

New Zealand Galle

VOL. II.—No. 95.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1875.

PRICE 6d.

FINDLAY AND CO'S.
OTAGO STEAM SAW,
PLANING, MOULDING, DOOR, AND
SASH FACTORY,
Cumberland, Stuart, and Castle streets,
DUNEDIN.

They beg to intimate to Builders, Contractors, and the Public generally, that having just completed extensive alterations to their Plant and Premises, they are now in a position to execute all orders entrusted to them with the utmost despatch.

All the Machinery is on the best and most modern principles; customers can, therefore rely upon all work being done in the best possible manner.

We would call special attention to our Door, Sash, Turnery, and Moulding Department, as recent improvements have enabled us to turn out large quantities of the best finish and design.

As we import large quantities of our Colonial timber in bulk, we are prepared, with our large sawing appliances, to cut on the shortest notice to any size.

Our stock, which comprises all the requirements of the Building Trade—including Builders' Ironmongery of every description—is at present too large to be noted in an advertisement.

Our very large Shed and Building Accommodation enables us to keep all stock suitable for up-country purposes, or which would be injured by exposure, completely under cover.

All Orders, coastwise or up-country, shall receive our best attention.

FINDLAY AND CO.

MONSTER DERBY SWEEP
ON
THE DUNEDIN CUP,
OF A
THOUSAND POUNDS.

First Horse	...	500 Sovs.
Second do	...	250 do
Third do	...	100 do
Starters divide	...	100 do
Non-starters divide	...	50 do

£1,000

The above is now open. Tickets, 21s.
Early application necessary.

GEO. DODSON,
Dunedin.

WILLIAM MELVILLE,
PRACTICAL MACHINIST.

Has always on hand a Large Stock of
SEWING MACHINES,

From the best makers.

All kinds of repairs executed on the shortest notice.

Opposite Gilchrist's,
GEORGE-STREET.

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.

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,

BRES 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, Copper-smiths, Brassfounders,
Hydraulic and Gas Engineers.
Plans and specifications and price lists obtained on application.
Experienced workmen sent to all parts of the colony.

V. R.



M. FLEMING,
PINK OF FASHION DRESS BOOT-
MAKER,

By special appointment to his Excellency Sir George Fergusson Bowen, Governor of New Zealand, and Lady Bowen.
Next to Hirsch's Dunedin Dye Works,
GEORGE STREET.

The neatest and most fashionable ladies' and gentlemen's Boots, made in the highest style of the art. One trial will suffice to convince the wearer that M. Fleming is the Prince of Bootmakers.

MR JOHN MOVAT,
(Late of Lawrence),
SOLICITOR,
Corner of Jetty and Bond Streets,
DUNEDIN.

PROVINCIAL TEA MART.

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

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.

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.

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 Tokomariri, leave the Hotel daily.

DANIEL BLACK, PROPRIETOR.

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.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS AND MACHINERY.

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

HOGBEN'S PATENT.

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

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

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

Awarded First Prize at Vienna International Exhibition.

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

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

I M P O R T E R S O F
Corks, Chemicals, Bottles, &c., &c.,

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

IN CASES, HDDS., & QR-CASKS:—

Ginger Wine	Quinine	Champagne
Ginger Brandy	Bitters	
Raspberry Vinegar	Peppermint Cordial	
Orange Bitters	Clove Cordial	
Duke's Tonic Bitters	Tonic Orange Wine	
Lemon Syrup	Curacao	
	Maraschino, &c., &c.	

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

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

J E W E L L E R

HIS EXCELLENCY SIR JAMES FER-GUSSON, K.G.O.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 N G , Princes Street.

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

Wholesale and Retail
PRODUCE AND PROVISION MERCHANTS.

George Street, Dunedin.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

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

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

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

J O H N H I S L O P ,
(LATE A. BEVELLY.)

**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. McDon-
ough, 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,
Oamaru.

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

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

Fillen Street.

KEAST AND MCCARTHY,

BREWERS, ALE AND PORTER

BOTTLERS.

C E N T R A L R E G I S T R Y O F F I C E .

PROPRIETRIX Miss CANE,
(Late Mrs. Howard),
PRINCES STREET,
(Opposite Thomson, Strang and Co's.)

Board and Lodging for respectable females.
Terms moderate.

THE GREATEST WONDER OF MODERN TIMES

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

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

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



HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

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

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

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

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

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	...	Herbert & Co.
Waikouaiti	...	W. C. Ansell
Palmerston	...	John Keen
Oamaru	...	George Sumpter
Kakanui	...	James Matheson
Otakia	...	Henry Palmer
Naseby	...	J. & R. Bremner
Queenstown	...	T. F. Roskrage
Otepopo	...	Chas. Beckingsale
Cromwell	...	Chas. Colclough

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

GEORGE W. ELLIOT,
Agent for Otago.

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
Maclaggan street.

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

Pie and Cup of Coffee Sixpence.
JOHN WALLS.

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.

MMILITARY HAIR-CUTTING SALOON

GEORGE STREET.

M. TAYLOR,

From Truefit'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.

CITY OF DUNEDIN.

DUNEDIN MUNICIPAL BONDS FOR SALE BY TENDER.

TENDERS will be received at the Town Clerk's Office, Mansfield street, on or before FRIDAY, 12th March, 1875 at 4 p.m., for the whole or any portion of (£25,000) Twenty-five Thousand pounds value of Dunedin Municipal Bonds.

The Bonds are issuable under the authority and provisions of "The Otago Municipal Corporations Ordinance, 1865;" bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly, and are secured on the City Rates.

The Bonds are for £100 each, and will be redeemable in the year 1905.

At the option of any purchaser, the Council undertakes to pay principal and interest in either London, Melbourne, Sydney, or Dunedin.

Tenders to be endorsed "Tenders for Municipal Bonds."

J. M. MASSEY,
Town Clerk.

January, 26th, 1875.

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 Tassores
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 Trowsers	

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

R E I T H A N D W I L K I E
D U N E D I N .

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.
Brockmann-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 Frying 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 P. 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-japaned, are palmed on the unwary as new, the numbers being erased or filed down to avoid detection.

BEWARE OF WORTHLESS COUNTERFEITS!

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

BAKER'S GRAND HIBERNICON PANORAMA OF IRELAND,

AND
VARIETY COMBINATION!

At present travelling through New Zealand!—Lately arrived from AMERICA!—Pronounced by Press and

Public to be the

GREATEST ENTERTAINMENT

of the kind that has ever visited

THE AUSTRALIAS!!

Will shortly visit

CHRISTCHURCH, DUNEDIN, the WEST COAST,
and all the principal Southern Towns.

LOOK OUT! LOOK OUT!! LOOK OUT!!!

CHARLES P. VERNER,
Business Manager.

GREAT AMERICAN CIRCUS!

This Champion Star Company of the World will Perform

AT
DUNEDIN FOR A FEW NIGHTS ONLY,

COMMENCING

THURSDAY, JANUARY 18th.

Change of Programme Nightly. Marquee erected on Market Square, Dunedin South.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO TABLET.

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

	£	s.	d.
Messrs. Crerar & Co., Sales to Dec.	2	16	4
Mr. Borden, Arthur's Point, to March 6, 1875	1	0	0
„ E. W. Bunny, to Nov. 23, 1874	0	12	6
„ Sullivan, Dunedin, to Jan. 13, 1875	0	19	0
„ Perry, Dunedin, to Jan. 24, 1875	0	12	6
Dr. Wood, Auckland, to Aug. 28, 1874	0	12	0
Mr. Scanlan, Picton, to Feb. 2, 1875	0	6	6
„ Sullivan, Picton, to Feb. 2, 1875	0	6	6
„ Daniel Ryan, Havelock, to Oct. 3, 1874	1	5	0
„ Jeremiah Ryan, Havelock, to Oct. 10, 1874	1	5	0
„ M. Ryan, Havelock, to Nov. 14, 1874	0	12	6
„ James Farrell, Forbury, to Oct. 10, 1874	0	6	6
„ Keating, Forbury, to Oct. 10, 1874	0	6	6
„ Carey, Forbury, to Jan. 10, 1875	0	12	6
„ Maloney, Forbury, to Dec. 5, 1874	0	6	6
„ Cullen, Akaroa, to September 25, 1875	1	5	0
„ J. Pope, Lyttelton, to January 2, 1875	0	12	6
„ P. Pope, Lyttelton, to January 2, 1875	0	12	6
Mrs. Meriano Simotitch, Lyttelton, to January 2, 1875	0	12	6
Mr. O'Connor, Lyttelton, to January 2, 1875	0	12	6
„ Loader, Lyttelton, to January 2, 1875	0	12	6
„ Davis, Lyttelton, to January 2, 1875	0	12	6
„ P. Cain, Lyttelton, to January 2, 1875	0	12	6
Rev. Father Francis, Lyttelton, to January 2, 1875	0	12	6
Mr. B. Weyburn, Lyttelton, to January 2, 1875	0	12	6
„ W. Murray, Lyttelton, to January 2, 1875	0	12	6

DIED.

DALY.—On the 10th inst., at the Police Camp, Roxburgh, James Alfred, youngest son of James and Annie Daly: aged 1 year and 8 months.

New Zealand Tablet.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1875.

A SCHOOL RATE.

From the report of the last meeting of the Board of Education of Otago, we learn that the Board, acting on the suggestion of the Kaihiku School Committee, unanimously recommended the Government to pass an ordinance enabling School Committees to levy a small assessment on all rateable property. In support of its suggestion, the Kaihiku Committee stated that at present it was debarred from raising funds for incidental expenses, except by voluntary subscriptions. At present the Government builds all the schools and out-offices, gives a large allowance for repairs, and pays the teachers a considerable part of their salaries, the balance being made up from fees. But this, it appears, is not enough: the Kaihiku Committee, and the Board of Education think the public should relieve

parents of their duty to contribute sufficient means for the education of their children, and that all should be taxed for the purpose of giving a free, or, at all events, a very cheap education to the children of a part of the community. The gentlemen who compose these two august bodies, the Kaihiku School Committee and the Board of Education, have the modesty to recommend the enacting of a law, to compel all, without exception, who possess rateable property, to maintain a system of education, which a respectable minority regards as criminal and calculated to unchristianise, and consequently demoralise the community. Under this proposed Ordinance, should it be enacted, all will be obliged to provide for children what it is the specific duty of parents to provide, and the minority will be compelled to pay double taxes. There is no justice, no equity in this. We Catholics, for example, are supporting Catholic Schools at our own sole expense; and without the least aid from the Government Education Grant, to which, nevertheless, all have an equal right; but should the proposed Ordinance become law, the injustice perpetrated on us will be aggravated. At present, the sum appropriated for the maintenance of schools is, for the most part, derived from public land sales, and although an injustice is done by refusing us aid for our schools from this source, still the injustice is not so glaring, so odious and monstrous, as will be the injustice of a direct tax, which we must pay to maintain schools which our children do not and cannot safely frequent, and from the expenditure of which we derive no benefit whatever.

But it may be asked will the Provincial Government Act on the recommendation of the Board of Education? Any one who knows how this Board is constituted will simply laugh at such a question. Why the Board of Education is the Government itself, with the addition of the Speaker of the Provincial Council. The Board of Education, then, which is the Executive, has unanimously recommended itself to pass the proposed Ordinance. So far, therefore, as the Government is concerned, the matter is an accomplished fact. And it is not at all improbable that a majority of the Council may be found to accept the recommendation of the Board. Were there any use in presenting petitions against the proposed Ordinance, we should recommend the preparation and presentation of such petitions; but experience teaches us the utter futility of our petitioning the Provincial Council of Otago for justice, in reference to Education. But there is one thing Catholics can do, and ought to do. They ought to see that the name of every Catholic qualified to vote, should be accurately placed on the lists of registered voters of the several electoral districts; and then on fitting opportunities they should record their votes against the men who refused them justice in reference to their schools, no matter who may be their opponents. Catholics should belong to no political party, but should punish all, indifferently, who refuse them justice. And it will be well to bear in mind that they have no greater enemies, so far as education is concerned, than the present Executive of Otago.

