

New Zealand Tablet

Vol. II.—No. 91.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1875.

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.

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

J. EDMONDS,
WOOD & COAL MERCHANT,
St. Andrew Street,
DUNEDIN,

BEGS to inform the Public that he is 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 Travellers. 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.

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 R JOHN MOJAT,
(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

Crucifixes 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.

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
Vulcanising, India-rubber and Leather Bolt-ing
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, HDDS., & QR-CASES:—**

Ginger Wine Quinine Champagne
Ginger Brandy Bitters
Raspberry Vinegar Peppermint Cordial
Orange Tonic Clove Cordial
Juke'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-GU SON, K.G.C.M.

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

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

G E O R G E Y O U N G , Princes Street.

M. & J. M E E N A N ,

Wholesale and Retail

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MERCHANTS

CHANTS

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.

H A L L O F C O M M E R C 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.

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

Opposite A. & T. Inglis,

G E O R G E S T R E E T , D U N E D I N ,

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, 538, Oxford street, London.

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

N E W Z E A L A N D I N S U R A N C E C O M P A N Y .

(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	...	Herbe & Co.
Waikouaiti	...	W. C. Ancell
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.

G E O R G E W. E L L I O T ,

Agent for Otago.

THE

'NEW ZEALAND TABLET'

CIRCULATES

IN

EVERY PROVINCE OF THE COLONY,

And therefore possesses material

ADVANTAGES AS AN ADVERTISING MEDIUM

Over Journals which have a Local Circulation.

OFFICE :

STAFFORD STREET, DUNEDIN.

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, Rattray street, opposite the Otago Hotel. 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.

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.

NATIONAL PIE HOUSE
Maclagan 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.

Fire and Cup of Coffee Sixpence.
JOHN WALLS.

McCLELLAND AND DAVIE,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKERS,
OPPOSITE YORK HOTEL,
GEORGE STREET,
DUNEDIN.

Every description of Boots and Shoes made to order. Repairs neatly executed.

MILITARY HAIR-CUTTING SALOON

GEORGE STREET.

M. TAYLOR,

From Truett's, Bond-street, London, begs to inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of Dunedin that he is prepared to Cut and Dress Hair in the latest London and Paris fashions.

JUST RECEIVED,

Spanish Combs, Plaits, Coils, Frisettes of every description, plaited and coil Chignons.

Hair Work of every description made to order.

M. TAYLOR,
GEORGE STREET, DUNEDIN.

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

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

IT is particularly requested that any irregularity in the receipt of THE TABLET be at once notified to the Secretary. As every care is taken in its despatch from this office, and each copy is mailed to our subscribers, there should be no irregularity in its delivery; but when any such does occur, it requires but a notification of the fact to be at once remedied.

SPECIAL!

VERY SPECIAL!!

AND

PUBLICLY IMPORTANT!!!

MONSTER CHEAP SALE,

AT

THOMSON, STRANG & Co's.,

CUTTING, PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN.

FOR THIRTY DAYS,

MORE OR LESS,

UNTIL STOCK IS CLEARED.

Tremendous Sacrifice Millinery,	Tremendous Sacrifice Straw Hats,
Tremendous Sacrifice Trimmed Hats	Tremendous Sacrifice Lace Bonnets

Monster Sale Jackets.

Monster Sale Capes.

Monster Sale Shawls.

Tremendous Sacrifice Dresses	Tremendous Sacrifice Costumes
Tremendous Sacrifice Skirts	Tremendous Sacrifice Parasols

Monster Sale Stays.

Monster Sale Satin Hats.

Monster Sale French Flowers.

Tremendous Sacrifice Tassos	Tremendous Sacrifice Tussorees
Tremendous Sacrifice Lustres	Tremendous Sacrifice Homespuns

Monster Sale Ruffles.

Monster Sale Frillings.

Monster Sale Pleatings.

Tremendous Sacrifice Collars	Tremendous Sacrifice Cuffs
Tremendous Sacrifice Sets	

Monster Sale Ribbons.

Monster Sale Laces.

Monster Sale Flowers.

Tremendous Sacrifice Batistes	Tremendous Sacrifice Muslins
Tremendous Sacrifice Prints	

Monster Sale Hosiery.

Monster Sale Gloves.

Monster Sale Scarfs

Tremendous Sacrifice Bows	Tremendous Sacrifice Ties
Tremendous Sacrifice Windsors	

Monster Sale Holland

Monster Sale Calicoes.

Monster Sale Shirtings.

Tremendous Sacrifice Quilts	Tremendous Sacrifice Table Covers
Tremendous Sacrifice Curtains	

Monster Sale Flannels.

Monster Sale Shirtings.

Monster Sale Plaidings.

Tremendous Sacrifice Suits	Tremendous Sacrifice Coats
Tremendous Sacrifice Trowers	

Monster Sale Hats.

Monster Sale Caps.

Monster Sale Umbrellas.

CLEARING OUT PRICES,

The Order of the Day,

FOR ONE MONTH.

SPECIALLY IMPORTANT

For all who

STUDY ECONOMY.

TRY THE CHEAP SALE

AT

THOMSON, STRANG & Co's
DUNEDIN.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS

RECEIVED BY

REITH AND WILKIE,
DUNEDIN.

Ex "Sophia Joakim," "Janet Cowan," and Overland Mail.

Anderson, H. Fairy Tales. New Translation by Mrs H. B. Paul, 12mo.

An Eden in England, a Tale, by A.L.O.E., 12mo.

Bain, Alex. English Composition and Rhetoric, post 8vo.

Black, Wm. A Daughter of Heth, 12th ed., cr. 8vo.

Blake, Wm. Poems, fcap. 8vo.

Butler, Maj. W. T. The Wild North Land, post 8vo.

Beautiful Pictures for the Young, 4to., sd.

Chatterbox, 1874, boards.

Cooper, T. Plain Pulpit Talk, post 8vo.

" God the Soul, 18mo.

" Paradise of Martyrs.

D'Anvers, N. Elementary History of Art, illus., post 8vo.

DeQuincey, T. Confessions of an English Opium Eater, post 8vo

Eckmann-Chatrion, M. M. Story of the Plebiscite.

Forbes, G. The Transit of Venus, illus., post 8vo.

Garrett, Edw. Crooked Places, post 8vo.

Gentle Life, 2 vols., 12mo.

Graham, T. J. Domestic Medicine, 8vo.

Gunter's Modern Confectionary, new ed., post 8vo:

Hall, Maj. H. B. The Queen's Messenger, new ed., post 8vo.

Hints on Proving Wills, sewed.

Kingston, W. H. G. Tales of the Sea, illus., 12mo.

Lizzie Hepburn; or Every Cloud has its Silver Lining, illus., fcap. 8vo.

Mangin, A. Earth and its Treasures, crown 8vo.

Manning, Samuel. Those Holy Fields, royal 8vo.

Owen Tudor: an Historical Romance, by the Author of Whitefriars, 12mo.

Picture Gallery, The, containing 38 Permanent Photos.

Riddell, Mrs. Frank Sinclair's wife, post 8vo.

Seamer, Mrs. The Young Missionaries, 12mo.

Spurgeon, C. H. The Interpreter, 4to.

Stowe, Mrs Beecher: Dred, 12mo.

" My Wife; or Harry Henderson's History, post 8vo.

Swift, J. Gulliver's Travels, edit. by F. Pinder, jun., 12mo.

Tennyson, Alfd. Locksley Hall, and other Poems, 12mo.

Travellers' Tales, by the Author of the "Busy Bee," illus., 12mo.

Trollope, Anthony. Lady Anna, 12mo.

Tyndall, John. Address delivered before the British Association at Belfast, 8vo.

Tytler, Margaret Fraser. Evan Lindsay, 12mo.

Verne, Jules. A Floating City, and the Blockade Runners, post 8vo.

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-japanned, 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.

TESTIMONIAL

TO
MISS KATE CARDEN,

LATE TEACHER OF THE ARROWTOWN CATHOLIC SCHOOL.

WE, the undersigned parents and friends of children attending your school, beg to express our extreme regret at your intended departure from amongst us. During your short residence here your affable and kindly disposition has won you many sincere friends, and we desire you to accept this small gift of a gold watch and chain as a token of our esteem and regard; and we trust that it will ever remain to you a pleasing remembrance of your stay at Arrowtown.

We remain, yours very sincerely,

(Signed) { JOHN O'BRIEN,
 { MICHAEL CONDON,

And 25 others.

Arrowtown, 6th January, 1875.

ST. PATRICK'S SCHOOL, NASEBY.

WANTED, CATHOLIC TEACHER for the above School. Applications, with testimonials, &c., to be forwarded immediately to the Rev. President, E. Royer.

CANVASSER WANTED.

THOROUGHLY EXPERIENCED CANVASSER WANTED for the TABLET. Written applications, stating reference and terms, to be forwarded to the Secretary, Stafford street.

TO AGENTS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

WE have to request that, as our Agents are furnished with their Accounts Monthly, they will kindly remit amounts by return.

Those of our Subscribers who have been forwarded their Accounts are reminded that, as the TABLET Company does not seek subscriptions in advance, it is incumbent that every Subscriber should SETTLE ACCOUNTS QUARTERLY. We trust that those to whom the remark applies will take the hint.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO TABLET.

THE following SUMS have been received since our last issue as Subscriptions to the TABLET:—

Ellen McSweeney, Weatherstone's, to April 2, 1875	... £1 5 0
John Fitzgerald, Orsepulki, to July 15, 1875	... 1 0 0
John Corr, Bulls, Rangitikei, to January 16, 1876	... 1 5 0

New Zealand Tablet.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1875.

ANOTHER CALUMNY.

It is to be regretted that our weekly contemporary, the 'Southern Mercury,' has commenced a downward career. It is not surprising, however. Evil communications corrupt good morals, we are told; and the proximity of the 'Mercury' to its daily cousin, the 'Otago Guardian,' appears to have exerted a baneful influence on its weak virtue. Or it may be, perhaps, that the cunning 'Guardian' makes a catspaw of the 'Mercury,' and uses it to do certain work of which it would itself feel ashamed. At all events, the 'Southern Mercury' of last Saturday contains an article, taken from the 'Independent,' which a respectable journal ought not to insert.

This article may be justly characterised as at once silly and shocking. Its ostensible object is to tell its readers what it conceives to be the true reason of the condemnation of Freemasonry by the Catholic Church. It affects to be philosophically historical, but the depths of its philosophy are, after all, nothing more than the old vulgar phrase—that this condemnation, as everything else that thwarts the schemes of non-Catholics, has originated with the Jesuits. According to the 'Independent'—endorsed, of course, by the 'Mercury,' for which the 'Guardian' is sponsor—the Holy See does nothing except at the suggestion of the Jesuits. Poor simpletons all three are.

We are gravely told that, as soon as the Jesuits were restored by Prus VII., in 1814, their first act was to get the Pope to fulminate a Bull against secret societies in general, not forgetting to class Masons with Josephites, Rosminians, Fabricians, and all others who had taken any part during the last century in the long attack on the order, and that consequently Freemasonry has been con-

demned through the influence of the Jesuits, in revenge for the suppression of their order. This is ludicrous. The Bull of Prus VII. alluded to was not published till 1821, whereas Freemasonry had been condemned, nearly a century before, by CLEMENT XII., in 1738.

The writer in the 'Independent' says the Jesuits are a secret society themselves. This assertion is absolutely untrue, without even the shadow of a foundation. But the most atrocious part of the article in the 'Independent,' copied by the 'Mercury,' is the following sentence, which, for cruelty of insinuation, is unsurpassed in any writing with which we are acquainted:—"It is exactly a hundred and one years ago since the Bull for the suppression of the Jesuits was put out by Pope CLEMENT XIV., GANGANELLI, who died so mysteriously a year after—poisoned by the Jesuits, as every Italian believes." The man who wrote that sentence is himself an assassin of the worst kind—an assassin of honest men's characters. Every Italian does not believe that the Jesuits poisoned Pope CLEMENT XIV.; and we make bold to affirm that, with the exception of a few demoralised members of secret societies, there is not an Italian who does not disbelieve such an assertion. For this atrocious charge there is not the ghost of evidence, and we doubt if even the greatest ruffian in Italy believes it, though, for his own purposes, or at the bidding of his masters, one perhaps might be found to assert it.

