

grievances, and especially upon his cruel imprisonment, would be only irrelevant, for we should not be his children if we could not feel with him—we should not be Catholics at all if we could be indifferent to the persecution of Christ's immediate Vicar, and our own infallible guide. But we are not as those without hope. Let still worse come, and the world will find that our hopes, strange as it sounds, will not wane, but brighten, for then we shall know that the hour is at hand which we partially await. And now, most reverend Lord, we all, Priest and people, join in tendering to your Lordship our profoundest respect and heartfelt submission, and whilst praying that God may favor your Lordship with a long and happy life to reign over us, and imploring of him for ourselves the necessary grace to be always obedient to your salutary counsels, we humbly crave a blessing upon our heads from that hand which inherits the sanctifying virtue and power of the first Apostles. We have the honor to subscribe ourselves your Lordships faithful and obedient servants." Dr. Redwood acknowledged the address and the cordial reception given to him, and paid a high tribute to the sterling worth of Father M'Guinness, to whom he was tenderly attached.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. HAMILTON.

A valued correspondent in the Waikato forwards us the following graphic report of an entertainment, which took place in that district on Easter Monday. It will no doubt be read with interest by many in that locality:—An entertainment in aid of the Catholic Church, Hamilton, was given here on 29th March. All Hamilton, without distinction of creed or class, seemed to be there. It was splendidly patronised. Father Golden's heart must have been glad indeed, seeing the crowds that rushed to the entertainment got up for his Church. The Catholic Committee, too, must have been overjoyed, and especially Mr. M. O'Leary, who was most indefatigable in his exertions to make it a success. The large hall, Hamilton East, was crowded almost to excess, and all seemed well pleased with the night's enjoyments. Mrs De Quincey, with her usual grace and ability, presided at the piano, and contributed largely to the evening's success. Mr Hugh Harkins, A.C. Force, led with the song, "Juanita," which he rendered with marked taste and effect. Later on, he gave us an air, "Erin my Country." Miss Kilkenny did justice to "Molly Darling;" and "Do they think of me at home," was afterwards splendidly rendered by the same lady. Mr Smyth has a fine clear voice, and the gentleman was quite at home with "The Miller of the Dee." I was glad to see him on the stage a second time—I forget his second song. Miss Sage, who kindly came up from Alexandra for the occasion, sang, "The Voices of my home," and later in the night, "Janet's Choice," with marked taste and precision. This young lady well merited the repeated encores she got. Mr Mason's sweet and pleasing voice came out well in "Thy voice is near me," and again in "Come where my love lies dreaming." The beautiful rendering of "The Bridge," by Mr Cox, elicited much applause; and Mr Frank Pilling sang "Alice Gray" nicely, and another song besides. Miss Maggie Kilkenny's "Lilly's Grave" proved her to be a lady amateur of nice culture and good powers. Mr Scott's accompaniment was very good. And now a few remarks about the Darkie Troupe. They came to help us from Te Awamutu, and the famous P. Doran, of Auckland, would leap with joy had he been present at their performance. The negro farce entitled, "The Yankee Swindle, or the Statue," they played so well as to convulse the whole assembly. They were four in number, Forbes, Wilkinson, and the two Simpsons. George Wilkinson, I thought, was born a real darkie, and if not, pity he was not. George is rich. He is next to being better than a veritable nigger. Mr Forbes, one of Doran's best disciples, proved himself worthy of so good a master. The Simpsons are very promising young minstrels. The song and dance, "Merry Moke," by Forbes, was greatly admired, and his rendering of this and "The Little High-heeled Boots" called for repeated encores from all parts of the house. Mr Simpson, senior, was excellent in the character of the "Railway Porter," and Mr Simpson, junior, made a statue that appeared dead enough in the "Yankee Swindle." There were recitations besides. Mr William Mooney gave two splendid ones, "The Downfall of Poland," and "Shiel's reply to Lord Lyndhurst." The gentleman evinced both art and talent of no ordinary degree. Mr Moore, who is from the swamps, proved that the fire of his youth and native land are not yet extinguished by years and moisture. He danced an Irish jig well, but he recited the "Ruined Cottage" much better. The "Barber of Seville," a good farce, and played by Nigger George and his diamond companions, closed the entertainment. In this farce, the three uninitiated Hamiltonians who came out to be "shaved," will not, I presume, consent to be "shaved" a second time, even for three free tickets. George gave them the finest lathering and the cleanest shaving I have ever yet witnessed. The "long knife" did good execution on their aching faces. Altogether—the entertainment passed off splendidly, and Easter Monday will be long remembered by us all. Folks here tell me it was the best ever got up in the Waikato. Be that as it may, it was good, at all events. And right glad I was to see people of all creeds and ranks up here laugh together at an evening's enjoyment. The evening proved two things: the existence of local talent, and of kindly feelings in the Waikato.

The art of fattening oysters in artificial beds was first taught by the Romans, finding-pits being invented about ninety years before Christ. They were first constructed upon the shore of Baies, and even as early as the reign of Vespasian, the British oyster was deemed famous among the Romans, and thought worthy to be carried into Italy.

RELIQUE OF FATHER PROUT.

