

be found once more in the camp of the Liberals, amongst the most earnest votaries of the "Philosophy of the Future."

Of all the gods we should have thought the least likely to be invoked for purposes of State would have been Bacchus. Nevertheless, if report speak true, it would seem that we have been dull-witted in the matter, for amongst the tittle-tattle of the colony it runs that the "sweet poison of misused wine" has been called into play in order to secure the triumph of a certain party in our "august" House of Representatives. The fact, if fact it be, is far from inspiring. That constituencies should be represented by men of inferior intellect or that motives of self-interest should seem to guide hon. members in their political life, is a source of dissatisfaction, and even of humiliation, but that open vice should be enlisted as the means of influencing the Parliamentary vote, is a matter that should rouse the indignation of the whole country, and which, if it be not warmly condemned everywhere, is sufficient to bring into discredit throughout the civilized world, the colony in which it is suffered to go unchallenged. But as for the offending parties—the one can only inspire all honest men with the disgust that addiction to the immoderate use of liquor must everywhere awaken; more especially where it is found in the midst of surroundings that aggravate its impropriety by calling for something of more than average worth to sustain the character required by them. To the inebriate we must needs accord contempt, but contempt tempered by the pity that victims to the weakness of human nature demand from us.

"And they—so perfect is their misery—  
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement."

But what shall we say of the pander who ministers to vice in order to profit by it? We do not know of any term too strong, or of any comparison too gross, to apply to him. It is certain that any we should judge suited for admission into our columns would but weakly fit the case, and we therefore dispense with such altogether. It, however, remains for the people of New Zealand to say if they will consent again to expose themselves to the risk of being so insulted, for an insult is offered to them in the introduction of such an element into the transaction of the business of the country—or even what pretends to be its transaction. Should the electors not combine to keep out of Parliament indefinitely the members of that party against which this accusation has been brought, they will deserve that habitually the government of their country may reckon amongst its motives of action the influence that guided "the rout that made the hideous roar," or anything else unworthy and destructive.

THE meeting held at the Temperance Hall, Dunedin, on Tuesday evening last, was one that ought to meet with the consideration of the powers that be, and to exercise due weight on the outcome of the present unhappy political situation. The speakers kept close by their themes, and the moderation and earnestness of their tones bespoke the utterance of genuine convictions. It is, indeed, evident that the contest that has been going on at Wellington has been watched with breathless interest by the country, and the Atkinson party gravely deceive themselves if the heat of combat, or any other cause, has so blinded them to the state of things without the House as to lead them to believe, that were they restored to-morrow to office, the temper of the constituencies would long suffer them to continue there. It is not necessary that we should quote from the speeches made. They were but more copious statements of views similar to those that we have already put forward in our columns. The necessity of according to the present ministry a fair trial, with the advantages to be almost certainly derived from this; confidence in the proved abilities of Sir George Grey, who had, moreover, received fresh testimony to his sterling worth from the recent unscrupulous attack made upon him in the House; a profound mistrust of the late ministry based upon a long experience of their principles and practice, together with a persuasion that the country saw the need of the change that has taken place, and further desired a dissolution in order that an opportunity might be afforded of confirming it; such were the principal points discussed. There is no need to study Burke now-a-days in order to learn that the age of chivalry has long since passed away. The fact is evident to the most superficial observer, nor should we attempt to perpetrate an anachronism that might lay us open to the charge of absurdity, were we not emboldened by the example of Major Atkinson to do so, in order that we may try the "*Tu quoque*" line of argument on the ex-Premier. He, then, who was prompt to urge the claims of ceremony on Sir George Grey should surely, now that the opportunity offers, avail himself of it to display a regard for honour and reputation. It has for some time been clear from remarks made in the House, as well as from statements appearing in the Press, that the administration of the hon. member labours under sinister suspicions; and we gather from certain utterances made at the meeting of which we treat that such suspicions are general. Let the Major therefore, for his own sake refrain from his factious opposition, at least until the Ministry he opposes has had full time for a thorough investigation of the departments so long controlled by him. Should nothing then be discovered that incapacity is not sufficient to account

for, he may again come forward and renew the fight free from all shadow of reproach. But the age of chivalry is past, and were it not so, Major Atkinson, we fancy, is one of those who would honour its usages chiefly by enjoining their observance on others—more especially if it were possible that he himself might profit by such an observance. As to the opinion expressed by one of the speakers that the Governor will probably refuse to grant a dissolution, we do not think it likely to prove well grounded. Up to within the last few days, we confess that we ourselves entertained a similar opinion, but, addicted as His Excellency has shown himself to be to strong and unexpected measures, we do not think that even he will care to offer direct violence to the expressed determination of the country. The alternatives, "*Se soumettre ou se démettre*," might perchance prove of wider application than that for which they were submitted by M. Gambetta.