THE COMING CAMPAIGN IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

THERE would appear to be considerable diversity of opinion among the most ardent and devoted lovers of Ireland as to the course to be pursued in the struggle for her rights during the present Session. We say the present Session, for although we are too far removed to hear the din of strife, the forces have already been marshalled for battle in St. Stephen's, and the Irish Question will be one of the first to force itself upon, and engage the attention of English legislators. The friends of Ireland who have watched the struggle thus far would appear to be divided into three different sections, each choosing means widely divergent, but all seeking one common object—the government of Ireland's internal affairs in Ireland's capital, and by the Irish people. The first party are those who—with the veteran patriot JOHN MURPHY at their head—while maintaining and expressing respect for the sincerity of the leaders of the Home Rule party in Ireland, have no faith in the efficacy of their measures. They strongly deprecate the sending of Irish representatives to the Commons “to beg at the feet of the British Parliament for the privileges afforded to men in England and Scotland,” and propose that Irish members, instead of going to the English Parliament to consult with their enemies, should remain in Ireland, confer with their friends as to what is really best for the good of the

country, and then take practical steps for putting such plans into execution. Next, we have a party, in the van of which stand the patriotic Irishwoman, CAROLINE, Marchioness of QUEENSBURY, and the member for Westmeath, Mr. P. J. SMYTH, who hold that the mild terms of the Home Rulers should not be entertained, denouncing the system as a "destructive and suicidal doctrine." In their mind the basis of the real and only hope for the prosperity of Ireland is the united rallying round a just cause, and that cause is the fulfilment of the pledges wrung by Treaty from the British Government by the determined stand of the Volunteers of 1782. In an eloquent and inspiring appeal to the people of Ireland, calling upon them to claim and accept nothing short of the fulfilment of the violated compact, which is only to be effected by the unity of the patriots of '82, the Marchioness says:—"When Irishmen are thus united, then send your representatives to the British House of Commons, not to take part in Imperial legislation, not to suggest amendments to some blundering Bill, not to exchange compliments with the Prime Minister, but to declare that millions of the Irish demand the restoration of their property, and the fulfilment of the treaty. Millions of voices must back up the representatives, who will simply give utterance to the voice of the people." In opposition to this extreme measure comes the proposition of the able and earnest Mr. MITCHELL-HENRY, a gentleman whose honesty and fearlessness should not only shield him from the charge of cowardice, but also whose opinions and utterances are entitled to more than ordinary respect. That gentleman advocates no material change from the tactics hitherto employed by the Home Rulers in the House, but to wait until the inevitable division comes in the English parties, and they are forced to ask the neutral Irish phalanx for support, when the Nationalists will have the ball at their feet, and can make their own terms. He asserts that the disorganisation amongst Whigs and Radicals has assumed larger proportions at the present time than heretofore, and that when the struggle for power and place does come, as come it must, the discovery will be made that the Irish demand for self-government is only just and reasonable, and that the decentralisation which has been so long agitated, so far from dissolving, will, on the contrary, consolidate the forces of the Empire. It will be found then, that the grievances and demands of Ireland, hitherto viewed through the thin end of the telescope, wear a very different aspect when the instrument is reversed, and the weight of a solid phalanx of four score votes will prove most convincing logic in the turning the scales of argument. Whatever course may be pursued, we trust "unity" will be the watchword, and whether it be federal union or total separation which is sought, unless the Spartan band, who at present are in so great a minority, sink all differences of opinion, and unite for the one grand cause, they cannot possibly hope for success. Small as they are as a party, by holding steadfastly together, they wield a power which will ultimately make itself felt.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

We have been requested to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of £1 from Miss Brownlee, of Cromwell, as a donation to the testimonial to the Very Rev. the Vicar-General.

His Lordship the Most Rev. Dr. Moran visited Oamaru last Sunday, at which place he preached three times during the day, and examined the children in the afternoon in their religious instruction. He returned to town on Monday evening, but left again at the close of the week on a visitation to Lawrence.

A Northern paper some time since hit upon the expedient of refusing insertion to original poetry unless as an advertisement; but a local poet was equal to the occasion, and in the following manner sought to effect a compromise. The journal in question says:—"A singular attempt at bribery was attempted in our office this morning; a person left the M.S. copy of some doggerel stuff, called in compliment poetry, with a request that we should publish the same. He also produced the copy of two advertisements—but we were not to have them without the poetry! Under such circumstances, we naturally and at once declined both."

In another column will be found the announcement of the intended visit to this city of "Baker's Hibernicon," at present exhibiting in Wellington. From the flattering notices of the Press received in every city which has been visited, the panorama must indeed be one of more than ordinary merit. It is an entertainment which will be peculiarly attractive to Irishmen from every part of the Old Land, the scenes embracing the Lakes of Killarney, the Rock of Casnel, the Harbor of Waterford, the Abbey of Holy Cross, Sackville street, and a host of other places made famous for the beauty of their scenery.

HITHERTO Auckland has obtained a most unenviable notoriety by the employment of youths of tender age during the long hours

of the night in its printing offices, but such conduct has been thrown completely into the shade by the latest innovation. By telegram from that city, we learn that the hands employed on one of the daily papers have struck work through the introduction of a number of girls into the office as employées. Newspapers in the Northern cities must pay but poorly, or proprietors must be particularly grasping, to resort to such a line of policy.

It may be remembered that a man named Griffiths, a carpenter, dropped dead last week whilst going to his work. With commendable promptitude, the associated body of carpenters held a meeting, with the view of taking active steps to assist the widow and orphan, who unfortunately are in straitened circumstances. A handsome sum was subscribed by those present, and a movement set on foot to further supplement it. The deceased was a highly respectable, hard-working man, and held the position of Vice-President of the Carpenters' and Joiners' Society.

JUDGING from the local papers, capital would appear to be more desirable at the Ahaura than freehold property, and a novel expedient has been adopted to raise the one by means of the other. In the columns of the 'Argus' are several advertisements from impecunious property-holders, notifying the disposal of their possessions on the art union principle. Amongst the items placed within reach of the public, for 250 tickets at £1 each, are the Imperial Hotel, Grey Valley, together with stabling, land, out-houses, furniture, beds, bedding, billiard-table, and a harmonium, almost new. We should imagine there are more Good Templars than travellers in that district, and that things look rather blue on the Grey.

THE following is the comparative return of the value of imports at the principal ports of New Zealand during the years 31st December, 1873 and 1874.—Auckland, £1,545,438, as against £1,423,395; Wellington, £1,084,651, against £724,031 in 1873; Lyttelton, £1,479,452, against £1,009,041; and Dunedin, £2,589,560, against £2,104,390 during last year. From the above it will be seen that in the four principal ports the amount of imports have materially increased during the past over the preceding year, as also that the imports of Dunedin is almost double those of Auckland and Lyttelton, and nearly three times those of Wellington. The comparative state of exports from the same ports during the two years has been:—Auckland, £633,656, against £322,997 in 1873; Wellington, £527,488, against £464,636; Lyttelton, £1,096,468, against £942,877 in 1873; and Dunedin, £1,697,186, £1,920,150 in the preceding year. It may be seen, therefore, that while Wellington and Lyttelton have exported more during the current year, Auckland and Dunedin have fallen considerably behind.

MR. JOHN WILLIAMSON, Superintendent of the Province of Auckland, expired on Tuesday morning, after a few days' illness. The deceased gentleman was a very old colonist, and for the last thirty years has been identified more or less with the affairs of the colony. Mr. Williamson was one of the proprietors of the 'New Zealander,' which journal possessed large influence at one time, but the outspoken spirit which it manifested contrary to public opinion, caused it to become unpopular, and in the year 1866 it ceased to exist. Mr. Williamson was a native of Newry, in the North of Ireland, and sixty years of age.

We have received during the week a post-office order from Westport which was the only enclosure in the letter forwarded, and consequently are unable to divine from whom it came and credit same. Perhaps the sender would kindly communicate, stating name and sum.

THE 'Illustrated New Zealand Herald' for February is to hand, and is fully up to the standard of preceding numbers. The first-page illustration represents the scene of operations of the Mosgiel Woollen Company, and will give our friends at Home some idea of the progress of our local industries. The full-page cuts are three in number, chief amongst which is the destruction of the ill-fated Cospatrick, the horrors of the dread situation being vividly portrayed. The installation of the Bishop of Ballarat in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Sturt street, and a sugar plantation at Fiji are also worthy of mention. Amongst the minor illustrations are the Founders of Adelaide University; portraits of the juvenile recipients of medals for heroic conduct—James Brownbill and Cecil Maemeikan; the Eight Hours Demonstration in Sydney, and a scenic view in Tasmania.

A TELEGRAM from Auckland states:—"It is believed that since the death of the Superintendent his powers under the Goldfields Act revert to the Governor, and that he will be advised to retain the same, or delegate them to a Commissioner nominated by Government. There is a feeling here, and at Ohinemuri, that delegated powers would be exercised more for the benefit of the field by the Governor or a Commissioner, than by the Superintendent and Provincial Government of Auckland. This is specially the case at Ohinemuri, where it is believed Mr. James Mackay should have control for some months at least, in view of the possible difficulties with the natives.

ACCOUNTS of telegraphic feats often go the rounds of the press, but seldom do we hear, except through private sources, of the disgraceful delays which so frequently take place in the transmission of messages. A case came under our notice a few days ago where a short message occupied over 24 hours in its transmission from Invercargill to Dunedin. Our informant declares he will send by post next time when speed is necessary.

Mr. W. Rowlett writes to the 'Times' from Leicester:—"It may be interesting to many of your readers who, like myself, have long been admirers of Barry Cornwall's poetry, to know what I have just discovered—that the true name of the poet forms an anagram originating the *nom de plume* by which he has so long been distinguished, Peter Barry Cornwall being an exact transposition of Bryan Waller Procter."

NEWS IN BRIEF.

The biography of the late Bishop Keane, of Cloyne, has been undertaken by the Nun of Kenmare.

The statement found in all the secular and "religious" journals to the effect that the Pope had addressed a letter to the Emperor of Germany concerning the persecutions inflicted on the clergy, and had received a retort uncorporate, is authoritatively contradicted from Rome. The Pope has written no letter to the Emperor, nor has he entertained any idea of doing so.

The English graves in the Crimea are in a ruinous condition.

The Michigan census shows an excess of males of 60,215, or 1095 to every 1000 females.

The number of Catholics in the British possessions is put down at between fourteen and fifteen millions.

Rosa D'Erina, the Irish "Cantatrice," has been attracting the favourable attention of the Montreal press and public.

The death at Munich is announced of a rival of the famous Cardinal Mezzofanti, the Abbe Richter, who spoke, it is said, nearly eighty languages.

The London correspondent of the Dublin 'Freeman's Journal' at times wires some original intelligence to that print. On one occasion he said:—"Authoritative information reaches me from Rome that the Archbishop of Westminster will return to England as Cardinal Manning, and it is said that he will, during his visit to Rome, be formally recognised as the successor of Pius IX." What next?

England paid £2,000,000 sterling last year for foreign eggs.

A Mississippi boatman with immense feet, stopping at a public house on the levee, asked the porter for a boot-jack to pull off his boots. The colored gentleman, after examining the stranger's feet, broke out as follows:—"No jack here big nuff for dem feets. Jackass couldn't pull 'em off, massa, widout fractring the leg. Yuse better go back about tree miles to de fork in de road an' pull 'em off dar."

The inscription on the wall of an eating house in Fort Howard, on the line of the Chicago and North Western Railway, is as follows:—"All meals in this house will be 75 cents, regardless of age, sex, beauty, business, nationality, politics, religion, or previous occupation or condition of servitude."

The 'Hornet' says:—"Among the recent guests of the Earl of Ripon was Mr. Richard Doyle, the well-known artist, who used to sign his caricatures with a bird, and who for several years contributed the best of the cartoons to 'Punch,' but left the staff of that paper about twenty-five years ago because he, being a Roman Catholic, could not remain connected with a journal which at that time—the period of the papal aggression—was constantly deriding the Church."

