

cloaked and veiled figure issue from it, and enter an elegant travelling carriage, which was stationed before the door. The vehicle instantly started at a rapid pace, and my wild outcry, 'Ida! Ida!' was unheard, or, at all events, unnoticed.

So vanished Ida Rosen. Never since that night have I beheld her, and all my efforts to learn any tidings of her fate were fruitless. The people who kept the house could tell me nothing more than that a tall gentleman, wrapped in a furred cloak, had occasionally visited her, and old Martha had disappeared.

Years have passed since then, but I have never forgotten the fair vision that so entranced me. I have never loved since—I shall never love again. The image of my lost Ida dwells in un fading freshness in my heart, and I cannot yet bear the music of the third act of 'Robert le Diable' without a pang.

A few weeks ago, I chanced to see an engraving from the Vandyke Diana, in the portfolio of a friend. Struck with its resemblance to Ida, I asked where the original could be found, and, on learning that it was to be seen in Stuttgart, I took advantage of my first leave of absence from the opera to journey hither to behold it. I have seen the picture. I have gazed again upon that loveliness, whose living brightness shall gladden my eyes no more, and the old wounds throb afresh, and with a sharper pain. I shall quit Stuttgart to-morrow, and I trust forever.

Friends, my story is ended. Fill up your glasses; and now, Meissner, last speaker of the three, your turn has come, and we wait for your history.

The young artist looked up, and a faint, melancholy smile flitted over his lips. He spoke as follows:

THE ARTIST'S STORY.

My sorrow is of recent date; and mine will prove to be the saddest tale, as it is the last.

I am, as you know, an artist, and I may venture to say that I am a successful one. I am a native of Stuttgart, and I am frequently employed by the great bookseller, Baron Cotta, to design illustrations for works which he intends to publish. Two years ago, whilst I was studying in Italy, I received an order from him for a number of sketches of the scenery around Naples, to be used in preparing an illustrated work on Italian scenery. I took lodging in Naples, and spent my days, with pencil and sketch-book, among the exquisite scenery of the neighborhood. I had scarcely any acquaintances in the city, and my only intimate associate was a young Russian gentleman, the Baron Alexis Z—, who, like most of the educated men of his nation, was an accomplished and intelligent gentleman, and a most agreeable companion. He was passionately fond of music and the drama, and often prevailed upon me to accompany him to see Ristori or to shreiked through Verdi's noisiest strains at the San Carlo.

One evening we went together to witness Ristori's representation of 'Mary Stuart.' The house was crowded, and the audience was unusually brilliant; so that between the acts, I surveyed the auditorium with less interest than I had bestowed upon the stage. Suddenly my eyes fell upon a face that riveted my wandering gaze at once. Half hidden in the dim depths of a curtained box, and enveloped in cloud-like draperies of black lace, sat a lady, whose dark shining eyes and pale, finely cut features attracted me, less by their weird and singular beauty, than by their resemblance to some face, long ago familiar to me, but whose, or where seen, I could not at that moment recollect. She sat leaning back in her chair, with a listless and pre-occupied look, and it was but a careless gaze that she bestowed upon the movements of the great actress. But, towards the close of the third act, the marvellous genius of Ristori aroused her at last from her seeming indifference. Then she leaned forward with parted lips and earnest eyes; a sudden crimson flushed her cheek; and, as I looked upon her beauty thus transfigured, the resemblance which so haunted me ceased to be a mystery. 'The Vandyke Diana!' I exclaimed, involuntarily.

My companion turned, and looked at me in astonishment.

'Can you tell me the name of that lady in black lace, who is sitting in the fourth box to the left?' I asked, unheeding his surprise.

He raised his opera glass, and looked in the direction which I had indicated.

'Certainly,' he said, 'she happens to be a countrywoman of my own. That is the Countess of Orlanoff, the wealthy Russian widow, who has taken the Villa Mancini for the winter. She is said to be in very delicate health, and I am told that her physicians have advised her to spend her winters in Italy.'

'Is she a Russian by birth?' I asked.

'I do not know. Count Orlanoff was a very eccentric man. He married late in life, and very mysteriously; and immediately after his marriage he took his bride to his immense estate in Southern Russia. He never afterwards quitted them, and never received visitors; so that nothing whatever was known about his wife. There was a rumor that he incurred the displeasure of the Emperor by his marriage, and that his exile was not altogether a self-chosen one. He was just the man to have contracted a "mesalliance" in a moment of infatuation, and to have repented of it bitterly forever after.'