We presume the reader is aware that there was such a person as Father Prout; that he was parish priest of Watergrasshill, a place about nine miles from Cork and as many more from Fermoy; but that what are known as the Prout papers are not his productions, but those of Francis Mahoney, a man of versatile genius and varied learning, who abandoned the duties and responsibilities of the priesthood for the more congenial life of letters and society. Of Father Prout, Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie writes to us:—

"I knew the real Father Prout, P.P. of Watergrasshill. He was a good-natured, small *padre*, hospitable and popular with all classes and creeds. He was neither witty nor learned, and Francis Mahoney's greatest joke, in the Prout Papers, was to credit him with both. In the same way one Miller, a melancholy comedian in London, who never made a joke of his own, was called, by way of contrast, 'Joe the Jester,' and there is a book of 'Joe Miller's Jestes,' not one of which he made."

Strange caprice of fame it is that, in the scroll of literary honor, should be written for ever a name that made no pretensions to literary merits, and is enrolled upon the book of immortal happiness for the numerous hidden deeds of charity and holiness of which its bearer's life was full, and for which he has received his reward. How far better it might have been for Francis Mahoney to have changed lives as well as names with the good, simple priest, it is difficult to decide. *Suum cuique*. Man's talents are for a purpose, and each gift has its proper sphere. Who knows the amount of good Francis Mahoney may have done among his literary compeers? Looking at the cartoon in front of his *Zeliques*, we hesitate not to say that the prejudices of Carlyle and Ainsworth, of Thackeray and Lockhart, were mollified by his influence; and that to each and all of these writers his sparkling conversations supplied many a literary gem that is a brilliant ornament to their pages.*

But Francis Mahoney has performed deeds of charity, of which the world knows nothing. It is of one of these we would speak. We tell it as it was told ourselves by the late Mr. Thomas Smith,† of Norfolk, Va.:—

"Once, when travelling from New York to Richmond, I met a Southern lady with whom I was acquainted. I handed her the paper I had been reading. She cast her eye over it, read a paragraph hastily, dropped the paper, and burst into tears. After a while she showed me what she had been reading. It was a short announcement of the death of Father Prout. I wondered why that name should require a tribute of tears from her of all the thousands who had that day read the same paragraph with cold indifference or some trite remark. What was Father Prout to her—an American lady—or she to him? Such were my thoughts when she turned to me and said:—'You are surprised why I shed tears over this death. When I tell you all, you will say that I have reason. I was in Paris in 1864. The Civil War was devastating my sunny home. My family was one of the victims to whom it brought reverses of fortune. Remittances ceased to come to me. I found myself in that large city without resources. I pawned trinket after trinket, went from boarding-house to boarding-house, each cheaper than the other. I was on the brink of falling into the undercurrent of population in that heartless city, and of being reduced either to starving or begging, so utterly helpless and a stranger did I find myself. When I had abandoned all hope of relief, a friend told Father Prout the story of my misery and helplessness. Without considering my creed or my politics, he sent me next morning a cheque for 2000 francs, which supported me until I heard from my friends and received the wherewith to return.'"

Here, indeed, was charity that let not the left hand see what the right did. The act speaks for itself; and as we are taught that charity covereth a multitude of sins, let us hope that Francis Mahoney's name shines alongside of that of his friend, Fr. Prout, in the regions of eternal bliss. May he rest in peace. B. A. M.

* *Manhattan Monthly* for Feb.

* This influencing power was shared by another Catholic, the scholarly Sergeant Murphy, who made the Greek rendition of the "Groves of Blarney" for the Prout Papers.

† Mr. Smith died two years ago last December. The writer knew him to be a zealous and enlightened Catholic, an energetic business man, having the interests of the community deeply at heart, a fond father, a loving husband, and a warm friend.

SOME of the adventures encountered by colonial Governors in their vice-regal progresses are ludicrous enough, but it not often than any of Her Majesty's representatives meet with such a series of *contretemps* as recently occurred to Mr. Weld, the Governor of Tasmania. His Excellency, who was envious to visit the north-west portions of his dominions, made arrangements with the steamer Derwent to touch at Circular Head, and leave him there. The detour was strongly objected to by a number of Melbourne betting men who were on board, but the Governor, as may be supposed, treated their remonstrances with the utmost contempt. In due time the steamer arrived at Circular Head, and Mr. Weld landed and was duly addressed. But when his Excellency had arrived at his hotel, he found, to his horror, that the wrong baggage had been brought off; that all his *impedimenta* had gone to Melbourne, and that he had with him only the samples and effects of a commercial traveller in the interest of a Melbourne firm of softgoods-men. But bad as was the plight of Her Majesty's representative, it was nothing to that of the unfortunate bagman, who found himself reduced to the uniform of a Governor-in-Chief, including a dress-sword, cocked hat and feathers all complete. Fortunately, owing to the existence of a line of telegraph existing between Victoria and Tasmania, the desired change of baggage was made before much inconvenience had been caused.

A lad named Kruse, residing in Melbourne, has shown such remarkable talent as a violinist, that a movement is on foot there to raise £400 to send him to Berlin, where he will receive the best possible instruction.