Master of the Rolls, London, has decided that all inclosures in Epping Forest within the last twenty years are illegal, and ordered all defendants to pay costs.

Dean Rzezniowski, of Posen, who excommunicated Father Kubeczak, of Xions, for accepting a living from a secular patron without asking for the consent of the Posen bishop and chapter, has been arrested on a charge of refusing to give up the Church books of the parish of Wlosciejewki. He has been lodged in the prison at Pleschen.

It is stated that Mrs. Ross Church, daughter of Captain Marryatt, the celebrated novelist, has joined the Catholic Church. The lady is editress of 'London Society.'

A curiously assorted pair were married in the Catholic Church at Ennis, Ireland, recently. The bridegroom was only three feet four inches in height, while the bride was just two feet and a half taller, and is described as "well-looking and buxom" into the bargain.

The 'London Tablet,' in the course of an article on Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet, says:—"We have heard that when the then Archdeacon of Chichester and Mr. Hope Scott entered the Catholic Church some twenty-three years ago, Mr. Gladstone himself was on the point of making his submission also."

The heir to the Jamieson estate in Scotland, worth £250,000, has been found in the person of an American pedlar.

Nearly fifty tons of books, newspapers, and pamphlets are sent daily from New York.

A dressing-case, containing jewellery of the value of £50,000, belonging to the Countess of Dudley, was lost at the Paddington Station.

Somebody has noticed that nineteen out of every twenty newspaper men have straight noses.

George Francis Train has given four hundred acres of land in Omaha for a public park. George has his good points, and if ever he could get over the belief that he carries the world in the hollow of his hand, he might rise to the dignity of an Omaha alderman.

It is estimated that there are 57 lady editors in the United States.

Four sperm whales were captured by the natives of the whaling station at Mahia lately, a lucky haul that has not occurred before there for many years past.

An enterprising ornithologist calculates that there are 900,000 canaries in the United States.

A new workhouse hospital, erected at a cost of nearly £20,000 was opened at Leeds.

A writer in 'Le Figaro' says that the magnificent red velvet mantle of the Empress of Russia is lined with 228 sable skins, each worth £12, the whole being valued at nearly £4000.

The late Alexander Dumas is said by the Paris 'Figaro' to have left behind him an unpublished romance of the most thrilling interest. The work is the dowry of a little girl in whom the novelist felt a great interest, and as, dying poor, he could give her no money, he bequeathed her the romance, reckoning that after his death its value would be trebled, and would provide his protegee with a handsome dot.

A NATION OF FOOLS.

(To the Editor of the New Zealand Tablet.)

SIR,—I am very fond of taking a quiet walk after supper and sitting down under the canopy of Nature, and, must I say, indulging in a quiet whiff. For years have I enjoyed myself in those wild haunts I love on many a summer's eve in this manner. Possessing none of the idealism of poetism, my musings usually revert to commonplace things, and the every-day life of a common bushman, for I am a "hewer of wood and a drawer of water." This evening, however, feeling more pensive than usual I changed my familiar bowser, lest the children might come to seek me as is their wont, and annoy me with their accustomed childish gossip about the excellence of neighbor Wilson's horses, Thomson's sheep, and Mac-Alisdrum's dogs.

I have said I felt pensive, and somehow or other, as if forced by some supernatural power which I could not war against, I felt unusually inclined to follow the hidden phantom even into the innermost recesses of my own mind and see if it would turn out to be "A dream of the future," or another "Vision of Mirza," or some species of sentimentality surpassing Rosseau. Well, I found myself secreted between some teak trees, on a hill overlooking a rich valley, and felt a secret pleasure in thinking that, though many a big round tear and drop of my sweat had fallen there, I assisted in making it what it now is. The contrast was striking, some fifteen years ago of a clear evening like the present you may perceive the smoke arising from the ill-shaped log huts hid beneath the tall primeval forest trees, where to-day beautiful homesteads surrounded by nice plantations and well cultivated gardens greeted the eyes. Yet, although the prospect before me was one of the most pleasing, it was not that which attracted most attention in the present state of my mind, so I turned to contemplate the vanities of human life, even while everything around seemed to impress me with a belief in its reality. Yet, real as it is, there could be no doubt but a large section of the people who enjoy it, and they by no means the least educated, were fools. "Look," thought I, "to England; see how they denounce one of their ablest statesmen as an infatuated fool and an insane maniac!" I even fancied myself like Griffin's "Traveller" secreted in the jury room, listening to a number of would-be wits and punsters deriding the "miserable converts to the old idolatry," and asking one another if even Goldsmith's Sir Richard Mordaunt was as great a fool as as either of the noble converts. Strange! mighty strange! Is it not? Even the great 'Times' itself, the prince of newspapers, of which it has been said "If the 'Times' said one thing and the Bible another, 99 out of 100" (Englishmen of course), "would believe the former," joins in the chorus.

Not content with saying that the Marquis of Ripon is a fool, they most emphatically declare that he has *always* been one. The only inference which any sane man, that is, a man who is not a downright fool or weak minded imbecile can draw from the facts are these:—I will put them into syllogisms in order to make them clearly understood for the benefit of your logical contemporaries, taking care to express fully the major and minor premises as well as the logical deductions. Now my first syllogism is this, taking it for granted that the Marquis *is* and *was* a fool it can be expressed thus:

The Marquis of Ripon was a fool; the Whigs made the Marquis a Cabinet Minister; therefore the Whigs were fools. Again, The Marquis is a fool, the English sent him to represent them at the Congress of Geneva; therefore the English are fools. Again, horror of horrors! worst of all, the Marquis is a fool; the enlightened Free and Accepted Masons of England made the Marquis Grand Master, therefore the Freemasons of England are fools.

It sickened me, I lost my wits, my head became dizzy. A few hours before I was ready to say "England with all thy faults I love thee still." I am a true British subject, I admire England, for there under the genial influence of wisdom, the arts and sciences attain their highest perfection, and literature its warmest support, freedom, peace, and industry, their full value. How fortunate that I should awaken as from a dream and find 'twas all the empty vaunting of a self-confessing nation of fools plunged into an unfathomable abyss of *apish* theories and immaterial philosophy deluded with human *monkeys*.—Yours, &c..

A MATTER-OF-FACT OLD BUSHMAN.

INVERCARGILL.

To the Editor of the NEW ZEALAND TABLET.

THE Rev. Father Higgins preached his first sermon in this town on Sunday, 31st January last. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated by him at 8 a.m., at which the Very Rev. Father Coleman delivered a short but very instructive sermon. At 11 o'clock, Mass, celebrated by the Vicar-General, he briefly introduced the Rev. Father Higgins, in a feeling manner, as the newly-appointed pastor of St. Mary's Mission; and that gentleman having ascended the altar, delivered an eloquent and impressive sermon. The subject chosen by him was the words—"What will it avail a man to gain the whole world, if he lose his own soul, or what will a man give in exchange for his soul?" The sermon was over an hour in delivering, and was listened to with the most rapt attention by a large congregation. At the evening devotions, the Rev. Father Coleman preached on the Gospel of the day. During the week, Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Higgins, at 8 a.m.; afterwards, visiting the school each day, instructing the children. He is a priest the Catholics of Invercargill ought well be proud of—and they are, too. To-day (Ash Wednesday), after celebrating Mass and preaching, he departed on a mission to Riverton, where he will remain until the 20th.

I am, &c.,

February 10, 1875.

J. M.

LECTURE ON "CIVILIZATION" BY THE BISHOP OF WELLINGTON.

The Most Rev. Dr. Redwood, Bishop of Wellington, delivered a lecture at Ewart's Hall, Blenheim, on the 4th inst., on "Civilization." Shortly after eight o'clock his Lordship appeared on the platform, accompanied by his brothers, Messrs. T. and C. Redwood, the Rev. Father Sauzeau, and Mr. Ward, and on the motion of the latter gentleman, Mr. George Henderson took the chair.

Mr Henderson said that the gentleman who was about to address them had spent some of the best years of his life among the cities of Europe, where he had every opportunity of acquiring an accurate knowledge of the progress of civilization, and he had no doubt the audience would find it a subject of such interest as to accord the lecturer a careful and attentive hearing. He then introduced

Dr. Redwood, who said that Civilization was a word very familiar to the ears, and frequently on the tongue of almost every one, but there were very few persons who had any clear perception of what was really meant by the word Civilization. If you enquired of them as to the real meaning of the term it would be found that their explanations melted into vagueness, incoherency, indefiniteness. There were two sorts of coin in circulation, there was the good and current coin of the realm, and there was the counterfeit coin. He warned his hearers to be careful how they took a bad shilling for a good one, or a bad sovereign instead of pure gold. So too there were two kinds of civilisation, the worldly or secular civilisation, and Christian civilisation as taught by the Catholic Church. The wonders of modern art, as displayed at the industrial exhibitions of London and Paris, were described in glowing and eloquent terms. The powerful instruments of astronomy, the minute investigations of the microscope, the triumphs of naval architecture, and the fiery chariots of the rail, down to the most delicate machinery of the watch and the wonders of the electric telegraph, all were rapidly yet comprehensively reviewed as some of the results of what was considered by some people the highest civilization. In entering the halls of worldly grandeur and wealth, the eye was dazzled by the beauties of refined art in painting and sculpture, while the ear was enchanted by the finest music, of the first masters, gushing forth in glittering ripples of melody, or rolling with the majestic grandeur of a mountain torrent, produced from the finest and most perfect instruments that art and science could invent, and touched by the hands of the most skilled instrumentalists; but all this was not true civilization. Some one had said that civilization was the cultivation of the intellectual up to the highest standard—to a knowledge of nature, and of man for his own sake, and the diffusion of wealth and prosperity to all who could attain it. This was what they called a good secular education, but this sort of civilization was only for those who had wealth and prosperity; it was not for those to whom Christ had taught that first and purest civilization—the love of God and man. He had said "Woe to the rich; for it is easier for the camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into Heaven." In all this secular learning there was no mention of morality. You might educate the intellect until a man possessed the supernatural intelligence of a demon, and he might be rich enough to procure all the pleasures and enjoyments that art and science could invent, and not possess one single virtue. The lecturer then reviewed the ordinary curriculum of common schools, and ridiculed the notion that reading, writing, and arithmetic, contributed to virtue or enhanced the moral condition of the people. He asked, "Are the people in the country who cannot read less virtuous than those in towns where schools are easily accessible, and learning abundant?" He contended that they were not. Let them turn to London, which was acknowledged to be the very centre of modern civilization. Should we not find preeminently there Dives in purple and luxury, while the starving Lazarus lies perishing at his gate. The statistics of crime, too, showed that secular teaching had done nothing to improve the moral condition of society. Worldly science had no connection with morality; it did teach man to know God or to do his will. His Lordship also touched on the Darwinian theory, which he characterised as degrading to man, who had been formed in the image of his maker. That man should be descended from or allied to the lower animals, was preposterous, and opposed to revelation. He condemned modern literature as a source from which the child who had been taught to read, would imbibe only poison to his soul. Scientific works led them to the pride and atheism of such men as Huxley and John Stuart Mill, who had asserted that the Christian morality was more negative than positive. In reviewing the state of modern society, Dr Redwood said modern philanthropy had done nothing to improve it; and that modern civilisation when stripped of its garish and external glitter left nothing but shrivelled husks behind. Mr Huxley, therefore, should not be surprised that the Catholic Church resisted modern civilisation, any more than he would be to see a man resisting a burglar, or a judge condemning a criminal, for a man may possess all the outward polish that refined civilisation could bestow, and yet be the very essence of vice and meanness. There was one great truth admitted by the Church Secularists: That culture of training of the individual—not as an individual, but as a social being—was real civilisation; that the perfection of the individual was necessary to society for the sake of mutual influence. If you put a rude, unpolished man, into refined society, he would become to a certain extent refined; whereas if the most learned or virtuous were constantly surrounded by the low and the depraved, it was scarcely to be expected that he could retain his moral and intellectual standing. There was a strong analogy between the cultivation of the mind, and that of the soil; the perfection of society depended on the culture of its several parts, as the fruitfulness of an orchard would depend on the care bestowed on each individual tree. To render man perfect his body and his soul must be cultivated. Some might be surprised at his