'Has he been long dead?' I asked.

'No; I heard of his death but little more than a year ago.'

'Madame Orlanoff is lovely enough to excuse any amount of infatuation.'

'Yes, she is singularly beautiful, although it is reported she is a confirmed invalid. I have an idea that her married life was not a very happy one. She quitted Russia immediately after her husband's death, and spent last winter in Nice. She visits no one, and receives no one, and seems to have inherited some portion of Orlanoff's eccentricity.'

For weeks after, that pale, cold, beautiful face filled my thoughts by day and haunted my

dreams by night. I frequented places of public resort and amusement, with unwonted devotion, hoping to behold Madame Orlanoff again. Twice was my search rewarded with success.—I saw her once, seated in a luxurious carriage, on the Chiaja; and once, blazing with diamonds, in the contained recesses of a box on the grand tier at the San Carlo.

One evening I was busied in completing a sketch of a picturesque little nook of the bay. I had taken my seat on a rock which lay on the shore, and had worked undisturbed for some hours. The sun was setting, and I was about to lay down my pencil, when I heard a faint rustle of silk near me; an odor of verberna filled the air; and, looking up, I beheld the Countess Orlanoff standing at my side. I started up, surprised and agitated.

'You are Herr Meissner, the artist, I believe,' she said, in German.

'Such is my name and profession, madame; I stammered.

'I am forming a collection of sketches of Italian scenery; and I would like to give an order for several drawings of the views around Naples.'

'That is a commission which I can easily execute,' I answered, regaining my composure with a violent effort; 'for I am already at work on a series for Baron Cotta, the celebrated publisher.'

'Indeed! Then the one you have just finished is for him, I presume. Will you permit me to examine it.'

I placed the sketch in her hands. She looked at it long and carefully, making, as she did so, comments on it and criticisms, that showed a cultivated and refined taste in art.

We conversed together for some time, and when she left me to re-enter her carriage, which was stationed at a short distance, she gave me her card.

'Come to the Villa Mancini to-morrow evening,' she said, 'and bring your sketches. I may wish to possess duplicates of some of those which you have executed for Baron Cotta.'

Such was the beginning of my acquaintance with Madame Orlanoff. My sketches formed the pretext for some of my first visits; but I soon cast all excuses aside, and found myself, every evening, by the side of the 'fauteuil' in which the fair invalid reclined. How vividly do I recall those evenings! Madame Orlanoff always received me in a small room, half library half reception room, which opened out of the grand 'salon.' It was crowded with rare trifles and costly toys: books, medals, gems, small paintings, antique bronzes, portfolios of engravings and drawings filled its every corner. We used to converse about all the events in the world of art and literature—the last new poem, the latest opera, the rising singers of the day, the newest picture, or the artist last arrived. I brought her my sketches, and told her what my ideas were respecting the large picture on which I was at work; and she, in return, would lay open for me her stores of rare engravings and antique gems. As I speak, I seem to inhale again the mingled odor of ether and perfume that always pervaded the atmosphere: I see once more the little room, with its wilderness of art treasures, its gayly-frescoed ceiling, its soft subdued light, and its one fair, spiritual looking occupant, reclining amid the cushions of her luxurious couch. (To be Continued.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

CONVERSION AT OONG.—Mr. Andrew Hopkins, for many years teacher of a Protestant school, was recently received into the Catholic Church by the Rev. John O'Malley, O. O., at Oong, in the presence of a very large congregation. It is needless to add that his conversion to the Catholic Church was not in the hope of gain. For some time he battled against the convictions which were growing upon his mind. At length he resolved on taking the advice of Father O'Malley, and then finally resolved upon embracing the Catholic faith.—Mayo Examiner.

Miss French, the daughter of Lord French, who was said to have been detained against her will in an Irish convent, has elected to reside with her mother; a course which has been sanctioned by the Court of Queen's Bench.

There was lately seen in the county of Meath a gentleman sitting with his double-barrelled gun on one side of a car, and two policemen on the other side. The gentleman is said to have incurred the anger of some Ribbonmen. Part of Westmeath bordering on Meath, was recently placarded with a notice to the public upon various topics, and stating that whoever disobeyed their edicts would be shot by the enemies of oppression. One of these was posted upon the gate of a magistrate. Public rewards are not issued in these cases—the authorities, probably, being unwilling to proclaim the suspension of law and order when the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act is about to expire. The above is given on the authority of the 'Court Journal.'

