

even startle her. Later, when the secret of her sad story was laid bare to her, she remembered the words but too well. The only thought they now suggested was the desperate one—Justice—how can he do me justice? I am undone forever, and he can only look on and see it."

CHAPTER XXX.

The sound of voices guided Mr. Templemore to the dining-room, and told him he should find Florence there. But though he came to work Dora's justification, he also came in an angry and indignant mood. He still felt both amazed and exasperated at Mrs. Logan's insulting intrusion. What right had she to come thus upon him in the most private hours of his life, and put evil construction on his most innocent actions? A wife could not do more, and many a wife would be proud to do so much. But when he opened the dining-room door—when he saw Florence thrown back in a chair, weeping passionately, and Miss Moore bending pityingly over her, his dark face relaxed even as his heart relaxed. She was unjust and cruel; she was silly, and heartless, but she was still the woman whom he had loved a year, and whom he was to marry in a few weeks. On seeing him, she started up, and her eyes flashed. "Go back to Miss Courtenay!" she said—"go back!"

"You persist in that insult!" he exclaimed, angrily. "Florence! Florence!" he added, more calmly. "Do not think of Miss Courtenay's position, and do not!" "You think of her, Mr. Templemore—you think of her!" "And why should I not think of her?" he asked, with much indignation. "Why not, Mrs. Logan? If you disgrace her, do you suffer for it in the world's esteem? Why, moreover, should I not think of a lady who is under my roof and under my protection, to whom I have committed my only child, and to whose care of me I am so deeply indebted?" "Then, Mr. Templemore, I may as well tell you, Mrs. Logan, stung by the tone in which she spoke of Dora, "that if I consent to marry you after what has passed, you must give up Miss Courtenay."

"You cannot be in earnest." "I am quite in earnest, I assure you." "She spoke with a pretty, foolish toss of her little head, which always Mr. Templemore's anger, not because he felt tempted to yield to her, but because it reminded him that she was so childish—namely, so silly." "Florence," he said gravely, "you thus ask me to acknowledge to you what I must ever deny, not that it is not true; and worse still, to join you in giving the latest blow to Miss Courtenay's reputation: whereas it is you who, in common justice, must retract and apologize; and she must stay in Les Roches as Eva's governess—she must, if it were only for her justification."

"Mrs. Logan laughed ironically. "You must think me foolish indeed," she said, nodding at Mr. Templemore, "if you think I will put up with that. No, Mr. Templemore, Miss Courtenay shall leave your house to-morrow—to-morrow, do you hear?—you have seen your last of me!"

"He looked at her incredulous, amazed, and indignant. "How basely you must think of me!" he said in great scorn. "Why, even if I were as guilty as you think me, I could not act so without dishonor—I could not turn out of my house the girl whom I had disgraced, without adding a second betrayal to the first. Innocent or guilty, Miss Courtenay shall stay in Les Roches!"

"Then you confess it—you prefer her to me!" cried Florence—"you confess it!" "I prefer justice and honor to you, as I would prefer them to my own life," he vehemently replied. "But, Florence," he added, more calmly, "let us drop this. Once, for all, believe me when I tell you, that I have no feeling save regard and friendship for Miss Courtenay. Once for all believe me when I tell you that she is a proud and reserved girl, irritable, I will not say of wrong, but of the mingled lightness and folly you so gratuitously lay to her door."

"Mrs. Logan was staggered. But the favours and the weak are incapable of greatness under any of its many aspects. Ask them not for strong love, for generous construction, or pure simple faith. In vain Florence had known Dora from her youth, and Mr. Templemore for the last year—her standard for judging them was herself, and this was neither rigid nor lofty. If she had been a poor girl, she could have flirted with a rich man in the hope of supplanting another woman, and for the mere gratification of her vanity; and if she had been a rich woman, she would not have scrupled sacrificing a poor girl to her amusement, than Florence Gale had scrupled sacrificing Dora Courtenay's brother to her interest. Nobleness and truth were not in her, and she could not conceive them in others."

"What brought Miss Courtenay down to the school-room?" she asked mistrustfully. "I called her." "And what took you there Mr. Templemore?" "I went thinking Eva was ill," he gravely replied. "I went thinking Eva was ill?" she persisted. "I suppose she sent for you?" "Mr. Templemore's dark eyes flashed. "Mrs. Logan," he said, "I do not ask how and why you came to Les Roches this evening. I suppose I have faithless servants—spies on my privacy, who can be seduced from the duty they owe me. These are questions I scorn to put; but I ask this, will you have faith in me?"