alluding to the body, but it was by the body they are chained to the earth, through it we received the means of sustaining life, and a healthy and well regulated body was necessary to a happy and contented mind. The soul was constituted of the intellect, the will, and memory. The object of the intellect was truth, and that intellect became the more perfect in proportion to the number of truths and the degree of their value and high order. The highest of all truths were those taught by the Catholic Church, through her men obtained the knowledge of God and of his life, and that when compared with worldly civilisation was the grandest of all truths, for worldly when it had done all it could left nothing worth having. There was more sublimity in the poor peasant who could not read a letter, but lifting his eyes to heaven said, "I believe in God," than there was in all the truth grasped by the most exalted intellect of the scientific atheist, a knowledge and belief in the Holy Trinity, a glorious and mysterious truth, the foundation and source of Christian civilisation, fell alike to all, to rich and poor, and only to be attained by man through divine revelation. The whole world had believed in the divinity of Christ, and the Catholic Church was the true guardian of that faith. Through the instrumentality of that Church the civilised world had received all the gifts of learning and of science. The rev. gentleman then reviewed the atomic theory and molecular action as explained by Professor Tyndall, and said if that theory were true man was but an automaton, and consequently the possession of every virtue was in a moral point of view no better than the most vicious and depraved in the social scale. He hoped those men who asserted these things were not in earnest; if they really meant these statements they were monsters on the face of the earth. As the object of the intellect was truth, so the object of the will was good; the instincts or appetites of the body were through the influence of the intellect or reason to be made subject to the will. The third element of the soul, memory, was the storehouse of the intellect, and in order that it should be properly trained it should not receive or retain any thing but good. He censured, most severely, the public press as pandering to the evil passions and morbid tastes of the profane, that it dragged vice from the obscurity to which it should be consigned, and paraded it in vivid colors, polluting the minds of the young. He held up the Catholic Church as the friend of progress and of science, so long as science was kept within its proper sphere, and the wild and speculative theories of men were not taught as science in direct antagonism to the revealed will of God. With regard to the body, it craved too much indulgence to be much neglected or readily forgotten, the greater danger was that it would be over indulged and the most indulgence to be feared was through the vice of drunkenness, this sin the civilisation of Christianity taught them to reject. Thus it would be seen that Christianity imbued the intellect with vigor, the body with health, and the will, with the desire for Truth.

As soon as the applause, which followed the conclusion of the address had subsided, Mr Thomas Redwood moved a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

Mr Henderson briefly acknowledged the compliment, and said before the meeting gave him any thanks he thought a cordial vote was due to the learned lecturer, who had given them some food for earnest thought.

The vote was carried by acclamation, and the meeting separated. —'Marlborough Express.'

THE BARDS OF IRELAND.

AFTER the Norman invasion the glory of the bards rapidly declined. They still, however, continued to exist to a comparatively recent period, and, besides having added largely to bardic literature, have left many instances on record of the extraordinary influences they could occasionally exercise. The magnificent ballad of Davis has made every one familiar with the story of "Silken Thomas." Coming to Dublin for the purpose of surrendering the sword of the Lord Deputy, and announcing his allegiance to the British King, he was about yielding his intention to the persuasion of his friends, when his bard, who was present, struck up an extemporaneous lay in honor of the Geraldines. The young lord hesitated no longer, but, flinging his sword upon the council table, rushed forth into rebellion, which ended his life and almost ruined the fortunes of his house. The Irish bards are now no more. As a social influence they had ceased to exist almost before the country had fallen a prey to the invading Norman. But the brotherhood of song had been broken for many a day before its members disappeared. Even on the verge of our own century, some gray old figures may be seen, looking like incarnations of time, bending sadly over the harp which for so long had been tuned to little else than sorrow. Of these, by far the most eminent was Turlough O'Carolan. He was born in the County Westmeath, in 1670. In the little churchyard of Kilnoran, in the County Roscommon, without a stone to mark his resting place, lies the last and one of the greatest of the kings of Irish song. Had he been an English poet, his remains would have been interred with honor and commemorated with some costly memorial. Westminster Abbey would have received him into its glorified earth, and his countrymen would have turned aside from the shows of fashionable life to pay with gratitude and reverence their tribute of respect to the sacred dust of genius. Gone as they all now are, we should think of these ancient poets of our country with pride. Notwithstanding the evils incidental to the bardic system, we cannot help feeling grateful for the precedent they have left us, when the bard, by the magic of his sway over the rude spirits of his age, asserted at once the dignity of intellect and the power of song, when triumphant over social distinctions, he exemplified in his career the majesty of that great principle of a more enlightened period, the sovereignty of the mind, when throughout the land he journeyed beneath the safe shield of a nation's love, in cot or castle a welcome guest, the apostle of gladness to the heart and homes of all.

ON HIS LAST LEGS.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, in an epigram as familiar to most of us as the alphabet, has put the stern idea that when a woman stoops to folly, the one thing left for her is to die. Men stoop to folly as well as women, and to them also it sometimes happens that they are guilty of such errors as cannot be condoned except by death. Mr. Gladstone is exactly such a man. Like Solomon, in his youth and in the maturity of his years, Mr. Gladstone was discreet and wise; like Solomon, in the fading evening of his age, he has fallen away from wisdom. The time has been brief since his overgrown Expostulation came forth, but all calm observers already plainly see—what he probably cannot yet discern—that this bid for political power at the expense of truth, or civil amity, and of justice, is an error too gross to be retrieved. In hurling his bolt of wrath against the Catholics of the world, he hoped to win back the Protestants of Great Britain to his side. He has failed. British Protestants have common sense in the same degree as the average body of men, and the motive underlying Mr. Gladstone's act was too palpable to be mistaken, as well as too keenly selfish to be otherwise looked upon than with scorn. Shrugs are given instead of smiles, and sneers for the expected plaudits. His second idea was, no doubt, that a legion of suddenly enlightened Catholics would leave their Church and follow him. If any such hope sustained his sanguine mind, the disappointment has been grievous. The men hitherto taken for Catholics, or bearing at least the name, who have been led by Mr. Gladstone into even a momentary want of accord with the doctrine and authority of the Church, may be counted upon the fingers of one hand. They are Lord Acton, Lord Camoys, Mr. Henry Petre, and Mr. Martin Archer Shee. Lord Acton, the chief of the four, and the first to appear in the guise of a spiritual rebel, is already showing signs of a tendency to retrace his steps. Warned by an episcopal pastoral that if he will not obey the Church he is out of it by the fact of his refusal, Lord Acton writes a second letter, following up, indeed, his first attack on Popes long dead and gone, but, very disappointingly for some admirers of his first epistle, he declares in simple terms that the communion of the Church is dearer to him than life. If this be so, he will pause ere he wilfully part with it. Lord Camoys and Mr. Petre, are mere nobodies, whose belief is no matter of interest or concern to anyone but themselves; and as for Mr. Shee, his proposal—coming as it does from a man who takes the name of a Catholic—that, to satisfy Mr. Gladstone and still the disquiet of fools, Catholic subjects of Queen Victoria should submit once more to take the insulting oath of abjuration, shows that the man is either a slave in his heart, or one whose intelligence is a matter of no account. Such is the following attracted to the amateur theologian by an act which decrees his political extinction, and leaves him no strong hope but death.

It would certainly be passing strange if a man like Mr. Gladstone, whose own career is a signal spectacle of unstable principle and ambitious over-craving, could make any impression on the stability of a Church that was founded to last for ever. The one thing constant in his restless mind is change, and next year may find him "expostulating" with his favorite Dollinger, or pronouncing a ponderous eulogy on our Church. Hence his exploits may be looked on much more as exercises in which he throws off his surplus stock of energy than as genuine emanations of conscience. Men know this, and they think accordingly; but in the present case there is a vast deal more to cast a moral discredit on Mr. Gladstone. Dr. Ullathorne's letter, by precise allusion to facts, proves that the expostulator had in his sleeve four years ago the stone he cast at the Church the other day. But four years ago he was a mighty minister, ruling the empire by the help of Catholics, and now, by the crushing stroke of a sternly adverse fortune, he is a fallen man. Much of his fall he owes to that proud new birth of Irish national feeling which drew his Catholic followers from him. In his thirst for power, and in the bitterness of his heart, he writes this intemperate expostulation, hoping fondly by one stroke to recover lost way in politics, and to revenge himself on Catholics whose allegiance to their country proved more potent than their fealty to himself. Motives like these, so well exposed in the excellent letter of the member for Carlow, Mr. Lewis, are enough to damn the worst cause; but when they are found in a politician out of place, manoeuvring for public favor by playing the critic in theology, as a matter of course it follows that every man of sense sees through the poor device, and laughs at the weak invention.

As it was with Mr. Gladstone, let us add, so would it be with any man who rashly essayed a task so far exceeding mortal strength. The Catholic Church is no citadel of tissue paper. It is a magnificent fortress, not pregnable by human force. Many ages have passed over it, and all have left unimpaired the wondrous energy that impelled the primal Twelve, and the superhuman spirit of devotion and love that sprang from the tree of pain on Calvary. In that Church's quiet bosom, men tired of the world have rested, men fearful of the world have found inviolable sanctuary, men struggling with stealthy doubts and lion-like passions at last have tasted peace, men stricken with anguish have felt a subtle balm of consolation. The refuge of all the ages is a refuge now, and it will be to the end of time. Nor any pamphlet, nor any politician—nor a library, nor a million of "expostulators"—can impede the sublime career of the one ambassador between pitying Heaven and man, the heir of pain. The Church holds on its way serenely, its grand soul heedless of the trivial chances of the hour, its great heart stored with the infinite tenderness that alone can match the grief of life. It holds its way through the far-extending tracts of time—never wavering, never halting—and the whims of the sectary fall and die when the light of its presence strikes them.—Weekly News.

THE CELIBACY AND HEROISM OF PRIESTS.

A LUTHERAN Minister in Germany has wreathed a crown of honor for the Priests of the Catholic Church. His testimony appeared in the 'Deutsche Reichszeitung,' and has been copied, more or less abridged, into a large number of papers throughout Germany. He writes:—"Pope Gregory VII. knew well what he did, when, with an inexorable strictness, he maintained the celibacy of the priests of the Catholic Church according to the old canon law. The Roman Church is essentially a militant institution, and it is but natural that the priests should be the foremost in this warfare. But it is well known how much those warriors that are not bound to life by wife or children, surpass in courage and contempt of death their married companions. A glance at the Roman priests of the present time shows how right Gregory was in his judgment of the nature of his Church, and how discreet he was in taking this into account in all he did. *The priests of Rome are a corps of heroes.* They carry on the combat that is forced upon them by the present state of the political world, with an incessant fire that reminds us of the Roman legions of old.

