

New Zealand Tablet

VOL. II.—No. 82.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1874.

PRICE 6d.

J. T. ROBERTS,
HOUSE AND ESTATE AGENT,
VALUATOR, SHAREBROKER, &c.,
Corner of Princes and Walker Streets.

JAMES WALSH,
BLACKSMITH, HORSESHOER, WHEEL-
WRIGHT and WAGGON BUILDER,
Princes Street South, Opposite Market Reserve.

MUNSTER ARMS HOTEL,
Corner of Walker and Princes Streets.

P. O'BRIEN begs to intimate to his friends, and visitors from the country having greatly improved the above Premises, he is enabled to offer cleanly and good accommodation to boarders and travellers on reasonable terms.

P. O'Brien does not mention the quality of his stock, but requests friends to judge for themselves.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

J. MOYLAN,
TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,
Late of Frederick Street,

BEGS to inform his friends and the public that he has removed to more central premises, situate in George street (lately occupied by Messrs Harrop and Neil, Jewellers), where by strict attention to business and first-class workmanship, he hopes to merit their patronage.

GRIDIRON HOTEL,
Princes-street
PRIVATE APARTMENTS FOR FAMILIES.

The bar and cellar are stocked with the choicest liquors. The stabling is of the best description, and an experienced groom is always in attendance.

Conches for all parts of the Taieri, and Tokomairiro, leave the Hotel daily.
DANIEL BLACK.

EDMONDS AND BARRY,
WOOD & COAL MERCHANTS,
St. Andrew Street,
DUNEDIN,

BEG to inform the Public that they are prepared to supply the very best qualities of Wood and Coal at lowest rates.

All Orders will receive prompt attention.

MURDOCK AND GRANT,

PRACTICAL LAPIDARIES
(Adjoining the Masonic Hall),
MORAY PLACE, DUNEDIN,

Every description of stone Cut, Polished, and set. A liberal allowance made to the trade.

GLOBE HOTEL,
Princes street
(Opposite Market Reserve).
Superior Accommodation for Travellers. Private Rooms for Families.
MRS DIAMOND, PROPRIETRESS.
First-class Stabling.

HIBERNIAN HOTEL,
OCTAGON, DUNEDIN.
The Proprietor of this new hotel, having built it after the best and most improved manner, in order to meet the increasing requirements of his trade, desires to recommend the accommodation it offers to the notice of parties visiting Dunedin.
JOHN CARROLL,
Proprietor.

VICTORIA HOTEL,
REES STREET, - QUEENSTOWN.
FIRST-CLASS accommodation for Travelers. Wines and Spirits of best quality. First-class Stabling.
D. P. CASH,
Proprietor.



TO THE PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENT.
H. GOURLEY AND J. LEWIS,
(Late of Spicer and Murray, and D. Taylor)
UNDERTAKERS,
GEORGE & MACLAGGAN STREETS.

THE IMPERIAL LIVERY AND BAIT STABLES,
Princes Street South, Dunedin.
G. DODSON - - - Proprietor.

OTAGO PLUMBING, COPPER AND BRASS WORKS,
PRINCES STREET NORTH, DUNEDIN.
A. & T. BURT,
Plumbers, Coppersmiths, Brassfounders, Hydraulic and Gas Engineers.
Plans and specifications and price lists obtained on application.
Experienced workmen sent to all parts of the colony.

MONEY.—The undersigned has several small sums from £50 to £500 to lend, on Mortgage of Freeholds, at current rates. No commission charged in any case.
W. H. MCKEAY,
Solicitor, Princes street, Dunedin.

GROVES BROTHERS,
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN COACH MAKERS,
HIGH STREET, DUNEDIN.
Repairs receive prompt attention.

M. JOHN MOYAT,
(Late of Lawrence),
SOLICITOR,
Corner of Jetty and Bond Streets,
DUNEDIN.

J. A. MACEDO
PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN,
BEGS to announce to the Catholic Public, that he has always on hand a large assortment of—
CATHOLIC BOOKS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
Prayer Books Douay Bibles
Irish National Books Christian Brothers' School Books
Cruifixes Statues
Holy Water Fonts Medals
Rosary Beads Sculptures
Pictures (Religious and Secular)
Carte de Visites 6d to 1s 6d, in great variety
AGENT FOR THE—
Lamp, Catholic Illustrated Magazines, Dublin Review, and London Tablet.
A Large Assortment of STATIONERY always in Stock.

A. J. has also added to his business
CIRCULATING LIBRARY,
Subscription - 2s per Month.
Agent for NEW ZEALAND TABLET.

P. PROVINCIAL TEA MART.
JOHN HEALEY
Family Grocer, Baker, Wine, Spirit, and Provision Merchant.
(Corner of Manse and Stafford Streets),
DUNEDIN.

ROBIN AND CO.,
Coach Builders and Importers,
Stuart street,
Have on Hand and for Sale—
BUGGIES AND EXPRESS WAGGONS
Repairs receive prompt attention.

FRANCIS MEENAN.
Wholesale and Retail
PRODUCE AND PROVISION MERCHANT.
George Street.

ESTABLISHED 1850.
GEORGE MATHEWS, Nurseryman and Seedsman, has on sale:—Fruit trees of every description, Forest trees consisting of Ash, Elm, Oak, Scotch and Spruce Fir, Cypress pines, &c., &c. Gooseberry and Currant bushes, Thorn Quicks for hedges, Vegetable seeds of all kinds, Lawn grass seed. Priced lists on application.

B. BAGLEY AND SON,
CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS,
IMPORTERS OF DRUGGISTS' SUN-
DRIES, PATENT MEDICINES,
PERFUMERY, &c.,
GEORGE STREET, DUNEDIN,
Are constantly in receipt of shipments from the

GLASGOW APOTHECARIES' CO., and other firms of established reputation; while the extent of their own business transactions enables them to give their customers the advantage of a large and varied stock of the very best quality and most recent manufacture.

ESTABLISHED 1862.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS AND MACHINERY.

Portable Steam Engines and Threshing Machines
 Double and Single Furrow Ploughs
 Chaffcutters, Oat Bruisers
 Cultivators, Horse Hoes, and Seed Drills
 Cheese Presses and Curd Mills
 Ransome's Adjusting Corn Screens and Winnowing Machines
 Vulcanised, India-rubber and Leather Belting
 Horse Powers, &c., &c.,
T. ROBINSON & CO.,
 Princes Street, Dunedin.

HOGBEN'S PATENT.

To Aerated Water and Cordial Manufacturers, Engineers, Brass Workers, and Others.

WHEREAS by deed dated 6th October, 1871, duly registered pursuant to the Patents Act, 1870, Edward Hogben granted unto us, the undersigned, a sole, exclusive, and irrevocable license to use within the Province of Otago certain inventions intitled "An Improved Stopper for Bottles for containing Aerated or Gaseous Liquids," and "Improvements in Apparatus for supplying the Syrup in the manufacture of Aerated Beverages and other liquids, also applicable to other purposes," during the residue of the term for which the said Patents are granted: And whereas we have reason to suppose that certain persons in the said Province are infringing the said Patents, we therefore offer a **REWARD OF FIFTY POUNDS** to any person or persons giving us such information as will lead to a conviction against such offenders.

THOMSON & Co.,

Sole Manufacturers of the Patent Stopped Aerated Waters, Stafford Street, Dunedin.

Awarded First Prize at Vienna International Exhibition.

R E E V E S & C O . ,
 Manufacturers of

British Wines, Cordials, Liqueurs, Bitters, Aerated, and Mineral Waters, And

I M P O R T E R S O F

Corks, Chemicals, Bottles, &c., &c.,
 Respectfully thank their Customers throughout New Zealand for their liberal support for the past eleven years, and having enlarged their Premises and Plant—which is now the most extensive and complete in the Colony—they can guarantee their various Goods equal to any European manufacturers, and at such Prices as will command their universal use. They have constantly ON HAND FOR SALE

IN CASES, HHDS., & QR-CASKS:—

Ginger Wine Quinine Champagne
 Ginger Brandy Bitters
 Raspberry Vinegar Peppermint Cordial
 Orange Bitters Clove Cordial
 Duke's Tonic Bitters Tonic Orange Wine
 Lemon Syrup Curacao

Maraschino, &c., &c.

All of which may be obtained from Merchants and Storekeepers throughout New Zealand and Wholesale only from the **MANUFACTORY AND STORES** **MACLAGGAN STREET,** **DUNEDIN.**

G E O R G E Y O U N G ,

V.  R.

J E W E L L E R

TO

**HIS EXCELLENCY SIR JAMES FER-
 GUNSON, K.G.C.M.**

PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN,
 (Opposite Bank of New South Wales.)

Awarded First Prize for Clocks and Watches,
 New Zealand Exhibition, 1865.

GEORGE YOUNG, Princes Street.

M. & J. MEENAN,

Wholesale and Retail

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MERCHANTS.

George Street, Dunedin.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

WE beg to inform our Customers and the General Public that we have removed to our New Premises, Princes Street South, corner of Police street.

Our stock is almost entirely new, and consists of paperhangings (100,000 pieces), oils and turpentine in large quantities, plate, sheet, and photographers' glass, paints, varnishes, brushes, and every article in the trade.

SCANLAN BROS. & Co.,
 Oil and Color Merchants.

J O H N H I S L O P ,

(LATE A. BEVERLY)

**CHRONOMETER, WATCHMAKER,
 AND JEWELLER,**

Exactly opposite the Bank of Otago, Princes st

Every description of Jewellery made to order.
 Ships Chronometers Cleaned and Rated
 by Transit Observations.

N. B.—J. H. being a thorough Practical
 Watchmaker, all Work entrusted to his
 care will receive his utmost attention.

C R A I G A N D G I L L I E S

Wholesale and Retail

CABINET-MAKERS & UPHOLSTERERS.

Importers of

ENGLISH AND SCOTCH FURNITURE
 George street, Dunedin.

A. M E R C E R A N D S O N ,

-BAKERS,

Family Grocers,

Wine, Spirit, and Provision Merchants,
 PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN,
 (Adjoining Messrs Cargills and M'Lean's)
 Dunedin.

Shipping Supplied.

Families waited on for orders.

Goods delivered with despatch.

Agents for Peninsula Lime.

G O V E R N M E N T L I F E I N S U R A N C E :

Security of Policies guaranteed by the
 Colony.

Low rates of Premium.

Conditions of Policies free from all needless
 restrictions.

Settlement Policies in favor of wife and children
 PROTECTED from operation of Bankruptcy
 Laws, in terms of 'New Zealand Government
 Insurance and Annuities Act 1870.'

Proposal Forms, Tables, with every information,
 may be obtained at any Money Order
 Post Office in the Colony, from T. F. McDonough,
 Esq., or from

ARCH. BARR, Chief Postmaster

O A M A R U H O U S E ,

D. TOOHEY,

DRAPER, CLOTHIER, & OUTFITTER,

N.B.—Millinery and Dressmaking on the
 Premises.

D U N E D I N B R E W E R Y ,

Filleul Street.

KEAST AND MCCARTHY,

BREWERS, ALE AND PORTER

BOTTLERS.

M A R S H A L L & C O P E L A N D ,

Brewers, Bottlers, Maltsters and Importers,

Agents for Messrs ALCOCK AND Co.,

Billiard Table Manufacturers.

R E G I S T R Y O F F I C E ,

Opposite A. & T. Inglis,

GEORGE STREET, DUNEDIN,

ALSO,

FRUITERER AND CONFECTIONER.

MRS. PATTERSTON.

Wanted all Classes of Servants to apply.

THE GREATEST

WONDER OF MODERN TIMES!

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

Is the most effectual remedy for old sores, wounds, ulcers, rheumatism, and all skin diseases; in fact, when used according to the printed directions, it never fails to cure alike deep and superficial ailments.

Long experience has proved these famous remedies to be most effectual in curing either the dangerous maladies or the slighter complaints which are more particularly incidental to the life of a miner, or to those living in the bush.



HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

Occasional doses of these Pills will guard the system against those evils which so often beset the human race, viz.:—coughs, colds, and all disorders of the liver and stomach—the frequent forerunners of fever, dysentery, diarrhoea, and cholera.

These Medicines may be obtained from all respectable Druggists and Storekeepers throughout the civilised world, with directions for use in almost every language.

They are prepared only by the Proprietor, Thomas Holloway, 533, Oxford street, London.

** Beware of counterfeits that may emanate from the United States.

NEW ZEALAND INSURANCE COMPANY.

(FIRE AND MARINE.)

Capital, £250,000. Established, 1859.
 With Unlimited Liability of Shareholders.

Offices of Otago Branch:

HIGH STREET, DUNEDIN,

Opposite the Custom House and Railway Station,

With sub-Offices in every Country Town throughout the Province.

FIRE INSURANCES

Are granted upon every description of Buildings, including Mills, Breweries, &c., Stock and Furniture; also, upon Hay and Corn Stacks, and all Farm Produce, at lowest current Rates.

SUB-AGENCIES.

Port Chalmers	...	William Elder
Green Island	...	A. G. Allan
Tokomairiro	...	Jas. Elder Brown
West Taieri	...	David Grant
Balclutha	...	Stewart & Gow
Lawrence	...	Herbert & Co.
Waikouaiti	...	W. C. Ansell
Palmerston	...	John Keen
Oamaru	...	George Sumpter
Kakanui	...	James Matheson
Otakia	...	Henry Palmer
Naseby	...	J. & R. Bremner
Queenstown	...	T. F. Roskrige
Otepopo	...	Chas. Beckingsale
Cromwell	...	Chas. Colclough

This Company has prior claims upon the patronage of New Zealand Colonists, as it was the first Insurance Company established in New Zealand; and being a Local Institution, the whole of its funds are retained and invested in the Colony. The public, therefore, derive a positive benefit by supporting this Company in preference to Foreign Institutions.

GEORGE W. ELLIOT,
 Agent for Otago.

CAUTION!

THE high reputation of the Singer Manufacturing Company's Sewing Machines has led to numerous attempts to make and sell spurious imitations. The Public are warned against parties advertising or offering for sale Imitation Machines as "The Singer," "On the Singer Principle," or "On the Singer System," in violation of the Company's legal rights. The only "Singer" Machines are those made by The Singer Manufacturing Company.

Every "Singer" Machine bears a Trade Mark stamped on a Brass Plate and fixed to the Arms.

Every "Singer" Machine has also registered number stamped on the Bed-plate below the Trade Mark.

Buy no Machine without the Trade Mark. Buy no Machine which has the registered number defaced. Old and Second-hand Machines re-japaned, are palmed on the unwary as new, the numbers being erased or filed down to avoid detection.

BEWARE OF WORTHLESS COUNTERFEITS!

The Company fix their Trade-Mark Plate to the Arm of every Machine as an additional protection to the Public. Purchasers should see THAT THE NUMBERS HAVE NOT BEEN FILED OFF, as, without them, the Machine may be Old or Second-hand.

NATIONAL PIE HOUSE
Maclaggan street.

JOHN WALLS begs to inform the public that he has opened the above establishment, and trusts, by providing the best of everything, to merit a share of public patronage.
Pie and Cup of Coffee Sixpence.
JOHN WALLS.

DR. CRAWFORD, Consulting Surgeon and Accoucheur, begs to intimate to his old patients in the City, Suburbs and Country that he has resumed the practice of his profession (after his visit to the Home Country and Continent), and that he may be consulted in all the branches of his profession, at the New Medical Dispensary, corner of Princes and Walker-streets. Dr. C. need not remind the public that he is a specialist, and at the head of his profession in the following diseases, viz:—

- Diseases peculiar to women and children.
- .. of the throat, lungs, and heart.
- .. of the eyes, skin, and blood.

