



THE IRISH IN PARIS.

A BRILLIANT ARRAY OF TALENT.

The O'Donoghue and the "Corsican" Father Prout—The O'Gorman Mahon.

The Irish colony of Paris, during the period of the Second Empire, was in itself a literary, artistic, and political Bohemia. Some of its members were permanent residents, of the French capital, having married into French families and given hostages to fortune in the land of their adoption; others were denizens of the city for the time being, kinds of passage, not a few of whom had, like the wild geese, to preen their wings for foreign parts in the troubled years of '48-49 and subsequently in 1867.

In the opening years of the Empire, 1848, to speak, walked the boulevards hand-in-hand, in the persons of Miles Byrne and General Arthur O'Connor, who represented the former movement, and John Mitchell and James Stephens, who represented the latter. Mitchell was, in his residence in Paris, the corresponding editor of the New York Daily News, while Stephens was earning his bread by translating David Copperfield's and others of the Monitor and other periodicals, for the English Parisian of that period was the well known Francis Mahon, "Father Prout," who used to write his daily letters for the London Globe every afternoon in the cosy reading room of Galignani, in the Rue de Rivoli.

Among the other Irishmen of note then residing in Paris were the late O'Gorman Mahon, a fire eater of the old type, who fought sundry duels in the Bois de Boulogne, and was ranked among the crack shots and best swordsmen of the city. The O'Donoghue of the Glens, then in the hot flush of manhood, who lived like a Great Mogue in a palace in the Heavenly Fields, and who got himself into trouble with the police on one occasion, by driving through Paris in a gorgeous equipage, drawn by six horses mounted by half a dozen equerries arrayed in purple and gold—a heinous offence against the majesty of Imperialism, which never allowed its subjects to parade in a carriage to which were yoked more than four such quadrupeds.

O'Donoghue resented this interference in the press at the time, openly declaring that the Bonapartes were a mere pack of whipped dogs, who had no right to shear him of his privileges.

"Where were the Corsicans, those parsons of mine," asked the Chief of the Glens, when my ancestors were the Kings of Ireland?

Napoleon III. responded to this piece of effrontery by giving the chief of the Glens, through the intermediaries, a quiet hint that he might find himself in the lock-up if he remained much longer on French territory. So, thinking properly that discretion was the better sort of valor, the rollicking Irishman folded his tent, like an Arab, and silently stole away.

THE IRISH IN THE LATIN QUARTER.

The Irishman who walked the asphalt of Paris throughout the closing years of the Second Empire had even more of Murger's Bohemianism in them than their predecessors. They lived for the most part in attics in the heart of the Latin quarter, and had very little of the world's wealth at their disposal; yet they enjoyed life as only Bohemians can in this miserable valley of tears and tares. They used to meet almost every evening in a cafe on the Boulevard St. Michel, where, sitting around a few marbles, tables and quaffing their beer or coffee, they would discuss every subject under the sun, from an elephant to a needle.

They formed a motley group enough as they sat there; for among them were professors from Cork and Dublin, "French" guides from Tipperary, composers from Galignani, enjoying their "off hours," journalists and special correspondents who had served their apprenticeship in the old land; "niggers" from the Galtees who had the world's artistic on their cards, and who used to astonish the natives during the season in the singing halls; and a fair sprinkling of painters and political refugees.

Some of the leading lights in the group have since made their mark in the literary world, such as John Augustus O'Shea, the "Irish Bohemian," whose "Iron Bound City" and "Travels in Spain" have earned him a wide reputation as an author, and whose feats as a war correspondent read like so many pages of Lever; his colleague, the late Edmond O'Donoghue, who was perhaps the most enterprising of modern specials, and who accomplished such great things at Merv and elsewhere for the London Daily News; Alfred O'Hea, a profound writer on military subjects; and John O'Brien, one of the most remarkable of latter-day philologists. The two O'Donoghues have since passed away—William in New York, and Edmond in the wildernesses of the Sudan.