"Full of admiration and astonishment the world looks on those men, whom no violence can induce to anything that is contrary to the regulations of their Church. They are driven from abode and livings; their goods are seized for fines; they are thrown into prison; but they hold out without finching, and, to-day beaten back, to-morrow they stand again at the same post. *For they are priests; they are warriors; they are men.*

"It is not the least excellence of the Roman Church that there are priests to be found in her, men of action, and not of words alone. Half a year may have elapsed since the alarming news came to us of a English ship which in the darkness of the night having been run down by a Spanish steamer, was sunk within ten minutes, in the depth of the sea, with crew and passengers. Then while the flood poured into the ship, and the unfortunate people, roused up from sleep assembled in the wildest disorder on deck, some crying, others praying, others again stood in dumb despair with their eyes fixed on the deck before them;—then, a Catholic clergyman was hurrying from group to group, announcing to the contrite pardon of sins in the name of God, before whose tribunal they would all appear within a few moments. Sublime picture of a priest! Praise now your generals, who in the hazards of battle oppose their breasts to the hostile balls; extol your statesmen, who look on with a quiet eye at the pistol raised by an assassin against them; in comparison with that priest they must vanish; where everyone else has lost his senses, he remains calm; where all others recoil before the gaping jaws of death, he with certainty stretches forth his hand to heaven, and opens eternal life to the perishing. And among a hundred clergymen of the Roman Church you will find ninety-nine equal to him; among a hundred clergymen of the Evangelical Church you might perhaps find one. Indeed, we Evangelical pastors are great in words, and, to hear us in our private circles, one would certainly conceive the highest idea of our courage; and to hear us at our conferences, one would be filled with fear at our display of courage. But when the moment has come to carry our words into action, to make head against the world, and to cover with our bodies the standard which just before we waved so bravely, then our mind quickly lies prostrate, and the fire of our courage turns into ashes. There are your wife and your children crying: a sight which may heaven avert from you! There come and stand your anxious friends. And the final issue is this, that our courage was only fictitious and lacked the real support in reserve. But the Catholic Priest knows that God has placed in his hands realities; whereas we dispose of mere words, we are quite overgrown with empty rhetoric; we are preachers, but we have hardly a suspicion that we ought also to be priests. Many a noble mind has been driven to the bosom of the Catholic Church by this very contradiction, between the notion of the Church and the Priest's offices, and the actual state of things in the Evangelical Church . . . and such persons we cannot possibly condemn."

CHALKING UP "NO POPERY."

LONDON, November 9.—Mr. Gladstone, as Lord John Russell once did, has chalked up "No Popery" on the door. He has not yet run away around the corner, but he shows signs of an intention to make his escape in that manner. Evil associations corrupt good manners; Mr. Gladstone has been to Munich, in company with Lord Acton, and Dr. Dollinger has inspired him with the malice, envy, and uncharitableness which he displays in the pamphlet that was published to-day, and which has for its ostensible purpose to show that Catholics cannot be loyal citizens. But why? Only because they consider themselves bound to obey God rather than man. Dr. Dollinger and Lord Acton have made Mr. Gladstone believe that the decrees of the Vatican Council imposed upon us poor priest-ridden slaves a new yoke, but with amazing inconsistency he admits that the Church had maintained the doctrines which were formulated at the Vatican Council, for 1000 years. The simple explanation of Mr. Gladstone's assault upon the Church is this—He is out of office, and he is miserable. How can he return to power? Mr. Disraeli has made himself the especial champion of Protestantism by espousing the Bill to put down the Ritualists in the Anglican Church—and Mr. Gladstone wishes to outbid him. He went to Munich—there Dr. Dollinger poured poison into his ears. He made Mr. Gladstone believe that while the Catholic Church was holy, its head, the Pope, was a devil; and that he might win over all the English Catholics by alternately coaxing and alarming them. He must coax them by telling them that they were splendid fellows and good Englishmen, and that the Pope had imposed upon them a cruel yoke; he must alarm them by threatening them with a revival of the Penal Laws unless they declared themselves independent of the Pope, and

became even as Dr. Dollinger is. Thus inspired, he wrote his now famous pamphlet. Naturally it has caused a great commotion; but the game was a little too transparent. Every one who has seen through it, and the most influential of the daily journals expose its real meaning. The Archbishop of Westminster lost no time in repelling the assault made upon the Church. The pamphlet appeared on Saturday—and on Monday morning the following letter from the Archbishop was published in all the leading journals:—

“**SIR**—The gravity of the subject on which I address you, affecting, as it must, every Catholic in the British Empire, will, I hope, obtain from your courtesy the publication of this letter.

This morning I received a copy of a pamphlet, entitled “The Vatican Decrees in their bearing on Civil Allegiance.” I found in it a direct appeal to myself, both for the office I hold, and for the writings I have published. I gladly acknowledge the duty that lies upon me for both those reasons. I am bound by the office I bear not to suffer a day to pass without repelling from the Catholics of this country the slightest imputation upon their loyalty; and, for my teaching, I am ready to show that the principles I have ever taught are beyond impeachment upon that score.

It is true, indeed, that in page 57 of the pamphlet Mr. Gladstone expresses his belief “that many of his Roman Catholic friends and fellow-countrymen” are, “to say the least of it, as good citizens as himself.” But, as the whole pamphlet is an elaborate argument to prove that the teaching of the Vatican Council renders it impossible for them to be so, I cannot accept this graceful acknowledgement, which implies that they are good citizens because they are at variance with the Catholic Church.

I should be wanting in duty to the Catholics of this country and to myself, if I did not give a prompt contradiction to this statement, and if I did not with equal promptness affirm that the loyalty of our allegiance is not in spite of the teaching of the Catholic Church, but because of it.

The sum of the argument in the pamphlet just published to the world is this: That, by the Vatican decrees, such a change has been made in the relations of Catholics to the civil power of States, that it is no longer possible for them to render the same undivided civil allegiance as it was possible for Catholics to render before the promulgation of those decrees.

In answer to this, it is for the present sufficient to affirm:

1. That the Vatican decrees have in no jot or tittle changed either the obligations or the conditions of civil allegiance.

2. That the civil allegiance of Catholics is as undivided as that of all Christians, and of all men who recognize a divine or natural moral law.

3. That the civil allegiance of no man is unlimited; and therefore the civil allegiance of all men who believe in God, or are governed by conscience, is in that sense divided.

In this sense, and in no other, can it be said with truth that the civil allegiance of Catholics is divided. The civil allegiance of every Christian man in England is limited by conscience, and the law of God; and the civil allegiance of Catholics is limited neither less nor more.

The public peace of the British Empire has been consolidated in the last half-century by the elimination of religious conflicts and inequalities from our laws. The Empire of Germany might have been equally peaceful and stable if its statesmen had not been tempted in an evil hour to rake up the old fires of religious disunion. The hand of one man, more than any other, threw this torch of discord into the German Empire. The history of Germany will record the name of Doctor Ignatius von Döllinger as the author of this national evil. I lament not only to read the name, but to trace the arguments, of Dr. von Döllinger in the pamphlet before me. May God preserve these kingdoms from the public and private calamities which are visibly impending over Germany! The author of the pamphlet, in his first line, assures us that his “purpose is not polemical, but pacific.” I am sorry that so good an intention should have so widely erred in the selection of the means.

But my purpose is neither to criticise nor to controvert. My desire and my duty as an Englishman, as a Catholic, and as a pastor, is to claim for my flock and for myself, a civil allegiance as pure, as true, and as loyal as is rendered by the distinguished author of the pamphlet, or by any subject of the British Empire.—I remain, Sir, your faithful servant,

† HENRY EDWARD, Archbishop of Westminster.
November 7.—‘Catholic Review.’

Mgr. Capel says that about forty of the London Catholic clergy were formerly Protestants, and that the heads of the Catholic colleges at Stonyhurst, Oscott, St. Edmund’s, Edgbaston, St. Charles, Bayswater, and the Catholic Public School at Kensington, are all converts. The list also includes the editors of the ‘Dublin Review,’ the ‘Month,’ the ‘Tablet,’ the ‘Illustrated Catholic Magazine,’ and ‘Catholic Opinion.’ This, by the way, in reply to Mr. Gladstone’s little fling, that the converts to the Church, “as might have been expected,” were chiefly women.” There is certainly no lack of masculinity in English Catholic literature. Mgr. Capel himself is not, as is frequently reported, a convert.

The Catholic Union, at a meeting in London, has resolved that the Catholics of Great Britain cordially accept and submit to the Vatican Decrees, that these decrees in no way affect their civil obligation, and that Lord Acton, Lord Camoys, and Mr. Henry Petre, are not to be considered as in any sense the spokesmen of the Catholic laity. These resolutions were communicated to the ‘Times’ by Lord Petre, the head of Mr. Henry Petre’s family.

Some idea of the extent of railways in the Metropolitan district may be judged from the fact that there are no fewer than 245 railway stations within an area of 12 by 18 miles.

THE POPE AND THE CORRUPT PRESS.

THE following is an extract from the speech delivered by the Holy Father, on the Feast of All Saints, to the Society for Catholic Interests:—

My beloved children, you see with your own eyes that the evil which is done is great. The abuse of the press is one of the principal means that our enemies employ to disseminate and spread abroad corruption. Certain journals, indeed, desecrated by the venomous slayer of the infernal regions (*inobtrattati della piu velenosa bava d’inferno*), which appear no longer in secret and in the midst of darkness, but openly here, in Rome, depict every day in the blackest colors, or else mock and cover with ridicule and disdain the ministers of the Holy Church, as well as all honest men, for the one sole reason that they are Catholics. Further than this, their impudence is pushed so far that they blaspheme the saints and even the King of Saints, our Lord Jesus Christ. This is what we are condemned to witness. During these last few days several journals have been brought to me, and among them there is one—a blasphemer like the others, or even worse—that is named the ‘Capitale.’ In this paper I read things which prove that it deserves its name of capital, but capital of impiety, capital of all that is most corrupted in the world. It is an immense grief for my heart to learn that a journal of such a character is found in the hands of a great number even among the lowest classes of the people, and that it is read with avidity, to the destruction of souls and to the great prejudice of entire families. Formerly we have expressly forbidden all these newspapers. We now seize the occasion to prohibit them all anew; or rather, we confirm the former prohibitions, with all the censures attached to them. At least let the artisans make use of them, but only for the service of their trade. Let the smith employ them, but only to kindle the fire of his forge; let the cobbler make use of them, but only to wrap up his wax; let the tailor use them, but only to take his measures. Let every one reflect, and be well assured that these journals—and especially the most corrupt of them—surpass all bounds in their iniquity. What!—we regard with horror the poison which kills the body, and shall we not feel horror for the poison which destroys the soul? A heavy responsibility is incurred by those who write all these blasphemies and who publish all these calumnies, and also by those who read such impieties!

THE NEW BISHOP OF CLOYNE.

DR. MCCARTHY was born in the town of Clonakilty, County Cork in 1819; his ecclesiastical studies were prosecuted at Maynooth with very great distinction, several years of his lengthened course being spent in the Dunboyne establishment. His first appointment after ordination was to the curacy of Kilmee, near his native town, Cloyne and Ross constituting at that time one diocese. Shortly afterwards, in 1843, he was removed to Mallow, of which his illustrious brother, the Rev. Justin McCarthy, was then pastor. While curate there he shared with the great-hearted and high-souled parish priest the labors and perils of the famine period, and employed his scholarly pen in the production of a series of letters on the momentous question of the times, which were addressed to the newspapers, attracted much attention, and were quoted in Parliament when the condition of the famine-stricken land was debated. His devotion to the arduous and often revolting duties which the prevailing misery cast upon the clergy especially was tested by his having, in common with his brother, and ecclesiastical superior, and the other curate of Mallow, contracted the famine fever, which was then decimating the population. The parish priest succumbed to the malady, but his curates survived the attack; and on the death of the Rev. Justin McCarthy, the present Bishop was appointed parish priest of Mallow. That important and responsible office he has since filled with great honor to himself, much benefit to the interests of religion, and increasing advantage to his parishioners, as well in their temporal as in their spiritual concerns. The service of the Church has been faithfully directed by him, Catholic education has made great strides under his fostering influence, chiefly through the instrumentality of the Christian Brothers’ and Convent schools and all the social and moral needs of the people have been the constant objects of his solicitude. Nor was the love of country less genuine and earnest than his zeal in the sacred ministry, and it may be quoted as a proof of this that the now famous declaration of the Bishops and clergy of the Cloyne diocese in favor of Home Rule, which eventuated in the great National Conference in Dublin, and formation of the Home Rule League, was drawn up by him. Beloved and respected by all, his elevation to the Episcopate has been, from its first announcement, a source of pleasure and legitimate pride to those who knew, and therefore honored and loved him. A very remarkable evidence of his widespread popularity was afforded in the vast congregation of the people from all parts of his own diocese, and from many more distant localities, too, who poured into Fermoy to be present at his consecration. The almost unprecedented large attendance of Irish Bishops, dignitaries, and clergy was a yet higher testimony to his professional excellence; while both combined to prove that the event of the day was one of profound interest to Catholic Ireland.