Advice Gratis from 9 to 12 a.m., and 6 to 10 p.m.

BASKETS! BASKETS! BASKETS!

Undersigned has always on hand, Baskets of every description. Orders promptly attended to.

Note the Address—
M. SULLIVAN,

Wholesale and Retail Basket Maker,
Princes street South, Dunedin (opposite Guthrie & Asher's).

M. W. HAWKINS,

ACCOUNTANT AND COMMISSION AGENT.
Office: Princes-st., Dunedin.

Mr. HAWKINS is prepared to undertake all kinds of financial business; to negotiate Loans on freehold or leasehold properties, repayable by instalments if required; to make Advances on mercantile pastoral, agricultural, or other approved securities; and to act as Agent for absentees, trustees, or executors.

JONES, BASCH, AND CO.,

BROKERS AND GENERAL AGENTS,

TEMPLE CHAMBERS,

PRINCES STREET,

Dunedin.

UNION PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY.—ESTABLISHED, 1868.

The Investors' Shares in this Society are the following:—

Terminating Shares of the ultimate value of Fifty Pounds each, which are realised after seventy-five monthly payments of Ten Shillings each. These Shares may be withdrawn at any time, with interest at the rate of eight per cent. per annum after the first year, upon giving one month's notice. No withdrawal fee is charged.

Permanent Shares of Fifty Pounds each, payable in one sum, are also issued. On these Shares Half-yearly Dividends are paid at the rate of eight per cent. per annum, together with Annual Bonus out of Surplus Profits.

Deferred Paid-up Shares, to be realised at the end of three, five, or seven years, at the option of the Shareholder. These Shares may be withdrawn at any time, with compound interest, at the rate of six per cent. per annum, on giving three months' notice.

The Society grants loans on mortgage upon most favorable terms, repayable by monthly, quarterly, or half-yearly instalments, commencing immediately; or the repayment instalments may be deferred for one, two, or three years. To facilitate building operations, the Society will make payment of advances during the progress of buildings.

The Society also receives deposits, secured by the Society's Debentures, pursuant to the Building and Land Societies Act, at current rates of interest.

Prospectuses, Rules, Forms of Application for Shares, Advances, &c., and all other information, may be obtained from

M. W. HAWKINS, SECRETARY,
Princes street, Dunedin.

R. A. LOUGHAN,

ACCOUNTANT AND GENERAL AGENT

IS PREPARED TO UNDERTAKE ALL BUSINESS PUT INTO HIS HANDS

OFFICE:

TEMPLE CHAMBERS, PRINCES STREET.

NEW ZEALAND INSURANCE COMPANY

CAPITAL ... £1,000,000.

An issue of 50,000 SHARES in this Company is offered to the Public, at £4 10s. each. Prospectuses and forms of application for Shares to be had at the Office of the Company, High-st.

GEO. W. ELLIOTT,
Agent for Otago.

MOUNT IDA TO MEDICAL PRACTITIONERS.

THE Services of a Duly Qualified Medical Man are required for the I.O.O.F., and the Hibernian A.C.B. Society, Naseby, Mount Ida. Applications, with testimonials, stating charge per member to be lodged at once with the Chairman of the Committee appointed of the joint societies, N. Brookes, Naseby.

The Mount Ida district is a large one, and there is no medical man within 60 miles of Naseby. The population of the district is large but scattered. The present opening is one rarely met with.

WANTED,

A TEACHER (Male or Female) for a Catholic School; salary, £60 per annum, with school fees and free residence added. Applications to be sent in to the undersigned, not later than Tuesday, the 1st of December, 1874.

THOMAS MULVEY,
Hon. Sec.

St. Bathans, 15th October, 1874.

STANDARD INSURANCE COMPANY.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

DURING the Erection of the Company's New Offices on their present site, the business will be carried on in the premises of Mr Rose, clothier, on the opposite side of Princes street.

CHAS. REID,
Manager.

THE NEW ZEALAND TABLET.

SUBSCRIBERS and others are informed that bound copies of Vol. I: of the 'New Zealand Tablet,' are now on sale at the Office, Stafford street. Price, £1 5s. As only a limited number are available, an early application is necessary.

Those Subscribers who may have unbound numbers, can have them bound neatly and moderately at this office.

BISHOP MORAN'S APPROVAL.

THE manner in which the NEW ZEALAND TABLET has been hitherto conducted is deserving of approval. I have no doubt the future management will be in accordance with the past, and that this journal will continue to be an excellent Catholic newspaper. Under these circumstances, I can have no hesitation in saying it deserves the generous support of all Catholics in this Colony. I beg to recommend it to them most earnestly.

Given at Dunedin, 15th July, 1874

† P. MORAN,
Bishop of Dunedin

FIVE POUNDS STERLING

£5 BALES!!

ON RECEIPT of P.O. Order or Draft for £5, we will despatch to to any address, properly packed in canvas and tarpauling, One Strong Tweed Suit (any size), two All-wool Crimean Shirts, two Flannel Shirts, two Serge or Lambs' Wool Drawers, Six Pairs of Alloa or Lambs' Wool Sox, three dozen best American Paper Collars, and one Scarf,—all of good quality.

THOMSON, STRANG & CO.

ON RECEIPT, as above, we will despatch to any address, properly packed, one pair Large-sized Witney Blankets, one White Quilt to suit the same, 10 yards heavy Bleached Sheeting, half-dozen good Towels, one 8-4 Table Cloth, two Toilet Covers, 12 yards of Grey Calico, 12 yards of White Calico,—all of good quality.

THOMSON, STRANG & CO.

ON RECEIPT, as above, we will despatch to any address, properly packed, 10 yards Horrockses Long Cloth, 10 yards Grey Calico, 10 yards Unbleached Shirting, 10 yards Bleached Sheeting, six White Turkish Towels, 1 full-size White Toilet Quilt, 2 White Toilet Covers, 2 two yards square Unbleached Table Cloths, 2 Bleached ditto, 10 yards Linen Bed Tick,—all of good quality.

THOMSON, STRANG & CO.

ON RECEIPT, as above, we will send in a similar manner our FELT CARPET, bordered all round, 12 feet by 10 feet 6 inches, one Hearth Rug, one Cocoa Door Mat, two Yarn Beam Door Slips, one 8-4 Table Cover, two pairs Muslin or Leno Window Curtains 7 yards long,—all of good quality.

THOMSON, STRANG & CO.

ON RECEIPT, as above, we will despatch to any address, packed as stated, our Tasso Linen Polonaise Costume fully made, one Summer Underskirt, one Black Cloth Jacket nicely trimmed, one pair Couttelle Stays, 6 pairs White Cotton Hose, 6 Cambric Handkerchiefs (with name, if required, written in indelible ink), 6 new shape Linen Collars, 1 real Crochet Collar, 1 pair Kid Gloves, 1 Silk Umbrella with Ivory Handle, and 1 Silk Parasol (brown or drab),—all of good quality.

THOMSON, STRANG & CO.

ON RECEIPT, as above, we will despatch to any address, securely packed in box, 14 yards Rich Black Silk, one Black Silk Jacket (person to fit must state height and width round chest), one Silk Parasol (brown or drab).

THOMSON, STRANG & CO.

ON RECEIPT of P.O. Order or Draft for £3, we will despatch to any address, securely packed, 2 Cambric Costumes, Jacket, Body and Skirt; one Tasso Linen Jacket, one Black Cloth Jacket (trimmed), 1 pair Couttelle Stays, 6 Linen Collars 1 Rich Fringed Silk Sash.

THOMSON, STRANG & CO.

ON RECEIPT of Three Shillings and Ten Pence, in Cash or Stamps, we will mail, for any address, 1 pair of our celebrated French Kid Gloves, size as ordered.

NOTE.—At the option of the person ordering, any of the above articles may be left out and an equivalent in value substituted, according to instructions sent with order.

*The good value of the whole of the above guaranteed.
Every Order faithfully executed.*

THOMSON, STRANG AND CO.,

DIRECT IMPORTERS OF

DRAPERY, MILLINEBY, AND CLOTHING,

NEW BUILDINGS, THE CUTTING, PRINCES STREET,

DUNEDIN.

A R A B E L L A G O D D A R D .

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

SECOND GRAND CONCERT

ON
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 23RD,

WHEN

MADAME GODDARD WILL BE ASSISTED

BY

Mrs. SMYTHE, Soprano

(Principal Vocalist at Madame Goddard's Concerts in India, China, and Australia).

Mr. R. L. SKINNER, Tenor,

Mr. T. H. RAINFORD, Basso,

And

Herr WILHELM DOBELER, Violinist

(Of the Crystal Palace Concerts).

CONDUCTOR MR HARCOURT LEE.

Madame Goddard will perform on her Concert Iron Grand Pianoforte, manufactured by Messrs Broadwood and Sons for the Vienna Exhibition.

Prices of admission: Dress Circle and Front Numbered Stalls, 7s 6d; Stalls, 5s; Pit, 2s 6d.

Family Ticket, admitting three, £1.

Private Boxes, lower tier (admitting six), £2 10s; upper tier (admitting four), £1 10s.

Plan of Seats at Begg's Music Warehouse, where Seats may be secured: and where to avoid the crushing at the doors at night, Stall and Pit Tickets may also be purchased.

Doors open at half-past 7; Concert to commence at 8 o'clock.

H. A. C. B. S.

S. T. JOSEPH'S BRANCH, NO. 73.

NOTICE TO MEMBERS.

IN consequence of Monday, 30th November, being a public Holiday the usual Meeting will be held on TUESDAY, Dec. 1, at 8 p.m.

By order,

ED. CARROLL, President.

TEMPERANCE HALL.—FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1874.

GRAND COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT

Tendered by the Choir of St. Joseph's Church to MISS HESFORD.

Under the Patronage of His Worship the Mayor.

Prices of Admission:—Reserved Seats, 3s; Unreserved do., 2s; Gallery, One Shilling.

New Books and New Editions received per "Buckinghamshire," "Atrato," and Overland Mail, by

R E I T H A N D W I K I E,
DUNEDIN.

The Wild North Land by Captain Butler, demy 8vo
Stanley (H. M.) My Kalulu, cr. 8vo

" " How I found Livingstone, 8vo

Hutchinson (J. T.) Two years in Peru, demy 8vo

Cassell's Popular Recreator, Vol 1

Schweinfurth's Heart of Africa, translated by E. E. Frewer, 2 vol. 8vo

Enquire Within Upon Everything, 12mo

Roscoe (H. E.) Lessons in Elementary Chemistry, 18mo

Abbott (E. A.) Shakespearian Grammar, fcap. 8vo

Holmes (O. W.) Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, 12mo

Shairp (J. C.) Studies in Poetry and Philosophy, 12mo

Jevons (W. Stanley) The Principles of Science, 2vols 8vo

Geikie (James) The Great Ice Age, 8vo

Macrae (D.) Americans at Home, post 8vo

Stoddard (C. W.) Summer Cruising in the South Seas, post 8vo

Scott (Sir W.) The Fortunes of Nigel, 12mo

Lytton (Lord) The Caxtons, post 8vo

Kirby (M. & E.) Stories about Birds of Land and Water, 8vo

Cunningham (J.) A New Theory of Knowing and Known, post 8vo

Carson (J. C. L.) Heresies of the Plymouth Brethren, 12mo

The Gudemans of Inglis Mill

Marsh (Mrs) Crossing the River, 12mo

Marryat (Captain) The Phantom Ship, post 8vo

How to Economise Like a Lady, 12mo

Bruce (J.) Life of Gideon, 12 mo

Lamb (Chas.) Eliana, 12mo

Haydn's Dictionary of Dates, 8vo

" " Biography, 8vo

Brown (John) Rab and his Friends, 12mo

" (Dr T.) Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind

" 8vo

Seton G.) Gossip about Letters, 12mo

Vaughan (C. J.) Rays of Sunlight, 12mo

De Quincey's Works, 16 vols

Brown's Book of Landed Estate

Nasmyth and Carpenter, The Moon 4to

Church (A. H.) The Laboratory Guide, post 8vo

Burbridge (F. W.) Cool Orchids, 12mo

Cox (G. W.) A History of Greece, 2 vols 8vo

Maudsley (H.) Responsibility in Mental Disease, post 8vo

NOTICE TO OUR AGENTS.

IT is respectfully requested that Agents for the TABLET would advise the Secretary when any change—either of increase or decrease—occurs in the number to be forwarded. Those agents who may be receiving copies in excess of the demand, will kindly notify same.

New Zealand Tablet.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1874.

WILLING TO WOUND BUT AFRAID TO STRIKE.

In its issue of the 11th inst., our morning contemporary, the 'Otago Guardian' has the following wonderful sentences in its leading article. "Is the ecclesiastical movement which is now going on in Germany, under the auspices of PRINCE BISMARCK, a persecution of the worst type, or is it an effort on the part of the German nation to get rid of traitors who are only seeking a convenient opportunity for bringing the country virtually under the yoke of a foreign power? To answer such a question correctly must be, under any circumstances, a matter of no small difficulty; for us who are so far removed from the scene of action, it is almost an impossibility. * * * It is true that lookers on see most of the game, but then it is almost indispensable, one would think, that the 'looking on' should be done by those who are in a fair position for actually seeing what is going on. We may safely conclude that we are not in this position." And so the 'Otago Guardian' suspends its judgment. It is not quite certain but that after all the German Catholics are traitors, and that BISMARCK is not only justified but bound to crush his Catholic fellow subjects out of existence, by all the means within the reach of a mighty Empire! Wonderful, truly wonderful, indeed!

Were the 'Otago Guardian' an obscure print, did it make no great pretensions to political knowledge and foresight, we should not be surprised at its coy and amazing caution. Were the case as clear against the German Catholics as it is against Prince BISMARCK, there would have been no hesitation on the part of our prudent! contemporary in denouncing their conduct in picturesque and rather strong language. What a beautiful grouping of facts, what dramatic arrangement, what sensational incidents should we not daily meet with in the columns of the 'Guardian,' could any proof be adduced of any, even the slightest, overt act of treason on the part of the Emperor WILLIAM's Catholic subjects. The 'Guardian' knows that no proof whatever of such an act can be produced. We are bound to believe this, for surely the editor of that Journal reads the current news, and is certainly aware that again and again, both in the German Parliament, in the Press, and on the platform, the German Chancellor has been challenged to state the treasonable acts done, or even contemplated by German Catholics. These called upon him to state his case against them, and to adduce the proofs. From first to last he has been unable to meet this challenge. He has been compelled throughout to content himself with vague, indefinite, and general charges of disloyalty, and when asked to point out even one clearly defined act of treason, or sedition, he has been ignominiously forced to fall back on his character—what that is worth the world now knows—and say "if I were not aware of the treasonable designs of the Catholics, I would not call on this Assembly to enact these laws."

Well, then, one of the Catholic members replied, as you are so well aware of our treasonable designs, prosecute the guilty parties, put the machinery of the laws in motion against them: if any amongst us have broken the laws, surely the laws are strong enough to reach such persons. But the Chancellor could only reply in the same words he had first used:—I know what I state to be true, else I would not ask for the enactment of new laws. What sort of treason is that which violates no existing law, and to punish which new laws and a new definition of treason had to be enacted? The 'Otago Guardian' we must assume, knows all this as well as we do. These are notorious facts to all the world; and of which, such a Journalist as the Editor of the 'Guardian' is certainly not ignorant.