The Freemasons have no reason for gratitude towards this writer in the 'Independent.' He admits that "the Illuminati &c. . . . adopted badges of masonry, and used its harmless ceremonial and solemn rites of initiation as a blind for his real aims, which were to carry on a war to the death against the Jesuits. This Professor WEISHAUPF . . . carried his new creed, which was only Deism thinly disguised, to the most extravagant length. . . . Almost all the dealers in secrets and the revolutionary party in politics, during the repressive times before the outburst of the French Revolution, sought to avail themselves of symbols, hieroglyphics, and Freemason lodges for the promotion of their objects. . . . In these secret societies the doubter might more freely express his opinions. . . . Those who wished to avail themselves of an order in these times for the promotion of their objects allured their brethren the Freemasons." . . . Here, then, we have their apologist admitting that the society of Freemasons is not only a fitting receptacle for men who are the sworn foes of religion and social order, but that it has actually been largely used by such men for their nefarious purposes. Truly may the Masons exclaim, "Save us from our friends!" Surely every man of common sense, who is not besotted by prejudice and hatred of Catholicity, must acknowledge that such a society, so capable of abuse, and so extensively abused, deserves condemnation.

IMMIGRATION.

Last week one of our contemporaries called attention to certain untrue reports as to the rate of wages in this colony, which had been circulated in England, and after having given a true statement said that in many instances it was impossible to find tradesmen here, particularly in the building trade, though bricklayers received from 15s to 17s per day of eight hours, carpenters from 12s to 16s, and so on. The statements of our contemporary are correct in every particular. Some wicked or silly people have busied themselves in spreading reports in the home countries that are untrue and injurious to this colony. Whilst the rate of wages mentioned by the 'Daily Times' is the one that actually rules here, and has ruled for more than a year, and there is a considerable demand for skilled labor at this rate, which cannot be supplied.

Under these circumstances we were a good deal surprised at learning that instructions had been sent from our Agent-General's office in London to his Dublin agent to forward no more tradesmen of any sort from Ireland; and that henceforward only ordinary laborers were to be sent as emigrants from that country to New Zealand. No such order, of course, has been given in reference to England and Scotland. The anti-Irish feeling, then, it appears, is allowed to stand in the way of the progress of this colony, and no Irish except such as may serve as hewers of wood and drawers of water are to be permitted by the Government to share in the expenditure for Immigration purposes. This is an odious and most unjustifiable distinction, and an evidence of the deep contempt in which the present Government holds the Irish people.

It is well that the public should understand the way in which the work of Immigration is carried on; and it will be useful, at all events, to remind such as are of Irish descent of the unfairness of the Government. In England and Scotland there is a great number of Immigration agents employed by our Government, and newspaper agency is extensively used. Otago has a special agent in Scotland, Canterbury a special agent in England. Ships have been sent with Immigrants from English and Scotch ports; but in Ireland there are few agents, little advertising, little encouragement, no special agent from any province; and not even one immigrant ship has been despatched from any Irish port; whilst Irish tradesmen are denied the favors bestowed upon English and Scotch artisans. These are facts, and it is to be hoped that they will not be forgotten when the members of the present Ministry present themselves for re-election next year. Their conduct is an insult to the entire Irish race, Protestant and Catholic.

THE JUDICIAL CHANGES.

THE resignation of Sir GEORGE ARNEY, and the contemplated changes as to the occupants of the Supreme Court Bench, have given rise to not a few *canards*, by which not only the public, but many members of the Fourth Estate have been led astray. This is to be regretted for more reasons than one. The general public are so apt to place such implicit credence in the utterance of the Press, that it is a duty incumbent upon all journalists to guard against giving currency to reckless and unfounded statements. The power wielded by the Press is immense; and its utterances have great weight. It is true that the acts of public men become public property, and that, consequently, journalistic comment upon their conduct becomes perfectly justifiable; on the other hand, however, it is but fair that when public men are criticized, the strictures should not be prompted by private pique or animus; that they should be influenced by a desire for the public welfare; and, above all, that the allegations put forth should be founded on fact. That this is not always the case is unfortunately too true. The 'Wanganui Herald'—a journal usually conspicuous for the very impartial views advocated in its columns—by its hastiness in accepting and acting on one of those flying reports, without being properly assured of its authenticity, has been led into doing a manifest injustice to one of the judges of the Supreme Court. It may be remembered that some short time since a statement was afloat to the effect that his Honor Mr Justice CHAPMAN had decided upon retiring upon his well-earned pension, but that he distinctly stipulated before taking such a step that the vacant seat should not be given to Judge WARD. The absurdity of such a proposition should have been the only contradiction needed; but notwithstanding that, and the fact that the entire truth of the story was denied, our contemporary seems to have swallowed the *canard* as gospel, and allowed itself to indulge in a Philippic in which both the Government and the Judge are severely lampooned. The conduct of Mr Justice CHAPMAN is characterised as a piece of effrontery never equalled by a judge of the Supreme Court, and the reasons attributed for the supposed stipulation, not the desire to see his place filled by a worthy successor, or from any high spirited public motives, but to the gratification of a petty private spite. That such language should have been indulged in upon the mere publication of a telegraphic item is to be regretted, and the manifest injustice of such strictures upon such insufficient data is made apparent in this particular case where blame is unjustly thrown upon a high official, which is calculated to detract from the respect to which he is entitled. Indeed, Mr Justice CHAPMAN would appear to have been the victim of some very unfair and uncalled for animadversions, and we also hold that sufficient reparation has not been made to him for the indignity to which he was subjected by the groundless charges made against him by Judge WARD. Our contemporary in the same article is further duped by the announcement of the appointment of Mr GEORGE HIGINBOTHAM, of Victoria, to one of the vacant judgeships, and in the plentitude of its gullability, and the excess of its virtuous indignation, soundly berates the "powers that be." We trust that by this time it has discovered that its eloquence and denunciation were expended in vain, and that it may learn for the future not to waste its powder in peppering away without an enemy being in range.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

GRAND Pontifical High Mass was celebrated at St. Joseph's Church on last Sunday, at which the Most Rev. Dr. Moran bestowed the Papal Benediction. His Lordship was the Celebrant; the Vicar-General, Assistant Priest; Father Carolan, Deacon; Father Kehoe, Sub-Deacon; the Rev. Thomas Higgins acting as Master of Ceremonies. The latter gentleman also delivered an able and impressive sermon on the occasion. In the evening his Lordship preached from the Gospel of the day—the Marriage Feast at Cana—in the course of which, while denouncing the abuse of spirituous liquors, he took exception to the course pursued by some in their fanatical zeal for total abstinence, and remarked that while no one had a greater horror of the vice of drunkenness than he had, yet the teaching and example of our Blessed Lord were opposed to the rigid exclusion of all vinous liquors.

ONE of the priests of Dunedin visits the Taieri the fourth Sunday of every month, and says Mass, &c., in the chapel of the Immaculate Conception there. We have been requested to make this announcement, and also to say that on next Sunday a clergyman will celebrate Mass, &c., in the Taieri.

We regret that pressure upon our space will not allow us to more than mention the very successful celebration of the anniversary of the opening of the Charleston Branch of the Hibernian Society, which took place on New Year's Day. The local journal devotes two columns to a report of the proceedings, the celebration taking the shape of a supper, at which several able speeches were delivered in praise of Faith and Fatherland.

THE parents and friends of the children attending the Catholic school at Arrowtown assembled in the schoolroom on Saturday, the 9th instant, for the purpose of presenting the late teacher, Miss Kate Carden, with a substantial token of esteem and regard prior to her departure from the district. Miss Carden, although but a short time resident at Arrowtown, has won the good will and esteem of all sections, and, on her removal to Invercargill, Miss Norah Crowley was deputed, on behalf of the pupils, to present her with a handsome gold watch and chain, and an address, which will be found in our advertising columns.

WE have to acknowledge the receipt of 'The Illustrated New Zealand Herald' for January, the illustrations of which are fully equal to preceding issues, both in point of number and execution. New Zealand is represented by a view of the capital of Hawkes Bay, Napier, and a portrait of the notorious Sullivan. The illustrations are twelve in number, including two admirably executed page-cuts. We observe, also, that the 'Herald' has been permanently reduced to 6d, a proceeding which, no doubt, will materially add to the patronage it so richly deserves.

MR ROBT. A. LOUGHAN, who for many months discharged the duties of Secretary to the NEW ZEALAND TABLET Company, we regret to say has severed his connection with this journal. Mr. Loughnan has been identified with the TABLET since its starting, and not a little of the success which has attended its career has been owing to his earnest labors on its behalf. Mr. Loughnan assumes a responsible position on the staff of the 'Lyttelton Times,' and we are quite sure that his friends—and they are legion—will join with us in wishing him every success in his new sphere of labor.

A MELANCHOLY accident, resulting in fatal consequences, took place on Sunday last. An express, which was conveying Miss Jennie Anderson, the magicienne, and the properties belonging to the troupe, upset in crossing the Waitaki, and although Miss Anderson was twice on the point of rescue, on each occasion her clothing, when grasped, gave way, and she was unfortunately drowned. It is somewhat singular that, although not twenty years of age, Miss Anderson had a narrow escape some years ago from drowning, while bathing at Auckland. After being rescued with some difficulty, she was examined by a medical man, who pronounced life to be extinct; but, by the untiring exertions of some ladies, she afterwards recovered, although she remained unconscious for three or four days.

ON Monday, the 4th instant, the children attending the Catholic School in Cromwell, under the tutelage of Miss Brownlee, were treated to a picnic. The place chosen for the affair was the Five-mile Creek, between Cromwell and Mr Loughnan's station. Thither the children were conveyed in vehicles during the forenoon, and a considerable number of adults accompanied them, as also did the Revs. Father Mackay and Father Moore, under whose direction and superintendence the picnic was originated and carried out. Several hours (says the 'Argus') were spent very pleasantly in games and all manner of fun and diversion, the youngsters enjoying themselves most thoroughly. Everything passed off gleefully and agreeably, and nothing whatever—if a dusty ride home be excepted—occurred to mar the day's sport. The adults, also, found no slight enjoyment in the day's outing, and in looking on at the youngsters' games and fun.

SIR FRANCIS DILLON BELL, Speaker of the House of Representatives, has declined to allow the Chamber of that body to be used for the purpose of a ball to the Marquis of Normandy, given by the citizens of Wellington.

WE have received from the agent, Mr T. Wheeler, of Stafford street, "Cobb's Box," being a collection of admirably-written colonial tales, by Mr R. P. Whitworth. The author's name is so widely known throughout New Zealand and the neighboring colonies as a writer of colonial fiction, that any work from his pen will ensure a welcome reception. "Cobb's Box" contains a number of capitally-told yarns of New Zealand and Australian life and incidents, and, owing to the variety of scenes introduced to the reader, they are sure to possess, as it were, a local interest, no matter in what district they may be perused.

SOME time ago Bishop Moran purchased an oil painting, representing scenery in the Valley of the Leith, near Dunedin, from Mr Power, by whom it was executed, and sent it to London, for transmission to a friend at the Cape of Good Hope. By last mail his Lordship received the following testimony as to its excellence from one well able to judge of its merits:—"Let me begin by thanking you over and over again for the gem you have sent us. All who have seen it, who understand anything about painting, agree it is beautifully executed, and the prettiest scene they have ever seen executed on canvas. Dr. A. was in extacies, so nicely is it finished, and so good is the aerial perspective."

The Auckland correspondent of our evening contemporary sends the following:—"The 'Star,' alluding to the address occupying five columns in the 'Herald,' and purporting to be a speech to his constituents delivered by Mr Munro, M.H.R., who is known in the House as the 'silent member,' says:—"Mr Munro never utter a word of the speech published in his name. We will guarantee that it is an imposition on the public, and that he never delivered the address, except to the 'Herald' office. He did try one once at Wangarei; that is, he got up, and instead of speaking, or trying to, sounded one long continuous growl that sent his audience into fits of laughter. He sat down without being able to say one word, yet the next week his address filled a page in the 'Herald.' The speech was then much commented on by Southern Press, and this exposure of the way it was attempted to be delivered in small country districts, ninety miles from Auckland, is regarded as a rich joke."

In reference to the frightful calamity that has overtaken the emigrant ship *Cospatrik*, as related in our English telegrams, we are informed (says the *Napier 'Telegraph'*) by Dr. J. T. Dale, who lately arrived here as medical officer in charge of the *Bebington*, that he, before leaving England, had been appointed to the ill-fated vessel, which was then laid on for *Napier*. Some objections, however, were made to the *Cospatrik* by the Emigration Officers, and that ship had to be docked and repaired, while the intending passengers by her, 450 in number, were transferred to the *Helen Denny* and *Bebington*. In this case we have another instance of the curious vicissitudes of life: Dr. Dale, and the immigrants who lately landed in sound health, humanly speaking, have wonderfully escaped from the most fearful horrors—a ship on fire at sea. The loss of the *Cospatrik* is the first misfortune that has occurred to a New Zealand immigrant ship, and we sincerely trust it will be the last.

ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY.