O'Brien in a moment of fanaticism joined the Commune, was arrested and sent to the galleys, where he suffered years of torture rather than gain his liberty by acknowledging himself a subject of Queen Victoria. After his unconditional release, he left France for London, where for a considerable time he successfully passed himself off as a French professor, under the name of Dubois, and a few years returned to France, whence he was expelled by the Ferry Government. Since then his whereabouts have remained unknown. John Augustus O'Shea, probably the sole survivor of the band, resides in London at present, and is a very busy literary worker. Though not known to fame, a wonderful genius named Professor Mortimer. Murphy was the centre of this intellectual group on the Boulevard St.

Michael. O'Shea used to call him a sitting and walking encyclopedia of information. Mortimer knew thoroughly some six or seven European languages. He had travelled the entire Continent on foot, in train and on horseback, plying various occupations; at one time an Alpine guide, at another the manager of the famous Irish giant, Murphy, a namesake of his own, throughout the latter's European tour. In Paris the Professor was recognized as an authority de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis. The solid education he had acquired gave a breezy self complacency refreshing to contemplate; while his phrases, garnished as they were with a mélange of the sauce of Greece and Munster, were always listened to with attention and were thoroughly appreciated. Those nights and suppers of the gods, so full of Irish wit and sparkling repartee—entertainments where no idea was allowed currency unless it was of a three star brand, and where jog trot commonplaces were unknown—have now almost completely disappeared with the Professor himself, who did not long survive the disaster that befell the French arms in 1870-71.

THE IRISH COLONY OF TO-DAY.

The Irish colony of to-day in Paris is far less Bohemian than that of the closing years of the Second Empire. There are no traces now left of the wild humor that prompted one Irishman to stand on his head for five minutes on the boulevards for the delectation of the flâneurs of Paris, and that prompted another to deliver a patriotic harangue in Connaught French from the top of the statue of Strasbourg in the Place de la Concorde. Like our brethren at home, we are becoming less impulsive than we used to be. It may be the continual friction with the Saxon that has iced our veins with the liquid of Saxon stolidity. I do not desire to discuss here whether the change has improved us or not; but in any case the cap and the jerkin that used to make us laugh are now no longer sought after as an antidote to the ills of which Irish flesh is heir.

The Irish colony in Paris at the present day is represented in politics, journalism, and the opera. Its leading representative in politics is General MacAdamas, who has achieved, for an Irishman, the proud distinction of a seat in the French Chamber of Deputies. MacAdamas was born some fifty years ago in Belfast, and proceeded early in life to Paris, where he went through the military curriculum of studies in the Ecole Polytechnique which he left with the epaulettes of sub lieutenant. Shortly afterward he took service as an officer in the East India Company; but when the troops at the disposal of that syndicate were transferred to the British Government, MacAdamas, who was then captain, refused to take the prescribed oath of allegiance, and returned to France. At the outbreak of Franco-German hostilities MacAdamas proceeded to Dublin, where he organized an Irish company to do battle on the French side. Throughout the campaign, MacAdamas became in succession colonel and brigadier general, and received at the battle of Orleans a leg wound, from the effects of which he still suffers. Coming to this country in 1876 he met, in St. Louis, the widow of the late Mr. McDermott, of the well known firm of Doyle & McDermott, architects. In that city, whom in a short time afterward he married. Returning to Europe with his bride, MacAdamas spent most of his time in Gastein and other watering places, for the benefit of his health; and when the legislative elections took place in France in 1889, the General offered himself on the Republican ticket as a candidate for the Parliamentary representation of Sisteron, in the Maritime Alps. He beat his Royalist competitor by an overwhelming majority. He has been very active in his legislative work since his election, and some of the projects which he prepared for the defense of France, on her eastern frontier, have been adopted by the Government. The General is a tall, well-built, sympathetic gentleman. He has a rather full face, set off by a moustache and imperial. His long residence in France has given him a slight French accent in speaking English. Mrs. MacAdamas is a charming lady in every respect. They both reside in a summer mansion in the French capital during the stormiest periods in latter day French politics is a Monsieur Murphy, whose parents come from the Kingdom of Kerry. This young man, who though born in Paris, was according to law regarded as a foreigner till he succeeded his majority, has already given success to several French Governments no small amount of worry and annoyance. He made himself so remarkable at eighteen years of age, by his Red Republican speeches at Belleville, that he was expelled from France. For the next few years he went through a veritable series of imprisonments and expulsions, till the day came when the authorities could no longer prevent him from becoming a French citizen. With the halo of martyrdom around his brow, he became the petted darling of the populace. Two years ago he threw in his lot with Boulanger, and still clings to the fortunes of that adventurer. Such other well known Irishmen as the Count O'Neill de Tyrone and Count Mahony are implicitly or avowedly supporters of the Royal Pretender, the Count of Paris.