There are some other facts, too, of which, it must be presumed, the 'Guardian' is well aware. None were more zealous, loyal, devoted and brave, during the late war

against France than the Catholics of Germany. They were amongst the most intrepid in the battle-field; the most devoted in the ambulances and hospitals, the most sympathising around German homes and hearths. They gave their dearest ones, sons and daughters, ungrudgingly to the strife in the cause of what they fondly, but alas unwisely, believed to be that of Fatherland; and it was their influence that ultimately determined South Germany to join her arms to those of Prussia, and secure for BISMARCK and his master that triumph which would otherwise have been impossible. Were it not for the influence of Prussian Catholics with their brethren of Bavaria, Baden and Wurtemberg, it was not unlikely that these States, as had often happened before, would have cast in their lot with France. And what would have been the result then? The truth is the German Empire at this moment owes its existence to its Catholic subjects. They were influenced in their policy by a noble patriotic sentiment and a high religious principle, and forgetting the hereditary hatred and intolerance of Catholicity—though artfully disguised for a season—appertaining to Prussian rule and diplomacy, helped, efficaciously helped to raise up a Colossus, panting to crush its best friends and benefactors.

How, then, does the case stand as regards the 'Guardian.' BISMARCK's deeds are notorious; in themselves they are tyrannical; nothing but stern necessity could ever justify such. Their object is manifestly to destroy Catholicity, a proceeding which of course nothing could justify. They trample on the rights, liberties, and property of Catholics. They deny liberty of conscience and liberty of education to fifteen millions of Germans, they annihilate the personal liberty of priests and religious, and inflict the terrible penalty of banishment on men and women, who had violated no law and committed no crime. If these are not tyrannical acts, if they do not constitute "a persecution of the worst type," words have lost their meaning. Then, on the other hand, before and during the late French war, German Catholics were reckoned amongst the most loyally devoted subjects of their respective governments. No complaint was made against them, no insinuation as to their disloyalty thrown out anywhere; when the conflict came, they were found at their posts, in the thick of the fight when the battle raged most fiercely, and in the pest houses; their priests and Sisters of Charity exposed themselves to death on the battle-fields, and by their surpassing devotion and sacrifices wrung from even Kaiser WILLIEM and Prince BISMARCK, albeit gnashing their teeth the while, decorations and other rewards of their great merit. And when the din of battle ceased, and the weary veterans returned to their homes, none rejoiced more sincerely and more fully at the cessation of bloodshed, German triumph, and the consolidation of the New Empire, than German Catholics. Moreover, neither in word nor deed was even one of them guilty of treason, or found to do anything having for its object "the bringing of the country virtually under the yoke of a foreign power." All these are obvious facts, and yet the 'Otago Guardian' is unable to make up its mind whether "the ecclesiastical movement now going on in Germany, under the auspices of Prince BISMARCK, is a persecution of the worst type, or an effort on the part of the German nation to get rid of traitors." Wonders will never cease, and in this instance the "Guardian" is a wonder—the eighth wonder of the world.

MORBID IMPULSE.

THE impolicy of the efforts made by a certain section of the Press and the community to obtain a commutation of the dread sentence of the law passed upon the convict DREN, has been amply proven by the confession made by the unhappy culprit of the crime for which he suffered. The nature of the evidence arrayed against him, too conclusively pointed to the deliberate perpetration of a foul and diabolical crime, to admit of the acceptance of the plea set up in his defence, as to the injuries being the result of an accident, and the jury arrived at the only verdict possible from the evidence when finding him guilty. But DREN, cold-blooded and heartless as he was, appeared not to be without friends to interest themselves on his behalf, and no sooner was the sentence of the law passed by which his life had been forfeited, than the question of insanity was raised. Unfortunately of late years that dread visitation of God has been made the loop-hole for the escape of many an offender from the penalty of his misdeeds, and when all

points of law have failed to set the prisoner at liberty, insanity is usually fallen back upon as the last resource. Some few months since a well-known merchant in Melbourne planned and executed a well-devised system of forgery, which had been so well arranged, that, but for the suspicion of one of the intended victims, it would have been the means of defrauding the public to a considerable extent. The plan of operation was a most ingenious one, and gave evidence of a more than ordinary keen intellect, yet the perpetrator was a man of independent means, mixing in the highest commercial circles, with credit unimpaired and affairs unembarrassed, and apparently with no possible reason for the commission of the crime with which he was charged. The evidence adduced at the trial was most conclusive as to his actual criminality, but a verdict of acquittal was returned on the ground of insanity, and the prisoner was consigned to an asylum. Since then, however, matters have assumed a different aspect, the restraints of a madhouse having become somewhat irksome, the patient has suddenly recovered his senses, and petitioned the Legislature for his release, a prayer which the Government, with commendable firmness, have refused to listen to. It was urged in that case as well pleaded on behalf of DYER, that at the time of the commission of the deed, the mind not being evenly balanced, the person committing the crime was not a responsible agent. In reply we may be allowed to quote the opinion of a well-known American authority on this particular point—Dr. C. A. HAMMOND. In a paper read before the Medico-Legal Society of New York, on "Morbid Impulse," that gentleman characterises what most people call "moral insanity" as a diseased impulse, and he lays down the doctrine "that the man who commits a crime because he finds a morbid pleasure in committing it, is not to be treated as irresponsible for the deed." He further argues "that a proper exercise of the power of the will never fails in keeping back persons from the commission of evil deeds, to which they feel themselves powerfully impelled. A person therefore, affected with a homicidal impulse, but with reason otherwise unimpaired, who should neglect the means whereby such impulse might be counteracted, would, if he took life, be fully as guilty of murder, as if he killed through deliberate malice." This is a view of the case not often taken by the public, and juries in weighing evidence in cases where blood has been unfortunately shed, seldom discriminate between an act of violence committed under the influence of some hallucination which in itself actually amounts to insanity, and an act perpetrated through a morbid impulse which is capable of restraint. It is to be hoped, then, that that mistaken sympathy which is too often accorded the victim of "morbid impulse" will be totally discouraged, and that by the enforcement of stringent punitive measures against those who place themselves within reach of the arm of the law, stern justice will be meted out to its transgressors, and that persons who outrage society will be unable to shelter themselves under the convenient plea of "emotional insanity."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

We regret to learn that the measles has been making sad havoc amongst the unfortunate waifs in the Industrial School, on last Sunday there being no less than forty-two of their number laid prostrate. The dormitories have been improvised into an hospital to meet the emergencies of the occasion, and thanks to the unremitting care and attention of the Superintendent and Matron, Mr and Mrs Britton, nothing is neglected that can be done to comfort and alleviate the little sufferers. Considering the very great strain which must be caused by the presence of so much illness in the institution, the arrangements which have been made, and the care and attention bestowed on the little patients, reflect the highest credit on the officers of the institution.

By the May Queen, which reached port on the 12th inst., the Rev. Fathers Higgins and Gleasure arrived for this diocese. It is also more than probable that Father Coleman who is expected to arrive shortly before Christmas, will be accompanied by another clergyman, making a total of five gentlemen who will have been added to our list of clergy since the departure of the Vicar-General. We learn also that by the incoming Suez mail the Most Rev. Dr Redwood, Bishop of Wellington, is expected, and already preparations are being made throughout his diocese to give his Lordship a fitting welcome, on his taking charge of his Sec.

The usual fortnightly meeting of St. Joseph's Branch of the Hibernian Society was held on Monday evening, in the schoolroom attached to the church. After the general business of the meeting had been disposed of, Bro. J. J. Connor proposed, and Bro. Moylan seconded the following resolution:—"That a committee, to consist of Bros. J. Toul, T. O'Donnell, J. Meenan, Kirk, Desmond, McEwan, the mover and seconder, and the officers of the Lodge, be appointed

for the purpose of making arrangements for a Pic-nic for the Catholic school children, and their parents and friends, on St. Stephen's Day, with power to request members of the congregation to join the committee in arranging and carrying out the programme." During a discussion which ensued, it was stated that Mr Ferrin, of St. Joseph's School, had already taken some initiative steps toward a similar object, and it was unanimously agreed that the cordial support and assistance of the Society be accorded the efforts of Mr Ferrin, with the view of making the proposed celebration a genuine success. Bro. Moylan intimated his intention of offering as a prize to be competed for, a suit of boys' clothes. The first meeting of the committee has been arranged to take place on Monday evening, at seven o'clock, in St. Joseph's schoolroom.

We have been requested to draw the attention of members of the H.A.C.B. Society to an advertisement which appears in another column, notifying that the next meeting of the Lodge will take place on Tuesday, the 1st of December, the previous day being a holiday.

There appears every probability of there being no mail by the San Francisco route this month. The mail steamer was due at Auckland on the 6th instant, and Dunedin on the 12th, and making due allowance for her usual want of punctuality, she is even then considerably overdue. As the Suez mail should arrive on the 25th, and she usually anticipates her contract time, it is more than probable that our first European mails will reach us by that route.

The success of Madame Arabella Goddard's Concerts promises to be quite unprecedented, the whole of the reserved seats having been taken within an hour of the opening of the plan. In connexion with these concerts, we notice that the lady vocalist is Mrs Smythe, who was the leading singer in the choir of St. Francis's, Melbourne, some twelve years ago, when Miss Julia Matthews was also a member of the choir. Since then Mrs. Smythe has attained an eminent position in her profession, and has travelled nearly all over the globe.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of 'The Illustrated New Zealand Herald' for November, which maintains its usual excellence, the present number being fully equal to any of its predecessors. The illustrations—sixteen in number—are of an unusually interesting character, the front page-cut being a representation of the "Hoisting of the British Flag at Fiji," in which the likenesses of the old King in European costume, and His Excellency Sir Hercules Robinson in his official uniform, are very faithfully given. Amongst the other larger illustrations are "Taking the Veil in Abbotsford Convent, Victoria," "Rosa Neva at the Fountain," from the painting by M. Herbert; "Banquet at the Opening of the Melbourne Meat-market," with several landscape views. The letter-press contains some choice and selected reading, with a resumé of the news of the month, making it most suitable for forwarding to friends in the old country.

The complimentary concert tendered to Miss Hesford takes place on Friday evening next, in the New Temperance Hall, Moray Place. A very attractive programme has been prepared, and will serve to introduce several strangers to a Dunedin audience, who have been very successful in other places. It is now seven or eight months since the last concert by the full choir; since then their numbers have very much increased, and the glees on Friday evening will be sung by a chorus of twenty-two voices. His Worship the Mayor has kindly promised his patronage on the occasion. As Miss Hesford has a large circle of friends and admirers, there is but little doubt that there will be a good attendance in the Hall on Friday evening to testify their appreciation in a substantial manner.

A GENERAL meeting of the Press Club was held on Saturday evening, the Vice-President in the Chair. His Honor Judge Chapman was unanimously elected a life member, and Mr G. E. Barton an honorary member. The Secretary announced the receipt of a donation of £5 from the President of the Club, Mr G. Bell, for the purchase of books, to form the nucleus of a Press Library. The Secretary was instructed to convey to Mr Bell the thanks of the Club for his liberal present. Several new members were admitted, others proposed for ballot, and after some routine business had been transacted, the meeting terminated.

JURIES as well as elections have undergone a [radical change within the last score of years, and the old spirit with regard to the former, which prompted the threat of the mastication of shoe leather in preference to a change of opinion, seems to have entirely died out. The nearest approach to the careful provision for contingencies exercised in olden times, may be learned from a paragraph clipped from the 'New Zealand Times.' That journal says:—"Jurymen are not probably aware that it is a misdemeanor to take meat, drink, or food of any kind into the jury-room when ordered to retire from the Court for deliberation. His Honor, during the late sittings of the Court at Auckland, seeing a jurymen with a haversack over his shoulder, and mindful of the suggestion it conveyed, gave this piece of information to the public. The punishment for such an offence is fine, and its repetition would subject the delinquent to punishment for contempt."

MR J. L. GILLIES, the member for Milton, would appear to be a highly fortunate man, and an especial favorite of Dame Fortune. A Speaker of the Provincial Council, and a member of the General Legislature he has been entitled to a double honorarium, a short while since he was elected to a lucrative appointment of £500 a year, and last week his admiring constituents entertained him at a banquet which was supplemented with the presentation of a purse of eighty guineas. Mr Gillies would appear to be an exemplification of the old adage, "There is nothing so successful as success."

STRIKES have become quite a colonial institution, all grades of the community from the highest to the lowest being anxious at some time or other to participate in their somewhat doubtful advantages. Some short while since there was a split amongst the "Devils Brigade" in Sydney, Horsehair and Parchment being at dagger's drawn, caused by the custom of the latter in awarding to the higher branch of the profession all the work and honor, while retaining as a set-off for themselves the pecuniary proceeds of the transactions, and a strike was the consequence. From the Victorian papers, however, we learn that

there is something more than a remote contingency of the action of the legal fraternity being imitated by no less a body than the judges of the Supreme Court. It appears there is every likelihood of Sir William Stawell, the present Chief Justice, who is on leave of absence, resigning his office, and it is rumored that the Premier, Mr Kerferd, feeling himself overweighed in his present position, would not be loth to resign its cares and uncertain £2000 a year for the snug office of Chief Justice for life, with £3500, and knighthood in prospective. As Sir Redmond Barry, the Acting-Chief Justice, has had twenty years' experience as a Judge of the Supreme Court, and the Attorney-General and Premier has not had half-a-dozen years' experience at the Bar, the Bench are naturally wroth at the bare supposition of such a contingency, and it is said that their Honors have entered into a league, offensive and defensive, to protest against their being deprived of promotion, and all other means failing they will go out on strike. Should Mr Kerferd carry out the intention, and follow the example of our late Minister of Justice, Victoria may witness something unique in the way of strikes.

The members of the South Australian Legislature have set an example of patriotic self-abnegation which is certainly worthy of being imitated by their brother legislators throughout the Colonies. A proposition having been made for the introduction of a Bill providing for payment of members, it was followed by an amendment limiting the amount of honorarium at £200 per annum, but on coming to a division the amendment was lost by more than three to one. A further amendment was tabled to refund members residing more than ten miles from Adelaide their *bona fide* travelling expenses. This also was negatived, and on the original motion being put to the House, either the mover or seconder of the resolution had evidently turned the matter over in his mind to some effect, there being only one member found to be in favor of the motion. This conduct of the South Australians exhibits a marked contrast with that of a number of our own legislators, whose attendance at the Councils of the country, if remunerated according to their own estimate, would be rather an expensive commodity.

In an article on the necessity for a State Reformatory for the Province, the Napier 'Daily Telegraph'—a journal which cannot be accused of any undue leanings to the Church—thus speaks of the care and efforts made for the religious training by the Catholics of that province:—"It is a fortunate circumstance that there is at least one religious sect in the Province, whose members are able to support those charitable institutions, which, in other countries are either established or wholly maintained by the Government, or owe their existence to the voluntary contributions of all classes. We have repeatedly had occasion to refer to the well-conducted Catholic educational establishments of Napier, that have merited every word of praise bestowed upon them by members of all religious denominations. The Church of England in this province is magnificently endowed with a splendid estate and a large fund, but we look to it in vain for those charitable institutions which the Catholics have established unaided and single-handed, and which have more truly enriched their Church than the Te Aute property has that of the Reformed religion." This spontaneous testimony is of course most satisfactory, but it only serves to show with greater effect the grossly unfair treatment of the Catholic body, and the anomalous conduct of withholding aid towards educational purposes which admittedly would be so profitably expended.