There is peace in power; the men who speak
With the loudest tongue do least;
And the surest sigh of a mind that is weak
Is its want of the power to rest.
It is only the lighter water that flies
From the sea on a windy day;
And the deep blue ocean never replies
To the sibilant voice of the spray.

San Francisco has already shipped 150 tons of honey this season.

FLOWERS OF CHRISTIAN WISDOM.

AMENITY, POLITENESS, CONVERSATIONS, LIBERTY.

No one is as happy, as reasonable, as virtuous, or as amiable as a true Christian.—*Pascal*.

Do you desire to be almost always amiable, and in good humor? Then be at peace always with God and with yourself.—*P. Marchal*.

I have both misty and fine weather in my own interior.—*Pascal*. Good conduct is the mother of gayety.—*Blanchard*.

You must convince yourself that virtue does not detract from amiability; but that piety will add to your qualities, will ornament and preserve them, and will itself be always the most amiable of all.—*Mgr. Rey*.

You must try to be good and amiable to everybody, and do not think that Christianity consists in a melancholy and morose life.—*Lacordaire*.

Impose on yourself the obligation of being affable, and remember that it is a real obligation, since we should act so that our presence, far from being a subject of trouble to any one, ought to be a pleasure and advantage to all.—*Silvio Pellico*.

Be good-natured, obliging, thoughtful, and open, and that will make you beloved and disarm persecution. Let them see that it is not through cant and gloom that you renounce the dissipation commonly indulged in by the young. For the rest, gayety, discretion, kindness, purity of intercourse, and never affectation.—*Fenelon*.

One may be unsupportable even with virtue, talent, and good conduct. Manners, which one neglects sometimes as little things not worthy of notice, are just those very things from which men often decide our character, whether it be good or bad; a slight attention to keep them gentle and polite prevents an unfavorable judgment. Almost anything is sufficient to cause people to consider us proud, uncivil, scornful, and disobliging, and still less will cause us to be esteemed quite the reverse.—*La Bruyère*.

Politeness is the flower of humanity. Whoever is not polite enough is not human enough.—*J. Joubert*.

Polite and engaging manners are perpetual letters of recommendation.—*Isabella of Castile*.

Amenity, and a hearty welcome, are notes of invitation which are in circulation all the year round.—*J. Joubert*.

Manners are like an art: there are perfect manners, praiseworthy manners, and faulty manners, but there is no such thing as indifferent manners. The science of manners would be more important to the happiness and virtue of man than they think.—*J. Joubert*.

If one studies these little proprieties which should be learnt rapidly, those beautiful manners which they wish to obtain will lose what is most agreeable in them—their reality and grace; affection being in this base, as in all others, always offensive.—*Bacon*.

Nothing hinders one more from being natural than the desire to appear so.—*La Rochefoucauld*.

The most ridiculous and useless thing is the wish to prove that one is amiable and witty.—*Vauvenargues*.

I have seen in the most rustic places in the world, on the most distant summits of the Alps, mountaineers in whom I have noticed a higher dignity and a gentler politeness than in the inhabitants of the towns. These honest people showed at the same time an ease and reserve full of charm, without improper boldness, without painful embarrassment; they were true, simple, good, respectful, useful, and obliging.—*Mgr. Dupanloup*.

He only is good who shows himself grateful for all benefits that he receives, even for the least.—*Silvio Pellico*.

Manners polish insensibly in holding conversation with those who are virtuous.—*St. Ambrose*.

I reduce the law of conversation to three principles. It ought to be a principal of instruction, a bond of society, and a source of pleasure.—*Formey*.

The art of conversation consists far less in showing much than in drawing out others. He who goes away from your society, pleased with himself and with his visit, is perfectly so with you.—*La Bruyère*.

When you do not see the gist of things, speak only doubtfully, and as if questioning.—*Vauvenargues*.

In the controversy of Ozanam was to be observed an extreme endeavor not to wound those who disputed with him, whatever their errors might be, but this mildness never was carried so far as to disguise his thoughts.—*Lacordaire*.

Begin by pitying the unbelieving, they are sufficiently unhappy. They should not be abused unless it be absolutely necessary, for abuse is hurtful to them.—*Pascal*.

Let us be affable, but never flatterers, for there is nothing so vile and unworthy of a Christian heart as flattery.—*St. Vincent de Paul*.

To know how to keep silence is a far rarer virtue than to know how to speak.—*St. Ambrose*.

Do not affect the mysterious and the important. Keep silence through moderation and prudence, and not by affecting the sage and the man of gravity.—*Bossuet*.

Ignorance is preferable to pretended knowledge.—*Boileau*.

Nothing is better able to inspire feelings of virtue and to thwart vice than the conversation of good men, because it insinuates itself little by little and penetrates to the very heart. To hear them, to see them often may do in the stead of precepts.—*Rollin*.

WORKMAN'S HANDS.—Many men in workshops use soft soap to remove the grease and dirt from their hands when they quit work. This they find, causes cracks to come; but if they dip them in vinegar just after washing with the soft soap, their hands will remain soft and smooth, and any cracks on the hands will immediately heal up. The reason is this: In the ordinary careless manufacture of soft soap, there is apt to be sometimes an excess of alkali or lye, above that necessary for complete saponification. This has a caustic action on the skin, making it rough, and otherwise injuring it. After using soap of this kind, washing in vinegar removes the excess of alkali from the hands. Vinegar, being an acid, combines with the alkali, forming a neutral and soluble salt.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING AND GLADSTONE.

The following comparison, taken from a Protestant source, and written before the publication of the ex-Minister's "famous" pamphlet, will show the height from which the late Premier has fallen by his bigoted illiberality:—

William Ewart Gladstone and Henry Manning have been lifelong friends, the latter standing as godfather to the former's eldest son. This friendship began at Oxford, when, though belonging to different colleges, they became members of the same debating club, and stood side by side in the contest for academical honors. After graduating Gladstone travelled for awhile, and then turned his steps towards public life, and gained a seat in Parliament for Newark; but Manning selected divinity, and was chosen one of the sect preachers of the University till he was appointed rector of Lavington and Graffham. Both wrote frequently for the reviews, and Manning published several volumes of sermons. Both rose steadily in public estimation as men of large culture, generous aims, and genuine power. Gladstone was chosen President of the Board of Trade in 1843, and was called to the Cabinet in 1845, and, on the death of Palmerston, became leader of the House of Commons in 1865. Manning was made Archdeacon of Chichester in 1840, but in 1851 turned Catholic and entered the priesthood, and, on the death of Cardinal Wiseman, in 1865, he was made Archbishop of Westminster. Mr. Gladstone has suffered a defeat which he naturally chafes under, and would gladly recover from, while Archbishop Manning rejoices in the favor of the Pope and hopes for a cardinal's hat. Both are eloquent orators, and both have devoted their lives to unselfish and public ends. Mr. Gladstone is identified with the Evangelical Protestantism, and is its recognised leader, while Archbishop Manning is the head of the Catholic Church in England, astute, far-sighted, respected for his talents and character and as remarkable for his churchmanship as for his learning.

ENGLISH CATHOLIC BISHOPS AT ROME.—LETTER FROM THE BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM.

(To the Editor of the 'Times')

SIR—In the letter of your occasional Correspondent from Rome in the 'Times' of Saturday last there is a statement to the effect that the English Catholic Bishops now in Rome have submitted a scheme to the Sacred Penitentiary, under 47 heads, for arousing a strong Catholic agitation in England, and that through means detailed in your correspondent's letter. It is further stated that it is proposed to send monthly reports of progress to Rome, and that "the English Bishops had submitted their Pastoral to the approval of the Vatican, which, after they return to England will be issued to their clergy, and that the Pastoral recently sent out by Bishop Ullathorne was in great part composed at Rome."

I hope you will allow me to inform your readers that there can be no truth in these statements. The English Bishops do not transact their business with the Penitentiary, nor are the subjects referred to amenable to that tribunal. Our Roman business is transacted with the Congregation of Propaganda. I think it probable that the absurd rumors referred to have arisen from the fact that some Bishop has presented a report of the religious state of his diocese to that Congregation. In doing so he would enumerate the missions, colleges, and other institutions beneath his care, and any new works he may have in contemplation; but there the matter ends. As to monthly reports to Rome, that is simply ridiculous. All these things are, and have been for ages, canonically regulated. Proportioned to the distance of each nation from Rome, the term is canonically fixed for its Bishop to report on the religious condition of his diocese, and that term for England is from five years to five years.

As to pastorals being submitted to Rome before publication, that is contrary to all custom and practice. As to my Pastoral having been in great part written in Rome there is no truth in the statement; it had no inspiration but my own.—I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

Birmingham, December 6.

† W. B. ULLATHORNE.

Among the reasons assigned in England for Mr. Gladstone's escapade is this: That, twenty-three years ago, when Dr. Manning and Mr. Hope Scott entered the Catholic Church, their friend, Mr. Gladstone, was also upon the point of making his submission. Like most of those who have elected not to embrace truth after recognising it, he has been the more hostile, at least in words, on that account. And, as one relative and friend after another has become Catholic, this personal feeling has grown more and more bitter, until, with Lord Rord Ripon's conversion, he "fairly lost all self-control, and rushed into the excesses of his last manifesto." The result of that unwise performance, judging from the tone of the English Press, will be as uncomfortable to him as was that of hastily dissolving the last Parliament, under the conviction that his strength in the nation was far greater than it proved. Mr. Disraeli's comment on his blunder is, that "He will die either a Roman Catholic or in a mad-house"—a conclusion which we take to be prophetic.

A Calais journal states that shoals of herrings are now on the coast of that town. The fishermen, who had been doing a very bad business for some time, are now taking such a great quantity of herrings that their boats sink under the load. This abundance has reduced the price to the lowest rate known for many years.

It appears from a Copenhagen telegram that Mr. Disraeli's explanation of a part of his Guildhall speech has produced a painful impression in Denmark and Sweden. The entire Scandinavian press is described as being "intensely surprised," and, like some other newspapers, as unhesitatingly "attributing the explanation to direct pressure to Berlin."

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

COLLECTING ACCOUNTS.—The following notice to subscribers appears in the 'Chicago Pilot' of the 7th Dec. which we have no doubt will enable the proprietors to dispense with the services of civil bill officers:—"Subscribers and patrons of the 'Pilot' are hereby notified, that our duly authorised agent will call on them sometime during the coming week, for the purpose of collecting the amount that may be due to us on account of subscription, &c. We really trust that every one will be prepared to 'balance books,' and not subject us to the unnecessary trouble of calling again. If we are obliged to do so, the expense attending it will nearly consume the amount of the subscription. We would also remind our friends that, if they are obliged to be absent from home, the sum due to us is so very small, they can leave it at the house, or if more convenient call at the office and leave it there, but in any case comply with our request, and in that way save us the necessity of calling twice.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
'I'll pay before I go to bed,
The debt I owe the printer.'

"There's many a man we know full well
That never such a tale can tell,
But he we know will go to—, well
The place where there's no winter.

"We should be sorry, very sorry, to think that any of our patrons were so 'dead' to our interests, or so blind to their own, as to come under the above condemnation. Still more would we grieve if the fate above depicted is in store to anyone who is indebted to us. If it is, that if you had 'paid the printer,' you would not have gone to—well, come down to the office and we will tell you the rest."

THE SANITARY CONDITION OF WATER.—There is no more prolific source of disease than bad water; but to distinguish whether the fluid is unfit for consumption or not is somewhat difficult. Water from a certain river, spring, or well, may be repulsive to the senses, and yet harmless to the stomach, in comparison to other water which has a much more attractive appearance. Perhaps the best mode of determining the question is to examine the condition of the organisms dwelling in the proposed source to be utilized. If, for example, an industrial establishment or a collection of dwellings empties refuse into the stream, and as a result fish disappear or are found dead upon the surface, it is certain that the water is strongly and injuriously affected. The gradual infection may be noted by the fish first rising to the top, apparently ill at ease, and subsequently dying. In vitiated water molluscs also perish, and their bodies decompose rapidly. In the air they seem to dry up and retain life, though torpid for some time, becoming revived by return to water. Cressets cannot live in corrupt water, and their existence is a sign of purity in the water, while algae, deprived of their green color, indicate absolute corruption. M. Gerardin, in reference to this subject, in a recent note to the French Academy, states the best method of measuring the degree of purity, or infection in the water is by determining the amount of oxygen in a given quantity. Water containing a large percentage of the gas is pure and good; when little of the latter is present the water is decidedly deleterious to health.—'Scientific American.'