THE IRISH IN JOURNALISM.

Journalism has as its Irish representatives in Paris Mrs. Emily Crawford, General Carroll Tevis, and others. Mrs. Crawford, whose maiden name was Miss Johnson, was born in Belfast. Having spent her early years in France and in this country, she married, in Paris, Crawford, who was at that time the Paris correspondent of the London Daily News. Being a journalist almost by intuition, Mrs. Crawford did remarkable work for the News during the Franco-German

War. On the occasion of her husband's death, she was appointed his successor. She is also the correspondent of London Truth, and sends a weekly letter to the New York Tribune on current Parisian topics, dealing chiefly with social life and manners. She is universally regarded as one of the ablest of women journalists.

Gen. Carroll Tevis, who is Irish-American by birth, was educated at Blue Point, took part on the Northern side in the Civil War, and subsequently entered the Turkish Army, where he was raised to the rank of brigadier general. He afterwards fought on the French side in the Franco-German campaign and was awarded the commission of general of division at the hands of Bourbaki. Since the close of the war he has been spending his time in literary leisure, contributing occasional articles, chiefly on Russian and military subjects, to the New York Times and other periodicals. Another Irish journalist, who was up to a short time ago the editor in chief of the Royalist comic sheet, the Triboulet, is the Baron Haden Hickey, who, though born of Irish parents in California, is a rabid adherent of the cause of monarchy.

IN OPERATIC AND OTHER DEPARTMENTS.

Miss Augusta Holmes, the well known musical composer, was born in Versailles, of Irish parents. Having spent her childhood in that historic old town, Miss Holmes traveled through Germany and Italy, where she studied music under trained masters. In 1879 her first great symphony, entitled "L'Irlande," was played in the Cirque d'Hiver, Paris, attracted very large crowds, and excited much enthusiasm for the Irish movement, even among the skeptical Parisians. This symphony is an historical record of Ireland in melody. It opens with a flourish of trumpets in the Golden Era of Innisfail; the crash of arms is heard subsequently, and then the rule of the weird melancholy of the strains or the hoarse murmur of rebellious indignation. On the whole, it is a work of art which it would be well worth the while of Mr. Gilmore to treat his American audiences to. In 1889 Miss Holmes was selected by the authorities to write the Exposition Cantata, words and music, which had a highly successful run, and reflected the utmost credit on the talent of this Irish lady. Miss Holmes, I may add, like most of her blood and nationality in Paris, is true as steel on the question of Ireland's rights to liberty.

Among the Irish representatives of the Church in Paris may be mentioned Dr. MacFale, a tall, well built elderly gentleman, who is a professor of the Irish College, and nephew of the great Archbishop of Tuam; and Bishop Flannery of Killaloe, who, owing to weak health, was relieved of his episcopal duties at home many years ago, and has been since a resident of the French capital.