SOME amusing proposals are made by a correspondent of the 'South Australian Register' as to the tests which should be applied to prove the eligibility of persons who offer themselves at home as working men desirous of emigrating. Holding that it is genuine working men who are wanted, and not pretenders, or shams, "A Northern Farmer" submits three tests, to which all candidates should be subjected. One of these is the hands, with regard to which "the fingers should be short and square at the ends; if over 30 years of age a little knobby on the knuckles. The palm should be hard and dry, and when the owner is asked to put his hand flat on the table it should be found resting on the wrist and the tips of the fingers." The next is the hand-writing, and although the writer looks back with regret to the days when the best immigrants were unable to sign otherwise than by a cross, yet this is a declaration of faith that he would not now insist on. "A man should not be condemned because he is able to write his name, but to a good farm laborer it will be always an effort requiring a sigh after it is finished. Any attempt at a flourish should cause a man's rejection." His third test is "speaking capabilities," and with reference to this he says:—"Make the applicant stand on a chair and ask him a few questions; if he speaks as readily as when on the ground be doubtful of him, but if he shows the least tendency to wave his arms, condemn him at once—he is a born orator, and if brought out will never work himself, and will try to prevent others from working, but will possibly get in Parliament, or come to some bad end." We would commend these tests to the attention of the Agent-General for New Zealand.

It appears the vacant seat in the Cabinet of Minister of Justice has been offered to and accepted by Mr Bowen, Resident Magistrate at Christchurch, but the appointment would appear to be received with much disfavor by the Press. Commenting upon the fact, the 'Times' says:—"We venture to say that no public man or newspaper outside Canterbury will be satisfied. We are not aware of any claim Mr Bowen has for high political office. He is quite unknown outside Canterbury, and cannot possibly strengthen Government more, and especially as he must take a seat in the Upper House, where he need not hope to excel while that experienced political gladiator, Dr Pollen, leads it. If a Ministerial recruit was wanted for the Legislative Council, surely there were men to choose from already in that House. But this is a 'Government of surprise,' and the Colony will certainly be surprised at the selection made. There is nothing to recommend it; and, moreover, it can only weaken the Ministerial party. We have nothing to say against Mr Bowen, but object in the most emphatic terms to a gentleman being taken from the rank and file of the civil servants and pitchforked into the position of a Minister of the Crown. The outcry that was made in the case of Mr Gisborne's elevation and retirement is as nothing to what ought to be made on account of this

last Ministerial performance. The country groans under the weight of civil servants; it is made subject to tribute in a most literal and unmistakable way, and if it submits to have its Ministers elevated, for reasons, from the ranks of the Civil Service, and then, having served their purpose, retreating again within its lines, it may abandon all hope of economy or efficient good. We are friends of the Government, but can conceive of no action, rightly considered, so calculated to bring the Government into contempt."

NEWS IN BRIEF.

The Duke of Cambridge is about to retire from the British army. He has fallen a victim to gout, and for three months has been unable to take any exercise. George William Frederick Charles, second Duke of Cambridge, is the grandson of George III., and a cousin of Queen Victoria. He was born in Hanover, in 1819.

The Peruvian Government, too, is following in the footsteps of Bismarck, and has decreed the banishment of the Jesuits in the Huanaco district; and the Bishop of Pune is to be tried for having sent in his resignation to the Pope without consulting the Government.

Dried oysters are among the imports into San Francisco from China. They are simply taken out of the shell, dried in the sun, and packed in wooden boxes. The Chinese are the principal consumers.

Mr Marcus Clarke, the author of "Long Odds," a story that has achieved a great reputation, has commenced another tale in the 'Australian Journal' entitled "Childrook Tieborne." The demand for the first issue was so great that the whole of the publication was bought up at once, and a supplement has been added to the last number containing a republication of the first chapters of the above work.

It is stated that there are 1,000 miners out of employment at Sandhurst, 1,200 at Ballarat, and many at other places in Victoria.

The second son of the Khedive of Egypt is expected shortly at Berlin for the purpose of military education. The Khedive, it is stated, has determined to dismiss the French officials now in his service and to employ Germans.

In British Columbia, Oblate Fathers and Sisters of St. Ann devote themselves to the instruction and support of the Indians, about twenty thousand of whom are already baptised or under instruction.

Grotesque colored prints find a market in South Africa. Not only unusual colors of the flaunting kind go down, but unusual figures as well, such as those of imps and demons, are highly appreciated there. They are no doubt chiefly disposed of through the system of barter. Another item, glass beads, is a very important one, and gold-dust, ivory, and palm oil are usually taken in exchange by the merchants.

Mr Michael Banim, the surviving member of "the O'Hara family," whose delineations of Irish rural life and scenery are known throughout the whole reading world, died shortly before the departure of the last mail.

The death is announced at Paris, in her nineteenth year, of a sister of the Ex-King of Naples. The princess married, only a few months ago, Count de Bardi, nephew of the Count de Chambord.

The issue of naturalisation papers to nine foreigners is gazetted. Amongst them appears the name of Shing Hee, a Chinese gardener at Invercargill.

A herd of 20 red deer have been seen in the Nelson province by a traveller.

A bank clerk in Victoria has thrown up his situation and dissipated because the manager objected to his wearing a velvet coat.

A new hospital is about to be built in Auckland.

The following editorial notice is decidedly clever and cool: "The editor has gone up the river for a few days. All good articles, facetious remarks, puns, and typographical errors, may be attributed to his absence. In order to give variety and vigor to the paper he will frequently leave it for a week or so. It is to be hoped that the readers of this journal will appreciate his endeavors."

The Vincentian Fathers, from Cork, have given a successful mission in Charleville. Sixteen publicans of the town met the Fathers and gave a pledge to take out a six days' license at the next renewal of license, and to prohibit, as far as in them lay, Sunday drinking from thence forward.

It is estimated that no less than 37 tons of butter were sold at Skibbereen market one day this season, which is calculated to have amounted to upwards of £3000.

Cremation is prospering in Germany. There are now 82 cities with cremation societies.

The cost of payment of members in Victoria is £28,000 per annum.

From the news received by the steamer Hero, from Sydney, according to the latest advices from the Palmer Gold Fields, the miners are leaving in hundreds, and a famine is feared next winter, unless the Government open up communication.

A Dutch member of the Pennsylvania Assembly, having returned home from a session, was asked what had been done by the Legislature. "I don't know what others have done," replied he, "but I have cleared one hundred dollars for myself."

Corsica produces the largest quantity of wax of all countries in Europe, if not in the world. In ancient as well as in mediæval times the inhabitants paid their taxes in wax, and supplied large quantities annually. Since wax is to honey as one in fifteen, the Corsicans must have gathered each year some millions of honey.

The Italian Government has arrested at Rimini, Signor Aurelio Saffi—the former Triumvir, who was long resident in England—and twenty-six other Republicans who had held a political meeting. Eight leaders of the International have been arrested in Rome, two more at Bologna, and others at Florence and other places.

A correspondent of the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' writing from Geneva in reference to the resignation of Pere Hyacinthe, says there are numerous signs that the dissolution of the Old Catholic congregation in Switzerland is close at hand.

ON FAITH AND SECULAR PHILOSOPHY.—THE DYING INFIDEL.

SOME time ago I came across an eloquent panegyric on the celebrated James Watt, by Francis Jeffrey, the late eminent editor of the far-famed 'Edinburgh Review.' After describing Watt's labors as the improver, or rather inventor, of the steam engine, and delineating the various intellectual gifts and vast stores of varied knowledge which that wonderful genius possessed, the writer comes to describe the last scene of all. It struck me as something remarkable that in describing this scene, he makes not the slightest allusion to the faith in which Watt died. The description might aptly apply to the closing scene of the life of some Pagan philosopher, such as Socrates or Plato. If he died in the Christian faith—as I presume he did—surely some allusion to his disposition and hopes as a man at that awful moment might have been looked for from his biographer. But no—nothing of the kind. We are merely told that a few weeks before his death he became aware of his approaching end, "and with his usual tranquillity and benevolence of nature" seemed only anxious to point out to the friends around him the many sources of consolation which were afforded by the circumstances under which it was about to take place, "and thus, full of years and honors, in all tranquillity and calmness, he yielded up his soul without a pang or struggle." The reader of this graceful panegyric is left to conjecture whether this wonderful man died in the faith and hope of a Christian or not, and the impression thus left on our mind is of a sad and painful kind. Here is a man who has filled the wide world with the fame of his name, and whose labors have contributed to revolutionise the whole system of manufacturing industry and of travelling by sea and land; yet he passes into eternity without giving one sign that he believes in Christ or a future life. Truly, mathematics and secular philosophy and learning will not conduct us to Heaven, and console the parting spirit ere it quit this world.

We are told in holy writ that publicans, the most disreputable of men—and harlots, the objects of universal pity and horror—will be seen to enter Heaven when the respectable and decorous Pharisees will be excluded from that place of bliss. Would it be irreverent to say that many of the worst characters in our time will see salvation, while many a gifted genius like James Watt will not be numbered hereafter among the friends of God on the great accounting day? The death of the celebrated Scotch infidel Hume is described, and by a kirk minister, too, Dr. Robertson, if I remember right, in a manner much resembling that in which Jeffrey here records the end of Watt. The scoffing infidel might erroneously infer from all this that the consolations of the Christian religion are after all but of little moment at the awful hour, when what Macaulay called "the mystery of the grave" is about to be revealed to the dying man.

Sir Humphrey Davy was perhaps little, if at all inferior, in genius and accomplishments to Watt. His biographer and brother, Dr. John Davy, has described his death-bed. The scene was dreary. No word, no sign, there of the faith in which the great chemist and philosopher and scholar died.

LAIC.

TRIUMPH OF THE FACTORY OVER THE SCHOOL.—CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' SCHOOLS.

WITH reference to your remarks on "Factory Regulations" in a late issue, the following extract from a report of Mr. Marshall, one of Her Majesty's inspectors of schools, may be quoted:—

"During the past year more than one very painful example of the inevitable triumph of factories over schools, whenever they come into competition, has fallen under my observation. At Cheadle, in Staffordshire, where there are very beautiful schools erected by the munificent liberality of the late Earl of Shrewsbury, and where, two years ago, there was a very large attendance of children, attracted by teaching of an unusually high order, I found at my last visit that the numbers had dwindled away to less than one-half. The explanation will be anticipated. In the interval a 'factory' had been established, and the energetic proprietor had gained an easy victory over the devoted but defenceless teachers. Wages had made short work of education."

All the inspectors of Government schools at home dwell in their reports on the apathy or indifference of parents of the poorer classes to the education of their children. No remedy, in their opinion, exists for this evil except compulsory attendance. Are we not much in the same case here? Such a frame of mind seems utterly incompatible with religious and moral progress, but must tend to irreligion and vice. In England the greed of parents allows the children to remain but a short time at school, and this evil is already increasing. The school inspectors tell us that in England Government schools are not making the rising generation more steady in their conduct, more truthful, more thoughtful, more obedient to parents and superiors, more contented with their station of life. It is much to be feared that even Catholic children are not making much, if any, progress in these virtues. They must necessarily be tainted with the common vices of the great body of the people, with the spirit of the age, in fact—a spirit of insubordination, self-will, and self-indulgence. In that point of view, the boundless wealth and commercial prosperity of England are proving the greatest possible impediments to the progress of her people in that heroic virtue which alone can render any nation truly great and respectable. The influence of the Catholic Church alone can successfully meet such an evil. When she has fair play she will remedy it. Since she has the bulk of her children in her own schools, under her own authority and training, she will surely make something good out of them in time. If many, too many, Catholic children have a godless home, they have at least a day school in which they will learn to know and practice their religion. Without saying anything to detract from the merits of the many efficient and zealous Catholic lay teachers, there seems to me little doubt about the superiority of religious teaching orders. A community or organized association of teachers are more likely to be powerful than single laymen, more especially when we

consider that the members of such teaching orders follow the business of teaching as a religious vocation, and not from any worldly motive. The main design of Christian teachers is to make good Christians, rather than fine scholars crammed with secular knowledge. The great fault of our modern schoolmasters seems to be attempting to teach the scholars too much and too many things to fill their memory with facts, and to pay too little attention to train them to good, moral, religious, and intellectual habits, so as to fit them for self-education in after life. A boy trained to educate himself is more likely to do well than one filled to the brim with school lessons or facts only. There is great reason to fear that much of the good which the poorer class of Catholic children derive from ordinary day school training is counteracted by the bad influences under which they are brought in their godless homes, in the factories, and on the streets. Mere ordinary schoolmasters could hardly provide against such terrible evil influences as these in such an age as ours, hence the necessity of such teaching orders as the Brothers of the Christian Schools in all large centres of population, both for the sake of public morals and the special instincts of the church. Even Protestant public writers bear strong testimony to the great good the Christian Brothers do by their schools wherever established, and admit that the secular knowledge they impart is highly satisfactory. The Christian Brothers in Europe are far too few for the educational wants of the age. Would it not be possible to form a branch of the order in this colony out of all the dioceses, to aid existing schools, if not to establish schools of their own? In France they do both. The remarkable fact that a London Government school very recently was nearly deserted by the children, being sent to a Catholic school near it, might encourage the hope that in this colony schools on the principle of those of the Christian Brothers might prove formidable rivals to the Government schools, even for Protestants. The bulk of Protestant parents have a sort of horror of purely secular schools. However godless a parent may be himself, he does not relish the thought of his child being reared without religious feelings and influences in a godless or purely secular Government school, where no prayer is said by master or pupil from week's end to week's end. Protestant parents know that when their child is attending a Catholic school his religion will not be interfered with. Catholic parents have not always the same assurance when circumstances force them to send their children to a Protestant school, though in some cases they may.

AUCKLAND.

CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT CIVILISATION.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London 'Catholic Register' forwards the following letter to the address of Mr Spurgeon. The early hour he mentions as attending Mass in Belgium limits his observation to the poorest class of day laborers. From six to eight are the hours to see the largest number of day worshippers:—

THE GOSPEL IN ENGLAND AND BELGIUM.

Sir,—I should address you more reverently, but I understand you don't like it. Your Lancashire sermons, as reported in the papers, speak so strongly against "Popery," that I am compelled to give you briefly my ten days' experience in Belgium, a thoroughly "priest-ridden land."

I landed at Ostend at 3.30 on Saturday morning and at five o'clock was awake by the ringing of the church bells, got up and went to the church, where I found nearly 100 persons and morning prayer going on; this was at 5.20. On Sunday, at the same hour, the church was crammed; at 6.30 another congregation quite as full; again another congregation at 7.30; altogether the church was filled four times over before ten o'clock—all separate congregations. During the remainder of my stay I put up at a little village inn in the country and I occupied the daytime in seeing all I could in town and country. Every morning I was awake by the sound of the "church-going bell" (at five o'clock), and always went to see what was going on, and I always found some 30 or 40 at that early hour in the house of prayer, and the service going on, the organ being played by the village schoolmaster. This, I am told, is a sample of every-day life in Belgium. I could not but contrast the early and daily meeting in the House of God with English practice, where churches and chapels as a rule are only open one day a week—on Sunday—and then the doors not open before ten o'clock.

In Belgium the public houses are open on Sundays as on any other days. No Mainelaw. No Lancashire kicking. The bulk of the people quiet, civil, industrious and happy. I only saw one drunken person and he was a *German*. How am I to reconcile all this with the turbulence, the insolence, and rudeness of large masses of the people in England? Take the Black Country for instance (see 'Daily Telegraph' of this date). Again, look at the Lancashire manufacturing places! It is impossible to travel in a third class carriage without soon finding out that you are not in accord with the crowd, with their smoking, bad language, drinking and unpleasantness on all sides. This is not the case in Belgium; and yet, as I said before, Belgium is a land of priests, monasteries and convents.—Yours truly,

E. W.

P. S.—It is a common saying—"The proof of the pudding is in the eating." In Lancashire amongst the working classes we have—

Brutality,	} And Bibles in abundance.
Vulgarity,	
Cruelty and	
Drunkenness.	