THE NEED OF CATHOLIC PAPERS.—Is there a Catholic parent who is not daily exposed to such questions from his child at these: "Father, the 'Herald' says Pope Pius is an expelled Freemason. The 'Times' says that Irish and German Catholics are ignorant, and slaves to the priesthood, who in turn support corrupt politicians. The 'Nation' says that Cardinal Cullen taught, in a paper edited by him in Rome, that the earth stands. The 'Tribune's' correspondent makes fun of the Irish Bishops who reply to Tyndall and Huxley. The 'Evening Post' intimates that priests are, or have been, no better than they ought to be; some other papers say the same of the Sisters. Are these statements true, and if they are not, what am I to say to the boys on the street who repeat them to me?" We fear that the Catholic parent who does not take a Catholic paper, will a hundred times a week find himself unable to answer such questions and reproaches as these addressed to him by his children and acquaintances.—'Catholic Review.'

EDITING A NEWSPAPER.—The following old but good article conveys a good idea of the pleasures and ease attending the editing of a newspaper. "Editing a paper is a very pleasant thing. If it contains too much political matter, people won't have it. If the type is too large, it don't contain enough reading matter; if the type is too small, they can't read it. If we publish telegraphic reports, folks say they are nothing but lies; if we omit them, they say we have no enterprise, or suppress them for political effect. If we have in a few jokes, folks say we are nothing but rattle-heads; if we omit jokes, they say we are old fossils. If we publish original matter, they blame us for not giving them original selections; if we publish original selections, folks say we are too lazy for not giving them what they have not read in some other paper. If we give a man a complimentary notice, we are censured for being partial; if we do not, all hands say we are a great hog. If we speak well of an act, folks say that we dare not do otherwise; if we censure, they call us a traitor. If we stay in our office and attend to business, folks say we are too proud to mingle with our fellows. If we do not pay all bills promptly, folks say we are not to be trusted; if we do pay promptly, they say we stole the money."

AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY.—Some workmen, while engaged in laying water pipes in Cividale, Italy, recently encountered a large flat stone. On raising this, a bed of mason work was revealed, in which was placed a stone sarcophagus covered with a marble lid. Within the receptacle were the remains of a human skeleton, some portions of which were yet perfect. Beside the body lay a sword, lance, helmet spears, a gold clasp and ring, a piece of very beautiful tissue, and a flask of water, which was still remarkably clean. The removal of clay from the bottom of the grave brought out the letters GISVL—

from which archaeologists have decided that the remains are those of Gisulf, Duke of the Lombard Marches of Friuli, who fell in battle in 611, while repelling an invasion of the Avars.

THE LOST MURILLO.—Mention has been made in the journals of the strange disappearance of the famous picture of the Spanish painter, the "Saint Anthony of Padua," stolen from the Cathedral of Seville in spite of the double row of railings set up to protect it from the too zealous admiration of the faithful. The 'Francais' publishes some curious details about the *chef d'œuvre*. "Saint Anthony was one day reading the Holy Scriptures on his knees in his Franciscan cell, when his faith was staggered by a passage of which he could not seize the hidden meaning. He implored the child-God to come down in person and explain it, and the Saviour, yielding to his ardent prayer, deigned to descend, surrounded by a splendid halo and a legion of angels into the humble abode of the anchorite. Such is the subject of Murillo's picture. Nothing can be finer than the suppliant expression of the saint, or more touching than the divine love which beams from his eyes: nothing more noble than the countenance of the child Jesus, who, while preserving his delicate features, bears in his aspect a majesty which is not of this world. Theophile Gautier, in his work, "Tra los Montes," says, in speaking of this picture, "Never was the magic of painting carried further."

HOIST ON HIS OWN PETARD.—"Perpetual motion" has been discovered by an old negro in Kentucky who has fallen a victim to his own invention. It appears from the account given by the 'Franklin Patriot' (Kentucky) that the old negro some little time ago constructed a waggon so arranged that it runs by itself by virtue of the fact that the weight of gravitation is thrown forward of the centre of motion, and the machine is consequently compelled to run. It was his intention to exhibit his waggon at the fair at Franklin on the 9th ult., so that its value might be tested in the presence of the thousands of people there assembled, and on Wednesday, the 2nd ult., he mounted the machine, adjusted the bands, tipped the balance-weight over the centre of motion, gave the driving-wheel a shove, and started for Franklin to report to Mr. John B. Montague, secretary of the association, and have the machine regularly entered on the books. The waggon went humming along the smooth sandy road at the rate of about fifteen miles an hour; close behind it at a rattling pace came an ordinary vehicle containing coroner Hartfield and a jury who, anticipating some fatal accident, took the precaution to follow the waggon. This anticipation was unfortunately realised, for, in making a turn just near a noted point called "Red Pond," at the forks of the Cross Plains and Springfield roads, the starboard front wheel "collided" with a heavy-set post oak sapling, and the rebound was so powerful that the old negro was thrown forward over the dash-board and was at the same time struck by the flange of the driving-wheel and precipitated with such violence against the fence panel on the opposite side of the road that he was killed instantaneously. The machine, after the accident, struck out with freedom, but near the residence of a Captain Lea its progress was arrested by a large log, which tilted the balance-weight back of the centre of motion, and when overtaken by the coroner and his party the wild waggon was standing quietly at rest. Since the death of the luckless old negro no one has dared to mount the waggon, but it was exhibited at the fair, and a general impression prevailed that it was a wonderful machine, destined to play an important part in the history of locomotion.—'Pall Mall Gazette.'

WOLFE TONE'S ACCOUNT OF HIS WIFE.—I would not have deserted my principles for the whole patronage of the Government if it were consolidated into one office and offered me as a reward. In these sentiments I was encouraged and confirmed by the incomparable spirit of my wife, to whose patient suffering under adversity—for we had often been reduced, and were now well accustomed to difficulties—I know not how to render justice. Women in general, I am sorry to say it, are mercenary; and, especially if they have children, they are ready to make all sacrifices for their establishment. But my dearest love had bolder and juster views; on every occasion of my life I consulted her; we had no secrets one from the other; and I unvaryingly found her to think and act with energy and courage, combined with the greatest prudence and discretion. If I ever succeed in life, or arrive at anything like station or eminence, I shall consider it as due to her counsel and example.

UNDER THE ROSE.—There has arisen pretty much controversy about the common expression "under the rose," and two different origins have been assigned. Some persons assert that it ought to be spelled "under the rows, for that in former days almost all towns were built with the second story projecting over the lower one—a sort of piazza, or row, as they termed it, and which may still be seen at Chester, and some old English towns; and that, whilst the elders of the family were sitting at the windows gravely enjoying the air, their sons and daughters were making love where they could not see them, "under the rows." The other is much more elegant. Cupid, it is said, gave a rose to Harpocrates, the god of Silence; and from this legend originated the practice that prevailed amongst northern nations of suspending a rose from the ceiling over the upper end of the table, when it was intended that the conversation was to be kept secret; and this it was, according to others, which gave rise to the phrase "under the rose."

MINERAL WEALTH OF THE UNITED KINGDOM IN THE YEAR 1873.—From the "Mineral Statistics of the United Kingdom," just issued, we are favored by Mr. Richard Meade, assistant-keeper of mining records, with the following summary of the quantities and values of coal, salt and metals smelted from minerals raised from our mines in 1873:—Coal amounted to 127,016,747 tons; value, £47,601,280. Pig-iron, 6,566,451 tons; value, £18,057,739. Lead, 54,235 tons; value, £1,263,375. Silver obtained from lead, 524,307 ounces; value, £131,077. Tin, 9,972 tons; value, £1,329,766. Copper, 5,240 tons; value, £502,822. Zinc, 4,471 tons; value, £120,099. Other metals value, £5,000. While the quantities of salt was 1,785,000 tons; value, £892,500; and earthy minerals, including clays, value, £1,681,894. The aggregate value of the foregoing being £71,615,492.

Moets' Quay.

A LEAF FROM ERIN!

REV. FATHER KENNY, Pastor of St. Theresa's Church, New Orleans, during a recent visit to his native land, among other souvenirs, brought (says the Buffalo Catholic Union) with him a leaf plucked from one of the trees at the "Meeting of the Waters," which he kindly presented to the editor of this paper. This leaf has suggested the following lines, which are now for the first time published:—

Ah! many a year, full sad and drear,
Have gone since last I've seen
Thy rushing floods, thy waving woods,
My beauteous Island Queen.
But here once more, by Erie's shore,
I press this leaflet pale,
That comes to me from o'er the sea,
Plucked from Avoca's vale.

Far more endeared, this leaflet seared,
Than wreath which victors wear,
Or fragrant rose, that blushing blows
To deck the young bride's hair.
It brings to me from o'er the sea,
Old memories fond and grand,
Of laughing Mays and bright young days
That beamed in Fatherland.

Shall I no more gaze on that shore,
Skip o'er those mountains wild,
Or muse around on holy ground
I trod while yet a child;
Or greet anew the loved, the true,
Beneath the same old trees,
As long ago, e're I knew woe,
In Erin of the Seas?

Off in my dreams I list thy streams
That charmed my youthful ear;
Thy sighing caves, round patriot's graves,
Where sleeps the mountaineer;
I see thee keep, the fastness steep,
Where fought our brave and bold,
Who tried in fight, 'gainst alien might,
With bright good swords of old.

But laugh and song of festive throng,
At wedding, dance, or fair,
No more shall cheer this wearied ear
Beneath my native air.
All—all are gone, I'm now alone,
And musing brings but grief;
But, my loved home, where'er I roam,
I'll keep this faded leaf.

THE WARD OF THE PRIORESS.

A LEGEND OF CATESBY.

**CHAPTER II.
THE NIGHT WANDERER.**

Though the raid on the religious homes had not yet commenced, he did not hesitate to load the priories with abuse, and avow his determination to retain the whole control of Alicia's property till she was of age; and that, in the interim, he should see whether the law would now prove that she had been unduly influenced.

The law, however, was not then in a condition to satisfy either the malice or the avarice of Master Overing.

He was compelled during Alicia's nonage to pay the accustomed stipend for her board at Catesby, and when she had completed her twenty-first year to surrender her estates.

This cunning villain had, however, well noted the signs of the times, and was not unwilling at the least to let Alicia's estate become absorbed in the other property of the convent, as he thought he could foresee a mode of obtaining it after all, with bitter reprisal on the poor prioress into the bargain.

The thunder cloud burst and the storm of the Dissolution overwhelmed all the religious houses, great and small.

The villainous notary then wrought out his evil designs so successfully, that he made abortive the mercy of the very commissioners themselves, who strongly recommended the king to spare the convent of Catesby.

Equally futile did he manage to render the appeal of the Prioress to Anne Boleyn, to whom she offered the sum of a thousand marks if she would prevail on Henry to spare her convent.

When the poor prioress and her nuns were driven from their convent, he took part in the process, and insolently remarked that if Alicia would repent of her folly, and wed with his son, he would settle on her a portion of the property which was now all to fall into his hands.

This proposal the young nun of course rejected with horror, "Go starve, then, go starve!" said the hoary ruffian. And starve the poor sister literally did. The prioress died before the year was out; the rest of the community wandered away, none either sought or cared to know where; and Alicia would have shared the fate of the sisterhood but for the kindness of William Barton, an old servant of her father, and now the owner of a few acres of ground, which he cultivated with the help of his son.

On losing her friend, the prioress, Alicia was attacked with a brain fever, which, though she survived it, left her in a state of harmless but absolute insanity.

In this condition the sole consolation of the unhappy girl was in wandering about the ruins of her conventional home.