"Not if Miss Courtenay stays, Mr. Templemore." "He looked troubled and much moved. "Florence, I never knew you to be cruel and relentless; you are a woman, have some feeling for another woman—have some feeling for me, and do not lay upon me such an alternative."

"His voice was tender and pleading, but Mrs. Logan could not, or would not, understand its real meaning. She only felt that Dora was in her power at last, and she would show no mercy. "Let Miss Courtenay go," she said. "I ask for no more." "Then you are resolved," "Quite resolved."

"For a moment he looked at her in grave and silent displeasure; when he spoke, it was to say: "Do it so; but remember, it is your doing, not mine." "Oh! I am quite willing to assume the responsibility," cavalierly replied Mrs. Logan. "Remember that if we now part forever, it is you who break your pledge to me, not I who violate my promise to you."

"He bowed gravely then left the room, without adding another word. Mrs. Logan remained stunned at the consequences of her own act. To the last moment she had thought that Mr. Templemore was yielding; to the last moment she had felt convinced that he neither dared to give her up, nor had the power to do so. She had never imagined that he would thus take her at her word."

(To be continued.)

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

The subscription for the new Catholic University of Lille amounts to about \$1,284,653.

Twelve clergymen are said to have withdrawn from the Church of England within a month to join the Church of Rome.

Invitations have been sent by Mgr. Triepel to the representatives of the Catholic press to form a deputation which shall congratulate the Holy Father on the first anniversary of his election, February, 20th, 1879.

A German paper of Cleves exposes the outrageous religious liberty by which Catholic soldiers in that section are compelled by the military authorities to attend the Protestant Church.

THE SEE OF OLINDA, BRAZIL.—We read in the *Apostolo* of Rio de Janeiro that the Chapter of Olinda, has, by a majority of eight votes out of fourteen, elected to the vacant See the Vicar Capitular, the Rev. Jose Joaquim Camello de Andrade.

BANISHED.—A community of French nuns who were engaged in education at Paderborn, Germany, have received notice to leave. They conducted six girls' schools. The charge of these will now have to be assumed by the municipality, which will involve a considerable addition to the city taxation.

A good illustration of the spirit of Catholic charity is seen in the fact that during the past year the Sisters of Charity at Bromon, Germany, have nursed over 251 patients, nearly all of whom were Protestants and Jews. Their work involved 4,135 night watches, and 4,229 day attendants.

His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. has written a very consoling letter to Right Rev. Dr. Martin, the exiled Bishop of Paderborn, in which he praises him and his priests for their undaunted courage during the present persecution, and expresses also his great satisfaction at the Christian fortitude displayed by the entire German clergy and laity.

PROGRESS OF THE CHURCH IN DENMARK.—The Church continues to make steady progress in Denmark. At Copenhagen, the capital, a new college, boarding school and Catholic free-schools have been established by means of the generous liberality of Madame Berling, a wealthy convert to the Catholic faith. A new chapel was also recently dedicated for a Novality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, which is under the dir of a priest and a layman.

SHOCKING TREATMENT OF A FRENCH PRIEST.—A much respected French priest, the Rev. Abbe Rigaud, cure of Moux, in the diocese of Carcassonne, was lately assailed by a certain Radical with an infamous accusation, and, by the weak partiality of the local magistrates, was arrested, taken to prison, and after several weeks incarceration was brought to trial at the assizes of the Department. The jury at once found the charge utterly baseless and acquitted the prisoner, as in fact no evidence was offered in support of the foul imputations made against him; but there is no compensation to be made to the priest for all the sufferings he has so innocently undergone, and for the abuse and obloquy heaped upon him in the vile democratic newspapers of the locality.

THE MORTIER OF THE POSTIFICAL ZOUAVES.—Last week there died at her residence in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, Paris, in her seventieth year, the Viscountess Jurien, cousin of Admiral Julien de la Graviere. The Viscountess had devoted the whole of her large fortune to charitable works. Independently of her charities to the poor, who always had recourse to her in their distress and ever found a relieving hand, she sought out herself the cases of *les pauvres hantees* (the bashful poor), and gave them such substantial help that many owe to her their rehabilitation in society. Her aims to the churches and religious societies were also unbounded. The Viscountess followed the Papal Zouaves throughout their campaign, so that she acquired the endearing title of "Mother of the Papal Zouaves," and she showed herself worthy of it. Letters were often addressed to her at Rome with that name alone written on the envelope, and she received them.