Mr. Gladstone, in his marvellously lucid statement of the Irish Church question fully sustains the popular estimate, as borne out by history, and says:—'In the worst of times, and through all the mournful era of the history of the Penal legislation that has afflicted Ireland, the authorities of this Established Church have, unfortunately, stood in the foremost rank, with respect to the enactment of those laws, on which we now look back with shame and sorrow. (Cheers.) In speaking of the Church of Ireland, I may say that, although I believe its spirit has undergone an immense change since those times, unfortunately it still remains—if not the home and refuge of—the badge and symbol of ascendancy, and so long as it exists, painful and bitter memories of that ascendancy can never be forgotten.'

Trinity College will not be touched by the Bill, but Mr. Gladstone states that there will be future legislation on that subject, and that the institution will not be solely devoted to Protestant education. We may say that if it were to be so devoted there would not be religious equality in Ireland. The Premier mentioned another matter, which is considered a blot on his bill. He said that about twelve Protestant Cathedrals would be partly retained, where the Protestant population may not be numerous enough to support them. The answer to this is, if they are not numerous they do not require such churches, and they can erect small ones. Why should the Catholics be asked to contribute to sustain large buildings which are not required? He spoke of St. Patrick's Church, Dublin, as one of them. The Protestants of Dublin are rich enough, we are certain to sustain that building; and it would be a gross act of injustice to have it supported otherwise. We hope this blot will be expunged from the bill; and that it will be so amended that real religious equality may exist in Ireland.—Dundalk Democrat.

DUBLIN, March 3.—The great scheme unfolded by the Premier on Monday night is the universal theme in all classes and circles. It is viewed from different points with sentiments as opposite as the motives which it brings into play, the interests it affects, and the vast changes it involves. A revolution wider and deeper than has been witnessed in this country for 300 years cannot be accomplished without giving a violent shock to the feelings of many persons, although to the majority it may afford unqualified satisfaction. To the former it is the severance for ever of the dearest ties, the tearing up of an ancient system firmly rooted in the constitution, guarded hitherto with jealous care, and fenced about by every expedient that skillful statesmen could devise to render it secure. It is not strange that to them it should appear the repudiation of solemn compacts and the abandonment of faithful friends, who are to be degraded and despoiled by those to whom they are united by a common faith and a loyal sympathy. But few of them can divest themselves of the influence of traditional habits and prejudices, and view the Ministerial policy apart from their own interests as a necessary measure of imperial justice. They cannot enter into the feelings of those who regard the Irish Church as a monument of conquest and spoliation, which is the more odious and intolerable the longer it is maintained. By these, the majority of the Irish public, the measure is hailed with exultation as one that will effect the overthrow of an unjust supremacy, which in its nature was calculated to exasperate a proud and sensitive people, and was often rendered more galling by the manner in which it was enforced. As yet there has been but little opportunity for the expression of opinion. It is to some extent suspended while the vast proportions of the scheme and its complicated details are minutely examined. Sufficient, however, has been uttered to indicate the general tone of feeling. The Liberal journals concur in commending the comprehensive and uncompromising character of the proposal. It is regarded with grateful pleasure as the fulfilment of a pledge, and the realization of the hopes which the country had been led to form. On the other hand, the Conservative press denounces it as a scheme of confiscation, and charges Mr. Gladstone with breach of faith as regards the Maynooth grant, and with entertaining a covert design of endowing Catholic institutions with the spoils of the Church.

