

DUBLIN CLUB.

	1000 yds.	1100 yds.
Johnson	79	63
Pollock	77	76
Hamilton	73	64
Rigby	84	48
Total	313	251
Grand total		564
AMATEUR, NEW YORK.		
Gildersleere	67	73
Dakin	73	60
Fulton	79	66
Bodine	62	78
Total	281	277
Grand total		558
BELFAST CLUB.		
Wilson	83	50
Walkington	66	49
Fulton	70	63
Lee	72	54
Total	296	225
Grand total		521

THE NINE OLDEST POPES.

Pius IX., though the first in the list of the Sovereign Pontiffs, if we consider the duration of his Pontificate, ranks ninth only in point of seniority, and is greatly to be feared that he will not be able to crown his other glorious titles with that of the "Veteran" of the Popes.

He must live two years longer before he reaches the age of 85, at which Innocent XII. died, A.D. 1700. Then it will take him another year to exceed in years Clement X., who died in 1676, aged 86 years. Clement XII. died in 1740, aged 83 years. Firm and unyielding in death, as he was throughout life, John XXI., who died in 1334 will not surrender his honorable position as fifth on the list to any but a nonagenarian.

If Pius IX. lives to celebrate his 93rd birthday, Celestine III., who died in 1198, and Gregory XII., who died in 1471, will then both give place as regards years to our present Holy Father. But to effect this his earthly pilgrimage must be prolonged for ten additional weary years.

The second on the list is Gregory IX., who was elected Pope in his 85th year, and who, as vigorous at 90 as Innocent III., his uncle, at 50, went on preaching crusades, fighting monarchs, converting Turks, instructing Christians, till, at last, death managed to lay him low, though not without a struggle. He died A.D. 1241, aged 98. In order to excel in years this glorious, hoary Pontiff, Pius IX. must live fifteen years longer.

St. Agatho is usually considered the oldest of the Popes, having died A.D. 682, aged 107. But this would be difficult to prove. We should be inclined to give the palm to Pius IX. if he outlives the Ninth Gregory.

THE LAST PARLIAMENT OF IRELAND.

The London 'Times' gives the following description of a great Irish picture:—

A picture is exhibited at 30, Piccadilly, which must be especially interesting to Irishmen, and is by no means without its interest for all who sympathize with national feeling and national genius. It represents the House of Parliament in College Green during a debate in 1790, with the famous Curran addressing the House on some great occasion. The part of the House which escaped destruction by the great fire which occurred very soon after this time has long since been the Bank of Ireland. The House of Peers has been fitted up as the Bank parlor, and the spacious octagonal hall, which we see in its original state in the picture, has become the cash office and principal public part of the Bank. The fine gallery with its handsome columns which surrounded the interior was done away with by building up the spaces between the columns, leaving a series of half columns. In the picture, however, the artists, Messrs H. Barraud and J. Hayter, have restored this important architectural feature with very excellent effect, and given their work much pictorial beauty by filling the Strangers' Gallery with a brilliant company. The point of view being from under the gallery at the side opposite the Speaker's chair, and what would, we presume, be the "Bar of the House," the greater part of the gallery is seen forming the upper stage of the picture, lit up by the afternoon sunlight streaming in from the windows on one side and falling upon the broad pavement of the floor, where stands Curran in a full Court suit of black, and in an energetic attitude. This figure, however, is a little too far off to have the importance and interest which attaches to the man, and, although the portrait has been painted pretty closely from that at Trinity College, the spectator finds some difficulty in making out the countenance of the orator, especially as his attention is taken up by several remarkable heads and prominent figures in the immediate foreground. The painters might have taken license so far as to place a personage of such decided mark nearer to the groups which surround us at the Bar or entrance to the House, and thus have concentrated the interest instead of dividing it. However, if Curran is not so impressive in appearance as he might have been painted, we have in Flood and Grattan, who stand close to us, spirited and admirable figures. Both are in the full uniform of the Irish Volunteers, Flood in the rich blue and gold of the Artillery, and Grattan in a scarlet coat of the Infantry. They were not always so near together, but this was the first time they