THE GERMAN ELECTIONS.—All the large Catholic cities of Germany have elected staunch Catholics to represent them in the new Parliament. In Munich, the capital of Bavaria, one of the two seats was hitherto held by Herr von Stauffenberg, a Bismarckian; henceforth it will be occupied by Herr Reiffert, an out and out Ultramontane, and the other seat remains in possession of Father Westmayer. At Mayence, Mgr. Moutfang, vicar of the diocese, beat Professor Renleaux, an adept of the blood and iron policy. All along the Rhine the leading cities have elected Catholics to a man—such as the towns of Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, Dusseldorf, Koblenz and Treves; and South Bavaria has almost unanimously declared its preference for Catholics, who represent places like Augsburg, Ratibon, Wurzburg, Bamberg and Passau. In fact, the triumphs of the Catholic party at these elections form a whole lesson of geography, and clearly show the utter absurdity of the ascription of the enemies of the Church that Catholic and Ultramontane are expressions distinct from one another.

P. E. I. SCHOOL-LAW.—A correspondent writing from Prince Edward Island on the new school law lately enforced there, says: "Your readers will wonder how it came to pass that in our Province, in which Catholics are as nine to ten, there should be a Government exclusively Protestant—not one Catholic being in the Executive or in any office of importance. The tale is easily told. Our local Grits were anxious to obtain power; they had no ability, but they had an abundance of bigotry. The latter commodity was brought into the electoral market. Our city schools, as provided by Government, had long been a standing reproach. Time and again the visitor of schools had said such things of them that might well make a man rejoice that he had no child attending them. The curse of their godless origin had fallen heavily upon them, and Christian parents sought to remove their children from the polluted atmosphere of these 'public-schools.' The Catholic and various Protestant bodies had erected, and were maintaining, schools of their own. This was maintaining, schools of their own. This was maintaining an eloquent protest against 'secular education.' Moreover, it was proved before a Parliamentary Commission, of which the present ostensible leader of the Government was chairman, that in many schools throughout the country, Protestant as well as Catholic, add to religious teaching was imparted. Add to this that only two years ago a petition, signed by 9,000, was presented to Parliament, asking for Catholics the right of imparting religious instruction, and it will be seen that the mind of the people was in favour of denominational education. But our local Grits missed the 'no popery' howl; they became the champions of infidel schools, and by working on the loyalty of some Liberal Conservatives and on the selfishness of others, succeeded in obtaining a majority of members, though not of votes. In majority of members, one of its most disgraceful pages will be the one which records the story of the election of 1876."

IRISH NEWS.

THE REPORTED VISIT OF THE PREMIER TO IRELAND.—A Central News telegram says: "We are authorized to state that there is not the slightest foundation for the rumour that Earl Beaconsfield will visit Ireland this autumn."

"Reciprocity" is sought by the Irish bar from the bar of England. English barristers may become Irish barristers, almost for the asking; but the Irish barristers must qualify for the English bar as if they were other people. The Irish want equality; but the English do not "see it." Perhaps the briefless are already too numerous here; or is it that Irishmen are usually so successful at the English bar that the fewer of them the better?

THE RECENT DISTURBANCE IN LAURENCEWATON.—A large number of arrests have been made in connection with the disturbance here on Saturday night last. The accused have been admitted to bail to await their trial at the next Petty Sessions in Gilford. Although shots were freely exchanged between the parties, no one is known to be seriously injured, with the exception of the constable and sub-constable belonging to Laurencetown Station, who received some severe cuts on the head from missiles, which were freely used on the occasion.

A correspondent of the *Ulster Examiner* gives an account of some serious rioting which took place on Saturday evening, at Laurencetown, between Burbridge and Gilford, on the occasion of a Protestant Sunday-school excursion. There were lands accompanying, and the crowd following smashed the windows of several houses of Catholics, and rather seriously assaulted two of the policemen who attempted to preserve the peace. In Lurgan also there were some disturbances on Saturday night, for which a number of persons were arrested. At Portadown about twenty persons have been made amenable in connection with the riots at that place on the 15th ult.

THE LATE CASE OF SHOOTING IN BALLYMACABEST.—FRUITER DEPOSITIONS.—Mr. O'Donnell, R. M., attended in the Royal Hospital on Wednesday to take the depositions of Letitia Horner in the case in which John Quigley is charged with being concerned in the shooting at her on the 4th of August. Mr. McErlane represented the accused. The girl Horner after deposing to matters already mentioned in evidence, said she was injured by the second shot, which was fired by Rooney. Rooney passed the pistol behind the back of a girl named O'Neill to the prisoner Quigley, but she could not say what Quigley was doing behind her back. In answer to Mr. McErlane witness said she saw Douglass, who was examined that day in the Police Court, in the mob clothing. The depositions were perfect.