March 4.—The text of the Irish Church Bill is now before the country. It was circulated yesterday through the press and was eagerly scanned by every section of the public. All parties concur in recognizing the evidence of great care, sagacity, and forethought in the elaboration of its details. The harmony and completeness of its proposed arrangements are frankly acknowledged even by opponents, who are willing to admit that, so far as was consistent with the main object in view, the scheme has been carried out in a generous though vigilant spirit. A measure of so sweeping a character, involving so many intricate considerations, could not be expected to command more than a general approval. Opinion is divided as to the policy and effect of some of its provisions. The branch which excites most criticism is that relating to the disposition of the surplus. Different suggestions have been offered from time to time as to how it should be appropriated, but the mode proposed comes by surprise on most people. There is, however, a desire manifested not to endanger or retard its passing into law by offering objections upon matters of detail. While the principle of the Bill is strictly carried out, it is felt that no impediment should be put in its way, and that it is better to confide in the discretion of the Government, who have, no doubt, anxiously considered the subject. The voice of the country, echoed in the Liberal press, is everywhere raised in earnest consideration of the Bill, and of the manner in which it was introduced. The Freeman observes that Mr. Gladstone's speech was unsurpassed by any of his former efforts. It warmly eulogizes the 'lucid arrangement, luminous clearness of subject, mastery of details, and simple nervous eloquence' of the address. The Ministers, it says, 'have nobly fulfilled their duty,' and observes that 'the special merit of the Bill is that it satisfies so many classes without injustice to any class.' It predicts that the more the measure is considered the more popular it will become; that Mr. Gladstone will have powerful auxiliaries in the English curates, and that 'if ever disestablishment should be the lot of the Church in England—and he would be a rash politician who would negative such a proposition—the English curates would have in Mr. Gladstone's Irish measure a precedent for an equal measure of justice to themselves. The Bill, it thinks will pass the Commons this Session with some slight modifications, and will also pass the Lords. The Northern Whig ridicules the conduct of the weaker-minded clergy, who are holding prayer meetings at the present crisis in order to avert some great calamity. It asks what is there frightful in the Government measure, and points out the considerable proportion of property which will be left to the clergy and the positive advantage which they will have in being allowed to govern themselves. 'They will have but themselves to blame,' it says, 'if they go further and fare worse.' The Cork Reporter, referring to the surplus, remarks that before hastily condemning the Ministerial proposition it is well to consider the enormous difficulties which would beset almost any other appropriation of the money and adds:—'But the distribution of the few millions of surplus is really a matter of little importance. The grand central fact of the transaction is that the people of Ireland have at last the assurance that there has arisen in England a Minister and a party from which the people of this country may expect something more than high-sounding phrases and pleasant promises. Mr. Gladstone has been the first statesman of our time to inaugurate a spirit of deep earnestness into the relations between Ireland and the Parliament of Britain; the first to stake his political existence and the existence of his party on the question of the removal of a purely Irish grievance, in defiance of Irish opinions and Irish ideas. The significance of this fact, the changed tone of English public opinion, will not, we earnestly pray, be without their effect on the misguided men who, instead of looking for the redress of grievances to the wisdom and justice of the Imperial Parliament, still cherish the idea of pursuing the national good through the dark path of violence and bloody revolution.'

The Examiner confesses that it feels some disappointment that the surplus is not to be applied to the relief of the poor-rates, observing that one of the advantages to be derived from that application would be the acquiescence of the landlords in a scheme which would bring them a direct benefit. It thinks, however, that the chief object is gained by Mr. Gladstone's plan, and it expresses satisfaction that the funds are to be devoted not to Imperial but to Irish purposes. Other liberal journals write in a similar vein of praise. No arrangements have yet been made for giving general expression to the views of the Church itself upon the Government Bill. Some meetings of rural parishes have been held here and there, but there is nothing like a systematic movement. The Church seems, for the moment at least, stunned by the weight of the Ministerial blow, and will require some days to consider what steps it should take in so grave an emergency. The only demonstration attempted since the announcement of the Church scheme was the annual meeting of the County and City of Cork Protestant Defence Association, which was held in the Protestant-hall on Tuesday evening. Captain Sarsfield, in the unavoidable absence of Lord Bandon, took the chair. The attendance was ominously small, a fact attributed to 'the extreme coldness and want of the day.' The resolutions passed at the recent meeting of the Central Association in Dublin were adopted, and speeches were delivered expressing a hope that this would be the first of a series of meetings, and that 'the Protestant voice of the country would make itself heard, and show to Mr. Gladstone and his party that the measure he had introduced

was not one that was satisfactory to a large portion of the people of Ireland.' In the evening, another meeting was held in the same place, which was more numerously attended.—Times Cor.

