

the baronet, and was nothing loth to receive the beautiful niece, whom she knew to be the favored protégée of Mary of Modena; for she was aware of the betrothal of the former with Sir Reginald, and trusted by artfully bringing the two in contact with each other, to be enabled to break through the barrier which existed between them, prevent the return of Florence to the Court of the exiled Queen, and attach her to her own person; for Mary really designed appointing Florence to the post of one of her maids of honor, doubting not but that eventually all the secrets of St. Germain, and the hopes and fears of her father and his consort, would be laid open to herself.

This was the first visit of the baronet to William the Third's banquetting-room. The King was ever sparing of speech, and singularly taciturn to those around him. When at his meals his manner was disgusting to others; and the irritable spirit of the old baronet chafed within him as he observed Lord Clarendon, who had accompanied him thither, take his stand behind the King's chair, beckoning Sir Charles to follow his example by occupying the same situation. No word did William ever speak on occasions like the present, nor was it his wont to invite the proudest nobles in the land to sit down to eat; their master and their conqueror he deemed himself to be, and their place was behind his chair, the neglected witnesses of his meal.

With feelings of intense disgust Sir Charles regarded the King, inwardly cursing the folly which had brought him thither, for in vain had he awaited the honor of a word; but no, not one escaped the lips of William of Orange.

The old gentleman stood long a disgusted witness of the scene before him; and during the time occupied in the exalted employment assigned to himself, of humbly standing behind William's chair whilst he made his repast, mentally exclaimed,

"Marry, but it serves me right; I am but justly met with. What business, indeed, had I to be here at all, instead of making merry with friends and tenants at the Grange? or if, at eighty years of age, I must needs be fool enough to meddle with politics, then why not devote my fortune and the short remains of my life in the service of my rightful King? Well, well, a few weeks more and I will see if I cannot escape—ay, even if I feign a return of my old enemy the gout, and shut myself up a voluntary prisoner in my own house; anything sooner than thus crouch before this Dutchman's rule, and—"

But the thread of the Baronet's meditations was here cut short by William rising from his seat, and graciously vouchsafing a few words to himself and Lord Clarendon, and some three or four noblemen who stood around. On this day Mary had dined alone in her own apartment, in consequence of a trifling indisposition, and as William was about to retire, struck as it were by a sudden thought, he said, turning to the baronet—

"You have a fair niece living with you, Sir Charles. She is betrothed, we understand, to Sir Reginald St. John, in whose welfare both the Queen and myself are warmly interested. Her Majesty, you have already been informed, will grant her an audience on the morrow. See that you bring her thither."

Thus speaking, and awaiting no reply, the Dutch monarch passed on, followed by two or three of the most intimate of his Dutch friends, amongst whom was his favourite, the page, Arnold Von Keppel.

Comfortably ensconced in his own private closet, in a luxurious richly carved chair, covered with crimson velvet, the King now reclined at his ease. English magnates were no longer present; with his Dutch friends and the favored page, William could at last relax, and deem it allowable to discard the restraints of royalty, and quaffing off his favorite liquor, Hollands gin, which the English nobles lately in his presence would scorn to touch, could pass what was no doubt the pleasantest hour in the day.

But on this occasion it was with one particular person that the King had to do; and beckoning the favorite to his side, his grave countenance wearing a most gracious smile, William exclaimed, rubbing his hands eagerly—

"Now then, Von Keppel, what hast thou to tell me about that fool Benson's vagaries? Speak quickly, man; the wretch might have come to evil by putting himself in the lion's den; if your information was correct, that Sarsfield really had him in his power; but out upon the fool, why did he consent to play the spy, an' his wits were so dull that he could not act his part better?"

"Ah, your Majesty, I beg you to spare him," replied the page; "his wits would have served him well enough, but that a cruel fate hindered him from serving his gracious master as effectually as he could have wished. I will bring him to your presence a little later; he has been waiting in one of my apartments these several hours, in order to crave your Majesty's pardon for the untoward way in which he has fulfilled his mission; but, indeed, he has undergone the roughest treatment, and narrowly escaped with his life."

Beau Brummel, ruined and abandoned, spent his last days in an hotel at Boulogne. As his end approached his mind became deranged, and he no longer took pleasure in anything but one single occupation, which he called his "vengeance"—a vengeance, alas, of a very innocent kind! On certain evenings he attired himself in full evening costume, had all the tapers lighted in his *salon*, and then gave the signal to an old valet who had remained faithful to him in his misfortune. The servant went out, and, returning, announced "The Duke of Northumberland," "The Duke of Argyll," and so on through all the nobility of the United Kingdom, all of course being but imaginary visitors. At each name Brummel bowed, and said, "Come in, my dear friend, come in." At last there came the announcement, "The Prince of Wales," when the old man, drawing himself up to his full height, answered dryly, "Tell his Royal Highness that I am not at home."

An instantaneous method for producing vinegar.—Praise one young lady to another.

BISHOP REDWOOD'S LECTURE ON O'CONNELL.