### THE FASTEST RAILROAD TIME ON RECORD.

THERE was only one stop in one hundred and eleven miles that separates St. Thomas from Amherstburgh on the Canada Southern Railroad. The engineer, Macomber, was surrounded by an admiring throng, and passengers and railroaders commented on the handsome appearance of his iron steed. The steam gauge just before starting showed a pressure of eighty-five pounds, a moderate figure for a locomotive. Conductor Crawford sang out "All aboard!" and the special train with Bishop Burgess on board pulled out from St. Thomas at 5.27 p.m. A grand hurrah from the platform signalled the departure.

Once the bridge was cleared Macomber "let her out." Bishop Burgess in the palace-car, after receiving the salutations of the gentlemen of the party, sat down, and dinner was served to him and his travelling companions upon a small table. No one noticed any particular motion in the car. There was no disarrangement of the dishes, crowded and small as was the table. The hum of the train was somewhat sharper than usual, and the rushing air against the windows sounded like the sweeping of a rain-storm. Otherwise there was no indication of unusual speed to a person in the car.

Presently watches were taken out and observations made. The reverend clergy, as well as the more worldly laity, became interested.

"A mile in sixty seconds!" ejaculated one.

Shortly after—"A mile in fifty-eight seconds!"

Again—"A mile in fifty-seven seconds!" and the enthusiastic Frank Morgan, with a cheer that intensified the excitement, announced that his stop-watch marked but fifty-five seconds to the mile.

Before one could point out an object it had vanished. Before a question could be asked and answered a mile had sped; five miles were traversed in the interval while cigars were handed around and lighted by as many men. A flock of blackbirds flying toward the west with all their fleetness in cleaving the air, were soon left behind and lost to view.

The wires on the telegraph poles swung up and down from the movement of the train. The bushes on the side of the ditches shook as if swept by a hurricane, and the tall and gaudy yellow coxcombs that grew beside the fences bent to the ground in a seemingly overpowering desire to get loose from the earth and follow the rushing train. The dust from newly ballasted portions of the track and the chips and leaves rose up fiercely against the force of gravitation and whirled and gyrated like vapory clouds in a tempest. A thin line of smoke stretched interminably in the distance. The impetus of the train increased; the vehemence with which it rushed forward created a vacuum that apparently took nature some seconds to overcome, and the spirits of the passengers were exhilarated by the unprecedented speed at which they moved through space.

A side-track passenger-train saluted us with cheers and locomotive whistles. Neither was heard; before the sound could reach the ears of the passengers in the special it was beyond hearing. One could see the rushing steam and the waving of handkerchiefs. Train Despatcher Noble reported that six miles between Highwood and Ridgeton were made in five minutes; the fifty-seven miles between St. Thomas and Charing Cross were made in fifty-six and a-half minutes. A halt at Charing Cross of four minutes for water, and then on again with the same overpowering velocity. But go as fast as it might, the Canada Southern train could not overtake the sun; it sank, and nightfall came on. Then could be seen the work of the fireman. Each time he opened the furnace a volume of sparks shot out, and the trailing fire came down upon the track like the pyrotechnics of an aerial mine.

Finally, a sharp twist that sent the standing passengers over to the right, and directly another that sent them in the other direction and the yard of Amherstburgh Station was reached.

Hurrah! One hundred and eleven miles in one hundred and nine minutes! The fastest time in America—beating by three minutes the remarkable run of Vanderbilt's special train.—*Detroit Free Press*, September 14.

AN extraordinary disclosure was made at a recent weekly meeting of the Waterford Board of Guardians. Mr. Ryan, master, reported that on a certain day a London relieving officer arrived at the workhouse in charge of a woman named Devlin. It appeared from the master's statement that the woman Devlin was born in Waterford, and when three years of age she proceeded with her parents to London; she got married there, and uninterruptedly lived there for fifty years, when she became destitute. On applying for Poor Law relief she was kept for fourteen days, and in a sickly state sent over to Waterford, where she was born. The guardians expressed themselves strongly on the law that would sanction such a thing, and adopted a resolution calling on the city members to bring the matter before the House of Commons, and to solicit the support of the Irish party in the matter.