Granted that in its integrity Gladstone's Bill is passed, will the several races and religious bodies in Ireland be, then, on the same level? Four millions and a-half of Catholics, the majority, some 78 per cent. of the whole population, less than 12 per cent. Anglicans, and nine per cent. Presbyterians constitute the three great religious bodies in the Kingdom. The Anglicans start with a fund of about six millions, the Presbyterians with some £800,000, and the Catholics with about £350,000. The capitalised grant to the Presbyterians, £40,547, for Regium Donum, and £2,050, for the Presbyterians Theological College, Belfast—is placed on a level with the capitalised grant to Maynooth, although the one was contingent on an annual vote in the Estimates, liable to be thrown out any Session, while the other is on the Consolidated Fund, under an Act of Parliament. The one is a mixed endowment mainly ecclesiastical, for the support of Ministers, and also educational, to train them for that Ministry; the other is purely educational, and not involving one shilling of endowment to any Priest on the Mission in Ireland. Apart from the manifest disadvantage to Catholics, as compared with Presbyterians while both these bodies are disendowed so far as concerns the education of their ecclesiastics, the wealthy Trinity School of Trinity College is, so far, untouched. That institution is theological, from the porter to the Provost. Its Scholars, through all its schools, its Professors its Fellows, its leading officers are all Protestant. True, Mr. Gladstone expresses his intention to deal with that opulent and most exclusive institution; but we think that it was a mistake not to specifically include it in the programme of disendowment. It is proposed to leave twelve cathedrals in the possession of the Anglicans, and also to tax the revenue with the cost of Divine Service in those venerable Ministers! Does Mr. Gladstone suppose that the operation of the Penal Laws for well nigh three centuries has so debilitated Catholics to slavery that the moral sense is dead in them? Downpatrick, sacred in the memory of the three patron saints of Ireland, Christ Church (Dublin), St. Canice's (Kilkenny), Limerick, Killaloe—all erected by the piety of their fathers—are to be transferred to others, and if the demands of the service be too extravagant for them, then the Church Commission is at hand to supplement the required amount. This surely, is not Religious Equality. It is neither Disendowment nor Disestablishment. The sum remaining to the Anglican body is enormous, but we wish to be distinctly understood as not objecting to a full and equitable compensation for vested interests, from the sexton or the organ blower to the Primates. These interests it will be the business of public actuaries to investigate, according to the known laws of vital statistics. We deem the statement of the value of those claims exaggerated, as experience will prove. It is no part of the Prime Minister's duty to turn Stockbroker or Actuary to the concern now in his hands as Official Liquidator; he should realize the available assets, pay off all claims, and leave the creditors to invest their dividends as personal property may suggest. Whether they capitalise those claims, accept the stipulated annuity, or invest the sums in a suggested Joint stock (Canadian) Church Fund are questions which cuttle the position of the Prime Minister. Disestablishment has been carried out in perfect good faith; not so the Disendowment. We regard the offer made to the tenants of church lands to purchase their farms, and become peasant proprietors, paying one-fourth of the purchase money as a highly satisfactory feature in the scheme. We object to the nobler ecclesiastical and historic ruins, such as Cashel, merging with the burial ground, to the custody of the Bards of Guardians. We protest against alienation of the cathedrals erected by one section to other hands; and we denounce the proposal to support the ghost of a departed Establishment in those fabrics, out of the residue of the Church Revenues. We would also remind Mr. Gladstone that the charges that he now places on the lapsed revenues of the Church are, in the main, charges that should have been borne by the property of the kingdom for the relief of those destitute classes heretofore sadly neglected by landlords and Boards of Guardians. If these measures were all passed into law, is it not the veriest mockery to say that there is not deep-rooted ascendancy and the grossest religious inequality in Ireland? After an unequal struggle of ages, the majority are now started in the battle of life, the minority having every advantage over them. The possession of nine-tenths of the soil of the kingdom; a monopoly of the magistracy and of the administration of the law; direction of the country Boards, and of the Grand Juries; the levying and appropriation of our heaviest tax, 1,100,000L. a-year, all paid by the occupiers; the control of our Boards of Guardians, the patronage of all our local institutions, the possession of churches raised from Catholic funds, several millions of an ecclesiastical endowment, a university with one acre in every hundred of the soil of the kingdom to sustain it, and an ascendancy of professional occupancy, as well as of wealth and social position, arising from the monopoly and the exclusion of several centuries. Thus overweighed, Ireland starts on the new future just opened to her; yet, wretched, her history clearly indicates that she will not be behind, or worsted in the contest.—[Dublin Irishman.]