In Belgium amongst a similar class, it is—

Humility,	} And Priests and Nuns everywhere.
Civility,	
Charity and	
Sobriety,	

July 9, 1874.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.

In a Pastoral Letter for the Feast of the Sacred Heart, the Archbishop of Westminster remarks as follows on Catholic Education:—

There can be no education without teachers, and no efficient education without trained teachers; and there can be no sound Catholic education without teachers first trained and formed in Catholic faith and in Catholic piety. It is to this work that the Catholic Poor School Committee devotes its chief care; and it is for the Poor School Committee that your contributions are now asked.

Since the year 1854, St. Mary's Training College at Brook-green, Hammer-smith, has sent out 341 trained and certificated masters. The number of students now in the College is 54. The Training School of Notre Dame, Liverpool, for school-mistresses, contained in February 120 students.

The efficiency of our Catholic education in the last twenty years has been raised from a condition which we have no disposition to describe, to a grade at which we can fairly compete with any primary schools in the kingdom. If in the higher standards we are surpassed, it is readily to be explained by considering the age at which our children cease to attend school, and the social condition of children in other schools around us; but in the lower standards our schools at least bear comparison with any, in order, discipline, regularity of attendance, and accurate knowledge of what they have learned. Inasmuch as the lower standards are the foundation of the whole work of educating and forming the mind and character of the child, we may say with confidence that in this our schools will bear comparison with

We ask you, then, very earnestly to contribute for this most vital work, on which the whole efficiency of our Catholic education must depend. We need a great multiplication of well-trained teachers, sound in faith, and exemplary in piety. Every such teacher forms the future heads of Catholic homes; and the well-being, therefore, of our whole Catholic society rests upon the welfare and efficiency of our schools. It must also be borne in mind that we are at this time threatened by the competition of schools in which no Catholic truth, no Christian doctrine can be taught. They are raised to the highest efficiency to which the public money can lift them. Unless our schools can afford a sound, solid, and sufficient secular instruction, new and dangerous temptations will spring up for Catholic parents; and new dangers, fatal, it may be, to faith and morals, will surround our children.

LATER ENGLISH AND AUSTRALIAN NEWS.

By the Tararua, which arrived at Hokitika on the 17th, we have English dates to the 10th, and Australian to the 12th instants. The following are the principal items of interest:—

MELBOURNE, November 12.

Parliamentary proceedings have been without interest. The Local Government Bill was the principal subject of discussion.

Governor Bowen has received six month's leave of absence, and proceeds home as soon as parliament rises.

The Speaker gave a Parliamentary banquet last night as a farewell to the Governor and the Hon. J. G. Francis.

Dr. Tracy, after a long, lingering illness, has died. His funeral was very long, ninety vehicles being in procession.

Blondin has been very unfortunate as regards weather. On Monday, during a squall, his tent blew down.

The Marquis of Normandy and family leave Brisbane to-day for Sydney, en route for New Zealand.

Victoria won the cricket match against 18 of Adelaide by 15 runs. The City of Melbourne arrived three days early, and made the passage from Kandavu in six days four hours.

Two failures are reported.—Henry Mills, timber merchant; and William Mitchell and Co., Brewers, of Richmond.

Very little business was done during the week. Wheat is quoted at 5s 10d to 5s 11d; none offering. Oats wanted at 5s 6d for feeding. Dried fruits continue in demand. Brandies are again coming into notice. Large sales of bottled ales, at improved rates, have taken place.

SYDNEY, November 12.

The correspondence relative to Fiji has been published. It shows that Lord Carnarvon made a proposition that four of the Australian Colonies—New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, and New Zealand—should together contribute £4000 annually towards the cost of governing Fiji.

The Assembly, by a majority of three, rejected the motion to grant the late Chief Justice a gratuity of £7000.

CABLE TELEGRAMS.

NEW YORK.—November 5th.—The result of the elections in 23 States gives the Democrats a majority in next Congress. The Press considers this a condemnation of Grant's administration, and against his re-election to the Presidency.

November 7th.—The result of the elections for next Senate shows 40 Republicans, 33 Democrats; and for the House of Representatives 111 Republicans, 181 Democrats.

LONDON, November 7th.—Mr Gladstone, in a pamphlet entitled "Political Expostulation," and addressed to the English Roman Catholics, challenges them, in justice to themselves and the country, to demonstrate how Papal obedience can be reconciled with civil allegiance.

Archbishop Manning has written a letter, in answer to Mr Gladstone's pamphlet, affirming that the decrees of the Vatican are unaffected by the civil allegiance of Catholics, which is as pure, true, and loyal as that of any subjects of the empire. The civil allegiance of every Christian, he adds, is limited by conscience.

The balance of the Victorian Loan has been taken by the Associated Banks.

The bankruptcy is announced of Mr Abraham Depass.

The missing Sydney letters, via Brindisi, arrived via Southampton. The blame is officially attributed to the Sydney Post Office authorities.

The new steamer Oawyth has sailed for Melbourne. Seven hundred and forty bales of New Zealand hemp sold at good prices.

Arrived: Queen.

November 9th.—It is reported there will be no war between China and Japan. China agrees to pay the Japanese 500,000 taels to leave Formosa.

MADRID, November 9.—Don Carlos and staff have arrived at Hendaye. Spain demands their internment. (This message is understood to mean, that Don Carlos and staff arrived at Hendaye, or Andaye, a small town on the right bank of the Biddassos, in France, and that Spain demands their internment, that is their retention by French Government within French territory).

November 10th.—The reported entry into Hendaye is contradicted.

LONDON, November 10th.—Mr Disraeli, at the Lord Mayor's banquet, dwelt upon the contentment and solid prosperity of the country. Considerable revival has taken place in trade, and the revenue has fully realised anticipations. The policy of the Government was to consolidate the Colonial possessions and establish an identity of interests with the mother country. Abroad there was a general desire to maintain peace.

MISCELLANEOUS

BELGIUM UNIVERSITY STATISTICS.—The 'Bien Public' of Ghent publishes some curious figures regarding the number of candidates presenting themselves for examination for degrees before the various examining juries of the country. Of the 105 to be examined at Ghent, at least 20 are students of Louvain, while of the 387 at Liege, some dozen are from Brussels. Therefore, the number of candidates from the four Universities are, from Ghent, 173; from Brussels, 351; from Liege, 375; from Louvain, 593. The latter sends up more candidates than the two State Universities united. In addition, the Jesuit College at Namur and the Institute St. Louis at Brussels send up 66 students for examination before the central examining jury sitting in Brussels. Hence it seems that free Catholic education sends up 657 candidates; free Liberal education 351; and State education only 548; or, in short, 1009 free students are examined against 548 State ones. These figures demonstrate clearly the glorious position the Catholic University holds in Belgium. Even its opponents do homage to its worth. One who was ever attacking it bitterly from the Parliamentary tribune sent his son to the Catholic *Alma Mater*. Why, asked a Catholic friend, do you send your son to a University you are always attacking? Because, was the reply, your Jesuit education at least has given the world a Voltaire; our Liberal and State education has yielded no such ripe fruit!

TO TRANSFER PICTURES TO GLASS.—Engravings and lithographs may be transferred to glass as follows:—Give the glass a coat of copal varnish, and put aside till nearly dry, and only slightly tacky; apply the engraving face downwards on the varnish, and damp the paper with a wet sponge in order to get it to lie close to the varnish in every part; it must be again laid aside till the paper is perfectly dry; again damped with the sponge, and the whole of the paper rubbed off with the points of the fingers; washed in plenty of water to remove the particles of paper; allowed to dry hard, and finished by the application of a coat of copal varnish.

Texas promises to be an inexhaustible source of supply for salt. Her "bayous" are described as veritable mines of wealth, if properly worked. One of these, the Laguna Madre, is 120 miles long, and from three to six miles broad, and not more than eighteen inches deep. The water is rapidly evaporated, and the salt settles in great quantities in the bottom. The amount of salt from this source is estimated at 10,000,000 bushels in the season, and can be placed on board ship at ten cents per bushel.

It may not be generally known that raw cotton is one of the best and most simple means of preserving fruit for a long time. The method for grapes is as follows:—The bunches are gently laid between a layer of cotton in a glass or earthenware jar. The jar is then corked down and tied over with bladder.

The exploits of the maid of Saragossa are being re-enacted at Puycerda, which town, besieged by a large Carlist force, is gallantly defended by its women. The Carlists made a fierce attack, endeavoring to carry the place by assault, but the women carried to the ramparts materials for repairing the breaches, and showed themselves as indifferent of danger as the stoutest veteran.

The trade of supplying New York with beef killed in Texas, and conveyed in refrigerator cars, the journey taking five or six days, has, we understand, met with considerable success. Between the beginning of December and the middle of February the New York agent received 75 car loads of 20,000lbs each, and with little exception the meat arrived in good condition and found a ready sale at from 6 to 7 cents (halfpence) per lb to retail vendors.

The Boston 'Pilot' says:—"Forty years ago all the Irish Catholics came together in one little church to hear Mass. To-day the Irish American element half fills the Directory!"

Within the past thirty years there has been a decrease of population in every county and city in the province of Munster, with the exception of the city of Waterford. The population of the province in those thirty years has decreased one million.

The Catholics of Rochester are deserving of great praise for their labors in the cause of Catholic education. While the common schools of that city number 5,697 pupils, the parochial schools of the Catholic Church are educating 5,532—the difference being only 173 in favor of the schools that receive the support of the State.

The temperance women of Philadelphia have established a home for reformed drunkards, and already have nine men and two women there.

COURAGE OF JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

WHAT I last note in the eloquence of Curran is its courage. Danger is the test of manhood, whether in action or in words; and hardly a speech historically great has ever been spoken but at momentous hazard. This, here, I must simply assert. All who are conversant with the subject know that the assertion can be proved. No speaker ever had more courage than Curran, and no speaker ever more needed it. His courage was physical, mental, moral, political, constant, and consistent. Mortal combat was in the time of Curran frequently the cost of a word, and this cost, more than once, Curran was obliged to pay. At the very entrance of his active and professional life, he gave a magnanimous example of moral independence and physical intrepidity. An aged Catholic priest, Father Neale, in the discharge of his sacred duty, at the injunction of his bishop, excited the anger of a Protestant nobleman. The profligate aristocrat, Lord Doneraile, accompanied by his brother, Mr St. Leger, rode to the old man's cottage, called him out from his devotions, and, at his own door, beat him almost to death. But such was the dominion of Protestant ascendancy at the time, that lawyers refused to be concerned for a Catholic priest. Curran immediately undertook the case, and fearlessly and fiercely stigmatised the culprits. Considering the power which these culprits possessed, as Ireland was then ruled, the audacity of a young barrister in daring it was to some heroic, to others insolent, to all a novelty and a wonder. Curran gained a verdict against the nobleman, fought a duel with the nobleman's brother, whom, in the course of the trial, he had characterised as a ruffian and a coward. The venerable man, whose wrongs he so eloquently exposed, in quitting this mortal life soon after, sent for the generous advocate, and gave him his dying benediction. But well might Jeffrey, while commenting in the 'Edinburgh Review' on these events, express his astonishment that such things could ever have been. Demosthenes, it was said, ran away from battle. This was probably a calumny. But against Curran no such calumny was possible. Cicero has been accused not only of being a trimmer, but of being timid; and Mirabeau, it has been alleged, sold the popular cause for regal bribery. But Curran was as bold politically as he was personally, and he was as above interest as he was above fear. We cannot at this day estimate what Curran sacrificed to the popular cause, or how much risk he encountered for it. The part which Curran took in the rebellion-trials of 1798 has nothing in the whole history of defensive oratory with which we can compare it. Curran's position was a singular one, and the man was as singular as the position—as singular as either were the circumstances which created the position, and which glorified the man. A strange unity of national character prevailed then in Ireland amidst the most irreconcilable political hatreds. This very community of national genius, impassioned and intense, rendered contest all the fiercer, and made enmity all the darker. Power in its victory was cruel and unsparing; weakness in its defeat had nothing to plead, and nothing to hope. Humanity was asleep; conscience was blind; pity was deaf; but vengeance was all alive and all awake. Law was a dead letter; trial by jury was "a delusion, a mockery, and a snare." Any one who reads the records of those times will learn how universal was then in Ireland this reign of terror. The Marquis of Cornwallis, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, at the close of the insurrection, says that the executions by ordinary courts, or courts-martial, were nothing compared with the butcheries and burnings committed by armed and licensed murderers, who were not less abhorrent to the high and humane among the rulers than they were monstrous and merciless towards the people. In such a condition of things Curran had to stand nearly alone. He had to speak for the speechless, when words for the accused were almost accounted crimes; and he had to take the side of the doomed when the rancour of party spirit often confounded the advocate and the client.—'From Giles's Lectures.'

SHREWISH WOMEN.

A. S. ISAAS has gathered together, as examples of warning, some notable instances of shrewish women, thus:

Perhaps one of the earliest shrews was the wife of Rabbi Jose. The story is forcibly told in the 'Talmud.' It seems that Jose, a rabbi of fair attainments and character, had the happiness of being married to a woman who was as perverse after marriage as she was gracious beforehand. One day, the story runs, the rich and learned Eliezer, the son of Asarya, paid a visit to Jose. Jose received his guest with great pleasure, and feeling himself highly honored in the company of one so wise and wealthy, entreated Eliezer to stay to dinner. He consented, unconscious of his friend's connubial blessedness. The wife delighted to vex her husband, turned her back upon his friend, and by sundry slips of the tongue and gestures, gave the unfortunate Jose to understand how little she cared for him or his learned companion. Jose good-naturedly took no notice of her churlish conduct, but merely asked her what she had for dinner. "Nothing, nothing," replied the termagant in a shrill voice, "nothing but a few vegetables." This Hebrew Xantippe had, however, prepared some very fine chickens for herself, which she afterwards ate with the greatest relish, leaving Jose and Eliezer to ponder over their scanty vegetables and the saying of Solomon, "It is better to dwell in a corner of a roof than with a quarrelsome woman in a roomy house."

Milton had a most vixenish wife. It might have added to his comfort to have been deaf instead of blind. To flatter his wife, Buckingham once called her a rose. "I am no judge of colors," replied the poet, "and it may be so, for"—he added with a sigh—"I feel the thorns daily."

The "judicious" Hooker fared no less badly in his selection of a better half and experience with her. The picture of his domestic relations, as drawn by Whipple, though truthful, is by no means flattering. Whipple attempts to excuse, in a measure, the temper of Mrs Hooker, on the ground that Hooker married her to be nurse, and, "there being

no possibility of equality between them, she in spiritual self-defence, established in the household the despotism of caprice and the tyranny of the tongue." His snarling wife used to frequently bid him rock the cradle, and so annoy his friends on a visit that they rarely came to see him again, except when they knew that Mrs Hooker, with her "spiritual sarcasm," was not at home. To Cranmer, repining that his wife should not prove more "comfortable," Hooker replied: "My dear George, if saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I, that am none, ought not to repine at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me, but labor as I do daily—to submit mine to His will, and possess my soul in patience and peace."

The famous Dr Parr had a wife who used to quarrel with her husband for expending so much money for his books while he allowed his library-chairs to be sadly out of repair. One day, meeting him in the library, she exclaimed: "Mr Parr, we should have new chairs for the library; they are in a very sad way." "I cannot afford it, Mrs Parr," quickly replied the doctor. "Not afford it!" returned the lady, "when you can give ten guineas for a musty book which you never open!" "I tell you, I cannot afford it," vociferated the doctor, growing angry with his wife's obstinacy. "Not afford it?" slowly said the lady, "when your rents are coming in so fast (pointing to fast widening gaps in her husband's garment's), when you are in as much need of repair as the chairs!" Dr. Parr, who had expected a scene, quietly collapsed at his wife's masterly stroke of humour, and immediately sent for the upholsterer and tailor, completely vanquished by his wife's sharpness.