MISS ALICE MAY having recovered from her late indisposition, the operatic season recommenced on Monday evening with *Flotow's 'Martha.'* The house was crowded in every part, and the reception accorded to the fair cantatrice on her reappearance must have been most flattering to her as a proof of the estimation of the public. The character of *Martha* was, of course, assumed by Miss May, and as on succeeding nights, she was rapturously applauded for her exquisite rendering of "The Last Rose of Summer." As *Lyonel*, the son of the exiled Earl of Derby, Mr Hallam appeared to greater advantage than in any character we have yet seen him in, and had to answer an encore for "When I beheld, Sweet *Martha.*" The quartette "Good Night," at the conclusion of the second act, was given with admirable effect: as was also the concerted piece, "Heaven May Grant to You Great Pardon." The characters of *Julia* and *Plunkett* were sustained by Miss Howe and Mr Templeton, and the comic element lost nothing of its force in being left in their care. Indeed, it would appear that the abilities of Miss Howe have not had sufficient scope up to the present, but the manner in which she acquitted herself of the character allotted to her in "Martha" should be a sufficient proof of their possession. The same remarks will also apply to Mr Templeton, who shared with the rest of the company the applause with which this charming opera was received. Mr Vernon was so excessively amusing as *Sir Tristan*, that it was a matter of regret the audience did not see more of him. The representation of *Richmond Fair* deserves a mention, and we are sure the recollections of many amongst the audience were brought back to pleasant memories of bygone days at the appearance of the orthodox "Punch and Judy." The eccentricities of the *Fat Boy*, and the absurdities of the *Lean one*, met with evident relish; while the tumblers, clown, and the other concomitants of racecourse and fair were put upon the stage in a manner highly creditable to the management, and met with an appreciation exhibited in a marked manner. On Wednesday evening, "Martha" gave way to Balfe's "Bohemian Girl," with Miss May, of course, in the character of *Arline*; Mr Hallam, as *Thaddeus*; Mr Templeton, as the *Count*; Miss Howe, as the *Gipsy Queen*; Mr Vernon, as *Florenstein*; and Mr Levison, as *Devilshoof*. In the touching and plaintive music of "Marble Halls," Miss May fairly brought down the house; and during the evening she introduced the sweet ballad of "You and I," for which she received a well-merited encore. Mr Hallam acquitted himself of the part of *Thaddeus* to the satisfaction of the audience; but although he was recalled for his rendering of "The Fair Land of Poland," we are under the impression it was given rather boisterously. Of course we are aware that it is necessary to infuse considerable spirit into it; but there can be even too much of that. With regard to the other characters represented—with the exception of Mr Vernon, who is always up to the mark—the least said the better.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY AT DUBLIN:—The inauguration of the session of 1874-75 of the above university took place lately. Cardinal Cullen presided, and there were present thirteen bishops. In opening the proceedings the rector said that last year they had 30 students in art, and 70 in medicine, and also 132 other students who had matriculated in various colleges affiliated to the university. The rector during his address commented at some length on the address of Professor Tyndall to the British Association.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

New gold discoveries have been made in the Cape of Good Hope. Brete Harte's eldest son, aged ten, has scribbled several amusing little stories.

The 'London Bookseller' says:—"It is really dreadful to think how much Popery there is in the world. John Wesley used to say that every man had a Pope in his own heart: but to think that Mrs Brown should turn out to be a Papist is really shocking." The Mrs Brown here referred to is a popular author, whose books are published by Routledge and Co.

The publication shortly is announced of a complete collection of the unabridged speeches and public letters of Daniel O'Connell, by "the Nun of Kenmare" (Miss Cusack), being a sequel to her life of the Liberator.

It is said there are only three persons in all Germany who are not afraid of Bismarck, and they are the Empress, the Crown Prince, and Mrs Von B.

Two hundred thousand francs have been subscribed by the Arab Chiefs of Algeria, for a jewelled decoration to be placed over Louis Napoleon's tomb.

It is stated, on the faith of certain statistics, that thirty years ago Alexandre Dumas was paid one franc for every sixty alphabetical letters; Frederic Soulié had one shilling a line; while Balzac obtained three centimes for every alphabetical letter. We may add that poor Thackeray used to say that he was ashamed at receiving so much as "sixpence a line."

The late Barry Cornwall declared not long before his death that it was while going to business on an omnibus that he wrote all his poems.

The venerable Archbishop of Tuam, "the Lion of the Fold of Judah," is to be honored by the erection of a colossal statue, in honor of his reign of fifty years over the See of Tuam.

Professor Tyndall has invented a fog whistle which can be heard at sea for a distance of fifteen miles.

Essex Bridge, in the City of Dublin, is in future to be called after Ireland's gifted patriot—Grattan.

Father Potter, who had been exiled from Switzerland, has been made Minister of Public Worship in Ecuador.

The order convoking an International Catholic Congress at London is said to have been issued by the Pope himself.

Paul Boynton, the American diver, will undertake a two-hundred-and-fifty-mile swim on his return from Europe.

It has been asserted that the great so-called Italian tragedian, Salvini, is an Irishman, formerly called Sullivan.

A New York astrologer predicts that President Grant will be impeached or die before completing his term of office.

In Germany the fourth-class carriages have no seats, and the passengers are huddled together like sheep for hundreds of miles.

To encourage immigration San Luis Potosi, Mexico, has offered a plot of cultivatable land and room and material for the creation of a house free to each colonist.

The municipal authorities of Seville, Spain, have offered £2,000 reward for the recovery of Murillo's painting of St. Anthony, which was stolen from the Cathedral in that city.

The citizens of Mill River Valley, Mass., have presented gold medals, appropriately inscribed to George Cheney, and Collins Graves, the heroes of the Williamsburg reservoir disaster.

Sir Philip Egerton is now "Father" of the British House of Commons. He has had a seat in the Senate for forty-five years, having been elected in 1830.

The Duke of Abercorn, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, has been appointed High "Cockalorum"—or something of that sort—of the Irish Freemasons.

Fousterville, Connecticut, turns out 1000 clocks daily.

The emigration from Italy is stated to be 80,000 persons annually.

It is stated that two thousand persons are arriving in Texas daily.

It takes 50,000 London cabs to convey the population of that city from place to place.

New Zealand flax, the strongest of all fibres, is now cultivated in the South of Europe.

The Russian fleet is composed of 29 ironclads, and 196 wooden vessels, carrying altogether 921 guns. It comprises 1305 officers, and 25,000 sailors.

It is said that amongst the persons of eighteen years of age and under, the population of illiterate persons is smaller in San Francisco than in any other large city in the Union.

It is said that the British Government paid £20,000 for the secret of making a certain torpedo, and now the German Government is in possession of the identical secret.

His Holiness has not been outside the grounds of the Vatican for four years.

The celebrated American poet, William Cullen Bryant editor of the New York 'Evening Post' celebrated his 80th anniversary recently.

The 'Final Reliques of Father Prout' have been collected and edited by Mr Blanchard Jerrold.

Herr Harlesz, who was the actual head of the Protestant Church in Bavaria, has become a Catholic.

The Hon Mrs Yekverton is about to publish a work entitled "Teresing in America."

A son of Mrs Hemans, the gifted Irish poetess, is preparing a book on "Historical and Monumental Rome."

While General Sherman was visiting the New York Corn Exchange recently, he was hailed as "the next President of the United States."

Owing to the disestablishment of the Irish Church a large number of the Protestant clergy are leaving Ireland, the 'London Times' says, "Like a ship's crew on the afternoon of a pay-day."

The Government of the Corea is said to have politely intimated its willingness to send to Japan the heads of all persons implicated in the insult of the Japanese Government.

Russia leather, used for binding valuable books, has a peculiar odor which preserves it from insects. How this odor is imparted to it is a secret, suspected to be from tannage with willow bark, or by the use of pitch oil, although not known beyond those employed in producing this variety of leather.

The Catholics of Kimberley, in the diamond fields of South America have forwarded to the Pope a present of sixteen picked diamonds, together with an address of their love, veneration and esteem.

PROGRESS OF MADNESS AMONG THE BRITISH PEERAGE.

As I anticipated, the accession of Lord Ripon to the Church has been followed by other conversions among the English aristocracy. No doubt many more are soon to follow. The London 'Times' and its satellites seem distressed beyond measure at these conversions, and only attribute them to madness in the coronets. This is a good sign. The great Jewish convert and apostolic missionary to the Gentiles, St. Paul himself, was taxed with madness by the enemies of the cross in his time. Nay, a greater than St. Paul was charged with the same thing when he taught Catholic doctrine. Need we wonder if, for like reasons, such distinguished converts to the Catholic Church as the English noblemen who have just joined it should be denounced as men who are beside themselves by the Government enemies of Holy Church? Mr Gladstone has recently made himself conspicuous among the enemies of the Church in England. This, also, is a good sign. He is a man wise in his generation, and never would have come forward as he has done against the Church unless he had been conscious that she is advancing with formidable power. He has long been a religious trimmer—so much so, that many strongly suspected that he was a "Papist," if not actually a Jesuit, in disguise. He has now openly declared himself against the Church in unmistakable language. He tells us "she is powerful for mischief." He knows she is. Her "converts," he says "must renounce their moral and intellectual freedom, and place their civil loyalty at the mercy of the Pope." When Lord Ripon, and others in his situation, read these words of Mr Gladstone's, one could fancy a smile of compassion for the distinguished ex-Premier playing on their countenances. There is no place for indignation in such a case. Mr Gladstone is a sincere and good man. The very same language which he now uses against the Church has been often employed against her in former times by some of those who afterwards became most devout Catholics. The grace of God can touch Mr Gladstone's heart, as it touched the heart of St. Paul of Tarsus of old, Drs. Manning and Newman, and other distinguished converts in our time. It is some consolation to the bulk of mankind, who possess but a moderate share of talents, to see that men like Gladstone, Disraeli, and the editors of the London 'Times,' can talk so illogically on the subject of the Catholic religion—and such arrant nonsense, in fact. If their representation of our principles were correct, they should agitate for a repeal of the Penal Laws and Catholic Emancipation at once. If they judge us rightly, we are unworthy to hold or exercise the rights of a free citizen. Have the decisions of the Vatican Council so altered the position of Catholics to non-Catholic Governments, to science and literature, as to necessitate their expulsion from the British and every free constitution, and from the republic of letters and science? Let this question be fairly tried in the Parliament of the Press, the most powerful of all Parliaments in our time after the Parliament of the Vatican. Messrs Gladstone, Disraeli, and the more eminent of their adherents in the Press and anti-Catholic party in England, are men who, in point of talent, learning, and social influence, are worthy antagonists of the Catholic Church. It is well that their enmity, and the grounds of it, are openly declared. When the English aristocracy left the Church at the time of the so-called "Reformation," they did so obviously under the impulse of avarice and worldly ambition; they are now returning to it under the guidance of very different feelings. As to the bulk of the English, they could not be said to leave the Church; they were forced out of it against their wills by the operation of laws the most unjust and cruel. Once detached from the Church by such infamous means, they have remained separated from it till now. But they, too, like their superiors, are now, thank God, returning to it in a continuous and steadily-increasing stream—not through the violence or heat of passion, but calmly conducted by their own intelligence and the grace of God.

We have many converts to the Church in this Colony, but most of them belong to the humbler ranks of society, and their conversion is unnoticed by the Press. As yet we have no converts among our colonial aristocracy, but they are coming. There are even now faint signs of their advent, and our New Zealand Whalleys, Gladstones, and Disraelis are on the alert to sound the note of alarm and cite to resistance. Witness the proceedings of the last Diocesan Synod in Auckland. From what passed there, we learn that in Auckland there is one Anglican church where something very like the exposition and adoration of the Host is practised, and this is the best frequented church in town. This is so far satisfactory; it is the first streak of light which precedes the dawn. The light of Catholic truth "breaks the reluctant darkness" of Protestant error and heresy and prejudice. The salutary operations of nature are usually silent and slow. The same with the operations of Divine grace, as a rule, though of course there are exceptions. "I am come, not to send peace, but a sword on earth," said the Divine preacher of Catholic truth. Truth and justice will ever meet with opposition—often violent opposition.

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FETE OF THE WANGANUI CATHOLIC SCHOOL.

The children attending this school will no doubt look back to yesterday (Thursday) as one of their red letter days, and as such it will probably be regarded by those under whose management the school has made such remarkable progress as it did during the last six months. A pic-nic up the river had been arranged, and to convey those who wished to attend it Mr Gordon had kindly placed a number of his conveyances at the disposal of the managers. The weather, however, looked exceedingly doubtful in the forenoon, and it was thought advisable to adjourn the pic-nic till another opportunity should offer. The children made the best use of their playground in front of the school, the paddock adjoining, and the field at the back. At 4 p.m. they were supplied with tea, and having enjoyed this, play was resumed. A general tea meeting was held at 6.30 o'clock, which was well attended, everything having been provided in excellent style, the fair volunteers who attended to the wants of the visitors leaving nothing to be desired. A volunteer band added considerably to the enjoyment of the adults at tea, and the juveniles outside. We must not forget to mention that the school-room was very tastefully decorated with shrubs and flowers.