Her friends, the good Barton and his wife, did not oppose this fancy in fine weather, but they were necessitated to oppose it in the winter.

Watch her as vigilantly as they could, however, she would escape them as she had done on the night of her death, which was caused no doubt by her wanderings in the inclement winter.

Such was the [short sad story of Alicia de Lacy, told to the worthy Burgess John Osmond, by an aged white-haired priest, who had been confessor to the convent.

Osmond had accepted the proffered hospitality of the good Barton, and accompanied him and his son home with their mournful burden of the dead nun.

Osmond was a well-to-do, as well as a worthy man, and at his cost Alicia was laid beside her friend the prioress, in a fashion befitting her condition as a landed heiress, not that of an outcast nun.

Osmond remained in the neighborhood to attend the funeral as a mourner, along with the good Bartons.

It was the second day after Alicia's death. A sharp clear frost had succeeded the snow storm.

The air was crisp, the sky an intense and cloudless blue; the long icicles pendent on the convent ruins shone with the varied tints of the opal; the hoar frost on the dark yews glittered as though the dark boughs of the yews had been thick sprinkled with diamonds.

Some of the better class of the inhabitants of Catesby, hearing of the benevolence of the stranger, Osmond, joined the funeral train.

Few among the poorer class were absent. None among the poor but grieved for the ruin of the religious houses.

The procession was nearing the convent cemetery, when clattering along the iron road, which was slippery as glass, came a horseman with two attendants.

He came suddenly upon the funeral train, and his horse was startled.

The coffin was directly before the fiery animal. It swerved, reared, and threw its rider, whose skull was fractured by a large flintstone.

The coffin of Alicia de Lacy was carried directly over the spot from which the man was lifted up quite dead, and that man was the notary Giles Overing!

MR. GLADSTONE'S RIDICULOUS INCONSISTENCY.

(To the Editor of the 'London Times'.)

SIR—Four years and some months have elapsed since the Vatican Council. During that period, down to last February, Mr. Gladstone was First Minister of the Crown, and leader of a powerful party. Why did he not, in his place in the House of Commons, call attention to portentous matters which he published last Saturday regarding the effect of the decrees of that Council on the allegiance of Her Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects and the security of the realm? Why did he not propose some measure to Parliament calculated to meet the dangers which now alarm him? During all the time referred to he held his peace, and he gladly received Roman Catholic support in Parliament and the country.

Since the Council, the Pope (who, Mr. Gladstone says, owes gratitude to the Italian Government) has been dethroned, and all his dominions and the property have been reduced to a palace, a church, and a garden, while the churches and religious bodies of Rome, and all Italy have been oppressed and spoliated. In Germany, the Church has been subjected to rigorous penal laws and confiscations. There is everywhere an active, powerful, bold, yet subtle propagandism, in many forms, which threatens the foundations not only of the Roman Catholic faith, but of all revealed religion. Never was there less danger of spiritual or sacerdotal domination than at present, when the whole current of prevalent opinion and thought, and feeling, and literature sets strongly in the opposite direction. Yet this is the opportunity chosen by Mr. Gladstone to alarm the country in violent language with a "No Popery" cry, denouncing his Roman Catholic fellow-subjects as disloyal and dangerous persons. Would Mr. Gladstone have published this unaccountable diatribe if he were still the popular leader of a Parliamentary majority and successful chief of a great party? I will not enter on the topics which this question suggests, nor will I engage in controversy on the almost infinite points of history, law, theology, casuistry, and politics embraced by the expostulation. But I assert, with our archbishop, that *the allegiance of Catholics—nay, Ultramontanes—is as undivided, and their obedience to the temporal law as complete, as those of Protestants who believe the paramount obligation of Divine and moral law.* The only difference is that the rule of faith with Protestants is private judgment and that of Roman Catholic is the infallible voice of spiritual authority, which we believe to be under Divine guidance.

I also assert that the decree of the Council has made no change whatever affecting civil allegiance. For, whether infallibility be exercised by the Pope *ex cathedra* or by the Pope in Council, its essential nature and extent are precisely the same; and that infallibility is confined to dogmatic decrees defining that which the Church holds in faith and morals, and does not extend to political or ecclesiastical acts. So the doctrine of obedience, which alarms Mr. Gladstone, only extends to matters relating to the discipline and government of the Church—*quæ ad disciplinam et regimen Ecclesie pertinent*—and in this respect the decree of the Council is strictly and entirely declaratory of the ancient, immemorial, and perpetual law of the Church.

I deny that my loyalty and my patriotism differ in any respect from those of Protestants; and understanding allegiance according to the common law ["Co. Litt.," 129a-7; Rep. Calvin's case, "Blackstone," 1 Com., chap. x.], I repudiate the notion of allegiance to any foreign authority.

Temple, November 9.

GEORGE BOWTEE.

GENERAL NEWS.

An amusing instance of the "biter bitten" is recorded by the *Tumut* correspondent of the 'Gundagi Times':—One night in June last, one James Madigan, in company with some other person, went to the residence of Dr. Windrum, called him out of bed, and informed him that the Rev. Mr. Jones, the minister of the Church of England, was seriously ill, and immediately required his professional services. Madigan then decamped, and the doctor proceeded to the parsonage, but when he arrived there he found the place enveloped in darkness, and concluding that a practical joke had been played upon him, he returned home to rest. He afterwards applied to Madigan for his fee, which was refused, and he then brought an action against him to recover the sum of £1 1s for professional attendance. The case was clearly proved, and the defendant was mulcted in the sum of £1 16s for professional services and costs of Court, which, we should think, will assist materially in preventing him from practising any such foolish practical jokes in future, and also be a warning to others. The Bench, in giving a verdict for the plaintiff, tendered some wholesome advice to the defendant, which probably he will remember for a very long period.

The 'Missions Catholiques' announce that the "Holy Father has built a fine house in the Trastevere for the accommodation of a seminary for the priests of the Foreign Missions. France, Belgium, and England possess these missionary seminaries; Italy has several at Milan, Genoa, Verona, and Naples, but hitherto Rome has been without one, for the Propaganda is almost exclusively reserved for strangers who intend to become missionaries in pagan countries. About three years ago Mgr. Avanzini, the pious editor of the 'Acta Sanctæ Sedis,' united round him a number of young men who intended devoting themselves to missionary labors. After the advent of the Italians, and the death of Mgr. Avanzini, the seminary narrowly escaped suppression. Pius IX. bought the house, and rebuilt it on a plan of exceeding liberality, and it was dedicated on last All Saints' Day. The direction is confided to Father Joseph Penacchi, former professor of ecclesiastical history at the Sapienza, and Vicar General, of the Diocese of Nicotera and Tropea, Calabria. Twelve students of theology already belong to this establishment, which is large enough to accommodate sixty. The land on which it stands belongs to Pius IX., so that the Italians will have some difficulty in seizing it. It is to be called the Seminary of St. Peter and Paul, and over the door we read this inscription: "*Euntes docete omnes gentes.*" On the first floor is located the library, formed from that of the late Cardinal Barnabo. The class-rooms are on the second floor, and the dormitories above. A fine terrace surrounds the entire edifice, from which a magnificent view of Rome is obtained."

The 'Baltimore Mirror,' speaking of the failure to complete the Washington Monument at the Capitol, says:—"Why the great old Pope, Pius the Ninth, soldier as he has been, soldier as he is, sent especially a block of marble from Caphra to adorn that monument. He admired the great warrior that risked all for his native land, and won the battle in the name of truth, and honor, and liberty, and the Pope left an attestation of it in his zeal, in his desire, in his gift for the erection of a monument to George Washington. Well, we know that bigots—mean, selfish bigots—interposed between the purpose and its completion. They tore away the marble from the pillar in Washington. What did they gain by it? Washington's monument is incomplete to-day! It seems as if failure crossed it because of their crime, and they thought themselves powerful enough to build it up. Bigotry never built anything."

The 'Cork Examiner,' commenting on Gladstone's pamphlet says:—"We admit the truth of what he says, that Rome has not made such progress amongst the lower as she has amongst the upper ranks. The controversialists who carry about Guy Fawkes on the 5th of November have not been amongst the 'captives' of Rome. But Rome has done this. She has already leavened the whole spirit of English institutions; she has given earnestness even to the Protestant religion; she has found out new forms of charity and benevolence, created new sympathy between wealth and suffer-

ing, taught new doctrines of self-denial, and proved herself a fountain of Christian virtues even for those who do not profess to hearken to her voice. It is as easy as it is unworthy to ridicule her converts, but it is impossible to deny her work."

Last week, says the London 'Tablet,' the Dowager Marchioness of Lothian, and Lady Herbert of Lea, left England for Münster, in Westphalia, in order to present in person an address of sympathy to the Catholic ladies of Münster, who have been fined and threatened with imprisonment by the Prussian Government for having shown loyal affection to their Bishop when persecuted under the iniquitous Falk Laws. The address was signed by several hundreds of Catholic ladies of Great Britain and Ireland. It was presented at the house of the Countess Nesselrode, in Münster. The English ladies were received with the most cordial marks of affection and gratitude by their Westphalian sisters, and will probably have returned before these lines are published with the happiest impressions of the sound and devoted loyalty of Westphalian Catholicism, as well as the overflowing personal charity of which they have been the object during their stay at Münster, their arrival at which place was made the occasion of great public rejoicing. The address and the answer of the ladies of Münster will shortly be published.

THE BOOK OF KELLS.—The 'Irish Times' demands that the Irish public should know why this valuable heirloom has been lent or taken to the British Museum from its place in Trinity College. The story is told (writes our correspondent) "that the book was carried off to London, and to the British Museum, to be bound! Irish artists, of course, were not competent to bind the book. Let the bookbinders of Dublin and Ireland generally say whether they were requested to bind the volume by any authorities of the Irish University, and whether they refused. Was it carried off to be shown to the Queen? Perhaps the plume has been transported to be photographed; but its pages have been already photographed, and the experiment was not successful. The sun itself could not copy the wondrous lustre of the coloring or the ineffable beauty of the enamel. We have a right to ask who carried this unparalleled and most priceless volume from its shrine in Trinity College? By what authority was that book—written by St. Columbkil's own hand—the book in whose possession every member of the University took pride—handed over to the British Museum? What security has been taken that the sacred deposit should be restored inviolate? Why is it that the most glorious work of Irish art—the most ancient of all Irish illuminated manuscripts—the legacy of Archbishop Ussher, the coveted of Napoleon the Great—why, we ask, has that unredeemable volume been consigned to the keeping of Englishmen? By what authority, and by whom?"

The Dublin 'Freeman' reports that Mr. O. Lewis, M.P. for the borough of Carlow, in the course of his address to his constituents, referred as follows to his late answer to Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet:—"Gentlemen, some may be of opinion that I have spoken strongly—too strongly—in my answer to Mr. Gladstone. As a rule, I do not approve of strong language, for strong language and a bad cause generally go together, and too often the strength of the language is used to conceal the weakness of the arguments. But there are times when a man must speak out. I have been insulted by Mr. Gladstone in my country as an Irishman, my religion as a Catholic, my political honesty as a member of Parliament, my loyalty as a faithful subject of Her Majesty. I have spoken strongly, but no words can express the scorn, the indignation, the utter contempt with which I hurl back upon Mr. Gladstone his unworthy and calumnious assaults upon my country, my faith, my political honesty, my loyalty."

The 'Church Herald' states "that the gentleman who acted as Vicar's Churchwarden at Presbury has unhappily confirmed to the Church of Rome." The 'Herald' adds that "so far from being disconcerted at one gentleman in Painsbury turning Papist we are only surprised . . . that the great body of Christian people in the parish have not taken that step, after the recommendation of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol to that effect."

For the purpose of protecting Westminster Abbey from fire, a large tank, capable of holding 6000 gallons of water, has been placed in one of the towers of the Cathedral, at a cost of upwards of £2000.

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Printed for the NEW ZEALAND TABLET COMPANY (Limited), by JOHN DICK, of Royal Terrace, at the Office of MILLA, DICK & Co., Stafford street, Dunedin; and published by the said Company this 20th day of February, 1875.