IN BELFAST, the fountain head of Orangism, it would seem as if the magistrature were sternly bent on crushing out "the Order" and frowning it down in every possible shape. At the Belfast Police Court, before Mr. O'Donnell, R. M., and Mr. Orm, R. M., Mr. O'Grady, licensed dealer, was summoned by Head Constable Abraham Goff for "that being a person licensed to sell spirits, wine and beer by retail, did, on the 12th day of July, 1878, suffer to be displayed from her house and place of sale a decoration, namely, an Orange arch, said decoration not being the known and usual and accustomed sign of such place of sale, contrary to the section of 6th and 7th William IV., Chap. 38." Mr. O'Donnell said there had been an infringement of the law, and the defendant must pay a penalty of 4s.

CHARGE OF BRIBERY IN MONAGHAN.—At the Monaghan Petty Sessions, on 13th August, a man named Wm. Gregory was brought before the magistrature on a charge of assisting his wife Jane Gregory, the day previous, in the plaintiff having been sworn, stated that she was married to the prisoner before the registrar, in Bell street, Glasgow, and she had two children by him. The prisoner denied that he was married to the defendant, and stated that he was married some years ago to a woman named Cherry who resided in Angleclay, in the County Tyrone. Head-Constable Haverly, who conducted the prosecution for the assault, now applied that the prisoner be committed until he would communicate with the police authorities in Glasgow. The prisoner was fined in 10s and costs for the assault, and he has been committed to jail until inquiries are made.

ULSTER RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—The very popular competition for the military breechloader prize on Wednesday brought out a large number of members and a close contest took place. It was won by Mr. Murray, the most successful of the younger members, using the Martini-Henry rifle, and allowing points to the Snider. Conditions—Five shots at 200, 500, and 600 yards, military breechloading rifles; Sniders to receive six points. The scoring was as follows:—James Murray, the challenge prize; 200 yards, 21; 500 yards, 21; 600 yards, 19—total, 61. H. Thynne, first money prize; 200 yards, 21; 500 yards, 16; 600 yards, 13 (six points)—total, 50. D. Allen, second money prize; 200 yards, 17; 500 yards, 17; 600 yards, 11 (six points)—total, 51. A match at the Kinnegar, next Saturday (Ulster Rifle Association Juniors v. Belfast Rifle Club), is looked forward to with interest.

THE RECENT DISTURBANCES AT PORTADOWN.—TWENTY PERSONS ARRESTED.—Owing to the exertions of the police the following persons have been arrested, under the personal direction of Sub-Inspector Hayes, in connection with the riot upon the Fifteenth:—James Watson, Wm. Vernon, James Stewart, John Adams, James Bunbury, John Campbell, John Russell, Irwin Mathison, John Watson, Isaac Watson, John Boyd, John Russell, sen; Thos. McConville, Waters, McAuley, Rooney, Ferguson, Hanna, Peel, and Allen. These last seven are charged with beating a woman named Anne McGowan (a Catholic). A lad named Greenaway, who was supposed to have given information to the police, was beaten on Saturday morning by a young man named Hyde, who was arrested for the offence. The prisoners were admitted to bail by Captain Whelan, R. M.

"LOYAL" ORANGE SPORTS AT LURGAN.—On Saturday evening last the "loyal" Orange brethren of Lurgan gave a proof of their respect for law and order constituted authority in a very striking manner. Numbers of the brethren assembled in Queen Street, and as there was no luckless Roman passing on whom they might try their hands they began a little "foo-foo" among themselves. A loyal leet from Dollingstown loudly cursed the Pope. His comrade told him to hold his tongue or the police would take him, but he turned on his pacific friend very fiercely, and they began to fight. A few of the police came on the scene and seized on the combatants. The loyal mob attempted a rescue, but more armed police advanced and the prisoners were borne off to the barracks. The mob, foiled in their attempt to release their brethren, smashed the windows of the barracks. This is a fair specimen of Orange mob-law, so often exercised that the people have become quite familiar with it, and it proves the necessity of a completely stamping out disloyal, lawless faction.