Although James Ferguson, the celebrated astronomer, in his autobiography does not once allude to his wife's conduct, it has been well ascertained that her temper was not the most congenial. One anecdote illustrating the fact has come down to us. It appears that one evening in London while he was delivering a lecture on astronomy, his wife entered the lecture-room in a passion, and maliciously knocked down several pieces of the apparatus. Ferguson calmly surveyed the catastrophe, and turning to the audience quietly said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I have the misfortune to be married to this woman."

Even great artists have not been free from the sharp action of shrews. The wife of Albert Durer compelled that renowned painter to toil to gratify her own miserly disposition, and when, in disgust at her wretched treatment, he ran off, she allured him back to his death-bed. Disraeli the elder relates of Berghem, that his wife would constantly keep him busy, and she contrived an odd experiment to detect his indolence. He worked in a room above her own; ever and anon she cheered him by thumping a long stick against the ceiling, while the meek, obedient Berghem answered by stamping his foot on the floor, and clenching his fist, too, perhaps, to satisfy his wife that he was not napping, but that he still lived!

Molière was extremely unfortunate in his wife. Captivated by the grace and vivacity of the actress, Bejart, he married her, but only to find after marriage her grace became converted into giddiness, and her vivacity into coquetry. Her vanity and artifices often drove him to despair. She had no pity, to use his own words, for his sorrows, and ensnared by the desire of general admiration, laughed at his anxieties.

SENATOR SUMNER.—The Washington correspondent of the 'Athenæum' writes of Mr Sumner:—"He was familiar with the literature of many languages, and people from a distance frequently came to Washington to consult him about mysterious books and manuscripts. His occasional orations, legal arguments, speeches in Congress, and miscellaneous writings were sufficiently abundant to make ten or twelve volumes, and a very beautiful edition of them was in course of publication at the time of death. By way of showing the interest he felt in his unfinished work, I may mention that during one of the paroxysms of pain on the night preceding his death, he made this remark: My book, my book, I should not regret this had I finished my book. His style of writing was noted for its dignity and terseness, as well as for what has been termed a gigantic morality, and his ability in illustrating his thoughts by reference to the treasures of ancient learning was something rare. The range of subjects upon which his mind feasted was well-nigh without bounds; history and poetry, philosophy and the sciences, all contributed to his enjoyment; and there was an earnestness and lofty integrity in all that he did, with his pen and as an orator, which commanded the respect of even his political opponents, and was a cause of admiration on the part of his friends. As a means of self-education, and also for the benefit of his health, he visited Europe a number of times, made many friends among the highly cultivated wherever he went; and among his foreign correspondents were the leading statesmen and authors of the Old World. He was an advocate of all good measures intended to educate the people, and ever munificent in his donations to the literary institutions of the country, and especially to Harvard University. As an orator, Mr Sumner stood well-nigh alone. Having been unfortunate in his marriage, he lived after the manner of a bachelor. His house in Washington was completely filled with rare books, valuable pictures, and miscellaneous works of beauty. His means were always ample, and yet he was wont to speak of himself as poor, because it required so much money to gratify his tastes. He was devoted to all kinds of art, thoroughly posted in its literature, and had a special fondness for the art of engraving: a thousand dollars for a proof print would, at any time, be forth-coming, when he happened to be fired with the desire of possession."

The richest banks of coral and the most beautiful coral in the world are to be found off the coast of Algeria. In fishing for the product divers' jackets and diving bells are prohibited as tending to injure the bottom. Each bank is divided into ten parts, only one of which is "exploited" each year.

The spread of socialism in Russia has caused the St. Petersburg Government to place several of the south-western provinces of the Empire under martial law.

THE WORLD'S CATHEDRAL.

THE well-known poet, C. W. Stoddard, is writing a series of letters from Europe to the San Francisco 'Chronicle.' At present he is "doing" Rome, and thus discourseth about the "world's cathedral" and some of the people who go there:—"Chapels everywhere come into view from serene and sacred seclusions. Lights twinkle like stars—lights that seem to float in the air and feed on it. Here is the priest at mass, with his little cluster of worshipful souls kneeling about him; and then a procession of novices passes slowly down the nave in their long, dark robes. In the distance, black objects are moving to and fro; they seem like little shadows thrown upon the marble floor of

THE "WORLD'S CATHEDRAL,"

but they are in reality men and women, stalking about with eye-glasses and guide-books, and proud, shallow hearts, and evil tongues, who come hither for an hour or two and look about and then go hence to talk glibly and foolishly of their disappointment. I don't know how many times I have journeyed over the Tiber and into the edge of Rome, where stands St. Peter's. I am glad that I have lost my reckoning, for it is pleasant to think that I have been again and again until it is hard to stop away from its ever-increasing beauty. For the seven days of Holy Week I went daily, but the last day of the seven and the Easter Sunday that followed were in no wise less lovely than the first hour of my communion there. It is not this chapel or that monument, nor the gorgeous shrine of the reverend saint, nor the awful and splendid dome that attracts chiefly. It is the inexhaustible resources of the marvellous place that makes one loth to leave, for fear that he has missed something. And then the atmosphere of the cathedral is so delicious. It is said the temperature never changes; that in the summer when Rome is sweltering, the unhappy sinner who is not able to go unto the hills may come here and get something of the sweetness and the freshness of the mountain air; and in the winter, when there is hail and sleet and bitter wind out of doors, within there is peace and mellowness of eternal summer. And there is ever the throng of those who go up into this sacred hill to pray, mingled with the chant of sweet and far-away voices, that seem to awaken a chorus in the marble lips of these singing and praiseful faces; and

THE SWINGING CENSOR

throws out a little cloud of incense that passes lightly from column to column, sanctifying all its visits, and slowly making the circuit of all the magnetic girdle that hems this holy hall. Dickens didn't like St. Peter's; poor Dickens, who rushed in and rushed out like so many tourists, and were full of disappointment because it hadn't staggered them within the few minutes they allotted it for that very purpose. But who expects these people to like it? Bless their hearts, that great curtain at the portal of St. Peter's flaps to and fro perpetually, and the marble sky of the dome, that looks as light as air and as fine as spun sunshine, soars over the marble floor, where these thousands of little crawling creatures are clustering like ants. Can a mind in a body of that size comprehend so awful a miracle as this at one and the same sitting? I should say not. As for me, I have learned that St. Peter's is the one solitary magnet that can ever hope to draw me back to Rome, and I believe it might. For it, and it only, I would sink every object in this suffocating museum of antiquities. Yea, I would throw in a dozen dreary, dingy, dusty coliseums, if I had them, and feel that I had made a bargain. I began this letter intending to say nothing

ABOUT ST. PETER'S,

but I have betrayed myself. I meant to say something concerning the ceremonies of Holy Week, but I will not. I prefer to be consistent, and here the matter ends. Crowds of people flocked daily to the cathedral, and still the place seemed comparatively empty; I cannot imagine of its being full under any circumstances whatever. The foreigners, here called the 'forestiers,' were omnipresent. You heard all languages talked in voices that sounded unnecessarily loud, but there is little use in feeling shocked at anything in Rome. While the masses were being celebrated in the various chapels, while the confessionals, wherein all Christian tongues are spoken, were being visited by penitents, while the sacred relics were being exposed in one of the galleries, under the great dome, the forestiers stalked about and regarded everything with indelicate, not to say

IMPUDENT CURIOSITY.

I wonder why gentlemen are always so ill-bred, and why ladies are so vulgar? Peasants don't do this sort of thing. I have seen a woman with a loud American accent sit on the steps of an altar in St. Peter's and study her guide-book with an eye-glass, while her companion made wild gestures with his umbrella and smiled a superior smile that grew unpleasantly like a grin as the muscles of his face began to harden. Meanwhile, a priest who was kneeling at the altar in prayer was driven from his post and the foreigners were left to their diversions. Again and again, I have seen a small party of tourists gather about the statue of St. Peter, looking with ill-disguised disgust at the faithful who were kissing the toe of it. I am afraid I took a sinful pride in kissing that toe whenever I saw this sort of thing coming on. You can usually tell it by the eye-glass if it is a male, or by a prim travelling-dress and a camp stool if it is a female. A fellow with exclusively bad legs stalked before me on one occasion during the exposition of the *relics*, when I desired him to stand a little to one side—for as I was kneeling it was but just that he should have shown this consideration—he deliberately eyed me for a moment, and then ignored me. Had it been other than a church that we were in, I would have shortened the fellow's career or perished in the attempt. Perhaps these

PEOPLE DON'T CONSIDER

that it is not the custom of others who differ from them in any point of faith to go over the land, haunting the sanctuaries that, of course, they cannot reverence, like a pestilence. Perhaps this distressing mass is not troubled with much reason, or reverence, or religion, for it would show its good effects if they were. This is the unavoidable

nuisance that stinks in the nostrils of every man who comes to Rome, or to any foreign city, with the purpose of seeing it as it is, and enjoying it to the best of his ability. As I was one day resting in St. Peter's, I was attracted by the lusty lungs of a small baby who objected to infant baptism. There was a half dozen spectators watching with considerable interest the ceremony; and as the priest anointed the eyes and touched the lips of the youngster with oil and salt, a sallow and withered specimen of the forestiers who stood by me, with her arm in the arm of one of her kind, turned about with a jerk and said, in an audible voice (they nearly all talk too loud), "The nasty thing—he put oil in its eyes and salt in its mouth. I'd teach him better, I guess;" and I thought to myself, "My unfortunate friend, God is merciful. The softest glance from your ill-favored eyes is not so soft as that drop of oil and salt, and salt is probably sweeter than your milk." We had no conversation after that.

BIGOTRY: WHAT IT IS, AND WHAT IT IS NOT.

AT a gathering composed almost entirely of Anglo-Americans, the sons of prominent citizens of New Jersey, recently held in Newark, a talented young Irish-American, Mr Patrick Jordan, late of the Irish College at Rome, happened to be present. In the course of the evening some remarks derogatory to the Irish character were made, and Mr Jordan, overhearing them made a warm rejoinder as follows:—

"The slander is as much levelled at me as at those whom you pretend to alienate from me as a distinct species of Irishmen. Mark me, we Irish are all the same at heart. In your charity and knowledge of history, you should have long since ceased to wonder why impoverished Irishmen incur censure for their supposed ignorance and other wants. If you are liberal enough to concede the fact, you must make allowance for the sufferings they have inherited through a despotism which has only been mollified by the increasing light of the civilisation of our time."

The son of an ex-Governor of New Jersey remarked that Mr Jordan's notions savoured very strongly of bigotry, and thereupon that gentleman answered in substance as follows:—

"I am not a bigot. The best impulses of my nature rise in rebellion against the charge. The very name is rank and obnoxious beyond endurance, and my soul scorns and repels the accusation. If an ardent devotion to the creed of my fathers, and a hardly less earnest allegiance to my race, be ample reasons that this aspersion should be cast upon me, I have only to say that the word bigot incongruously embraces in its signification the faithful and the patriotic as well as those of rank hearts and poisoned souls. Either the word has no meaning at all, or it possesses the rare quality of expressing opposite ideas at the same time. If the latter instance were correct I should accept the epithet only because I would be unable to avoid it. But, gentlemen, to be proud of confessing one's convictions as to eternal truth, and fearless in defending our national or political principles, are noble traits in a man's character, and attributes too great to be desecrated by the opprobrious name of bigotry. It is bigotry to hate a fellow-man, or slurr or strive to harm him because his convictions may differ from our own, and result from the peculiarities of his nature or education. Whenever I perceive in a man principles or tenets contrary to, yet as deeply rooted as my own, I feel that I should equally share admiration for his fidelity with regret for our differences. The bigot is he who deliberately pursues the dictates of a hell-born propensity to injure or persecute, though it may cost him a fight against conscience and convictions to do so. He will break a heart or tear a reputation to tatters that he may glut his morbid instincts in groundless revenge upon those who dissent from him in faith, morals, or political opinion. He will squander his substance, abandon his occupation, and even neglect his health to pursue the unguarded object of his vindictive hate. He spies through crevices at the open, free, and candid doings of his unconscious victim. He breathes the subtle poison of calumny and detraction into the hungry ears of his confederates. He gloats, like a fiend, over the prospect of the ruin he may accomplish. I cannot help conceiving that, should the purpose of a bigot herd be gratified, their shrill huzzas and savage clamour would recall in miniature what we may imagine to have been the applause of the fallen angels had they conquered St. Michael! Bigotry is the inseparable sister of hypocrisy, selfishness, and treachery. The bigot would feign forbid the shining of the sun, were he to fear that its light would reveal a fact contrary to the aims and doctrines which repudiate any infringement upon them—no matter how trivial—if it savour of justice or liberality. His end is not so much to arrive at truth as to wrong, combat, and vilify those who differ with him. He works with still keener subtlety. He prostitutes learning, genius, and firm convictions to the pursuance of his wretched desires. He wilfully interprets history to serve his own projects; mutilates facts and even misconstrues the written treasures of ancient archives to abet his malicious purpose. I could give you many hideous examples of the species in the history of my own nationality; and I wish you to know that these poor words of mine, no matter how exaggerated they seem, are mainly inspired by memories of my persecuted race. But I will seek a milder example among the bigots of our own time. In a spirit of honest belief, I must assert that my remarks are fairly attributable to the attempt made by James Anthony Froude to breed contempt for the Irish in America—aye, gentlemen, to blacken their national character, which for so many ages had withstood the terrible tests of persecution, famine, plague, war, usurpation, foulest injustice, and exile. The object of that gifted and systematic bigot's vindictiveness was the people who for centuries of bondage could hardly look to their God, or out upon the light of day, without meeting the frown of a tyrant, or hearing the rebuff of a despoiler. The means which Froude employed clearly justify me in naming him as an example of the subject whereof I am endeavoring to treat. You will at once perceive the deceitful plan of the bigot in the fabricated citations of seeming great soundness which he used to bridge him over in his foul fight against truth and conscience."

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A NOVEL MODE OF ADVERTISING.—The 'Edinburgh Courant' reports the following ingenious method of making advertisements pay:—"Twenty-four sheets of note-paper, each bearing an impressed penny postage-stamp on the back page, being sold for sixpence, with advertisements printed on the inside pages. It is said that the charge for advertisements leaves a handsome profit on every 5,000 sheets, although the postage alone costs four times the retail price at which the paper is sold. The idea is not new, having originated, we believe, in Birmingham, some few years ago, when it met with little support from the public, although the paper then supplied was cut in the old shape of "envelope note-paper," thus possessing and advantage over what is now referred to. People are not generally inclined to save even three-farthings at the cost of having to write a letter on an advertising sheet."

A SENSITIVE EDITOR.—The pursuit for information is sometimes attended with difficulties, even in San Francisco. One inquirer, who applied to the 'Chronicle' for information as to where Cain obtained his wife, is cruelly rebuffed, the only reply vouchsafed him being this:—"Upon any subject of a public nature we never refuse to throw the desired light. But this is altogether a different thing.—It is a family matter with which we do not care to meddle. Cain died some time before any of us were born, and such idle curiosity regarding the family affairs of a deceased person we regard as reprehensible, and calculated to violate the sanctities of domestic life. For these reasons, and because we do not wish to injure the feelings of the relatives of the deceased, we decline to answer the question."