Eight o'clock had been fixed upon as the hour at which the prizes were to be presented, and as the time drew near, the school-room began to be crowded. A little after eight Mr Watt, as member of the Education Board for the town, took the chair, and addressed the meeting, referring to the aspect of educational matters in general in this Province. He congratulated them on the progress their school had made, alluding to the great assistance the cause of education had received from Father Tresallet and his predecessors in Wanganui. He expressed a hope that at some future day the Board would be able to undertake to provide the gifts for prizes in place of their being supplied as at present.

The Rev. Father Tresallet then said he was very pleased to see so many present, and referred in a few short and appropriate remarks to the progress the school had made since it had been placed under the charge of the present master, Mr D. Barry, assisted by Mrs Cordoza. He quoted the highly gratifying paragraph from the last report of the Inspector of Schools, which was to the effect that during the last six months this school had been raised from its former state to the highly creditable one in which it was now found. He hoped the school would continue to progress, and he felt sure that it would.

After a few remarks from Mr Allen in reference to the advantages of denominational schools and the necessity for teaching religion in order to check the growing spirit of infidelity, the presentation of prizes was proceeded with. Each child, as it carried away the prize presented to it, appeared highly pleased, and we may be excused for making special mention of the 1st prize for Good Conduct, which was carried off by William Meehan, one of the oldest boys in the school.

The following pupils carried off the prizes in their respective classes:—

1st Class, 1st Division.—Sarah Mahoney, Patrick Grogan, Sarah Kelly, Mary Russell, and Gregory Mullins.

2nd Class, 1st Division.—Ellen Cullum, Henry Rees, Mary Malone, Amelia Neil, John Bourk, Timothy Coakley, James Healey, Mary A. Cronin, Johanna Collopy, Thomas Neary, Joseph Neary, and Johanna Dalton.

3rd Class, 1st Division.—Lilias Eddie, Mary Conory, C. Smidt.

1st Class, 2nd Division.—William McIlwain, Ada Connell, Joseph Hickey.

2nd Class.—James Beck, Prudence Russell.

3rd Class.—Susan McAuley, James Eddie.

Attendance.—Joseph Hickey, John Grogan, Mary A. Leydon, Agnes Leydon.

Good Conduct.—William Meehan, Mary A. Cronin.

Needlework.—Sarah Mahoney, Agnes Leydon, E. Simmonds.

Before the prizes were presented, the children sang "The Winds Gently Sigh," and, in conclusion, "Gentle Moon." Mr W. D. Francis then took his seat at the piano, and a short musical programme, commencing with the "Last Rose of Summer," was gone through, and as the performers were all favorites with the audience, we need hardly say that all the songs were thoroughly appreciated.

The following ladies and gentlemen kindly assisted in the concert, Mrs Cordoza, the Misses Coakley, Mrs Turner, Mr Mahoney, Mr McCulloch and Mr Allen.

But what was doubtless of far greater interest to the children was the Magic Lantern. After the room had been darkened, a number of instructive and amusing scenes appeared on the canvas, and the children were wrapt in close attention during the whole of it.

After the Magic Lantern had been exhibited, Father Tresallet moved a vote of thanks to all those ladies and gentlemen whose kind exertions had contributed to the success of the entertainment, which was responded to by three hearty cheers, followed by others for Father Tresallet, and for the teachers—Mr D. Barry and Mrs Cordoza.

When, in conclusion, a lot fireworks, which had been provided for their amusement, was let off, the children gave vent to their feelings of delight, and went home, highly pleased, at a late hour of the evening.

We are very glad to see that the day on which the prizes were presented was made one of festivity. The children will naturally look forward to the next presentation, and be induced to vie the more with each other to carry off the prizes to be presented on that occasion. In the face of the favorable report of the Inspector of Schools, it is hardly necessary to express a hope that the school will continue to flourish, for no school in the Province appears to have made more progress, or bears greater indications of a bright future.—'Wanganui Herald,' January 8, 1875.

DR. CROKE ON CATHOLICITY.

At the consecration of the Right Rev. Dr. McCarthy to the long-vacant See of Cloyne, the following eloquent and impressive sermon was delivered by the Lord Bishop of Auckland. We regret that, in consequence of its length, we are unable to give it *in extenso*, the first portion being theologically didactic. We are certain, however, that the following concluding portion will be read with interest in this colony, where the able prelate is so well known and his abilities acknowledged and admired by the whole community:—

"The atmosphere around us seems charged with all the possible elements of social ruin and dissolution. Ours is pre-eminently an age of 'thought' and of 'advanced thinkers.' Under pretence of being themselves the only free and enlightened people, your modern philosophers, as they love to be called, would imperiously subject us to their magisterial decisions, and palm on the world for the true causes of things the unintelligible dreams of their own heated fancy. They overturn, destroy, and trample under foot all that mankind reveres; snatch from the afflicted the only comfort left them in their misery; from the rich and great the only curb that can restrain their passions; tear up from the heart all remorse of vice as well as all the hopes of virtue, and still boast that they are the benefactors of the human race. Rivaling the folly and fanaticism of certain fabled monsters of old, they literally make war with God Himself, seek to discredit heaven in order to prove its unreality, and preach the impunity of crime and wickedness, that evil-doers may work iniquity and be at rest. What do I say? Why they actually glory in the degradation of their species, and labour to demonstrate the baseness of their own origin. Man, the acknowledged masterpiece of creation, and the reflected image, in many respects, of his Almighty Maker, was, but the other day, and, perhaps, for the first time on Irish soil, publicly proclaimed to be a soulless, hopeless, irresponsible thing, not unlike the lifeless clod he tramples on; and, in either hemisphere, away under the shadows of the Southern Cross, as well as in these more peopled, if not more favorable latitudes, good and holy men are daily put to shame, and the creed of the early martyrs and apologists, if not actually proscribed, is unpopular. The great Powers of the world appear to be arrayed against it. Some of our best bishops are in chains, or in exile from their Sees. Wicked laws are passed in Imperial places, and put into execution; wicked men mostly hold sway; the light of Faith is sought to be extinguished beside the cradle of the rising generation, and the Chief Pastor of Christendom—once the most popular of men and princes—but now despoiled of his patrimony and his palaces—is a prisoner in the hands of Italian brigands and unbelievers. Such, brethren, appears to be a pretty correct view of the actual condition of the Church. Be it so, what then? This, then—that we fear not for the result. We gladly accept the gage of battle given to us by the world, and declare ourselves ready for the fray. I, for one, am not disposed to whine over persecutions. Naturally hopeful in all things, when there is question of the Church, I am not simply hopeful, but absolutely secure. To the timid and thoughtless, I say in the language of the Scriptures—'Why are ye fearful, oh ye of little faith' (Matt. viii. 26). "And the rain fell, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and they beat against that house, and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock" (Matt. vii. 25). Besides, this is what we have a right to expect, and nothing else. Our Divine Lord, a short time before his passion, prepared his followers for this very state of things; so much so that I could not bring myself to believe in the Catholic Church if I did not see that she was persecuted. 'If you had been of the world,' He said, 'the world would love its own. But because you are not of the world, therefore, the world hateth you' (John xv. 19). 'They will put you out of the synagogue; yea, the hour cometh that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth a service to God' (John xvi. 1, 2). Add to this, that it is not so clear but a fair share of persecution does good to the Church. After the grace of God, I believe that persecution helped to preserve the Faith in Ireland, and I notice in the history of other national churches, that, when most at their ease, they were also the most sluggish, and that purity of belief and reasonable progress in other respects are still the characteristics of those portions of the vineyard where sharp conflicts with the secular power and watchful competition, even in religious matters, are well known to be almost incessantly prevailing. But, brethren, for the rest, what can befall the Church in the future that has not come upon and tested her in the past, and yet the trials and sufferings of the past have done her no enduring damage. 'The Christians to the Lions' is a well known phrase of antiquity; and when they fled for shelter to the catacombs, the infuriated populace cried out, 'Let the catacombs be destroyed.' The *spirit* of the early Christians could not be reached though their *bodies* were tortured, and so it is with Christian Catholics to-day. After persecution had tried the Church there came heresies innumerable, so that there is absolutely no room for a new heresy now. These heresies have mostly passed away, and yet the Church survives. From the fifth to the seventh century the barbarians of the North, and elsewhere, the Goths, and Huns, and Vandals and others, dashed in upon Europe, and thundered at the doors and palaces of Rome; all traces of the high civilisation of the past had well nigh vanished in their track; the Empire of the West ceased to be, and yet the Church, far from sharing its fate, as it should have done, had it been a mere human institution, was actually elevated by its downfall, and attained to increased splendour and stability on its ruins. Mahomet came next. His fiery followers overran the further India, coasted round Syria and Palestine, occupied Egypt, and passed thence into Spain; but, having dared to set foot upon the Christian soil of France, they were met by Charles Martel, near the city of Tours, in the year 732, and, being ignominiously defeated, were driven back, a broken host, across the Pyrenees. The Church again was saved. Photius

brought trouble on the Church in the ninth century, and his successor, Michael Cerularius, still greater trouble in the 11th century. Darkness was spread over the land like a pall. The Turks threatened Europe once more—Constantinople fell into their hands; but, by God's blessing, they were finally vanquished both by sea and land, on the waters of Lepanto, and under the walls of Vienna. You know, brethren, what else befell the Church, in the 16th and succeeding centuries. Whole nations fell away from the Faith. French philosophy polluted the atmosphere of Europe. Pius the Sixth died in exile. The last Pope, it was fondly predicted, had reigned in Rome. But, praised be God, in due time, early in the year 1800, Pius the Seventh was elected in the city of Venice, and, after many painful vicissitudes, lived to see the triumph of the Church, and the downfall of his persecutor. Finally, brethren, I am not disposed to grumble, because, as the great historian, Lord Macaulay, very justly remarks, 'the acquisition of the Church in the New World more than compensates for her losses in the Old.' Away beyond the billows of the wild Atlantic a mighty Republic has risen and been built up. Its councils are controlled, and its liberties guarded, by a young and enterprising people—many of them the children of our own race and kindred, and who are destined, I reckon, at no distant day, to exert a preponderating influence on the direction of human affairs. All religious denominations in that great confederation stand on the same platform of independence and equality. The Catholic Church, consequently, being free and unfettered in the United States, is powerful, progressive, and respected. Its history, had I only time to relate it, would be most interesting and instructive. Suffice it to say, that the first Mass ever said in New York was celebrated in the year 1782, on a loft over a carpenter's shop near Barclay-street, then a suburb of the city. In the year 1786 the first church was built, and the whole State of New York contained only 200 Catholics. In the year 1808, the first See (the See of Baltimore) was established by Pius the Seventh. In a word, less than seventy years ago there were not more than 100,000 Catholics, if so many, in the length and breadth of the United States. To-day there are 10,000,000. Then there was but one bishop; to-day there are 64 bishops and five mitred abbots—and, as for schools, churches, cathedrals, colleges, convents, hospitals, houses of refuge, free libraries, and every manner of Catholic institute, they are to be seen there in abundance, and got up in a style of unequalled grandeur and solidity. This is owing, in a great measure, to the proverbial generosity of the Irish element, and in no small degree also to the character and constitution of the American Hierarchy. The bishops of the United States, as a rule, are young, enlightened, and energetic; conspicuous for knowledge of the world and its ways, no less than for zeal and piety; proud of the free institutions of the free land in which they live; jealous of its fame, confident of its resources, hopeful of its future glory; devoted to its people, with whom they freely mingle; thoughtful, travelled, hospitable, and kind; wholly free from consequential airs and self-importance; nor willing at any time to take part in the struggles of political factions, except when fairly certain of success, and when the obvious interests of the holy Church call for their interference. These are the men, and such as they, who have made the American Church what it is—now the hope and the consolation, as it will be, at no distant day, the strength and glory of the Holy See. The Church is flourishing in Canada also. In Australia, and the Islands of the South Seas, with which I am more or less conversant, the progress of Catholicity is only less remarkable than in the United States. I cannot pause, however, to describe it to you. In Australia alone there are three archbishops and ten bishops; whereas there was not even one at the beginning of this century. From motives of delicacy I am unwilling to speak of the Australian Hierarchy. All of them are my personal friends, and many of them were my class fellows in college. I cannot, however, deprive myself of the pleasure of saying that the Australian bishops, chiefly Irish as they are, in heart and soul and spirit are second to no body of ecclesiastics that I know of. For the last ten years, while all were eminently successful, some of them have literally worked wonders; and, as peoples grow, and populations gravitate towards the Antipodes, I predict for the Church of Oceania a name and a place of high rank and respectability amongst the most flourishing churches of Christendom. And even much nearer home what do we see? At the other side of the waters which separate us from the soil of Britain, the 'second spring' of Catholicity has set in. Fifty years ago who would have dared to think that the Catholic Church in England would be what we know her to be now? There cannot be fewer, it is thought, than three millions of Catholics in England to-day. The prejudices of three centuries, like the centuries themselves, are either dead or dying out. The history of the old Church is reverently read and pondered on by thoughtful men; her claims to respectful gratitude are being gradually recognised; converts of the longest lineage and proudest name are daily coming to her fold; the pilgrim's prayer and the friar's office are once more recited within her consecrated shrines, and the fallen temple of her Hierarchy is again gloriously built up. But, brethren, why travel beyond the seas, or search the wide world for examples to show what progress the Catholic Church has made, or is making, within the memory of living men? Passing over, as I am reluctantly forced to do, what of advance has taken place in Ireland generally for the last quarter of a century, in all that reflects credit on a national Church—her educational establishments improved in tone and multiplied in number, and the miserable 'Mass houses' of the past replaced by structures of exquisite design and most imposing dimensions—I fix my thoughts for a moment on the diocese of Cloyne, and ask you to judge the rest of Ireland by what you know has been accomplished here.