RIOTING IN LURGAN.—ATTACK ON THE POLICE BARRACKS.—About half past ten o'clock on Saturday night, 17th August, a man named Lander, who works in the garden of Mr. W. Bell, Holywood and Lurgan, became excited in Queen Street, Ballybough, and by his sincere anathemas against the Pope succeeded in collecting a mob of some hundreds. Constable Kelly and Sub-Constable Christal, the only police in that peace-loving district, arrested Lander, when the crowd rescued him. On being arrested the second time, he was rescued. The police made a third attempt, and succeeded in carrying off their prisoner and lodging him in barracks. Meantime the stones were falling like hail, inflicting more injury on the sympathizers than the police—cutting many of them about the face, nose, and head. The constables were severely handled, Christal suffering most; but, on inquiry to-day, I learn they had a most providential escape. The windows of the barracks were all smashed; but, no doubt, the rate-payers of Lurgan will pay the piper, no matter who dances. Yesterday morning the prisoner Lander was brought before Mr. Hancock, J. P., who remanded him to the Petty Sessions. Yesterday evening the following prisoners—William Myles, Moses Hamilton, John Hughes, John Pritchard, William Tedford, and John Andrews—were brought before a special Petty Sessions—Captain Whelan, R. M., presiding—and all except Hughes, who was admitted to bail, remanded to the Petty Sessions, bail being refused.—*Ulster Examiner*.

THE BISHOP AND THE OPERA SINGER.

BOW MAKE ALBANI WAS HELPED BY BISHOP McCLOSKEY.

(From the London Truth.)

Mrs. ALBANI is a hard worker. She was eighteen before she had any idea that she had in her the stuff of which prima donnas are made. When she decided to burn her ships, in 1869, she was poor and unknown in Europe, but not friendless. He that has friends should show himself friendly. Her disposition led her to follow, without interested motives, the advice of worldly-wise Solomon. There is a large fund of friendliness and chivalry in her nature, and not spoiled by success, she is intensely grateful for services rendered her. Her life before her marriage was simple.

In tracing Albani's path to eminence, it will be found that qualities derived from France and Scotland enabled her to follow it with success. This is how she came by them:—Her mother was a Scotch-Canadian named MacCutechan, a Presbyterian, I understand. Who made a love match with a poor but respectable young man of French extraction. His family were musicians, father to son, in the back settlements of Canada, the last detachment of King Louis's troops in Canada. Here the diva was born, and here her mother died. Had she lived, her daughters would have remained among the Scotch kindred, and not been sent to the Sacre Coeur at Montreal as day pupils. In the evening their father taught them the piano and organ, and prepared Emma to sing in the convent chapel. She was very near becoming a nun in her sixteenth year. To draw her out of this current Mr. Lajeunesse moved to Albany. He and his girls were befriended there by the Catholic Bishop McCloskey, who named Emma to the post of organist in his cathedral. Her crystalline voice attracted, when she sang in the choir, Protestants as well as Catholics; but nobody ever thought of her going on the stage. A lyrical first discoverer she would shine as a lyrical star by accident in Paris. The discovery was made at the house of a correspondent of a London morning paper. A short account of how she got there will be interesting. With about £80 in her purse, the product of economized salary, a concert and a present from the bishop, and provided with a letter from a French nun, she left Albany for Europe. The nun's family name was Lary, and it was through her introduction that Emma Lajeunesse was asked to the house where she found out she was singer in the Autumn of 1868. Mgr. McCloskey had advised her to perfect herself in Paris as an organist, and promised to keep her place for her at Albany. At her journey's end she fell ill with typhoid fever. Her hands were raw and things looked dark, when she was taken to the source I have mentioned.

Falling in there with non-professional connoisseurs, a burst of applause greeted her first song. A great future was predicted. There were American present, who advised her to study with Duprez, and the hostess, an Irish lady, took her up breast high. The latter in the spring following to France. French critics notice the young Canadian, who by this time had got well into training, invited the "honourable ambassadors" Anson Burlingame, humiliatedly suffered them to go anywhere, which stimulated curiosity about them. The 17th of March will be mentioned. *The Times*, *Gaulois*, *Liber*, and *Gazette de Cologne*, were full of Mlle. Lajeunesse. Thus, without suspecting it, the Cousins to the Sun and Moon were made the accessories of her and Mlle. Paul Gayard, a pianist fresh from the Conservatoire with a first prize. Albani was that evening a very thin girl, with a laughing, ingenuous countenance, and immense polished forehead, which she made no attempt to lessen by drawing over it her hair. Musical critics said she had the voice of a prima donna, but a body too fragile to bear the racking wear-and-tear of the stage. Echoing Feyrnet, *Azvedo* wrote in his weekly *Courier Musical*, "Mlle. Emma Lajeunesse, un bien joli non quand on a dix-huit ans, et qu'on est toute charmante, chante devant les Ambassadeurs Chinois et d'autres personnes celebres chez Mme. — un air de 'Lucia,' 'la Romance de la Rose,' et des balades caennaises avec la voix la plus pure, la plus vibrante, et un gout excellent."

