

been got through under considerable difficulties, the last score of miles being performed when the feet of the walker were cut up in a fearful manner, and he required strong doses of brandy during the last few miles to keep up the stimulus. Notwithstanding this drawback, however, he gamely struggled through to the end, and came in a winner with time to spare. As Edwards made stoppages to the extent of four hours, his speed averaged five miles per hour during the twenty hours in which he was engaged. We learn that the same feat will soon be attempted by a lad 14 years of age, named Scott, and those who are in a position to know of his capabilities are pretty confident of the boy being able to walk the distance in the stated time.

In self-praise he no recommendation, the utterances of the 'Cookstown Herald,' grandiloquent though they be, must be received *cum grano salis*. Our readers have no doubt read the fable of the frog that distended its body to the size of a bull, and the lamentable consequences thereof, a fate, we fear, destined for the community so glowingly eulogised in the following strain:—"No wonder we are loud in our encomiums—we stand in the *Present* looking down the aisles of the temple of *Futurity*, the same as did the founders of Rome, London, Paris, New York, Melbourne, and Sydney—we see nought to regret, though experiencing much depression on discovering that language fails us in the delineations of the vista before us. There is nothing Eutopian about it, the realities already realized in such a short space of time, are all too solid in their component parts to be confounded with the phantasy of an incongruous chimera."

THE King of Burmah is going to publish a newspaper, and those of his subjects who decline to subscribe to it are to be beheaded. A short time ago his Majesty gave notice that he wanted a competent English editor, with Anglo-Indian experience of journalism, to whom a thousand rupees a month would be paid. He added that he would only make one stipulation—namely, that the editor should pledge himself to follow with constant approval the line of policy adopted by the Court, that nothing displeasing to his Majesty should ever appear in the journal, and that in the case of the rules being infringed the editor should beforehand sanction his liability to receive immediately five hundred strokes on the sole of the foot with the "sluckkak wuk"—whatever that may mean! The capital of the Burmese Empire is still in want of a newspaper.

THE DRAMA.

AFTER a most successful run of close upon a week, the "Red Pocket-book" was withdrawn to make way for "The Streets of New York," which was produced on Saturday night. The piece is not new to a Dunedin audience, and consequently having no claim to novelty, as it decidedly had not to merit, it was replaced on Monday evening by a most thrilling drama entitled "East and West." The plot is so intricate, and sensation follows sensation with such rapidity, that it is a matter of impossibility to follow the author through the incongruous maze into which he leads the audience. This, however, has been productive of a beneficial result, inasmuch as it furnishes sufficient occupation during the long intervals between the acts in striving to unweave the tangled web which has been submitted. In spite, however, of the mass of absurdities which do duty for plot, the piece bristles with laughter-provoking situations, and the dialogue is crisp and racy. It may be that the author had some hidden motive, which he deemed not politic to divulge to the audience, for the very great demand which is made upon their imagination; or it may be that the drama was intended for an American audience who like to indulge their propensity for "guessing." As we have said, the piece has no continuity. In one act the curtain drops on Charles Raud and Mountain Jim, as the possessors of a mine of untold gold, only to rise and find the former forced to work for a master he loathes. That act closes with the same person placed *hors de combat*, only to reproduce him in the final tableau radiant in spotless black with white tie. By what means his altered fortune has been effected does not appear, but this is only in keeping with the general haze which overshadows the whole piece. Nevertheless, there is ample scope afforded in the drama for some excellent acting in the characters of Mountain Jim, Paulheen, and the heroine. The hero would appear to belong to the feline tribe, and to be possessed of a plurality of lives, for, notwithstanding he is thrown among the machinery of a cotton mill, placed beneath the stampers of a quartz-crushing machine, not to speak of innumerable other hair-breadth escapes, he always turns up at the right time sound of wind and limb. Indeed the very different circumstances under which he disappears when the curtain drops in one act, to what he is placed in in the next, would lead one to suppose that were the author to write a key to the drama, the hero's experiences when behind the scenes, and by which all those mysterious changes have been wrought, would prove equally interesting with the drama itself. However, if the piece be not an instructive one, it supplies much food for reflection, and many of the grotesque situations with which it abounds are extremely ludicrous and amusing.

On Wednesday, the emotional play of "The Marble Heart" was presented with Mr. Bates in the dual characters of Phidias and Raphael Duchallett. Mr. Bates must be highly complimented on his truly natural representation of the infatuated artist, whose happiness is wrecked and life sacrificed through his insane love for the heartless woman of the world—The Marble Heart. The drama is one which would scarcely be a favourite with most persons, owing to a preponderance of the tragic element. Although there are over a dozen characters in the cast, there are in reality but three or four upon whom any burden falls. These are Mademoiselle Marco (Mrs. Bates), Raphael (Mr. Bates), Volarge (Mr. Stoneham), and Veaud Re (Mr. Saville), all the others being merely subsidiary to fill in the background, when an imposing picture is depicted. As the cold calculating woman of the world, who crushes the natural promptings of her heart in the furtherance