Europe consumes about two-thirds of the petroleum produced in the United States.

YOUNG AUSTRALIA.

WHATEVER may be the shortcomings of the Australian men, it is impossible to say that the Australian wives fail in their duty to the colony, and to their husbands, and to themselves in not keeping up the average of the population. No one who watched the pleasure parties during the last week, and who observed the immense preponderance of babies, can help admitting the truth of this proposition. In the street, at the house of a friend, on the steamer, in the omnibus, is to be found the inevitable baby. The little, helpless, slobbering creatures in long or even in short clothes are legion; but the question is, What becomes of them all? There are plenty of infants, and plenty of little men and little women, but what has become of the children? They are getting fewer and fewer. The child of our childhood, who thought of little but toys and dolls, and whose ideal of earthly bliss was centered in a pot of jam, has given way to the little women who aspire to dress-improvers, or to little men who can eye a horse as critically as the oldest of us. How rare it is to find a little native-born girl or boy who is meek and simple and natural and full of fun. In Australia such a child is as much an anachronism as the man who takes snuff or the lady who wears mittens. The substitute which replaces the childhood of nature is amazingly precocious. Considering what our universities and our public examinations, and our schoolmasters and mistresses, and governesses and French and music masters, and our dancing masters do for them, we cannot be astonished at their precocity. At an age when the mothers were fondling a doll or practising the scales, the daughters are reading Cicero or are deep in the mysteries of quadratic equations. At an age when the fathers were fourth form, and were soundly flogged if they committed themselves to a false quantity, the sons are driving cattle to Melbourne or taking their brandy and bitters at a flash bar. But the talk is worst of all. Little women, who are two years too soon in long frocks, know as much about their destiny, and have as sharp an eye to the main chance, as their mothers had when they were married. As for the little men, there is no telling what they do not know. The favorite barmaid, the price of cattle, the odds on a horse, the last scandal, are their A.B.C. When their fathers were bartering marbles, they are keenly alive to the value of money, and to the enjoyment which money brings. If only our rising generation could keep up the running they made at the start, there is no telling what they might not achieve.

This change in the habits and yearnings of our little people is owing in some measure to the force of circumstances, and in a great measure to the folly and short-sightedness and selfishness of the parents. A much greater amount of excitement pervades our mode of living here than in the old country. In a young and prosperous colony this is inevitable. Our sources of wealth compared with our population are boundless, we have more money, money is more easily obtained than it is in an old-established society. In proportion to our area, our population is thin and sparse, and the relative value of each unit of the population is proportionately enhanced. These conditions of society certainly tend to make our little ones precocious, but not so precocious as they seem to be. The parents do what surrounding circumstances fail to do. Like the lobster, which lets its spawn look out for itself at the earliest possible period, parents hope to prepare their children for life's battle by bringing their frail and tender characters face to face with the realities and temptations of everyday life as soon as they possibly can. It is hard to say whether such cruelty is dictated by selfishness or only by folly. Experience has proved that the more naturally a child is reared, the better it fulfils the reason of its existence. In infancy and early childhood it is natural that the child should spend its ideal life in Fairyland, peopled by giants and dwarfs, and fairies, and hob-goblins. These are the innocent objects of nature's own providing—the mental pap which, while it feeds, is not strong enough to injure the child's imagination. According to Horace to silly at the right time is to be happy, and these childish phantoms are the sweetest inheritance of infancy. Heaven lies about our infancy and childhood in real life as well as in poetry. Children are for the most part stupid and prosaic,—our own of course excepted,—but they are nearer poetry than ever they will be hereafter. Now it must be needless to point out, that to force the child out of Fairyland, to drive all poetry from its imagination and to fill up the void with the thoughts and aspirations proper only to a maturer age, must tend to deteriorate the child. Above all, it tends to make life disappointing and wearying, when they come to years of discretion. How happy is a young girl of eighteen when she goes to the first ball! but what pleasure would it be to her if she had been flirting ever since she was six years old? A bride is probably never so proud as during the first flush of housekeeping; but this would not be so if she had not been accustomed to discuss the depravity of the domestics ever since she was ten. Comparing the modern system with its predecessor, it is not difficult to decide which is the best. We know no more dismal society than the mere child in years who can think of nothing but the sit of her dress-improver or the shape of her bonnet. We know nothing more delightful than the society of an innocent, natural, healthy-minded girl. Such girls are worth talking to when children, and worth marrying when women—but not before.—Sydney 'Evening Post.'

Guizot wrote a book in defence of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope.

On the departure of Mr Du Cane (ex-Governor of Tasmania), from Melbourne for England, Mr Casey, the Minister of Lands, ordered, and enforced a salute being fired from the 'Nelson,' for which he is mercifully lectured by the 'Australasian.'

Lieutenant Zubowitz, an officer in the Hungarian Honved Corps, had undertaken the feat of riding from Vienna to Paris within fourteen days on one horse. He arrived in Paris with two hours to the good.

REMOVAL OF THE BODY OF LORD DARWENTWATER TO THORNDON.

HISTORY OF HIS EXECUTION.

LAST week the body of James, the third Earl of Darwentwater, was removed from the old chapel at Dilston Hall to Thorndon, and placed in the chantry chapel of Lord Petre. This unfortunate nobleman was condemned to death for joining in the rebellion of 1715, and executed the following March on Tower Hill. His body was placed in the family vault at Dilston, along with the remains of his ancestors, where it had reposed till last week, when the estates, which were forfeited to the crown, were disposed of by auction. Lord Petre, the only descendant and last representative of the last earl—the eighth Lord Petre having married his only daughter—obtained permission of the lords of the Admiralty to remove the bodies; his lordship had a vault made in the Catholic cemetery at Hexham, when all the coffins were removed except that containing the body of the last Lord Darwentwater, which was conveyed to Thorndon and placed in the family vault of the Petre family. The interesting ceremony took place on Friday. The leaden coffin was placed in one of crimson velvet. An elegant gilt cross extended the whole length of the coffin, which was richly decorated. The solemn service of the Church was performed on the occasion. Mass was celebrated by the Hon. and Rev. W. Petre, which was served by his two young brothers—the Hons. Philip and Joseph Petre. The funeral service was performed by the Rev. Canon Bamber, who pronounced a short discourse upon the virtues and merits of the earl. After explaining that the fruits of the Mass which had been celebrated, if not needed by him, would not be lost, for they would be applied to those souls that stood in need of help, he said: "We are assembled to testify our love and reverence for one who well deserves our love and reverence, who we believe to be a saint and servant of God now in possession of his eternal reward. James Lord Darwentwater was condemned for treason and for his adherence to the House of Stuart, and according to the laws of his country he had justly forfeited his life, but he died a martyr for his faith. He was tenderly loved by many, and respected by all, and during the interval between his condemnation and execution great efforts were made to get the royal clemency extended to him. It was during the interval that his heroic virtue was made manifest. The government of the day showed some disposition to deal mercifully with the noble prisoner, but they considered that they could have no guarantee for the loyalty of the adherents to the House of Stuart so long as they professed the ancient faith, and they required as the condition of their pardon that they should embrace the established religion. This Lord Darwentwater distinctly states in the speech which he made on the scaffold. He then said that within the last few days means had been proposed to him to save his life upon conditions which were inconsistent with his honor and conscience, which he rejected, for with God's assistance he preferred to die to the doing a base and unworthy action. What these conditions were the priest who attended him during the days before his execution relates. On the Monday before he died a nobleman came to him with an offer of his life if he would change his religion, and Lord Darwentwater replied, like a Christian hero of the early ages, that had he a thousand lives he would rather part with them than renounce his faith, and he humbly thanked God for giving him this opportunity of testifying his love for Him. On the following day others came to him and made him a similar proposal. They urged him to receive a minister of the Church of England, according to the advice of the Lord Chancellor, with whom he might converse upon indifferent things, since he did not intend to change his religion, and upon the strength of this they would get him a reprieve, and this once obtained his life was safe. He replied, with the same holy firmness as before, that he would neither by word nor deed give any one reason to suspect that he had any doubt of the truth of his religion. He said he believed it was in love and compassion for him that they thus entreated him to save his life, and he thanked them for their kindness, though nothing would induce him to follow their advice. On the next day he was entreated at least to read some Protestant book that this might be reported to the ministers, and might induce them to open the door of mercy to him; but nothing would induce him to do anything that might be construed into a wavering in his faith. From the time that he refused his life on the condition of forsaking his religion he felt an interior satisfaction and holy joy, which elevated him above himself and everything on earth. The Holy Spirit seemed to have taken possession of him; he spoke in a kind of rapture of his determination to die for God and his religion; his sentiments were sublime, and he could speak of nothing else. Like the apostle, he had said in the sincerity of his heart that nothing, neither things present nor things to come, nor persecutions, nor the sword, nor life, nor death should ever separate him from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord; and with him he felt the same holy longing for the hour to come when he should be united to him, saying, I desire to be dissolved and be with Christ. On the day before his execution he had the happiness of making his confession and receiving Holy Communion, which he did with extraordinary fervor, the grace of God appearing in his countenance and all his behaviour. Arrived at the place of execution, he spent some time in fervent prayer, making an offering of his life as a sacrifice of love, begging that his death might be united with the death of his Lord and Saviour on the cross. All the by-standers were moved to tears, the guards and ministers of justice were filled with compassion and wept, and the very executioner knelt down with him and prayed and wept like a child. He charged them not to strike until he had pronounced the name of Jesus three times. Then he laid his head on the block, and repeated with a loud voice, "Dear Jesus, be merciful, to me; dear Jesus, be merciful to me;" and when he had repeated it the third time the axe fell, and his happy soul, released from the prison of his body, ascended to the throne of God, there to receive the reward of his love and fidelity. Thus died James Earl of Darwentwater, a martyr for

his religion. He was condemned for treason, but he died for his faith. His treason could be condoned, but his firm adherence to his faith could not be condoned, and therefore he died. He willingly gave up his splendid estates, his honors and his very life for the sake of conscience. He was a Christian hero, whose love for his Divine Master was stronger than death.

The music on this solemn occasion was of the most plaintive kind, and as the coffin slowly descended into the vault the singing of the *Benedictus* was most affecting. The greater part of the family of the Petres was assembled to testify their reverence to their illustrious ancestor. Would it not be gracious in her Majesty if she restored the title to the family in the person of Lord Petre, the descendant and only representative of the last Earl of Darwentwater, as the estates have now been disposed of for ever? Surely sufficient has been done to expiate his treason!—'Universe.'

CENTENARY OF O'CONNELL, AUGUST 6, 1875.

TO THE IRISH RACE, AND TO THE FRIENDS OF FREEDOM THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

In the name of the Irish People we, the accredited officers of a National Committee, call on you to turn your thoughts and hearts to this old land, and invite you to join us, the coming year, in fitly celebrating the centenary of the birth of one of Freedom's noblest, greatest, and most successful champions, immortal O'Connell. By birth and race an Irishman, his labors, his life, and its lessons are more than insular in scope, so that we claim for them the proud heritage of our common humanity. Hofer, Bruce, Kosciusko, Hampden, Washington, and Grattan are types of great principles, as well as of the races or the nationalities from which they sprung; nor is O'Connell unworthy of such eminent recognition. His birth, August 6, 1775, marks the eve of the deepest struggles and the most stirring events in the political history of mankind. That year the British colonists in the New World struck the first blow, at Lexington and Bunker Hill, which laid the foundation of the great American Republic, now one of the most powerful States on earth, and comprising eight millions of the Irish race; while the same year Louis XVI. was crowned in France, and the first symptoms were felt of those forces, frequently violent, that overthrew feudalism in Europe, and ultimately gave the people some share in the government of States and Empires.