THE HEN AND ITS EGGS.—A German naturalist answers the question how many eggs can a hen lay, as follows: The ovary of a hen contains about six hundred embryo eggs, of which in the first year not more than twenty are matured; the second year produces one hundred and twenty; the third, one hundred and thirty-five; the fourth, one hundred and fourteen; and in the following four years the number decreases by twenty yearly. In the ninth year only ten eggs can be expected; and thus it appears that after the first four years hens cease to be profitable as layers.

THE CONDOR.—We can tell you an anecdote about the condor's power of life. A miner in Chili, a very strong man, once saw a condor enjoying his feast on the mountains. He had eaten so much that he could not fly, and the man attacked and tried to kill him. The battle lasted a long time, and the man was nearly exhausted. But in the end he thought he was the victor, and left the condor dead, as he imagined, on the field. Some of the feathers he carried off in triumph to show to his companions, and told them he had never fought so fierce a battle. The others miners went to look at the condor, when to their surprise, he was standing erect flapping his wings in order to fly away. A bird with such powers of life continues to exist years and years. Indeed the condor is said to live for a century. The Indian tries to catch the condor by stratagem. He employs him to fight in a ring at those cruel bull-fights which are the favorite amusements in that part of the world. He does not attempt to attack the condor openly, for he knows how strong he is, and he wishes, besides, to take him alive. He procures the skin of a cow and hides himself beneath it. Some pieces are left hanging to the skin, and are sure to attract the condor. He comes pouncing on the prey, and while he is feeding with his usual greediness the Indian contrives to fasten his legs to the skin. When this is done he comes out of his concealment and the bird sees him for the first time. He flaps his wings and would fly but that his feet are entangled; and more than this, a number of other Indians come running and throw their mantles over him.

A FLOATING MENAGERIE.—It is stated that a party of army officers, who have been engaged in mounting guns and otherwise putting the Gulf Forts in serviceable condition, while sailing through Mississippi Sound, since the recent flood, encountered a remarkable scene. For miles were seen logs, drift-wood, and patches of turf and soil floating out into the gulf, filled with live animals, who clung to their frail barques with the tenacity of ship-wrecked mariners. Among the animals were seen rats, raccoons, possums, rabbits, alligators, and moccasin snakes in uncounted numbers, all brought down from the swamps and marshes, perhaps from fifty to one hundred miles inland. The novel exhibition had a scientific interest, as it suggested the manner in which, during past geological periods, animals were transported from regions far inland to the mouth of estuaries, and their bones being entombed in the silt and soft mud, furnished the organic remains which are preserved for ages in the strata. It was doubtless, by similar means that the fossils now found in the solid limestones were engulfed and preserved; and also that animal life has been distributed over portions of the globe.

THE MAN OF TACT.—How easily some men move in the line of performance! Every act seems to fall as gracefully and graciously as if it were consummate art. No matter what is in hand, or how new the attitude, the feat is so smoothly done you would say the excellence grew out of vocation, or came from incessant study. This ease accompanies all they do. They are versatile, and are never surprised. In society, they are the easy spokesmen; in business, their presence and address carry the day. While another, intellectually greater, and of rare special gifts, stumbles and blunders in every step he takes, the man of tact—and with little else besides—will skim along over the surface of things to success and fortune. The difference between them is the difference between oil and friction. If we were to speak of this faculty in the language of Gall and Spurzheim, we should say it is not derived from any particular organ, but is the happy equilibrium of them all. It has an eye to time and surroundings, and as a close observer of the unities and the sequences of thought, it puts the right remark and the right deed in the right place. The man who extols the gallows before the man whose grandfather was hung, and he who berates the parvenu before a shoddy lord, is a stranger to its impulse. On the other hand, is our example a lawyer, he impresses the jury by his adroit manner, and by his strange

sympathy with their own views. If an orator, he captivates by his ready phrase and sobriety of statement, or by his natural style and method. Possessed by the teacher, this gift makes the well-ordered school. It has the knack of command and assertion, and produces the serene and happy home. Interfering as it does in the tumult of conflicting wills and undisciplined minds, it acts as a chymical mordant to evolve harmony. In all *roles* the man of tact, put him where you will, is everywhere triumphant. He is, to use a familiar phrase, which means much, always "perfectly at home." He has ease, and absolute aplomb.

THE HORSE-SHOE CALCULATION OUTDONE.—A well-known farmer in the Brechin district offered to pay the expense of a picnic to 30 farmers, provided one of them would bring to him in the market on Tuesday one grain of oats, doubling the number of grains every Tuesday for 12 months. The offer was taken by one farmer, and an Arbroath manufacturer offered to carry the whole on his back at the end of the year. A calculation was thereafter made, and resulted as follows:—The grains of oats would, it was found, amount at the end of the 12 months to 1,034,834,408 quarters 2 bushels, and the value at 30s per quarter was found to be £1,552,251,702 7s 6d. Of course the picnic was not paid, but the Arbroath manufacturer stood a round of champagne.

THE CONSCRIPT DRAWING.—A French correspondent of the Boston 'Globe' describes the draft under the conscript law in a country village as follows: "The mayor calls in turn the young men of twenty years, they coming forward as their names are called and drawing one of the numbers which are together in a sack. When a young man called is absent his father draws for him; if the absent man is not represented, the mayor draws in his place. The number of men required to be furnished by the Commune is known, so those drawing a higher number are assured of their escape from the service; they leave the hall rejoicing, and are met by their friends and relatives, who rejoice with them and cluster about as they repair to the booths to buy gay ribbons for their hats, which some friend arranges, while the booth-tender stencils the lucky number on the pictured card chosen to be worn in its front. Others less favored by the draft seek to hide their disappointment, and likewise place their numbers in their caps. Joining arm in arm, the fortunate parade through the town, singing to the music of a drum; the wine shops are afterwards filled with conscripts, some paying and rejoicing over their wine, others drinking and boisterously covering their chagrin, and the day is passed by them in coarse demonstrations and generally finishes by intoxication. Parents do not and cannot take pride in their sons joining the army, for it is forced service, and the grief of parting is not softened by the thrill such as the mother feels who gave her farewell tears and blessing to her boy volunteer during the last Franco-Prussian war."

TAMING THE HUMMING-BIRD.—The ruby throat has sometimes been tamed. Mr Webber, in his "Wild Scenes and Song Birds," says, after several unsuccessful attempts, at last "I succeeded in securing an uninjured captive, which to my inexpressible delight, proved to be one of the ruby-throated species, the most splendid and diminutive that comes north of Florida. It immediately suggested itself to me that a mixture of two parts of loaf-sugar, with one of fine honey, in ten of water, would make about the nearest approach to the nectar of flowers. My sister ran to prepare it. I gradually opened my hand to look at my prisoner, and saw to my no little amusement as well as suspicion, that it was actually 'playing possum'—feigning to be dead most skillfully. It lay on my open palm motionless for some minutes, during which I watched it in breathless curiosity. I saw it gradually open its bright little eyes to peep whether the way was clear, and then close them slowly as it caught my eye upon it. But when the manufactured nectar came, and a drop was touched on the point of its bill, it came to life very suddenly, and in a moment was on its legs, drinking with eager gusto of the refreshing draught from a silver teaspoon. When sated it refused to take any more, and sat perched with the coolest self-composure on my finger, and plumed itself quite artistically as if on its favorite spray. I was enchanted with the bird's innocent confidence with which it turned up its keen black eyes to survey us, as much as to say, 'Well, good folks! who are you?' By the next day it would come from any part of either room, alight upon the side of a white China cup containing the mixture, and drink eagerly, with its long bill thrust in the very base. It would alight on my fingers, and seem to talk with us endearingly in its soft chirps." Mr Webber afterwards succeeded in taming several of the same species. He gave them their liberty occasionally, and they returned regularly. At the time for migration they left for the winter; but the next spring they sought their old quarters, and accepted the delicious nectar kindly provided for them and by degrees brought their mates.—'Popular Science Monthly.'

THE CAP OF LIBERTY.—The device of the liberty cap originated in the practice, formerly prevalent, of allowing none but freemen to wear anything on the head. For a slave to appear covered was to bring upon himself swift punishment. Hat worship, as the French call it, was one of the greatest idolatries, and often the occasion of brutal tyranny. The mandate of Gesler ordained that the hardy sons of Switzerland should salute his hat placed upon a pole, as a mark of slavery and submission. The spirit of the nation was roused, and the tyrant paid forfeit with his life. The arms of the United Cantons of Switzerland have a round hat for a crest, as emblematic of liberty. Britannia is sometimes represented with the cap of liberty on the point of a spear. In France it was hoisted as the symbol of freedom on the beginning of the Revolution of 1789. For many years the Kings of France had sent those condemned for crimes to the galleys at Marseilles, and there, chained to the oar, they dragged out a wretched existence in a polluted atmosphere of vice and crime. When the Revolution opened the prison doors, the red cap worn by the convicts was elevated on a standard of freedom, and borne before those who so soon changed liberty to license, and placed all France under a Reign of Terror. The cap of liberty was originally used in the manumission of a slave; as soon as the bondsman was made free, he covered his head as a symbol of his liberty.

Port's Couquet.

THE EXODUS.

BY "EBLANA" (J. BUTLER), IN THE 'NATION,' APRIL 21, 1860.
 THEY are going, they are going where Missouri's waves are flowing,
 Where the waving crops are growing for the tiller of the soil;
 Where the light of Justice beameth, and the sword of Justice
 gleameth,
 And good fortune ever seemeth as attendant upon toil.

Far from Erin they are flying, where their fathers' bones are lying,
 Where Atlantic's waves are sighing 'round her desolated shore;
 Where the streams of care are welling 'round each simple peasant's
 dwelling,
 And the bravest hearts are swelling with the sorrow at their core.

There are parents fond, endearing; there are scenes yet bright and
 cheering,

But an evil star is peering o'er the dwellings of our isle—
 O'er the cot amidst the bushes where the shining river rushes,
 Where the sparkling fountain gushes like a heart that has no guile.

They are leaving home for ever; and the fondest kindred sever;
 And the light of joy shall never brightly beam upon their breast.
 Though the freeman's flag is o'er them, and a life of peace before
 them,
 Yet the mother fond who bore them sighs with sorrow in the West.

Let them go! may Heaven speed them! be a blessed lot decreed
 them;

But if Ireland e'er shall need them, may they hasten o'er the sea;
 May the loving hearts that slumbered, by the weight of grief en-
 cumbered,

Beat for Erin's woes, unnumbered, and return to set her free!

THE DISINHERITED SON.

A LEGEND OF FURNESS ABBEY.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

LITTLE LORD WALTER DE CONISTON AT THE ABBEY OF FURNESS.

TYRANNICAL and proud, the Lords of Thurston were little loved by
 their retainers and dependents. Oswald, nevertheless, had some
 devoted adherents in his father's castle; for in him the bitter mood
 of his race was varied by fits of real kindness and generosity.

The huntsman Joselin was one of these, and in defiance of Lord
 Thurston's desire that none should quit the castle to offer aid or
 encouragement to his delinquent son, he let the weeping boy, Walter,
 out by the postern gate, and saddled his pony for him that he might
 seek the unfortunate Oswald.

From some peasants the boy had learned that his brother had
 been on the road that led to the Abbey of St. Mary, and thither he
 betook himself, naturally reflecting that even if Oswald was not there,
 the monks and their vassals would aid in the search for him, and that,
 moreover, there was no doubt that they would interpose as mediators
 between the exasperated father and his offending son.

In the confusion of that terrible quarrel, little Walter was un-
 noticed; but not the bitterest paternal malediction could have withheld
 him from following his beloved brother.

The father of John Broughton, the young monk who was sent for
 on Walter de Coniston's arrival at the Abbey, held land of Lord
 Thurston, and had been in his boyhood, ere he entered on a religious
 life, a humble but favorite companion of the Earl's sons, especially of
 Oswald.

He it was whom Walter had inquired for on reaching the Abbey,
 and who, after the youth had been vainly sought for during several
 hours, at last surmised that he might have bent his way towards the
 Sands.

When the monk John Broughton addressed that adjuration to the
 distracted youth, Oswald, scarce turning his head, replied scornfully—

"And what want you here, Father John, on such a night as this?
 Go to. Return to your monastery. What though thou hast donned
 the cowl, thou art but my father's vassal still!"

"Aye, still your father's vassal so far that for very love we yield
 thee duty, Lord Oswald. I beseech ye come down from that dreadful
 rock. There are not ten minutes more for dry footing on its summit."

"Nor will our little craft hold out against such a sea as this,"
 shouted the fisherman. "Here, catch this rope, my lord. I dare not
 venture nearer; but you are a stout swimmer, and with a rope for us
 to haul on, we may save you yet."

"Begone, old man!" shouted Oswald in reply. "Risk not thine
 own safety and that of the monk. It is my wish to die!"

High above the united roar of wind and wave, rang the wrathful
 answer of the desperate youth.

"Oh, Oswald, dearest of my brothers, say not so. Wouldst thou
 slay me, too? For how shall thy Walter live without thee?"

The accents of that clear sweet voice, faintly though they swept
 across the howling blast, startled the wicked determination of Oswald.

In the obscurity, he had not noted that the monk and the fisher-
 man were accompanied by his young brother.

"Thou, thou!" he cried. "Back, back! beloved boy. Risk not
 thy precious life for one so lost as I."

"Never back without thee, my Oswald," cried the boy, starting
 up and standing with hands outstretched on the brink of the boat.

His long golden hair streamed like a woman's on the gale that
 swept it from his fair young face, which, full of beseeching agony, was
 turned towards his brother.

The one soft spot in the life of Oswald de Coniston was his love
 or that boy, the only tender affection of his life.

The voice of an angel would not have so moved him.

"For thy sake, dear Walter, then. For thee, for thee!" he ex-
 claimed, as he caught the strong rope which the fisherman swung.
 He girded it round his waist.

Alas! he had been won from his dreadful resolve too late to
 prevent a terrible catastrophe.

Like a bird upon a bough, young Walter stood poised upon the
 edge of the boat.

The wind driving from the Irish coast lashed up the waters. The
 fisherman's boat rode them like a cork; but the fragile form of Walter
 de Coniston swayed like a willow wand. Then a cry, long and shrill,
 like that of a wounded bird, rose above the hoarse voices of the storm,
 as the boy was swept from his slender footing into the raging sea.

Bruised, bleeding, breathless, the body of Oswald de Coniston was
 borne to the monastery, by the fisherman and Brother John.

The hour of ten boomed from the great Abbey clock as they
 passed the great gates.

The storm had lulled as suddenly as it rose.

The dark fondage of the planes in the vale of Bekansgill was
 touched with a silvery lustre; the blue and cloudless sky was thick
 inlaid with stars.

The ocean lay smooth as a mirror over the dead hid in its
 treacherous bosom. The delicate child, Walter de Coniston, had been
 swept away by the cruel waves.

Buffeted by the angry waters, dashed against the rocks in his
 frantic efforts to rescue young Walter, Oswald was senseless when, with
 great danger of the boat upsetting, the monk and the fisherman hauled
 him into it.

They thought him dead.

Hours elapsed ere, with all the care lavished upon him at the
 monastery, he showed symptoms of consciousness.

Messengers had been despatched to the castle of Coniston to
 inform the Earl of the catastrophe of his youngest son, and that Lord
 Oswald was lying in a dangerous condition at the monastery.

As the Earl was but a rough and rude warrior, who regarded book
 learning as fit only for monks, he had cared but little for poor Walter.
 Nevertheless, this catastrophe troubled him.

The character of Lord Thurston was, however, proud as well as
 violent.