While her laurels were fresh Mlle. Lajeunesse gave a concert to raise funds to push on to Italy. Fashionable society patronized it. Americans paid twice and thrice the money asked for tickets. With the proceeds and a letter from Duprez in pocket, and a chaperon at her side, the Canadian girl started for Milan. Lambert, at the first trial of her voice, hailed in her a rising star, and received her into his class. She remained his pupil nine months, and worked with Scotch perseverance. In 1870 she met in Italy Bishop McCloskey, on his way to the Council held to proclaim the Pope's infallibility. He was agitated on learning that his protegee was not returning to the organ loft in his cathedral, but preparing for the lyric stage. However, on hearing she wanted to educate her brother, who is now a priest, and her sister, the good prelate waived. To keep in memory his pious admonition, and the kindness he showed to her and her family, she took her theatrical name from his diocese, giving it, however, an Italian terminal. Mgr. Conroy heard Albani sing in a Neapolitan theatre. He was pleased with the modesty of her demeanor, and still more with what he heard of her private life, therefore did he call on her to give her his blessing and repeat his pastoral admonitions. Near the casket containing the singer's pearl neckless and beside a prayer-book sent his sister by the Abbe Lajeunesse, there is another casket holding the venerated souvenir of the good bishop.

THE GRAPHIC ON DUBLIN.

The *Irish Nation* should not allow the errors in the English *Graphic's* supplement on Dublin in the last week to go uncorrected. The sketches of Dublin streets and squares in the *Graphic* are fairly good, those of Grafton street and the old Irish House of Commons excepted, but the notes appended to them contain some curious blunders. Their writer, Mr. Wheeler, would have done well had he consulted Mr. Gilbert's interesting history of the metropolis before he set about his work. That history and the first volume of the history of the Irish viceroys which Mr. Gilbert was spared health to complete, are most valuable contributions to Irish literature, but they are not as well known as they ought to be, and as usual, I believe, the author derived little pecuniary profit from them. Mr. Wheeler in the *Graphic* guides his readers of course to College Green, and introduces them to the famous equestrian statue of King William. Noticing the numerous assaults made on his majesty in old times, Mr. Wheeler says that a painter was once employed at night to cover the war and to "white-wash" the king, and that, having accomplished this task, he fastened his pot of paint to the statue, which presented a "grotesque spectacle" the next morning. This is a curious incorrect version of the facts. The object of the surreptitious painting, or rather daubing, was assuredly not "white-wash" poor King William of his glorious "memory" in any sense of the word, but rather to blacken both, and it was for a time perfectly successful, as the Dublin street ballad celebrating the achievement is careful to let us know. The whole story is so well told by Mr. Gilbert that it may be as well quoted from his pages in correction of the dull mis-statements of the *Graphic*.

In 1865, the fourth of November falling on a Sunday, the usual Orange procession round the statue was postponed to the following day. At midnight on Saturday, the 3rd, the watchman in College-green was accosted by a painter, who said that he had been sent by the city decorator to prepare the statue for the approaching ceremony, adding that pressure of work and the apprehension of violence from the people had made him prefer to perform the job that late hour. Having been allowed access to the statue, the artist piled his brush most industriously for some time, and on descending from the pedestal he requested the watchman to take care of the painting utensils left on the statue, while he repaired to his employer's warehouse for some materials necessary to finish the decorations. The night, however, passed away without the return of the painter, and on Sunday morning the whole statue was found completely covered with an unctuous black pigment, composed of tar and grease, most difficult to remove, the vessel containing the remains of the compound being suspended from a *halter* round the king's neck. The act caused the most violent excitement, but its perpetrator, fortunately for himself, was never discovered and the affair was chronicled in a Dublin street ballad to the tune of the old Irish jill song:—"The night before Larry was stretched"—

"The night before Billy's birthday
Some friend of the Dutchman came to him,
And though he expected no pay
He told the policeman he'd do him;
For," says he, "I must have him in style,
The job is so wonderful heavy,
But I'd rather sit up for a while,
Than see him undressed at the levee,
For he was the broth of a boy!"