It was in the midst of these great convulsions that O'Connell was born, while a year or two later the Volunteers were in arms, demanding Free Trade and the legislative independence of Ireland. Cradled and nursed in such times, his spirit seems to have imbibed all the vigor and the freshness of the great era of his boyhood, when he first saw the star-spangled banner of the infant Republic in Irish waters, and heard the echoes of the thunders of Jemappe, which, as he often said, loosed, if not broke, in 1793, some of the fetters of Irish Catholics. He witnessed the restoration of the legislative independence of Ireland, suppressed since the passing of Poyning's Act, nearly three centuries before; saw, for eighteen years, its glorious fruits; and cheered Grattan, Flood, Bushe, Curran, and Charlemont as they led the patriots in denouncing the projected Union, in which that independence was buried, yet whose resurrection was the day dream of his youth, and the brilliant hope of his matured manhood.

To attempt, in an appeal like this, a detail of his claims to the highest homage of every friend to rational freedom would be to affront the intelligence of the world. Raised up like another Moses, he rescued the millions of his fellow-subjects, English and Scotch, as well as Irish, from a slavery little less degrading and oppressive than that of the Hebrew children in Egypt. Hence his merited and glorious title of the Liberator. Defend Right, with no weapon but moral force, the successful policy of O'Connell, proves that, amongst the most powerful political agents against oppression are union, organization, argument, and passive resistance. With these, and standing within the Constitution, he struck the galling chain of centuries from more than eight millions of Catholic slaves, whom he emancipated, and admitted—their previous position considered—to nearly the plenitude of civil and religious liberty. But while such a glorious deed deserves the everlasting gratitude of Catholics, who throughout Christendom venerate his name, let it not be forgotten that O'Connell's sense of justice and his charity knew no creed, no caste, no color, no clime. The Presbyterian and other Protestant Dissenters, the Jew, the Hindoo, and the Pagan found in him an earnest defender of their civil rights; while for none did he battle more bravely than for the colored races, until England emancipated the Negro, and slavery came to be discredited in America. The centenary of O'Connell claims, therefore, a general, as distinct from an Irish celebration—a universal jubilee, in which the whole human race should participate.

The life of O'Connell, for more than forty years, may be regarded as the current history of Ireland. At the bar, where his profound legal ability, keen sagacity, and peerless eloquence had won him the foremost position that he would accept; on the popular platform, where he commanded the passions of the people with a facility never, before or since, approached; and in the Senate, where Cabinets treated him as the greatest political power in Parliament; in fact, in every public and political relation, O'Connell's position as a citizen had, during his lifetime and this, no parallel in any State of the Old or of the New World. Yet, inheriting a handsome family estate, and having won such rank at the bar that he was offered, but declined, the highest judicial office open to a Catholic, O'Connell lived and died, his station considered, a poor man, the annual generous tribute of the nation, notwithstanding.

As more than a fourth of the centenary has elapsed since the death of O'Connell, in 1847, some may suppose that, naturally dead, O'Connell has also been politically and morally so over this period. So far from this, no great beneficial legislative measure has since been passed for Ireland that, in one form or another, is not a direct result of O'Connell's policy. That policy embraced Order; Equality before the Law of all Citizens; Happy Homes and Altars Free; Loyalty to

the State; and the Autonomy of Ireland as a distinct Nation. The tongue, the traditions, the Faith of the people were dear to him, while his whole life was one continuous proof of the sincerity and the intensity of that affection. The magnitude of the famine and the sufferings of the masses having shattered his health, he proceeded to Italy, and on his way made his last appearance in the Imperial Parliament, 8th February, 1847, concluded with the appeal—"Bread, bread, bread, for the starving millions!" His pilgrimage intercepted, he died under the Alps, at Genoa, 15th May, 1847, a day memorable in the annals of Ireland. The great Christian patriot, O'Connell, embodied his feelings in his last testament—his soul to heaven, his heart to Rome, and his body to Ireland. Abhorring anarchy as one of the direct enemies of man, yet claiming the highest rational liberty, O'Connell represents the best and noblest type of true freedom.

We, therefore, cordially and confidently ask you, brothers, to assist us in rendering the coming festival worthy of Ireland's greatest son. Leaving to the noble instincts of each nationality and each country the determination of its own local commemoration of the centenary, we invite representatives from every State and every clime to the Irish metropolis, to celebrate this jubilee and freedom. The magnificent national monument to which you so generously contributed is expected to be ready for inauguration in August. A programme of the whole ceremonial, from which no element suitable to such an occasion shall be absent, will be issued shortly; so that we address you thus early that our distant friends in Australia and America may have timely intimation of the coming celebration.

Tendering the warm welcome of Ireland to the patriotic pilgrims who may join us in doing honor to the memory of O'Connell, we are, brothers, your devoted friends,

MAURICE BROOKS, Lord Mayor and M.P., City of Dublin.
PETER PAUL McSWENBY, J.P. and Lord Mayor Elect, City of Dublin.

JOHN GRAG, Knt., J.P., City Kilkenny
WILLIAM J. HENRY, Town Clerk, City Dublin
JOHN O'HANON, C.C., S.S. Michael and John's
JOHN REILLY, B.L.

Footnote

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A REMARKABLE PEDESTRIAN FEAT.—A remarkable pedestrian feat has, according to the "Finanza" of Alexandria, been lately performed by an Italian, named Giuseppe Ricca, who certainly seems to have taken a constitutional. Having come some months ago from Alexandria to Constantinople in search of some employment, but being unsuccessful in his object, Ricca resolved to return to Alexandria. A difficulty, however, arose at the very commencement of the journey, owing to the fact of his having no money—a serious drawback to a *bona fide* traveller; for, notwithstanding the "wretched impotence of gold," it is uncommonly difficult to travel without it. Ricca at first tried to work his passage back in a steamer or ship, but failing also in this endeavor he set his face resolutely southwards, and determined to work or beg his way to Egypt. He accordingly started off with a light heart and a thin pair of breeches, and after marching for 158 days across the peninsula of Asia Minor, and along the coasts of Syria and Palestine he arrived in safety at Alexandria, where, by latest accounts, he was enjoying the repose he was justly entitled to after his fatiguing walk. It is somewhat remarkable that in these days of muscular Christianity and railway casualties we never hear of sportsmen walking from London to the Highlands of Scotland, or even of heads of families, accompanied by their offspring, journeying on foot to the sea coast places where they pass their autumn holidays. Probably many persons are deterred from the natural mode of travelling by the absence of convenient hotel accommodation; but this difficulty might be overcome by means of tents or canvas, and even a night's lodging under a hedge or haystack would often be far less unwholesome and uncomfortable than the lodgings by the "cruel crawling sea" that are provided for the discomfort of holiday-makers.

SCOTTISH CONSCIENCE.—Count Medina-Pomar, in his newly-published work, "The Honeymoon," tells the following story:—"It was at the hotel at Dumbarton. I had just got up, and rung the bell for some hot water for shaving. A waiter answered my call. 'I want some hot water, if you please,' I said. 'And what for do you want the hot water?' 'For shaving,' said I. 'Ye canna have hot water on the Lord's Day for sic a thing as shaving,' said the waiter, horror-struck at the idea. I insisted again, but with the same effect. 'Na, na,' said he, 'ye canna have it.' Necessity is the mother of invention, 'tis said, and this sroused mine. I thought that if I could arrange the order in such a way that it would not affect his religious scruples, he would bring it directly. I therefore proposed that I should like some toddy, and told him to bring the materials for making it, consisting of whisky, sugar, and boiling water. These he brought without the least demur. I gave him the whisky, which he drank, and I used the water. So conscience was satisfied."

THE DUKE OF ABERCORN AND FREEMASONRY.

THE following is a manly and sensible protest of the Catholic Union of Ireland against the outrage on Catholic sentiment and conscience proposed in naming the Viceroy Grand Master of the Irish Masonry:

Several of the London papers of Saturday, received in Dublin that night, have announced that his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, his Grace the Duke of Abercorn, has definitely consented to accept the office of the Grand Master of the Freemasons of Ireland, left vacant; by the death of the Duke of Leinster. The announcement concludes with the statement that his Excellency will be installed at the next meeting to be held in Dublin, on December 1st. We confess that we read the paragraph with the most bewildering amazement; and, though it is given with the air of an authoritative communication, yet we cannot persuade ourselves that there is not some gross inaccuracy in it. For some few days, it is true, there has been some mysterious whisperings in the air that freemasonry was to

start afresh in Dublin with somewhat of more than usual significance, and there were hints that the vacant office was to be offered to the representative of the Queen of Ireland. But we dismissed them, and disregarded them as foolish imaginings, or, at best, as Masonic jokes that had found their way outside the "lodges." We did not conceive it possible that any sane man could dream of such a notion, and, least of all, did we dream that such an offer, even if it were soberly and seriously made, would have found even an instant's consideration with the distinguished nobleman whose name was mentioned in connection with the gossip. Even still we do not credit it. It seems simply incredible that the Viceroy—holding, as he does, the Queen's place amongst the Catholic people of Ireland—should contemplate such an outrage on their religious sensibilities, and such a perilous trial of their loyalty to the throne. But, as we have said, the journals of the English metropolis make no secret of the intimation that his Grace has consented to accept the masonic dignity placed at his disposal, and, therefore, we take it that his Grace is prepared to confront and to abide the consequences. This—we say it with all respect and with all regret—is hard and discouraging news for the Catholics of Ireland, and is not of a character that should be allied with the name of a personage occupying the relationships between the Queen and her subjects which the Duke of Abercorn does. It will be received with astounding disappointment (we forbear from using a stronger word) in every quarter of our Catholic country; and we trust in all sincerity that the rumor (we will treat it as such till further information comes to our aid, notwithstanding the emphatic assertions of the London Press) may prove to have been utterly groundless, and that no such offer has been made to, or, if made to, that no such offer has been accepted by, his Excellency. We have said before in this column that *Masonry is working its very best, or rather its very worst, in Ireland to sap the foundations of Catholic faith in this country.* Its existence is a defiance to Catholicity, for it exists in the very teeth of the protests and anathemas of the Church of God. The temptations—political, social, and mercantile—already held out to Irish Catholics to join in this condemned, secret, oath-bound organisation are sufficiently strong and sufficiently numerous not to need that they should be intensified by the direct and awful presidency of the man who fills the monarch's place amongst her Irish subjects, and has at his disposal so much of the lucrative patronage of the Imperial Administration. But, apart altogether from this, were it to be that the Lord Lieutenant and the Grand Master of Freemasonry in Ireland were one and the same person, we say emphatically that Viceregal government would be a source of well-founded suspicion, and not unnatural odium, as well as terror to the Catholics of Ireland. It would lose far away more than it had previously lost, their confidence, and would put in peril their attachment to the sovereignty whose place it is supposed to occupy. We believe that the Duke of Abercorn is too prudent and too judicious to overlook these and other important national, as well as religious, considerations, and therefore it is that we re-assert our utter disbelief of the rumors that are afloat. In this column of the Catholic Union it is not admissible that we should write as politicians, but is not out of place to say here that "the Castle" has not a goodly name in Ireland, and, with a Viceroy the Grand Master of Irish Freemasonry, presiding over its doings and its festivities, its "councils" and its decisions, there is no political or social iniquity of which the popular mind would not conceive it capable of being the theatre. If the rumor be unfounded, none will more rejoice to hear so than the Catholics of Ireland. If, on the other hand, subsequent events confirm its accuracy, the Catholics of Ireland will have a great constitutional duty to discharge, and we are sure they will not be found unequal to the responsibility that devolves upon them. Personally popular though the Duke of Abercorn may be, his acceptance of the Grand Mastership of the Freemasons would unfit him for the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the august lady whom he represents must needs be told so by her Catholic subjects in this portion of her empire. At the proper time (should the occasion unfortunately arise) the Catholic Union of Ireland will be found to be not wanting in its duty, and will not square, or round, or mince its phrases in dealing with what (if it occurred) would be a grievous public scandal.

GRAHAMSTOWN BRANCH, NO. 35, H.A.C.B.S.

The Fifth Annual Meeting of this Branch was held on Monday, Dec. 21, at the Hibernian Hall, Shortland, Bro. Corbett, President, in the chair. Roll of officers called—all present; minutes of previous meeting read and confirmed. Letters were read from the Secretary of the Auckland Branch, having reference to the amount owing by that Branch for regalia supplied them some time ago.

Report of the Judicial Committee in the case of Mellhone v. Dr Lethbridge read, acquitting the medical officer of neglect.

The sick visitors reported two members still on the funds and sick allowance to the amount of £4 16s. 8d. was granted.—Bills to the amount of £26 2s. were passed for payment.

The election of officers was then proceeded with. The following members were elected to the several offices for the ensuing term:—President, Bro. Foy; vice-President, Bro. Clarke; Secretary, Bro. Landers; Treasurer, Bro. Foy consented to act until his successor was elected. Warden, Bro. Mahony; Guardian, Bro. Turney; Medical Attendant, Dr Lethbridge. The election of sick visitors and of members of the Judicial Committee was postponed until next night of meeting. The newly-elected officers were installed in their respective offices, and returned thanks for the honor conferred on them. A cordial vote of thanks was accorded to the retiring officers.

