

A MONUMENT is about to be erected in Paris to the memory of the Admiral de Coligny, the great ACKNOWLEDGED victim in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and over whose memory so much religious fury has raged for so many years. Why should we, however, speak of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the bugbear brought forward periodically to illustrate the supposed enormities of the Catholic Church, and, if not to frighten Catholics out of her communion, at least to scare away Protestants from entertaining anything like a charitable thought in connection with her? We have had occasion before now to meet this question of the massacre, and to explain its true details, and we doubt not, at all but that such a duty shall again devolve upon us—it is one we may happen upon at any moment, and under circumstances the least expected. Meantime, it is a matter of some satisfaction to find that the erection of Coligny's monument is not, so far, at least, as present appearances go, to be made the occasion of renewed rage against the Church, and that it is not to be set up for a perpetual memory of asserted persecution. "It cannot be denied," says the *Times*, referring to an appeal made to the English people for aid towards erecting this monument, "that a study of the history of that terrible last half of the sixteenth century, as told in Michelet's brilliant epic, or in Henri Martin's sober and orderly narrative, leads to the conclusion that the struggle was, in the minds of the leaders, almost entirely political. 'The Huguenots are all Republicans,' said their Royalist enemies; and this was the expression of a real fact—that in the Huguenot ranks and among their leading families were to be found the chief elements of resistance to the absolutism of the Court. It is, then, Republican France that should take the fame of the great Huguenot leader under her protection."—The religious myth, therefore, may be considered to be buried at the base of the monument, and in this there will be recognised only the memorial of a struggle between worldly powers, in which a wily and unscrupulous woman saved herself and the fortunes of her house, by slaying an enemy unawares—an honourable enemy we may admit, but a stern, a dangerous, and determined one.

THE STATE OF AFFAIRS. THE political field of New Zealand at present appears to be in rather a state of confusion. No one seems to have much notion of how parties are constituted, or how leaders are to be chosen or followed. We have Major Atkinson on one side—and we have some suspicion, moreover, that he is going to stay there and weather the storm, after all, for he is hardly the man to let slip the advantages offered him by the nature of the situation. On another side, or two other sides, we have Sir George Grey and Mr. Montgomery—and, somewhere else, stands Sir Julius Vogel. We have, in short, a superabundance of leaders; but the question is which leader is to have a majority of followers. We do not know that, for our own part, we have much interest in the turn matters are eventually to take. There is nothing, as yet, to show us that the only question which affects us as Catholics is likely to be dealt with more justly by one leader than by another, and, as to other matters, probably one leader is as well qualified to deal with them as another. The chances, nevertheless, we admit, seem to be against Sir George Grey, who would almost certainly make confusion worse confounded if, unfortunately, he managed to get hold of the helm of State. At the time we write, again, it has been decided that none of the candidates of the East coast constituency will waive their candidature in favour of Sir Julius Vogel, and it is therefore doubtful as to where he may obtain a seat. He will not obtain a seat at all if some people can prevent it, and, at least, one very ugly and unworthy argument has been urged in order to prejudice him in the eyes of electors—that is, that he only desires to be returned to Parliament for the purpose of pushing his claims to certain thousands which he asserts are due to him by Government—but such an accusation as this is as disgraceful to the man who makes it, as it is incredible to every man of an honourable mind. Meantime we shall watch the development of affairs with interest, and, not having any particular leaning in the matter, one statesman being, so far, pretty much the same to us as another, as we have said, we shall be able to enjoy the spectacle all the more.—We confess, however, it would put us a little out to see Sir George Grey nearing the winning-post, for we cannot be wholly indifferent to positive mischief.

BENT AGAIN ON PLUNDER. MR. HENRY GEORGE has had a triumphant tour in Scotland. He has been marched about at the tail of whole dozens of bag-pipers—and his hearing, not to speak of his wits, for he is sufficiently hard-headed, continues intact. He has been toasted in place of her Most Gracious Majesty, or the army and navy;—but then no one questions Scotch loyalty, and the name of the people being made they can do what they like with impunity—as, indeed, we do not learn now for the first time. He has been elevated to the pulpit, and honoured in every way, as a man should be honoured who has taught a thrifty nation the short way to grow rich—or rather to sprout into riches all at once. Mr. Henry George has himself become a preacher, and in