[The latter died in Paris since the receipt of this communication.—*Ed. Pilot.*]

The Rev. John Hogan, a native of County Clare, and a highly learned theologian, was up to a comparatively recent period professor of moral theology in the Seminary of St. Sulpice, when he proceeded to Boston at a call from his superiors to found a college of his company in that archdiocese.

[Father Hogan successively fulfilled his mission to Boston, and is now President of the Divinity College of the Catholic University of America.—*Ed. Pilot.*]

The Irish College, to which I purpose later devoting a special paper, educates some one hundred Irish ecclesiastics for the home mission.

Since the death of the well known Professor Leonard, James Stephens is the sole connecting link between the old and the new surviving representatives of '98 and the Irishmen of to-day who have found hospitality within the confines of Paris. The injustice done to the veteran rebel by the Ferry Government in 1885, in his expulsion from France, was repaired shortly afterwards by M. Carnot. Since then Mr. Stephens has resided in the Avenue de Neuilly, in the French capital, spending the evening of his life, like Kosuth, in study and meditation, far removed from jarring feuds and turmoil of politics.

In conclusion I have only to add that there is a fair sprinkling of the fair sex in the Irish colony of Paris, in the persons of a few hundred governesses. Years ago the fallacy was entertained in certain Parisian circles that Irish girls spoke a kind of patois and were utterly unable to teach good English in the families in which they were engaged. This delusion has long since vanished, and now these ladies are great favorites in the aristocratic and Catholic quarter of St. Germain, where they are employed in preference to English ladies, partly owing to their religion and partly to their nationality.—*Eugene Davis in Pilot.*

Pilgrimages.

In the Middle Ages it is probable that pilgrimages were in season, but in the nineteenth century the case is not quite the same. The modern pilgrimage, when the sanctuary to be reached is a long way off, depends to a large extent upon railway facilities, for which in the Middle Ages there was no equivalent. Then the pilgrim journeyed on foot, and his bleeding feet often left traces upon the rocks which he had to climb in order to reach the holy places, where it so frequently happened that nature was most harsh and cruel. Railway companies have had a great deal to do with the truly remarkable revival of pilgrimages that has taken place of late years. Their motive has been purely and wholly commercial, but none the less have they contributed largely to the return of this old manifestation of Christian piety. They have fostered the desire to visit places with a reputation for peculiar sanctity,

and they have rendered it possible and comparatively easy for thousands of people to gratify this desire, who if the old manner of travelling had continued would never have had the courage to entertain the bare thought of such an expedition. Thus we perceive that the scientific evolution and the commercial spirit, so characteristic of the age, while they appear to work against religion also work in its favour. Christianity is a great assimilator. Nothing has so tended to give fresh life to the faith of French Catholics in these days as the revival of pilgrimages. All that is taking place in connection with this movement must be very puzzling to the unbelieving but philosophical mind that can look upon the phenomena of human life with judgment unprejudiced. There is something startling and mysterious in the contradiction which the movement presents to what is commonly understood to be the spirit of the age. It is not a "fashionable" movement, the invention of the wealthy and the idle, at a loss to discover new sensations; all classes have responded to it. In fact by far the greater number of these modern pilgrims belong to the peasant, or the lower middle-class.—*Catholic Times.*

DUBLIN.

Some Ancient Records of this Great City.

We are all very proud of our ancient city of Dublin, but as we look along the broad open of Sackville Street, or stand on the great bridge gazing up or down the Liffey, between the masts and diving sea-birds, away across the dome of the Four Courts, few of us ask what were the beginnings of this living centre of our Irish life of the present day; how the materials for it were thrown together for our use and habitation. We have perhaps a general idea that the ancient Irish of Leinster set up the first stones or rather wattles; that they laid the foundations of the fortress which subsequently grew into Dublin Castle; that the Norseman became dominant later, and remained so until partially subjected at the Battle of Clontarf; and that nearly a century and a half afterwards the Anglo-Normans besieged and took possession of the city. But, if we want to know how the city was actually established after all these changes, we must turn to the ancient and authentic documents which until recently were quite inaccessible to the general public.