Proposed by Bro. Harney and seconded by Bro. O'Brien, "That the Branch approve of the members of brass band getting uniform, and that the Brothers assist them with subscriptions."—Carried. Proposed by Bro. Foy, seconded by Bro. Gooan, "That the band Committee have control of the proposed uniform on behalf of the Branch"

—Carried. Quarterly report and balance sheet read, also auditors' report. It was proposed and seconded—"That the report and balance sheet be adopted."—Carried.

The following is the balance-sheet:—

Balance-sheet of the Grahamstown Branch, No. 35, of the Hibernian Australasian Catholic Benefit Society for the quarter ending 7th day of December, 1874,

Statement of Receipts and Expenditure since last audit:—

To amount of Balance from last audit, to credit of sick pay and incidental fund	£	s.	d.
Entrance Fees	13	0	0
Contributions	68	17	0
Funeral money, on hand last audit	11	1	0
Goods	0	6	0
Fines	1	18	6
Quarterly	5	10	0
Miscellaneous	2	0	0
	588	4	11
By Funeral Fund to E. D.	11	1	0
Sick Pay	57	4	0
Medical Attendance	26	0	0

FUNERAL FUND.

Dr.—	To amount received for proportion of	£	s.	d.
	Entrance Fees	0	5	0
	Contributions	7	17	6
	Balance last Audit	11	1	0
		19	3	6
Cr.—	By amount paid to Executive Directory	11	1	0
	Balance	8	2	6
		19	3	6

INCIDENTAL AND MANAGEMENT FUND.

Dr.—	To amount of Balance last Audit	£	s.	d.
	Proportion of Entrance Fees	6	10	0
	Contributions of Benefit Members	33	17	0
	Contributions of Hon. Members	0	17	6
	Goods	0	6	0
	Fines	1	18	6
	Quartermage	5	10	0
	Rent of Hall	2	0	0
		81	2	2
MISCELLANEOUS.	Gas account	2	0	6
	Quartermage to Executive Directory	2	14	6
	Borough Rates	2	0	0
	Incidental expenses	1	5	9
	Balance	485	2	11
		588	4	11

STOCK FUND.

Dr.—	To Balance Last Audit	£	s.	d.
	Amount for Proportion of Entrance Fees	6	5	0
	Weekly Contributions	26	5	0
		487	18	4
Cr.—	By Sick Pay	57	4	0
	Balance	430	15	4
		487	19	4
	By amount paid for Medical Attendance	26	0	0
	Quarterly to E. D.	2	14	6
	Gas account	2	0	3
	Borough Rates	2	0	0
	Advertising	0	16	6
	Miscellaneous charges, not included in the above Balance	46	5	1
		81	2	2

Statement of amounts of Sick, Incidental, and Funeral Funds:—

To amount to credit of Sick Fund	430	15	4
Incidental Management Fund	46	6	1
Funeral Fund on hand	8	2	6
Funeral money of the Branch in the hands of the E. D., Melbourne	122	11	4
	607	14	3
By Sick Fund on Deposit in Bank	200	0	0
Invested in Hibernian Hall	200	0	0
P. O. Savings' Bank, at interest	10	6	0
In Treasurer's hands	4	16	11
By amount of Funeral Fund remitted to Executive Directory up to date	122	11	4
	607	14	3

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that we have examined the books and accounts of the Branch, including Treasurer's account and bank pass-book for the abovenamed period, and find this balance-sheet correct.

HUGH McILHONNE }
MICHAEL MULLIGAN } Auditors.

POETRY.

THE MAGICAL ISLE IN THE RIVER OF TIME.

There's a magical isle in the river of Time,
Where softest of zephyrs are straying,
And the air is as sweet as a musical chime,
Or the exquisite breath of a tropical clime
When June with the roses is staying.

'Tis there Memory dwells with her pale golden hue,
And music for ever is flowing;
While the low murmured tones, which come trembling
through,
Sadly trouble the heart, and yet sweeten it, too,
As south winds o'er waters when blowing.]

There are shadowy halls in this fairy-like isle,
Where pictures of beauty are gleaming;
Yet the light of their eyes, and their sunny smile,
Only flash round their hearts in a wildering wile,
And leave us, to know 'tis but dreaming.

And the name of the isle is "The Beautiful Past,"
And we bury our treasures there!
There are beings of beauty, too lovely to last:
There are bosoms of snow with the dust o'er them cast!
There are tresses and ringlets of hair.

There are fragments of song only Memory sings,
And the words of a dear Mother's prayer;
There's a harp long unswept, and a lute without strings,
There are flowers all withered, and letters and rings,
Hallowed tokens which Love used to wear.

E'en the dead, the bright, beautiful dead there arise,
With their soft flowing ringlets of gold;
Though their voices are hushed, and o'er their sweet
eyes

The unbroken signet of silence now lies,
They are with us again as of old.

In the stillness of night hands are beckoning us there,
And with joy, that is almost a pain,
They delight to turn back, and in wandering there,
Through the shadowy walls of this island so fair,
We behold our *lost treasures* again!

Oh! this beautiful isle, with its phantom-like show,
Is a vista unfadingly bright,
And the river of Time, in its turbulent flow,
Is oft soothed by the voices we heard long ago,
When the years were a dream of delight.
—N. O. Morning Star!

THE DISINHERITED SON.

A LEGEND OF FURNESS ABBEY.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

THE LANDS OF CONISTON.

"Our brother is here!" said the abbot, pointing to a pallet, around which stood several of the community. "We brought him from his cell, that he might be ready for removal in case you should forbid his stay!"

"It is well," again rejoined Sir Everard. "I will look to him anon. What other request hast thou to make?"

The abbot hesitated for a moment, and glanced towards the pallet whereon lay the sick monk in a state of apparent insensibility, his white livid face showing in ghastly contrast to the surrounding gloom.

Then in a grave, sad voice, he again addressed Sir Everard—"Not only amid such scenes of wild conflict as those in which thy life has been passed, Sir Knight, do the fiends who wait upon bad thoughts practice upon man's unbridled passions, that they may snatch his soul!—In this remote district, some fifteen years ago, there lived in apparent prosperity, the descendants of the ancient Lords of Thurston. The head of the family, a proud,—and alas! I must add—fierce and obdurate man, little thought that in his own life time his race would perish from the face of the earth—for he was the father of three sons!"

The abbot paused, and a deep-drawn sigh, that might have been the herald of dissolution, broke from the laboring heart of the sick brother.

Was it echoed by a groan at the other end of the chamber?

That could scarce be, for it was not uttered by any of the monks among the group who stood round Sir Everard; and the knight himself, with head averted, stood leaning heavily on the pommel of his sword, which he had drawn from the scabbard when he entered the monastery.

"The father of three sons!" he said, reiterating the abbot's last words, "and what became of them? How did they live? how die? where they now?" "It boots not, Sir Everard," replied the abbot, "that I should tire thee with the details of their history, full of crime, and grief, and horror, it was!"

"But not for all, abbot, not for all!" exclaimed Sir Everard, in a hollow voice, "surely of those three sons of Lord Thurston, there was one over whose brow the angel of darkness did not cast the shadow of his black wing!"

"Yes," answered the abbot, "there was one fated brother,

whose pure and innocent soul, was as that of Abel compared to the murderer, Cain! and like unto Abel was he sacrificed!"

"But not by a brother's hand, abbot!" hoarsely interrupted Sir Everard. "Fierce and wicked though were the other sons of Lord Thurston, they would neither of them have laid a hurtful hand upon their brother!"

"Not of malice, or forethought, directed personally against him," replied the abbot, "but in the conflict of their fierce passions was the poor boy destroyed."

"Yes, destroyed! destroyed!" exclaimed Sir Everard, leaning so heavily on his sword that the finely tempered steel bent upon the tessalated pavement.

As if unheeded him the abbot went on.

"The eldest son of Lord Thurston died, alas! as he had lived, in a base broil, hardened, and impenitent. Long before his death, his brother whom he had injured, and who had cruelly injured him in return, had disappeared from his birth-place, gone none knew whither, was perhaps dead, perhaps a penniless wanderer through the world! That bad eldest son had ever been the favorite of his father!"

"Aye! aye! Sir Abbot, and something have I heard of this story before!" broke in Sir Everard fiercely. "And since the prized bad son was dead, and it was doubtful if the reprobate lived, thou, priestlike, didst cunningly take advantage of that doubt, and cozen the dotting Lord Thurston to add his broad lands to the already swollen revenue of Furness!"

"Sland'rous and unknowing is thy speech, Sir Everard Tilney!" answered the abbot in a sterner accent than he had yet used.

"Not Oswald de Coniston, if he lives, could hold his father's will as more iniquitous than we did when it was first declared—than we esteem it to this hour! The will was drawn by Earl Thurston, in London, not in Christian charity to our monastery, but in wicked hatred of his unhappy son. A solemn council of the monks was held after the funeral of the earl, and at that council it was resolved that we should hold the lands of Coniston only in trust for the rightful heir or his descendants. It is only on his or their behalf, Sir Everard, that we beseech your favor. Far and wide extends the patrimony of St. Mary's Abbey. Your appenage will be rich enough, though you generously relinquish the lands which of right belong, if he lives, to the misguided Oswald de Coniston."

"The misguided Oswald de Coniston!" repeated Sir Everard, in a dull, monotonous tone, and staring through the gloom on vacancy.

"Sir Knight, thou art silent, will thou not yield this only boon he asks to the last abbot of Furness?"

These words pronounced in a faint but clear and musical voice, roused Sir Everard from his abstraction. He turned his head and perceived the sick monk sitting on his pallet, his hands stretched out imploringly.

Tuneful as the notes of the dying swan, was that melancholy voice, but a thrill of astonishment and horror passed through the frame of Sir Everard at the sound.

Darker and darker fell the shadows of the coming night, and the soft sweet accents were hushed in the swell of the gale as it swept round the abbey.

"Lights! lights! who speaks? are the dead among us?" ejaculated Sir Everard.

With one sweep of his strong arm he turned aside the monks who stood between him and the pallet of their sick brother. Then when a lamp was hastily kindled, he dropped on his knees, and grasped in both his own the outstretched hands of the dying monk.

He was very young, that brother of St. Marys.

Locks of pale gold fell round the tonsured crown, and the approach of death had not yet dimmed the deep blue eyes, or marred the angelic sweetness of his features.

"Oswald, poor Oswald!" cried the Cistercian, "I believe that he lives! I have never doubted it! Oh, Sir Knight, thou wilt be rich enough without the lands of Coniston, mar not the holy design of our holy abbot, it may be, that the succession to his just inheritance, will win Oswald back from the wild courses, from the evil ways, which, alas! and alas! have perhaps been his!"

"And who art thou? who art thou, who dost come before me with the voice and the aspect of the loved and lost? Of the dead! of the drowned! of him whose bones have long since whitened in some ocean cave?" Thus, with frenzy in his looks and tones, spoke Sir Everard Tilney.

"I am brother Angelo," answered the monk. "Good Sir Knight, look not so wildly. Dost thou know poor Oswald, out in the hard and cruel world? Oh, give him back the land of his fathers! Bid him repent! Tell him that I, Walter, his brother, was not drowned, but rescued and borne to the Irish shore. For his sake, for Oswald's sake, I vowed myself to a life of penitence and prayer. I hid myself from my father even as he has done, and day, through all these weary years, I have wept and prayed for him. When news reached me that my father was dead, I prayed our superior to let me visit Furness, I hoped to die in peace in dear Oswald's arms! For mine own sins am I punished! But, Jesu Maria, grant mercy and pardon unto him!"

The soft blue eyes of brother Angelo closed as his faint lips gave feeble utterance to that last prayer.

He fell heavily backwards, for Sir Everard had loosed his clasp of the pale hands, all relaxed and moist with the dew of death. A shadow darker than that of the coming night settled on the beautiful features.

"Walter! loving and beloved Walter!" cried Sir Everard Tilney, in a despairing voice. "Look up once more! Pity me! pardon me! for I am the recreant Oswald!"

The white lids, calmly veiling the violet eyes in an eternal night, flew back wild and wide, and a look of horror and surprise displaced the coming rigidity of death.

"Thou Oswald de Coniston?" he said. "Thou, the vile parasite of a viler king—the oppressor of the innocent—the blasphemous violator of God's altar. Thou, my rash, but generous and loving brother? Away! and trouble not my parting soul. In thy seared and evil countenance I see no trace of Oswald."