SUPERINTENDENT OF THE IRISH IN THE FINE ARTS.—The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland has made a happy appeal to the genius of that country. The School of Art under the management of the Royal Dublin Society, has carried off a far greater number of prizes in proportion to the number of the pupils than any other provincial school in the kingdom, the advantages of the School at South Kensington placing it alone higher in the general competition. In not a few of the points, indeed, in which antiquity held national pre-eminence to consist the Irish are easily our equals and with a little effort our superiors. In ideas and in the language of ideas all classes of Ireland excel the corresponding class of this country, at least till we come to that highest of circles which is not so much of one province or country, but of the Empire, or rather of the world. Beginning from the peasantry, and comparing class with class, the Irish have more natural poetry, more taste, more eloquence, more power of conceiving and taking in ideas, and expressions, and mode of thought. These powers, it is true, are acquired by conversation, and the Irish spend at least half their time talking and arguing, and telling stories; but they have something to talk about, and the way of making the most of it. It may also be said in excuse for Saxon dullness that as compared with Ireland we are a hard-working nation, and too much occupied to talk, to look about us, to acquire ideas, and work them into proper shape and bearing. We are drudges, always at the plough, the mill, or the desk; but, it matters not how it comes about, the fact remains, and it is a fact not to be ignored, even if we may please to think it a sacrifice to virtue and a proof of mental excellence. It is a truth to be remembered on both sides, that this great industrial system of ours, which makes every man, woman, and child do his duty in it, is not the best school of genius, or even Science and Art. In Ireland, we are told, there is a School of Art and a development, with increasing success. It must be also with shame that an Englishman surveys the progress of Art in this country. Nothing can be uglier than our ordinary house architecture, except our public buildings, even those of the most pretentious character. It really would seem as if there was hardly a man in the island capable of designing an edifice of any size, great or small, that shall please the eye, from whatever side it is seen. Should it happen that some simple, but effective, sculptor is wanted to create an object in a facade, there is hardly an Englishman to be found who can do it, though it should be the merest adaptation of some well-known subject. We have to send to the Continent for the

design,—perhaps for the workman also. It is not that we are indifferent to decoration and proper simplicity, but, if we would avoid vulgarity it is necessary to avoid also English designs. We must borrow from foreigners or buy in their own shops almost everything which depends on the taste as much as on the material. There is something in the nature of the education, some ray of the political circumstances, of an Englishman that forbids even a moderate excellence in the arts of design. While everything has tended to make the Irish an ideal and sentimental race, or to confirm them in that original tendency, they have hitherto had very few practical opportunities. Ireland's great want is the money of men wishing to surround themselves with works of Art, and proud, in so doing, to raise schools of taste and adorn their country. Can anybody doubt that encouragement alone is wanting when the sister Arts—for such they really are—of Poetry and Eloquence are the Irishman's very birthright? He is a good preacher, a good writer, and a good schoolmaster. Indeed, his real inheritance is in the world of ideas and of the words which express them. Is it too much to say that he has a great office still to perform in this hard-worked, materialized, and somewhat vulgarized country of ours? We require to be perpetually renovated and recruited from the simpler metal of a primitive and unchanged race. All admit the useful contribution Scotch industry and shrewdness have proved to our race, and if the English character required some sort of supplement from that quarter, so also is it much wanting in that which Ireland can supply.—Times

THE ANTIEST CHURCHES IN IRELAND.—An excellent letter appeared in the Times of Tuesday on 'The Irish Church' by an 'Ulsterman.' It would be an insufferable grievance that the old historical Catholic churches of Ireland should be continued in the possession of a sect which has ceased to be a National Establishment. If the Protestants are to retain their post-Reformation churches let those which were built by Catholics in Catholic days come back to their rightful owners. The following are the words of the 'Ulsterman.'—With regard to the occupied churches little difficulty need be feared. The Catholics have their own churches; they could not ask for modern Protestant edifices, and the old ones would be generally ineligible. There are, however, certainly three churches, perhaps four, which the State can hardly give to the present occupants without suspicion of partiality or complicity with ascendancy. Christchurch and St. Patrick's, Dublin; St. Canice's, Kilkenny; and St. Mary's, Limerick, are regarded as historical monuments of Catholicism, to which the sympathies of the people are still attached, and it would inflict a needless and most grievous wound if the State finally made them over to a small sect. The two Dublin churches are situated in the poorest quarter of the city, surrounded by a Catholic population, and out of the way of the Protestants. The Establishment which still possesses them, and was bound to maintain them, allowed them to decay, till a private gentleman was found rich and generous enough to save one of them from impending ruin. He had his reward in a baronetcy and a seat in Parliament. The amount which he expended might be refunded, or rather given to the Protestant ecclesiastical authorities for the erection of another cathedral of their own. It would be hard if the claims of a disendowed sect to a property were strengthened by a private expenditure upon it which was rendered necessary by the neglect of that body while it was richly endowed.—Moreover, the Dublin cathedrals are too vast for their small congregations, while the Catholic Cathedral and churches are more than filled with successive crowds. The restoration of these few churches to their original possessors seems necessary if the wound of ascendancy is to be healed.