Little accurate information has hitherto been attainable in connection with the Dublin records. That a detailed account of them was not sooner published may be ascribed to the difficulties incidental to such a work. The early documents are in medieval Latin, antique French, and old or middle English, written in obscure and contracted styles, replete with obsolete terms and archaic forms, undated, or dated solely by occasional indications of regnal years of Sovereigns of England.

A few ineffectual attempts were made in past times to publish portions of these documents, but invariably with unsatisfactory results. During successive centuries a great body of records has accumulated in the possession of the Municipal Corporation of Dublin, their proper custodians, and although the documents contain a vast mass of information with regard to Ireland, they have never hitherto been examined or made use of by any writer on the subject of Irish history. As history was written without the smallest regard to them, we can imagine how utterly worthless was such history; for, stimulated by the example of France and England, the Dublin Corporation has decided on having a thorough and analytical account prepared of the Archives so long lying comparatively unknown in their custody.

This work was rendered imperative in fact by circumstances which arose in connection with legal contests relating to the rights and ancient titles of valuable city property. The undertaking was entrusted to Mr. John T. Gilbert, an Irish Archivist, whose palaeographical and historical works are to be found in all the great libraries of the world.

A primary result of the undertaking has now appeared in a large volume printed in a style uniform with, but superior to the British Government Record publications. In this first volume are given descriptions as well as epitomes, and colored fac-similes of the most important classes of the authentic records of Dublin. These Mr. Gilbert classifies as follows: Royal Charters and Government grants to the citizens; contents of the ancient manuscript volumes styled the White Book and the Chain Book; and the Civic Rolls from the middle of the fifteenth till the middle of the seventeenth century. I cannot do more at present than just touch on the first of these classes, the Royal Charters, extending over many centuries, beginning with the first, under which, in 1171, Henry II., King of England, transferred to his men of Bristol the city of Dublin, the said city, together with the rest of Ireland, being claimed by him in right of sovereignty. This document, transferring the whole city and surrounding lands, is a model of conciseness, being in actual size not much larger than one's hand, and consisting only of a few lines in Latin attested by some of the most eminent Anglo-Normans of the time, who accompanied King Henry in his expedition to Ireland. After more than 700 years the writing and parchment of this ancient Charter are still in good preservation and a considerable fragment of an impression of the great seal in green wax is still pendant from it. A remarkable proof of the importance of these civic documents was afforded during the last four years by the circumstance that the production of this Charter in a court of law in Dublin was held by the judge to

supply conclusive evidence as to the right of the Municipal Corporation to levy dues to the extent of several thousand pounds annually on ships coming into Dublin harbor. The title to this proceeding had been contested at very heavy cost, and the trial in connection with it occupied many days in the principal law court of Dublin.

ROSA HULLHOLLAND, in Pilot.

A CRAZY SCHEME

That Has Signally Failed Before.

WASHINGTON, August 1.—A movement of considerable magnitude is now on foot to arrange for the deportation of the negroes of the Southern States to Liberia. Captain John Murray and W. B. Lewis, representing Elder, Dempster & Co., of Liverpool, owners of an important line of steamships, have been at Chamberlain's for some days in consultation with Benjamin Gaston, as the authorized agent of the Liberian Emigration company. The negotiations between them have been carried to a successful point and an agreement has been reached whereby a fleet will be at the disposal of the colored people. Ships will sail at frequent intervals from southern ports direct to the African coast, and it is believed the first contingent will be ready to start inside of two months. One of the company's vessels is now at Baltimore. Captain Murray talks enthusiastically of the good to accrue to the negroes by emigration to Liberia.

The Irish Soldier.