of her ambitious ends, Mrs. Bates was seen to advantage; and the scene in which, hiding her passionate love beneath a stoical indifference, she repudiates the affection of Raphael, was one of her best efforts. In Mr. Stoneham the management have secured a most painstaking and reliable actor, and one whose appearance on the stage is ever welcome. During the short term which has elapsed since his appearance in the Princess Theatre he has appeared in a variety of characters, which he has sustained with a success which is a good guarantee of his versatility. His Volarge in "Marble Heart" was a very excellent rendering of a very difficult character, a verdict which can also be pronounced upon his Disgenes in the prologue to the drama. If, as it is said, variety is charming, it must be confessed Messrs Steele and Keogh have spared no pains by the change and attractiveness of their programmes to earn the patronage of the public, and it must be admitted that they fairly deserve the measure of success which has attended their efforts to please.

AFTER A STORM COMES A CALM.—LOVERS' QUARRELS.

THE violent storm caused by Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet cannot fail to profit the Church in the end. It may, and most likely will, profit Mr. Gladstone himself, and all men of good will who, like him, have opposed the Church hitherto under mistaken views of duty. Dr. Newman, I notice, apologises for Mr. Gladstone, and tells us that, in his opinion, Catholics themselves are to blame, and have provoked him to write what he has put forth in his hostile pamphlet. Catholics, some of them, have, for years, by their "wild words" and "over-bearing deeds," done much to place their principles in a false light before the Protestant public. They have excited unnecessary and reasonable alarm in the Protestant mind. This remark does not apply to the Pope and the Roman Catholic Episcopate generally. Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet, and the replies it has excited, will serve to bring about a better understanding between the Catholic and Protestant community, and to remove many groundless apprehensions in the future.

After the storm there will be a calm, and the voice of truth will have better chance of being then heard. It strikes me strongly that the present quarrel between Mr. Gladstone and the Catholics is a lovers' quarrel, and, like other quarrels of that kind, will end in a reconciliation when the mutual affection will become warmer than ever, and permanent. Mr. Gladstone took this part when the Catholic party in the House of Commons rejected the University Bill, after all he had done to serve them in the past. We cannot wonder at his doing this, though we cannot blame the Catholic party for having done their duty as conscience dictated to them. In spite of all the harsh words and irritating insinuations on Mr. Gladstone's side, and notwithstanding all the ignorant language on the Catholic side during this memorable and exciting controversy, it is plain that Mr. Gladstone and the Catholics both have the highest respect for each other. The compliments that have passed between them are even more conspicuous than their hard words. It is impossible, or at least most unlikely, that a man of such "a religious mind" as Mr. Gladstone's can for ever resist Catholic Truth, even though under present circumstances he be nursing his wrath against it. Man proposes, but God disposes. Mr. Gladstone proposed, by his pamphlet, to inflict a heavy blow on the Catholic Church as now constituted; to get up within her what he calls a "constitutional party" to restrain the ecclesiastical power, to place the Church, in fact, under the dominion of a popular faction led by such men as himself. This is obviously his dream: the object of his ambition. But the end will be most likely that Mr. Gladstone himself will follow his friend, Lord Ripon, into the Church, and become one of the most devout, the most obedient, and the most exemplary of her sons. To ensure this end humility is the only thing he wants. We all know that if any man would receive the Truth of God he must receive it with the docility and humility of a child. It must be hard, indeed, for an intellectual giant and Protestant statesman, the pride of Protestant England and of the established Church, like Mr. Gladstone, to divest himself of all pride and human respect, as he must do if ever he enter the Roman Catholic Church.

But what may not the Grace of God effect, especially when operating on a religious mind and a good and honest heart such as belong to Mr. Gladstone. Dr. Newman's remark about the provocation given to Mr. Gladstone to make a raid on the Catholic Church ought not to be lost sight of. Catholic principles, even when stated in mild terms, are apt enough to offend and alarm Protestants, and Protestants as we see, of good will and not hostile to us. What then must be the effect of stating these principles in wild and exaggerated language, as no doubt is often done by Catholic zealots. I maintain that though we have many opponents, we have few or no enemies, and the hostility of conscientious opponents, however mistaken and prejudiced or violent, such opponents may be, ought to be treated tenderly and respectfully, which can be done without any compromise of principle.

LAIC.

The high water at the recent flood (says the 'California Alta') washed about four feet of earth from ten to fifteen acres of land lying along the Tennessee River, near Louisville, Blount county, Tennessee. When the water subsided a strange spectacle was presented. The whole of the denuded area was covered with skeletons. Some were straight, some reclining, some doubled up, and some in a sitting posture. There were the osseous forms of infants, of children, and of full-grown persons, over one thousand forms having been counted. Persons who have lived in the vicinity of this mysterious cemetery for more than half a century never heard of any human bones being discovered there before, and the skeletons are not found in a mound, or what appears to be unartificial formations of earth.