"Then up to his Highness he goes,
And with tar he anointed his body.
So that when the next morning arose
He looked like a sweep in a noddy;
It suited him just to the skin
Wherever the journeyman stuck it.
And after committing the sin,
"Have an eye," says he, "watch to the bucket,
For I haven't done with him yet."
The birthday being now very nigh,
And his swaddling clothes made for the hero,
A painter was sent for to try
And white-wash the face of the Nero;
He gave him the brush to be sure,
But the first man so deeply did stain him,
That the white-wash effected no cure,
Faith! the whole river Boyne wouldn't clean him,
And so he remains in the dirt."

It is strange that the name of the practical joker never slipped out. There were some Kerry-men in Dublin at that day, including the young Liberator himself and perhaps a cousin of his, popularly known in Kerry as "Splinter" O'Connell, with a few wild young scions of the MacGillecuddy and Fitzgibbon families, who were quite capable of the artistic and poetical achievements related by Mr. Gilbert. But plainly Mr. Wheeler's account is a very lame one. It was the Orangemen who attempted to "white-wash" the great king, "black-washed" an inch deep by the anti-Orangemen the night before. The exquisite coolness of the parting request, "Have an eye" says he, "watch to the bucket!" has something in it very like many of the sayings recorded of Mr. Splinter O'Connell. Long before Daniel O'Connell's famous *rencontre* with Mrs. Widdy Morarty, the Dublin huckster, *Jack Madden's* revelations of Ireland, p. 60, his cousin had silenced a similar character in Killybegs by similar means. The Liberator seems to have only borrowed and enlarged his relative's rhetorical weapons. Mr. Wheeler makes another mighty odd mistake when he not only accepts unhesitatingly the popular story about the wife of O'Rourke leaving him for Dermot M'Murrough, but also adds that the former's friend enlisted the sympathy of Roderic O'Connor, and that Catholicism was introduced into Ireland in 1233, when the Pope sent the Cross of Cong to the latter king! Considering the character given of Roderic by the monks of Loch Ce, whose annals have been so lately translated by Professor Hennessy, one would scarcely expect to find him assuming the office of a missionary of Patrick, Columba, or Columbanus. Almost as strange a mistake is made by Mr. Wheeler writing of more modern times in Ireland. Noticing Mornington House and the birth of the Duke of Wellington, he says: "Though the fact of the Duke's family being settled in Ireland for six hundred years was sufficient virtually to make him a true and bona fide Hibernian, still a lamb is not a wolf though it is born in a wolf's fold, as O'Connell used to say. Canning, though not born in Ireland, often repeated the expression. He, at least, never failed to own himself an Irishman. The Duke's mother was Anne, eldest daughter of Viscount Duncannon" (*Graphic*, Aug. 17th, p. 178). It is not easy to make out upon the pronoun "he" at the beginning of the second last sentence refers to. It seems to stand for "Canning," but through a blunder. The Duke was probably meant, although he never failed to speak of himself as an "Englishman." Mr. Madden, in his interesting "Revelations of Ireland" before quoted, tell a story of an Irish gentleman who, hearing the Duke at a public meeting in London more than once in his speech refer to himself as "an Englishman," remarked:—"The duke reminds me of a countryman of ours—a poor peasant I met in America. I said to him, 'Halloo, Paddy! what brought you over here?' to which he answered, 'Shure, your honour, I just came

over to be a native!' The Wellesleys came to Ireland in 1172, but not many, and I think aware that the Duke of Wellington had O'Brien blood in his veins, and was, as the French President is, lineally descended from Brian Boru—i.e., Brian of the Tributes—who gained the battle of Clontarf in 1014. This is no piece of pedigree-making. The descent of Wellington from the Irish king is as well authenticated as that of Queen Victoria from William the Conqueror, and John O'Donovan and other great Irish scholars tell us that the MacMahons of Clare lineally descend from Mahon O'Brien, King of Munster in 114 (great grandson of King Brian), who granted Cushestown and its environs to the archbishops of that see. The posterity of Mahon O'Brien adopted the patronymic and became MacMahons of the territory of Corcahaisin in Clare. The real name of the French Marshal, according to English or French notions, is O'Brien, and he and the Iron Duke are or were certainly no bad representatives of the warlike Princes of Thomond.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A Semlin despatch states that Russia advised Servia not to disarm, and promised to continue her subsidies to Servia.

