exercising a simultaneous and wholesome effect upon all its parts and functions.

Complaints of Females. The functional irregularities peculiar to the weaker sex are invariably corrected without pain or inconvenience by the use of Holloway's Pills. They are the safest and surest medicine for all diseases incidental to females of all ages.

Bilious Affections. All young children should have administered to them, from time to time, a few doses of these Pills, which will purify their blood, and enable them to pass safely through the different disorders incidental to children, such as measles, hooping-cough, cowpock, and other infantile diseases. These Pills are so harmless in their nature as not to injure the most delicate constitution, and are therefore more peculiarly adapted as correctives of the humors affecting them.

Dropsy. Hundreds are cured yearly by the use of these Pills conjointly with the Ointment, which should be rubbed very beautifully into the parts affected.

Derangement of the Kidneys. The quantity and quality of the bile are of vital importance to health. Upon the liver, the gland which secretes the fluid so necessary for digestion, the Pills operate specifically, infallibly rectifying its irregularities and effectually curing jaundice, bilious remittants, and all the varieties of disease generated by an unnatural condition of that organ.

Holloway's Pills are the best remedy known for the following diseases:— Ague, Debility, Jaundice, Secondary symptoms, Asthma, Dropsy, Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Dysentery, Rheumatism, Bilious Colic, Erysipelas, Lumbago, Uterine Disorders, Female Irregularities, Piles, Ulcers, Bowel Complaints, FEVERS of all kinds, Retention of Urine, Worms of all kinds, Constipation, Pits, Scrofula or King's Evil, Weakness, whatever cause, Hemorrhages, Stone and Gravel, Consumption, Indigestion, Gravel.

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