The Universe, alluding to the traditional gallantry of the soldier in the Imperial army and the neglect with which he is sometimes treated, says:—"The Catholic soldier in the British Army is highly valued—in front of the enemy. No fellow can march to death with a prouder 'military glee,' as Sir Walter Scott has testified in verse. He can be depended upon in the stress of combat. From the days when he stormed Tarifa in his shirt sleeves under 'Paddy' Gough of Limerick to the inspiring strains of 'Garry Owen,' through the long hazards, fatigues, and privations of the Peninsula down to the crowning fight of Waterloo, he was a hero, a bright cheery lad to be buttered with soft words and patted on the back. The long piece did not demoralize him. When hostilities were declared against Russia he was to the fore. At the Alma Luke O'Connor won his Victoria Cross, at Balaklava Joe Malone earned the same unparalleled distinction—both Catholic Irishmen. At Inkermann the 88th captured a gun. Everywhere Pat wrote his autograph valorously in his red blood. When the Indian mutiny shook the Empire in the East to its base, the County Down and Connaught Rangers and the Tipperary boys of the 'Blue Caps' behaved themselves like paladins of old. In our generation we have seen what the Royal Irish did in Afghanistan and Tel-el-Kebir and in the Nile expedition, when they carried off the prize of the silver boat for being best up the river, and were the only regiment to foot it across the Bayuda desert. Certainly Pat is a most excellent and trustworthy soldier—in war; but in peace, even when he is strict in discipline, intelligent, and abstemious he is not made so much of as he merits. There may be a disinclination to spoil him by kindness, but he does not petition for that; he only claims common justice."

A Protestant Tribute.

An important letter on the recent Papal Encyclical from Mr. Ward, of Philadelphia, one of the most distinguished champions of Protestantism in the United States, is given by the *Monitor de Rome*. The American, writing at the request of his non-Catholic countrymen, thanks the Pope for the elevated sentiments His Holiness has so well expressed, and he hopes they may be widely spread among the people, for never were they more needed than at present. When projects for the remedy of evils are proposed by persons apparently religious and instructed, who nevertheless lose themselves in the darkness of error instead of aiding their brethren in the quest of light and truth, it is just that a personage armed with authority should indicate the straight road to follow. None can deliver himself with more clearness and justice than the Pope, who deserves the thanks of honest men of all religions. At the close, Mr. Ward prays that Leo XIII. may long be preserved to give the world the model of a true pastor.

Parnell's Statements.

DUBLIN, August 2.—There were triumphal arches in the streets of Thurles today and a number of buildings were decked with flags and evergreens because of the Parnellite meeting held there, which was enthusiastic and largely attended. Mr. Parnell's hearers were, however, chiefly from rural districts. As Mr. Parnell was driving to the place of meeting the houses were detached from the carriage by men in the crowd, and the people then dragged the vehicle to the market square. In his speech Mr. Parnell reaffirmed his distrust of the Liberals and said his policy would not change. He would keep his hands unfettered until it was seen how the Liberals fulfil their pledges. He would warn Dillon and O'Brien that they were following a dangerous course in trusting to Mr. Gladstone.

A Sad Accident.

HALIFAX, August 3.—Louis Lefrançois, while crossing the railway bridge across Moose River on the line of the Annapolis & Digby Railway on Saturday, slipped and fell a distance of 74 feet and was picked up dead.

AN ITALIAN BANK.

Seriously Embarrasses the Holy See.

PARIS, August 1.—A despatch from Rome says some excitement was occasioned in banking circles there to-day by the threatened suspension of the Bank of Rome, an old Catholic institution. The trouble arose over an order from the Pope for the withdrawal of two million dollars deposited in the bank to the credit of St. Peter's pence. Not having funds to meet this order the Bank of Rome requested His Holiness to countermand his order. The National Bank offered to assist the Bank of Rome. For a time it was feared serious trouble would result from the sudden demand for such a large sum, but a crisis was averted by the Pope delaying the withdrawal of two million dollars.