The Turkish troops and Albanians in the neighbourhood of Mitrovitza and Novi Pazar are rapidly sending reinforcements, which are said to include a large force of artillery against Gen. Ssupary.

A Constantinople correspondent hears from a trustworthy source that the Russians at Kustendie on the Black Sea, are negotiating the batteries which they dismantled a month ago, and orders for the departure of the Russian troops have been countermanded.

Amnes, Sept. 11.—The soldiers' high court are ordered to reinjoin their regiments immediately. The Government announces that the measure is merely precautionary. The official journals say it is necessitated by important reasons.

The elections to the Spanish Provincial Councils so far indicate a large Government majority. The Confessed Oppositionists have been successful in the Provinces of Almania and Barcelona. The *Diario* announces that a conspiracy has been discovered in Seville to establish a Federal Republic. Several arrests have been made, and important papers seized.

A Vienna despatch says, although recent announcements as to the intention of General Philippovich to send back his cavalry in consequence of the severity of fodder had somewhat prepared the public mind for a retrograde movement, yet the news that the headquarters is about to retire to Brod has produced almost a bewildering effect.

A Pesth despatch says there is much depression here in consequence of the determined resistance of the Bosnian insurgents. Hardly a family in Pesth but has some member in the army, and the list of killed and wounded lengthens daily.

As soon as the Russians vacated Tulek-medje, Ecbataldja and Derkos, Baker Pasha will complete the defensive works on those lines and commence the construction of another line of defence near Constantinople. The Russians are preparing to evacuate Erzeroum.

The official *Abend Post* confirms the report that only a part of the headquarters of the Second Army Corps will be transferred to Brod, and that Philippovich will remain at Sarajevo.

The *Bourse* was much disturbed to-day by the news of the intended transfer of the headquarters of Philippovich from Sarajevo to Brod.

The *Post* this evening announces that the headquarters of the second army corps only will be partly transferred under the command of the representative of Philippovich, and will remain in Brod until military operations on the bank of the Save and in North-eastern Bosnia, are concluded, and that Philippovich will remain at Sarajevo.

A Berlin despatch says the Conservative journals show great vexation at the result of election for officers of the Reichstag, which signally exposes the helplessness of their party. The elections demonstrate that the united Conservatives cannot carry the House against the united Liberals, except with the help of the Ultramontanes, but a reconciliation with the latter seems as far off as ever. If the Liberals act together they can defeat any Socialist Bill, but it is believed that some compromise will be made which will gain the support of the moderate Liberals, and secure the passage of the Bill. Bismarck is expected here from Gastein on Tuesday.

In the negotiations between Bismarck and the Vatican, it has been agreed that the Church shall be ruled in accordance with the Prussian Constitution and the Falk Laws remain in force, but subject to a declaration as to the manner of their execution. A discussion on the terms of this declaration is still proceeding; also as to the return of recalcitrant bishops and the recognition of the Government's authority.

The congregation of Cardinals is examining the question between Russia and the Vatican. It is understood the Pope sincerely desires amicable arrangements with Russia and Germany. The Greek memorandum asking the mediation of the Powers was presented to Ministers of the Vatican on Thursday. Italy will act in accord with the other Powers, but counsels Greece to observe moderation.

PRINTING OFFICE SECRETS.

A properly conducted printing office is as much a secret as a Masonic lodge. The printers are not under oath of secrecy, but always feel themselves as truly in honor bound to keep office secrets as though triple oathed. Any employee in a printing office who willfully disregards this rule in relation to printing office secrets would not only be scorned by his brethren of the craft, but would lose his position at once. We make this statement because it sometimes happens that a communication appears in a newspaper under an assumed signature, which excites comment and various parties to try to find out who is the author. Let all be saved the trouble of questioning the employee of the printing office. They are know-nothings on such points as these. On such matters they have eyes and ears, no mouth, and if any fail to observe this rule, let them be put down as dishonorable members of the craft. It is the same in job printing. If anything is to be printed and kept secret, let proper notice be given of the desire for secrecy, and you might as well question the Sphinx as one of the printers, so that even the secret books for lodges are printed without fear.

The *Acadian* says: "May the Lord free us from the Protectionist," and the *Mail* says: "May the Lord free us of the Free-Traders." This from July: Seven-Year-Old—Grandma, Mother Shipton says the world will come to an end in 1881. Is that true? Grandma—No dear; for in the Bible we are told of that day and hour knoweth no man, etc. Seven-Year-Old—Ah, but Mother Shipton was a woman!"