had spoken after a quarrel, and they had just been reconciled by Lord Charlemont. Their attention seems to be taken for the moment by a word from Collis, the Keeper of the Rolls, who leans toward them holding his despatch-box, while seated on the bench before them are the counsel, Barry and Yelverton, afterwards Lord Avonmore; and not far off is Mr. Solicitor-General Toler, the future Judge, known for his severity as "the Hanging Judge," upon whom Flood is said to have passed his terrible joke when at a supper table he was asked by the Judge if the joint near him was hung beef, and Flood replied, "No, it is not, my Lord, but won't you try it?" On every side some notable face meets the eye: Sir Jonah Barrington, the author of the Memoirs; John Fitzgibbon, first Earl of Clare; and Lord E. Fitzgerald, sitting on the front benches between Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Montgomery; while close at our elbow is the courtly, clerical Marquis of Bristol, in purple and fine linen, the celebrated Bishop of Cork, and afterwards of Derry. Turning towards Curran, we look upon a crowd of distinguished men of the time. The Marquis Cornwallis, then the Lord Lieutenant; the Duke of Leinster, with the Marquis of Waterford, Earl Galway, the Marquis of Kildare, and young Plunket, O'Connell's modern Hannibal, destined to be Lord Chancellor of Ireland; while close to Curran, as if showing his natural propensity to second somebody on the occasion, stands John Egan—"bully Egan" as he was called, from his notorious aptitude for duels. Curran seems to be addressing himself to the Gallery rather than to Mr. Speaker Foster, seated under his canopied chair of state, and perhaps has caught the bright eye of Father O'Leary exactly opposite him—that friend and brother-wit who, when Curran once said how he wished he was St. Peter that he might let him into Heaven, retorted that Curran ought to wish he held the keys of the other place, because then he could let him out. If we were to attempt to follow out the personal interest of the picture, the task, however pleasurable, would be too long. Yet we cannot quite pass over the remarkable galaxy in the gallery. Here, smiling on Curran, we see the lovely sisters Gunning, one about to be Lady Coventry, the other Duchess first of Hamilton and then of Argyll; the fascinating Dorothy Bland, with her powdered hair, afterwards mother of the Fitzclarences; and, lastly, the Countess of Mornington, whose young son Arthur she little thought was to become the great Duke of Wellington.

WANGANUI.

In speaking of the various celebrations which have taken place throughout the colony in memory of O'Connell, the 'Wanganui Chronicle' says that although one or two spasmodic efforts had been made in that town to inaugurate an appropriate demonstration, they all signally failed. We are glad to see, however, that the occasion was not allowed to pass without some tribute being paid to the great man's memory. From the columns of the 'Chronicle' we clip a most interesting discourse on the life and times of the patriot, delivered by the Rev. Father Kirk in the Catholic Church, in which the rev. lecturer drew a vivid picture of the surroundings and history of the times in which O'Connell lived. Father Kirk took for his text the passage from Hebrews xi., 4, "He being dead, still speaks." He said:—To-day we celebrate the 100th anniversary of one of Ireland's noblest sons—the immortal Daniel O'Connell. From all quarters—from the Australian as from the various important towns of our own colonies: from the Great Irish America, as from Europe—and in it, specially from Dublin, the great mainspring of the movement—we learn of the emulation excited amongst Irishmen, and all true lovers of civil and religious liberty, no matter what their differences or prejudices, to excel in celebrating most worthily the fame of the great Tribune, in doing honor to the illustrious dead on this auspicious occasion. Nor is it surprising that the memory of their chief should so live amongst his people. Irish hearts are warm, and their sense of gratitude delicate and fathomless; and there was naught in the person or character of the Liberator but would feel their eager, devouring love of faith and Fatherland, of national tradition and social ties; and should excite their respect for lawful authority, and the just claims of every persecuted being: Whilst the nourishing of these characteristic national virtues was for him a sure pass to their deep and lasting gratitude. Some of us can remember, and there are few in the colonies but have heard of, whilst everyone who enjoys the great liberty of a Britain, must deplore the cruel state of bondage under which the Irish groaned towards the close of the last century. Their faith proscribed, industry, property shackled; and civil trust, privilege of office, corporate right, or constitutional representation in a word, everything to which Catholics in Ireland (and even in England and the Colonies) could aspire, placed far beyond the reach of their just ambition. It was at this time, whilst the co-religionists were "set apart from their fellow subjects as aliens in their native land" (as he afterwards stated in 1810), in August, 1775, that O'Connell was born in Cahen, near Cahirciveen, in the County Kerry. Influence and teaching of his holy mother, local associations empowered him with love of God and eternal things. In his early years he seems to have taken deeply to heart the state of his poor afflicted country and he yearned to give her sweet liberty—the deliciousness of which, as borne on the Atlantic breezes to his sea girt home, he appears to have already tasted. Nor was his patriotism cooled by his studies in foreign lands, to which he was compelled to go to secure a good education. On the contrary, his blood warmed up to boiling heat, and his already keen sensibility received a finer edge by his absence from home. He bears testimony to this shortly after his return to his native land: "My days," said he, "the blossom of my youth, and the flower of my manhood, have been darkened by the dreariness of servitude. In this my native land—in the land of my sires—I am a degraded outcast." In the year after his call to the bar, 1799, the Forum's Champion spoke nobly at the meeting in William-street, Dublin, held to denounce the