A financial paper here says that the Bank of Rome would have been compelled to ask for more time, but for assistance rendered by a French financial syndicate. The collapse of the bank, the paper continues, would not affect general credit, as the bank had taken no active share in general business affairs. The clerical papers here neither confirm nor deny the report of threatened suspension of the Bank of Rome by a large order made on it by the Pope.

St. Aloysius and the Kaiser.

It seems curious, says the London Tablet, to trace a blood relationship between the gentle and humble St. Aloysius Gonzaga and the militant Kaiser William II., who is very much en evidence at the present moment. Yet this has just been done by a German Jesuit, Father Frederick Schroeder, who in a recent life of the saint shows that he was, indeed, a connection of the House of Brandenburg. In the Camera degli Sposi of the old ancestral castle at Mantua is a splendid life-like fresco of Andrea Mantegna. This represents a family group, of extreme beauty in coloring, composition and drapery. The central figure, seated in an armchair and handing a letter to a servant, is Ludovico III, surnamed "Il Turco," second Marquis of Mantua, the founder of the House of Gonzaga di Castiglione, and grandfather of Ferruccio I., first Marquis of Castiglione, and father of St. Aloysius Gonzaga. The dignified matron in the middle of the fresco is Ludovico's wife, a daughter of John Hohensohn, surnamed "The Alchemist," and granddaughter of Frederick VI., first Markgraf and Prince Elector Albert Achilleo (1144-1488), to whom William II. lately made pointed reference in one of his speeches. It will thus be seen that the great-grandmother of St. Aloysius was a Hohensohn.

Father Schroeder remarks that certain traits of the early life of St. Aloysius indicate that he was by no means deficient in the brave and fearless spirit of his ancestors, and that he had in him the stuff of which so many warlike Gonzagas and Brandenburgers were made. If he renounced so splendid a career it was by no means through fear of the world, but rather through love and enthusiasm for the religious ideal which at all times must accompany warlike heroism in the life of man, if it is to be worthy of the highest ends. The race of the Brandenburgers must not be ashamed of the Jesuit cousin, who sacrificed his young life in service of the plague-stricken, and who for three hundred years has been honored by all Catholic youth as the model of a holy and unstained life."

A New Church.

DRUMMONDVILLE, July 30.—Mgr. Gravel, Bishop of Nicolet, and Mgr. Moreau, Bishop of St. Hyacinthe, were present at the ceremony which took place this morning at St. Medard de Warwick, Drummond County, on the occasion of the inauguration of the newly decorated church and the blessing of a new organ. Mgr. Moreau officiated and Mgr. Gravel preached the sermon.

"Freeman's Journal."

DUBLIN, August 2.—The major part of the directors of the *Freeman's Journal* wish to continue in a Parnellite course and exclude E. Dwyer Gray's influence from the management of the journal. Mr. Gray intends calling a meeting of the shareholders to expel these directors.

William O'Brien's Bankruptcy.

LONDON, August 1.—A letter from William O'Brien is published, in which the writer referring to his being adjudged a bankrupt, approaches Lord Salisbury for "taking advantage of a legal technical point" to drive him out of public life. In conclusion Mr. O'Brien offers to submit the matter to the arbitration of any three members of the House of Commons Lord Salisbury may select, and to abide by their decision.

The Suicide of Unionism.

LONDON, August 3.—Mr. Morley, speaking at Leamington to-day, said that "if the Liberals dropped home rule as their foremost plank it would lead to the greatest split the party had ever known. He predicted that Mr. Balfour's local government bill would be an irrevocable step toward home rule and would mean the suicide of Unionism."

Old Maid.

The women are just finding out that Protestantism means for them degradation and restoration to the chattelhood in which the Catholic Church found them. In a lecture delivered the other day in Boston by Mary A. Livermore, that great advocate of woman's rights said:—"It is the Protestant Church which has made the term 'old maid' one of reproach and scorn. All the teachings of Protestantism have been to force women to marry, and it has been preached that women who do not marry miss everything."