An ordinary calculation might have assumed that the calamitous
 death of poor little Walter, solely owing to his love for his outcast
 brother, would have increased the Earl's exasperation as to Oswald.

On the contrary, it seemed to make him oblivious of the young
 man's offence.

Despite the wound in his arm, he accompanied the messengers
 back to the Abbey, where he found his son restored to life, but not to
 consciousness; for he was in the paroxysms of a delirious fever, in
 which he would alternately speak of his harsh father, of Evelina's
 scornful rejection, and of his lost and beloved Walter.

The fantasies of his disordered brain now presented his young
 brother as standing by his bedside pale and ghastly, with dripping
 garments, and bright hair tangled with sea weeds.

To this creation of his feverish fancy he would address the most
 passionate protests. He would weep and moan, or by turns promise
 the drowned boy that he would avenge his fate with imprecations so
 dreadful, that the good monks were appalled, and conceived fears of
 the young man's future which did not suggest themselves to the obtuse
 mind of the Earl.

He, apparently forgetful of the degrading manner in which he had
 ordered Oswald to be expelled from the castle, seemed to renew all his
 former favor. Fain would he have had the youth carried home im-
 mediately.

But that was impossible. For more than a week he hovered
 betwixt life and death; and well would it have been had the pale
 King of Terrors turned the scale, and that he had never risen from
 that sick bed to fulfil the scarlet career of crime into which he
 was urged by his ungovernable passions.

His first inquiry when the delirium was passed was for his beloved
 Walter. Had he been saved alive or dead? had the cruel sea dis-
 gorged its prey?

The Prior, to whom he addressed this query, shook his head, bid
 the youth give thanks to God that he was himself still alive, and not
 ask for particulars of sad events which he was too weak and feeble to
 discuss.

"Oh, Walter, my precious brother!" ejaculated the unhappy
 youth, clasping his thin hands, "Who will love me as thou didst? who
 have I to love as I loved thee? And I,—I was thy murderer. In
 seeking to save me thou wast lost. Oh doomed accursed wretch that
 I am! Hopeless alike for this world and the next. Oh, Walter!
 would that I were sleeping with thee in thine unhallowed ocean grave.
 Oh, that I were dead! that I were dead!"

"Forbear, my son," exclaimed the Prior, in accents the rebuking
 tone of which was softened by exceeding pity. "Impugn not the
 boundless mercy of the Lord. Let not the calamity brought about
 by thine unrestrained passions urge thee to the inexpiable sin of des-
 pair. Rather may it subdue thy heart, and fill thine eyes with the
 bitter but blessed tears of repentance. Thy young brother, pious of
 soul and tender of heart, loved and prayed for thee on earth; he loves
 and prays for the still, now that his bright spirit is associated in heaven
 with the angels and the saints of God. May his prayers, and the
 benign influence of our sweet Lady and the saints, so melt and turn
 thy heart that this thy sore trial shall in the end prove a saving grace."

"Father," replied Oswald de Coniston, "my heart is turned. If
 I rise to health from this sick couch, to dear Walter's memory do I
 swear all my future life."

"Amen! Amen! May Almighty God, dear son, prosper all thy
 good intents," was the answer of the Prior.

The tone in which Oswald had spoken seemed quiet and resigned;
 but as the Prior turned away in answering him, he noticed not the
 vindictive fire that flashed for a moment in his sunken eyes, or the
 smile of cruel sarcasm that quivered round his ashen lips.

CHAPTER III.

AN UNHOLY VOW.

The giant oaks and beeches in the woods of Furness were all aglow with the saffron and ruby tints of autumn on that disastrous evening when Oswald de Coniston fled in wrath and hate from his father's castle.

The December blast had rent the last leaf from the bough, and the fan-like fronds of the huge planes above contrasted with their dark verdure the naked black arms which the oak of a hundred years tossed in the wild winds, when, still feeble in frame and sorrowful in spirit, he bade adieu to the monks who had tended him during his illness with so much of medical skill and Christian charity.

The body of the beloved Walter, the innocent victim to the wild passions of his brother, had never been recovered. This was a cruel aggravation of Oswald's sorrow. He could imagine to himself the pale face of his darling all bruised and disfigured by the sharp rocks.

If the waves had washed the drowned corpse on shore, if he could once have folded the cold relics to his breast, and seen them laid with the rites of the Church in a hallowed grave, he would have had some miserable consolation. But dead or living, never to see his Walter more. "Never more! never more!" Sad and solemn words, ever and anon bursting with a bitter cry from Oswald's lips.

With dripping garments, bruised and senseless, Oswald had been borne to the monastery by Brother John and the poor fisherman on that disastrous night.

All the pride and pomp of his father's vanity heralded his departure. The Earl Thurston seemed not only to have consigned to oblivion the offences of Oswald, but to have taken him into greater favor than ever. He had staid the preparations for Randolph's marriage, and insisted upon Oswald's return to the castle.

To this the youth had at first seemed much averse. Ultimately, however, he acceded with alacrity to the proposition, and writing to the dame of Egremont acknowledged that his pretensions had been presumptuous with a humility strongly contrasting with his accustomed fierce pride, and which excited surprise in his father, and uneasy suspicions on the part of the Abbot and Prior who had watched his sullen broodings.

Now, however, all was ready for his departure. A litter was waiting at the Abbey gates, for Oswald was too feeble still to sit a horse. The Earl himself, with twenty of his retainers, had deigned to come down to the Abbey gates to escort back to the castle his unhappy son: even sullen Randolph, mollified by the apparent submission of Oswald, had condescended to accompany his father, and was waiting with him in the Abbot's parlor.

And why were they waiting? where was Oswald the invalid, the penitent? Surely in a place that well befitted him in either character. Oswald de Coniston was kneeling before the high altar of the Abbey Church.

Alas! no pious purpose led him there. It was not to pray for the soul of his lost brother, to pray for mercy and consolation to his heart: though in agony of spirit he wrung his hands together till the nails pierced the flesh, though he wet the pavement with his tears. The winter winds howled with a voice like that of a lamenting spirit through the lofty aisles, and shook the consecrated banners, and the scutcheons of Oswald's own lofty race, a few pale lamps shed a feeble lustre through the long arcades, and the dull grey of the sunless sky threw dark shadows on each painted pane.

Oh, Blessed Mary, Mother of Mercy; sweet Patroness of Furness, shall the lost angel invade your own sanctuary? Shall his black wing shadow the brow of the suppliant at the altar? Oh, patroness of the afflicted, refuge of the sinner, are his sins so black who lies prostrate on those hard stones that even thy prayers shall avail him not? A heart rent even to the core, and a mind distraught!

Surely nothing less could have provoked the frenzy that could call on all holy things as witnesses of an unholy vow. A vow for wicked, earthly vengeance, made at the altar of heaven; a vow at which the white angels shuddered and the fiends rejoiced.

PASIGRAPHY.—The confusion of tongues is at an end! Mr Anton Bachmaier, of Munich, has worked out to a successful issue a method which places within the reach of the common-sense natives of every country in the world the opportunity of communicating with each other with ease and perfect certainty, though each person is ignorant of any language save his own. This wonderful feat is effected by Mr Bachmaier by the simple process of numbering the *ideas* necessary for carrying on correspondence. The *numbers* are symbols written, and they express identical ideas in all the linguistic keys; thus 1265 is "money" in the English key, "argent" in the French, "gold" in the German, "rupai" in the Urdu, "penge" in the Danish, &c. A sentence written in the numbers may be penned by an Englishman, and read with perfect ease by a Chinaman or Russian; an advertisement couched in these figures will be understood all over the world by people possessed of keys in their own language. Mr Bachmaier calls his system Pasigraphy, and a Pasigraphical Society has been established in London, comprising a large number of learned and philanthropical gentlemen, having Dr Samuel Birch, of the British Museum, at their head, for the purpose of making known in this country the advantages of this new universal interpreter. As an instance of the sort of thing a pasigram is, we give the following as a specimen—3226 2676 1635 3311 3177 315 1610 376. The meaning of which is,—“What is now the price of cotton in Bombay?” Of course it would be quicker to write the sentence in any particular language; but the advantage of the pasigram is that it is just as intelligible to a Japanese or Hottentot, provided with a key in his own language, as it is to the original writer. The number of mental conceptions indexed in this way by Mr Bachmaier is four thousand three hundred and thirty-four, and this number far exceeds the necessities of the most voluminous of letter-writers. The extreme simplicity of the process makes its universal employment possible by practical men of ordinary sense; and nothing is required beyond the common material of typography, the printing press may be inexpensively utilised in Pasigraphy.

FACES.

We go into a room full of strangers. Across the sea of strange faces meeting us we single out one or two that we would not know if we could, but also one or two to whom we desire ardently to be introduced. They are faces we are sure we shall like; faces that touch a chord somewhere in our hearts, and that seem to promise sympathy and affection on both sides. We look across to them as to dear friends standing waiting for us in the crowd of the unknown; and when we are formally presented we feel the introduction to be almost unnecessary, save as a herald of names; we know them already, and this is a meeting not of strangers, but only of the hitherto divided. Perhaps the fruit is not as the blossom, and a more perfect knowledge may not always answer expectation. For the most part it does, but not always. That pale, oval Madona face, with its fair smooth hair and mournful eyes, its downcast look and plaintive quietude of bearing, maybe belongs to a creature as devoid of sentiment as of sweetness; a dull, prosaic, wooden wife, with sluggish peevishness of temperament that, like a gloomy day, one longs to see either brightened by sunshine or broken into storm; a person whose quietude comes from indolence, not self-control, and who is a Madona because she has neither wit nor energy to be sought else. That is a face which takes one in time after time, till one is ready to forswear sweetness once and for ever, and to eschew Madonnas as delusions. That arch and sparkling face, with its curves of smile and glitter of glance—that face which brightens all over when it speaks like a mountain tarn rippled by the wind—that surely has no delusion about it? No! Prove it, and you will find that its vivacity is as shallow as a wayside pool; that it is all a mere facial trick, a play of muscles hung as loosely as a cardboard sailor danced by a string, but only facial, not spiritual—a trick, not the expression of a temper. At home, where there are no bystanders to applaud that marvellous nobility of feature with the quiet applause of the drawing-room, the wind never ripples the pool, and the leaden surface has no display. The swift bright eyes are dull and veiled; the curves about the mouth vanish; the smiles are laid aside with the company dress, and the creature to whom you were attracted as to one possessed of an abundant vitality, an electric of gait, and an inexhaustible wealth of vivacity, is a creature that changes as little as a mask, and is no more interesting to the daily housemates than if it was a walking statue blessed with a good digestion, and liking to have its meals to the hour. On the other hand, that stolid-looking face which seems so heavy, so impassive, belongs to a man of rare sensibility, quick to feel and ready to give; that melancholy visage, of almost tragic length and squareness, to one who has the finest appreciation of dry, quaint humor; that round-lipped, round-eyed, rosy-gilled face, which looks as if he only thought of the day's *menu*, perhaps adding a lively liking for good pictures and pretty women, is the face of one who might be Torquemada revived, a man of fierce passions and bitter hate, a man capable of crime if the occasion offered, and incapable of mirth, of generosity, of pity. Look more narrowly and you will see it all—chiefly in the eyes. A bulbous nose and clumsy lips catch our attention at the first glance, and you judge accordingly; but look closer, watch more keenly, and you will, in the eyes, either confirm or belie that first impression; and until you have seen this confirmation or denial, doubt. Lean, long, lantern jaws presage tragedy, at the best archeology; but the bright eyes twinkle with fun, and half the good things floating about society emanate from our knight of the rueful countenance. So with our round-lipped, rosy-gilled *bon vivant*. Look at the hard and cruel eyes, set close under the slanting brow. Form of feature and color of flesh have but little weight against the revelation made by those light-grey, steely eyes; and when we hear the unobservant world speak of that face in reference only to its boyish bonhomie, we think we have read deeper and translated with more accuracy.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S DEBTS.

A REPORT has suddenly gained currency that the long-expected crisis has occurred in the financial affairs of the Prince of Wales; and that the Ministry have made up their minds to propose to the House of Commons next session to pay his debts. The sum is £640,000 sterling, nearly three millions and a-half of our money, and four times the sum voted in 1787 to appease the creditors of that pattern of royalty who afterwards became George IV. It greatly exceeds any estimate I ever before heard of what was likely to be wanted, and is so large as to be almost incredible. I do not vouch for the story. I can only say that it comes from several sources, and that they all agree as to the disposal and as to the amount. It is difficult to suppose that the Ministry would give any hint of such an intention, if they really entertain it. Their best chance of carrying the vote would lie in surprise. They might possibly hurry it through the House as they have just done the grant of £15,000 a-year to Prince Leopold, without notice. But if they give the country six months to talk about it, they are certain to be met with a strong opposition. And whether in the House this Ministry can carry such a thing through must depend, after all, on the state of feeling outside. Now, there are certain to be two powerful and contradictory sentiments about it; one that the honor of the nation is concerned in providing for the debts of its future king; the other that these debts are of a character which ought to be paid out of the accumulated fortune of the Queen. The latter view rests on the well-known fact that the Queen has been receiving ever since the death of Prince Albert the whole of the income calculated at her accession to support the expense of the court in its usual degree of splendour; that Her Majesty has, however, lived during this period for the most part in retirement, and that the cost of drawing-rooms, levees, and other royal pageanties has, in fact, fallen upon the Prince and Princess of Wales, whose income has been unequal to such a burden. The existing debts, or a considerable part of them, have, according to this theory, been incurred in the discharge of those duties; hence it is urged that the Queen, who has had and kept the money given her by the State for such purposes, ought to pay them. To come to the State is, in fact, to

ask the State to pay twice over for the same thing. However, I need not anticipate the discussion. If this report be well founded, or even be widely circulated, the discussion will come soon enough, and will be violent on both sides. The grants now made to the Royal family annually are as follows:—The Queen's civil list, £335,000, of which, however, only £60,000 is paid into Her Majesty's privy purse; the Prince of Wales, £40,000; the Princess of Wales, £10,000; the Crown Princess of Germany, £8000; the Duke of Edinburgh, £25,000; the Duke of Connaught, £15,000; the Princesses Alice, Helena, and Louise, £6000 each; the Duchess of Teak, £5000; the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Streilitz, and her mother, the Duchess of Cambridge, £3000 each; and the Duke of Cambridge, £12,000. This gives a total of £524,000, which is, of course, exclusive of the revenue derived by the Queen from the Duchy of Lancaster, and by the Prince of Wales from the Duchy of Cornwall. And now Prince Leopold, who has attained his majority, comes in for £15,000.—Correspondent of 'New York Tribune.'

THE MEANING OF THEM.—The various names of tea have their own peculiar meanings. Congou is simply a corruption of Kungfu, which signifies labor. Souchong means "White Sprouts;" Pekoe, "White Down." The Wuhoo Hills, on which Bohea is produced, gives it its name. Oolong signifies "Black Dragon;" Hungnoey, "Red Plum;" Hyson, "Fair Spring;" and Twankay, "Beacon Brook." Young Hyson is called by the Chinese, Yutseen, or "Before the Rain."

Whilst the civil list of the King of Italy dispenses fabulous sums in the purchase of Villas, hunting grounds, and palaces, Pius IX., stripped of his temporal power, buys up dilapidated houses, which he has restored and let to the poorer classes at very low prices. His Holiness has already disposed in this manner of a number of lodgings in the quarter of the Trastevere, and we learn from the 'Journal de Florence' that quite recently he has purchased many buildings round the Vatican, which are being repaired in order to be ready by the autumn for the poor of Rione Borgo.

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