"Oswald! Oswald! and none other!" raved the miserable man. "Oswald! the doomed, the thrice condemned! On whose head thy innocent prayers invoked not a blessing, but a curse! Oh, precious Walter! for whose dear sake in my wild vengeance I plunged so deep in crime, believe me when now I speak a fatal truth. I am Oswald! Oswald who, mid all his guilt, yet never failed in loving thee! Oh, Walter! Walter! angel boy! oh yet look up again!"

"Unhappy man! In this world he will look up no more!" exclaimed the abbot.

"Oh, Oswald de Coniston, thy brother, who was a saint on earth, will be an angel in heaven! Let not his self-sacrifice—the penitential life he led for love of thee—be all in vain! Oswald, my son, kneel and repent at this the latest!"

"Away, away! old man," said the maddened renegade. "All the prayers of all the saints in heaven could avail me not! Abandoned of all good angels have I lived, and now despairing will I die!"

* * * * *

The wind, which had been so still all day, raged and roared with the fury of a hurricane as night drew on.

The green branches were torn from the larger trees, and the young saplings were levelled with the ground.

How the wild gust shrieked and tore through the devastated chambers of the abbey! How the rain beat through the dismantled windows!

The precincts of the abbey were, however, not quite abandoned by its late inhabitants.

It was towards midnight, when by the murky and fitful light of the torches that swirled in the fierce blast, a procession of some dozen of the monks, with the abbot at their head, made their way across the cemetery to the brink of a newly-dug grave. There they set down the burthen which four of their number bore.

A bier, on which, wrapped in his habit, and with a face calm and beautiful in death, lay Walter de Coniston, so long secreted as brother Angelo.

The wild winds sang the responses to the funeral chant; the rain hissed upon the censor, and plashed down with the holy water that was sprinkled on the pale brow.

But with the rites of the Church, and the loving regrets of his religious brethren, was Walter de Coniston reverentially laid to his last sleep in the burial-ground of Furness Abbey.

At that very hour when the cold earth fell upon the quiet breast, was a death of solitary horror upon the Lever Sands.

Again stood Oswald de Coniston on the pointed solitary rock, as in the years long gone.

He flung his arms wildly upwards, as if defying the supernal wrath he had provoked. He raised his dark face to the darker sky, but no star of hope was gleaming there for him.

The wind raved, the tide rushed and roared; between the rock on which Oswald stood, and the mainland, was all a sheet of foam that glared dazzlingly athwart the gloom.

The miserable man cast one despairing glance around. All the scene of former years was present with him again.

Rash, fierce, headstrong, he was on that bygone night; but stained with no crime—perhaps "more sinned against than sinning."

Now all was changed—rapine, murder, sacrilege, were on his soul! The adjuncts of the scene around him, too, were changed. No boat showed its black hull through the driving spray; no admonishing voice of the good monk John Broughton was heard; no pitiful entreaties of a dear young brother swept along the gale.

Only the white surf, the black sky, and the fierce, o'erwhelming winds, which even while he stood marvelling at his own utter misery and desolation, hurled him as by an invisible hand from his slippery and precarious footing.

Oswald de Coniston was a strong swimmer, and even when plunged into the seething waters might perhaps have saved himself. But the buoyant spirit of youth which had upheld him on that other night, was quenched within him now.

Resolved to perish, he had spurned the admonitions of the abbot, and rushed from beside his dead brother straight to the Lever Sands.

Who shall tell what thoughts of agony and horror possessed that erring soul, as he sunk amid the wild waves, which "ere morning's light, dashed him on the shore a lifeless and disfigured corpse.

* * * * *

The very name of the Conistons of Thurston has passed away, supplanted by those of the parasites of Henry, to whom he awarded the lands of Furness after Oswald's death.

A report is still current in the district, that the ruins of the bell-tower are haunted by a spectre of a woman, clad in white robes;—is this a reminiscence of the story of the two wild brothers, and the hapless Evelina of Egremont.

The 'Liberté,' a Bonapartist journal, copies without contradiction a report that negotiations are being made for the marriage of the Prince Imperial to the daughter of the Grand Duchess Maria of Russia, by hermorganatic husband, Comte Stroganoff. The first husband of the Grand Duchess Maria was Maximilian Napoleon, Duke of Leuchtenberg and the Prince of Eichstadt.

Captain Boynton, attired in his life-preserving costume, crossed Dublin Bay from Howth Head to Dalkey Island, a distance of nearly nine miles, in two hours and fifty minutes. He lay on his back, and used a canoe paddle to propel himself, feet forward. He fired off rockets and smoked cigars while in the water.

THE CONVERSION TO THE CATHOLIC RELIGION OF TWO LUTHERAN QUEENS.

(From the 'Unità Cattolica' of October 16th.)

THE 'Corriere Bavarese' announces that the Dowager Queen of Bavaria made her abjuration of Lutheranism and her profession of the Catholic faith in the church of Valtenhofen, on the 12th of October. For this most joyful event we ought to return thanks to God, who vouchsafes to console our Holy Father Pius IX. by compensating His Church for what it has for so long a time been suffering in Germany. But we will carefully avoid mixing up with the political affairs of Germany the august name of this distinguished lady, whose private virtues have made her deserve to be enrolled as a member of the true fold of Jesus Christ.

We will record, however, a similar conversion which created a sensation as great, and which happened during the pontificate of Alexander VII.—the conversion to the Catholic faith of Christina, Queen of Sweden, recorded by Cardinal Sforza Pallavicini, in his life of that Pontiff. A detailed account of this conversion has recently been published in Modena by the Rev. Joseph Boero, of the Society of Jesus. Father Boero has gathered the particulars of the event from the letters which passed between the Very Rev. Father Nickel, the General of the Society of Jesus, and the Queen Christina herself, with reference to her abjuration.

Christina was the only child of Gustavus Adolphus, the great warrior, who was the terror of Germany, and of Maria Eleonora, princess of Brandenburg, a singularly accomplished and gifted lady. Christina was born on the 8th of December, 1626. Her father was slain, though his troops remained victorious, in the battle of Lutzen, in 1632, and Christina was then only six years of age. The states of the kingdom, however, determined that the young princess should succeed her father on the throne, and that during the minority she should be under the guardianship of five of the most distinguished officers of state. As soon as she became of age she assumed the reins of government, which she directed with singular ability. She formed advantageous alliances, brought to a successful close the war with Denmark, concluded with Germany a treaty to the benefit of Sweden, and developed greatly in her kingdom both literature and the arts and sciences. She was sought in marriage by various European sovereigns, but she declined every offer.

She was most upright in her conduct and principles, and in all her actions followed most exactly the dictates of her conscience and after a while it pleased the Almighty to remove from her mind the darkness of error with His divine illumination, and to call her to the bosom of the true Church.

She perceived the emptiness of the Lutheran sect, which was the established in Sweden. She reflected in regard to this religion that it had not antiquity to recommend it, nor miracle to conform it, that it was not introduced or embraced by men distinguished for holiness of life, that it was not consistent in its principles or teaching, but varied and shifted with the whim or caprice of those who directed it. She noticed the same defects in all the other sects, and the Catholic religion alone appeared to her to possess the necessary attributes of antiquity, stability and uniformity; and so after much prayer, study and consultation with others, she finally resolved to embrace that religion and renounce the throne of Sweden.

On the 17th of June, 1654, Queen Christina made her solemn abdication of the throne in favor of Charles Gustavus, and, laying aside her purple robe of sovereign, appeared dressed simply as a private lady. She then quitted Sweden, and proceeded first to Antwerp and afterwards to Brussels, where she made her abjuration in private of the Lutheran heresy. Finally on the 3rd of November, in 1655, she made in Innspruck her public profession of the Catholic faith, in presence of Monsignor Luke Holstein, the delegate of the Holy See. The Queen of Sweden, after her reception into the Church, wrote a very beautiful letter to the Pope, which we subjoin. She afterwards pursued her journey towards the Pontifical States, visiting on the way all the most famous relics. She went to Loreto, to the Holy House, and there her piety and devotion were such as to draw tears from the beholders. Whilst she was at Loreto, Monsignor Holstein submitted for her approval some Latin verses which were to be entered in the registers or Loreto in memory of her visit to that shrine. In these verses it was stated that she made an offering to the Blessed Virgin of "the crown which she despised." She requested the monsignor to change this expression into "the crown which she laid aside," remarking that she had no intention of offering the Blessed Virgin a thing which she despised, but, rather, what she prized above all earthly things. On her arrival in Rome a splendid reception was given to her. She received the sacrament of Confirmation and also the Holy Communion from the hands of the Holy Father, and at the conclusion of the Mass, which was said by the Pope, she entertained at a repast in the Vatican at which the Sovereign Pontiff was present. The Farnesian Palace was chosen as her place of residence, and the people of Rome paid all the honors due to a sovereign, for she had added to her dignity as queen by sacrificing her royal crown in order to be at full liberty to embrace the true faith.

The following is the letter which Christina, Queen of Sweden, wrote to Pope Alexander VII. on the 5th of November, 1665, from Innspruck, on the day of her solemn profession of the Catholic religion:—

Most Holy Father—Having at length arrived at the term so much desired by me, of seeing myself received into the bosom of our holy mother the Roman Catholic Church, I am anxious to send news of this to your Holiness, thanking you in all humility for the honor you have done in sending me your gracious commands, which I have observed with the respect due to your Holiness. In obedience to your Holiness I have made a public declaration of my sentiments, in which I state that with the greatest joy I leave a kingdom in which reverence towards your Holiness is reckoned amongst the irremissible sins, and I have put aside all feelings of human respect, in order to let it be known that I esteem more the honor of obeying your Holiness than the splendor of the most elevated throne. I beseech your Holiness to

receive me, divested as I am of human greatness, with that paternal benignity which you have always shown me. I have nothing now to sacrifice at your feet but my person. I offer myself entirely to your Holiness with that complete obedience which is due to you, entreating you to dispose of me as you shall judge most fitting for the general good of our Holy Church, to which, and to your Holiness as to its only true head, I have dedicated all that remains to me of life, with the most ardent desire to employ and spend it all to the greater glory of God, from whom I implore for your Holiness many long and happy years, so needful for the good and common welfare of the Christian world. And I pray our Lord to preserve in your Holiness those great gifts He has bestowed upon you, and to make me so fortunate as to be able to arrive at the day so much desired in which I may be permitted to prostrate myself at the feet of your Holiness, which I humbly kiss, beseeching you to grant me your holy and paternal benediction.

From Innsbruck, the 5th November, 1665.
Your Holiness's most obedient daughter, CHRISTINA.

WONDERFUL—IF TRUE.—Uncle Sam is not to be done by either Neptune or Germany (writes the correspondent of the 'Herald'). A Philadelphia man has invented a machine by which two gallons of water will drive the largest engine in the world. The inventor has been engaged for fourteen years on his invention. At a recent trial, in the City of Brotherly Love, he produced a motive power equal to a pressure of 7,000lbs. to the square inch. He asserts that no chemical of any kind is used, and that electricity has nothing to do with his invention. The water, which is placed in a pear-shaped cylinder, was tested both before and after the experiment and found unchanged. It is supposed that the new power is produced by the decomposition of the water, by contact with the machine. Of course there is a great deal of mystery about the affair; nevertheless, several wealthy men have placed their money on the affair, and it is now patented. The inventor claims that by attaching his machine to an ordinary engine he can drive a train from New York to 'Frisco "on time" without any expenditure of power, save that generated in his machine by the two gallons of water.

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NOTE.—Our large Shipments for this season, coming in during rebuilding, compels us to use every means to move our stock as soon as possible. To effect this, we are marking everything at very low prices this winter, in order to induce all buyers to assist us to reduce our immense stock.

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Prescriptions accurately prepared.

Country Orders attended to with punctuality and dispatch.

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GOOD accommodation for Boarders. All Drinks of the best quality.
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Can only be had at **V. ALMAO & CO's**, Princes-st., Opposite Bank of New Zealand. 6 Doz., Brussels Leather Hat Cases.

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All Hats made to order of the best material.

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CHAS. REID
Manager.

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First-class Board and Lodgings, 20s per week; by the day (beds included), 3s. Meals, 1s. Single and double bedrooms.

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Choice Wines and Spirits, English Ales and Stout.



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Good Stabling.

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Gentlemen and Families visiting this prosperous mining district will find the above house replete with every comfort. The Proprietor has spared no expense to make the Kawarau Hotel a first-class establishment.

Horses and Buggies for hire, and none but first-class grooms kept.

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S. GIBBS begs to inform visitors to Oamaru that they will find every comfort and convenience at his well-known establishment.
All Liquors of the Purest Quality.
First-class Stabling.

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Provisions, Drapery, &c., at Dunedin prices.

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Good Accommodation for Boarders and Travellers.

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Good Stabling.

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Good Accommodation for Boarders.
Private Rooms for Families. Charges moderate. Wines and spirits of excellent quality. Luggage stored free. One of Alcock's Billiard Tables.

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