On Wednesday night last, an attempt was made by some miscreant to murder Mr. Ankeell, the station-master at the Mullingar railway station. He had despatched the 10 p.m. train from Dublin, and when entering his house, which is about one hundred yards from the station, he was fired at from outside a small entrance gate only a few yards distant from where he stood, and wounded fearfully, though not, it is to be hoped, fatally, in the right breast, the ball traversing across the breast and inflicting such serious injury as leaves it doubtful whether recovery can take place. His friend, Dr. W. Middleton, son, was in a very few minutes, in attendance, and also J. S. Ferguson, Esq., M.D., followed by Charles Duigan Esq., M.D., and every mode of alleviation that profound skill could suggest was immediately adopted. This day some hopes are entertained of his recovery, but a longer period must intervene before any opinion can be pronounced. The constabulary arrested a man named Laurence Moran who had been dismissed about four months ago from the office of policeman of the Mullingar Station. The railway company has offered £200 reward for information relative to the perpetrator of the deed. The latest account states that the slight change for the better in the state of Mr. Ankeell has continued, but he is still in a very precarious condition. He is watched with all the care and attention that the best medical skill can afford.—[Dundalk Democrat.]

As Mr. E. Gaggin, accompanied by his wife and child, was returning from Tarbet about mid-day, he was fired at from behind a fence at a place called Court. Mrs. Gaggin showed much pluck under the trying circumstances, and would have pursued the scoundrel if her husband allowed her to get out of the crydion which he was driving. She states that four shots were fired from a revolver, and hopes to be able to identify the miscreant, whose face was partly concealed by a large hat. The Constabulary under Mr. Aubrey, S. I., proceeded at once to the scene of outrage, and have not returned up to the time I write. The old story over again—ejunctio procedendi at the forthcoming assize; this outrage is attributed to,—Irish Times.

A hint has been thrown out by the Ulsterman as to the establishment of a Catholic Denominational College, which should be on a par with Trinity College, Dublin. The suggestion is curious, and deserves attention. 'In the Act of Settlement,' he says, 'it was contemplated that there should be two Colleges in connexion with Dublin University, to which Trinity College is attached, and which it has monopolized. The Chief Governor of Ireland, with the consent of the Privy Council, was empowered by this Act to call into existence, at any future time he should think fit, the second, or King's College. He was also empowered to endow it with £5,000 a year out of the Crown lands. Let the Viceroy be now directed to select the Catholic University as this second College to be affiliated to the Dublin University. Let religious equality be established in the University, and let the endowments now monopolized by one be henceforth divided in fair proportions between two denominational Colleges. In this way, while the State will not be asked to contribute money for a denominational purpose, fairly play will be given to each system, existing institutions will be preserved, and a high standard of education will be maintained.'

THE ELSTON RIOR DROGHEDA.—The grand jury at the assize for Louth have found a true bill for manslaughter against the corporal Rumble, charged with firing the shot during the election at Drogheda which killed a man named Woods. The trial, however, has been removed by certiorari to the Queen's Bench. In charging the jury, Judge Morris laid it down that 'a soldier without any orders is entitled to fire in defence of his own life, when he considers it to be in jeopardy, just as any other citizen of the State. A citizen, by becoming a soldier, does not lose his right of citizenship, and the first right of citizenship is to defend yourself. And that being the law in reality, considering the case of soldiers attacked by a mob at election times, one would, at all events, make as lenient a view of it as they would of the case of any civilian.'