Last evening (August 9th), despite the bad weather, there was a large at the Odd Fellows' Hall, Wellington, on the occasion of the promised lecture by his Lordship Bishop Redwood.

On the platform were a number of the Roman Catholic clergy and Messrs O'Neill, Ballance, and Wood, M.H.R.'s, Buckley, M.P.C., Gisborne, J.P., O'Shea, &c. The last mentioned gentleman took the chair, and introduced the Right rev. lecturer, remarking that he was deeply sensible of the honor which had fallen upon him when he had been allotted the task of introducing to a Wellington audience a colonist of New Zealand who had been raised to the exalted position of Bishop—the youngest Bishop in the Roman Catholic Church.

Dr. Redwood, on coming forward, was loudly cheered. He commenced by reminding his audience of the purpose for which they assembled. It was not to hear of a man who had been called from his labor as a king or a potentate, and had gone to mingle with the royal dust of a long line of illustrious ancestors, after a glorious reign over a happy people. It was a greater than he. It was not the hero of a hundred battles, who had conquered the ends of the earth by the might of his arms. It was not a legislator, a man who had lifted his people from a chaos of barbarism. No, it was not anything of that kind, and yet the man whose memory they revered was more than that. He was a man who had been neither a prince nor a warrior, nor an emperor—but he was a man who, though he had only loved to be called a fellow-citizen, had gained more battles, bloodless battles, than the most renowned conquerors—a man who had gained greater victories than those whose wills in a manner were law, who were able to build up and destroy. They had come that evening to commemorate the giant work of a man who for more than half a century had been invested with a crown of moral power—a power unsurpassed, if ever equalled, in the annals of history. (Cheers.) This moral power, grasped with an iron grasp, united with consummate wisdom, and so spontaneous as to prove his peerless merit, had not come to him in a day or an hour, but had come to him after many years of unwearyed toil; and the incessant exertions of his grand life had been made on behalf of his people at a great personal sacrifice. Perhaps many present would remember him. Before them would loom up his figure as they had seen it in the days of their youth—there was the lofty stature, the massive form, the kingly bearing, the high intellectual forehead, the eyes that beamed with kindness or flashed with scorn, the frame quivering with indignation as with scathing eloquence he denounced the wrong, and his voice ringing out as the voice of a god against every kind of injustice and delusion. This was the man of whom he had come to speak, and of whom he deemed it a privilege to speak. A man who for half a century had led a public life in which there was nothing inconsistent with right, but which, on the contrary, had been blameless and free from reproach. He felt it was beyond his power to give the description of O'Connell's life that he had undertaken, and must therefore throw himself upon the indulgence of his hearers. The lecturer then proceeded to sketch the leading incidents of O'Connell's early life and education, and stated that it was in the seminaries of France he had imbibed those sublime principles of action which in after life had raised him to so exalted a position. He was a strict, believing, practical Catholic, and he (the Bishop) would take the opportunity of impressing upon the Catholics of Wellington that the Roman Catholic aimed at not only the cultivation of a man's mind, but above all, the education of his conscience. And rightly so. Of what use was a merely secular education to any moral being like man? What was the use of maturing the mind without at the same time training the heart and the conscience? What was the use teaching a man merely of material things—immersing him in that matter—without at the same time giving him religious principles enabling him to so live this life that he might be fit to enter that world where he must go some day? That was what Catholics believed in—a universal education—an education which would mould the heart and conscience, and not merely instruct the mind with knowledge of the material world—an education which would make him more faithful in his dealings with man, and more faithful to his God. That was the education the Catholic Church claimed, and always would claim, and which they would have—no matter at what sacrifice it was obtained. (Cheers.) He then proceeded to notice how, throughout the course of the world's history, the people had been trodden down and trampled upon, yet ever and anon arose up deliverers like Charlemagne, the Constantines, and others mentioned, who had raised the people of God to a proper position. In Ireland, when O'Connell arose, an occasion for such deliverance had arrived. During his childhood and education he was there, yet unknown and obscure. Still, he was intended for the work, protected and fostered by an all-seeing Providence, and awaiting his destiny, and in after years when the time came he was firm to that destiny. The lecturer then passed on to notice his domestic struggles—struggles which brought out his invisible soul, and caused him to become the most accomplished and perfect advocate; and whilst reviewing his career at the Bar, introduced a number of racy and amusing anecdotes, illustrating his keen insight into human nature, his vigorous argumentative powers, discretion, zeal, &c. Coming to the subject of O'Connell's political and social labors, the lecturer said he had a painful duty to discharge in speaking on this important portion of his subject, for he had to state plain, unvarnished truth, which might be painful to English people. It must be painful to English people to remember those pages—blood-stained pages—of their history, which for 300 years had been a record of crime towards Ireland—painful in the extreme, and in referring to it, he wished to do so without in the slightest appealing to the emotions, and without the slightest exaggeration, and without the slightest appealing to fancy. But he must tell his audience that for 300 years England had treated her sister country