all the Presbyterian Churches his scheme of "plunder" has devoted adherents among the ministers. His cause has been sanctified, in short, by religion, and now we shall undoubtedly see it push ahead without delay. Nor is it anything new for Scotland to witness a scheme of plunder advanced to success in the name of religion, and by the aid of pious ministers—for what, indeed, was her "Reformation" but a scheme of confiscation and plunder carried on to a most thorough and complete success in the name of the "Gospel," and by means of its preaching. There was the difference, however, that then a blinded people were made the tools of plundering themselves, in plundering the Church for the benefit of the nobles—whereas now, the people, with the aid of their Churches, purpose to plunder the nobles for the benefit of themselves. And the fact that the nobles and present landholders of Scotland are largely the representatives of those for whose benefit the Church, and with her the people, was plundered, certainly goes in some degree towards justifying the confiscation that is now thought of. It would be well, moreover, if the people in resuming their old estate would also return to the Church that, to a great extent, held that estate in trust for them, and the dispossessed land-holders would probably find themselves no worse off if such a return were made. In any case, the scheme of plunder as we said, is likely to go on and prosper—for has it not the Churches of the country on its side, and what is there that those Churches cannot approve with a text?—Set them down Mr. George's scheme or any other by the side of a Bible, and they will produce to you chapter and verse *ad libitum*, to convict every man who opposes it of heresy, and brand him with impiety, and all with authority, of equal right, undoubted.—But it was in Dundee that Mr. George's triumph culminated. The citizens there were perfectly delighted to be told—that is, of course, the citizens who owned no ground-rents—that if they were only to close on the property of their neighbours they would be possessed of £640,000 a year.—Mr. George especially pointed out to his admirers a certain allotment of land needed for the perfect symmetry of their town hall, but whose owner, or monopolist, had withheld it from sale—thus proving himself a Naboth, whose Achab, the public, would have acted in a most praiseworthy manner by robbing him—and Mr. George, having the Scriptures at his fingers' ends, particularly all their provisions relating to land, must have remembered the case alluded to. But £640,000 taken from the owners of property in Dundee and spent on the population generally would accomplish wonders—especially that wonder of giving to every widow in the town an annuity of £100.—Mr. Weller has made us acquainted with some of the characteristics of widows as they actually exist—does it remain for Mr. George to acquaint us with the qualities of ladies determined, come what will, to become widows?—With a premium of £100 a year placed on the head of every dear deceased, Heaven only knows what the world would come to, the female world above all—and may the knowledge remain in Heaven or in any other region, however opposite, far removed from earth.—But is there not a question as to whether the very residence in Dundee itself alone would not constitute a kind of unearned increment, and what right would the residents in that town have to the benefits of residing there which they had alone nothing themselves to gain? Meantime we recognise the much-vaunted thrift of the Scotch nation. How finely it is illustrated in this enthusiastic reception of Mr. George's scheme of plunder, and how readily the religion of the country adapts itself to it.—The "unaided Word" has once more found a doctrine that it is called upon to sustain against all the world, and we doubt not that in the hands of the ministers it will, as usual, be fully equal to the occasion and do all that is required of it.

[ADVT.]—No one can be sick if the stomach, blood, liver and kidneys are well. Hop Bitters keeps them well. Notice.

London, March 23.—The *Osservatore Romano* publishes a circular, dated March 15, by the Propaganda Fide to the bishops, stating that all legacies and donations given to the Propaganda will henceforth be received in foreign branch establishments. Branches are to be established in the principal European cities, and at New York, San Francisco, Quebec and Toronto. The *Moniteur de Rome* mentions a rumour that Malta has been selected as the centre for the administration of the fund of the Propaganda, under the sanction of the British Government.

The fight on the Franchise Bill may be said to have practically commenced on Monday night when the Marquis of Hartington moved the second reading of the measure. The first note of opposition came from Lord John Manners, the elderly gentleman who, once upon a time, avowed that he would willingly permit wealth and commerce, laws and learning, to perish if England would only preserve her old nobility. This gentleman as well as others of lesser note, opposed the bill chiefly on the ground that it should not be proceeded with until the Government had laid their scheme of redistribution before Parliament. The chief speakers on behalf of the Ministry were John Bright and the Marquis of Hartington. The two of them declared emphatically in favour of extending the franchise to Ireland and against any reduction in the numerical strength of her representation. None of the Irish members intervened in the debate, as their desire is to carry the second reading and reach the committee stage as quickly as possible.—*Nation*, March 29.