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Current Topics

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A WARNING
FROM
NOUMEA.

WE find in the columns of our contemporary the *Novelliste* of New Caledonia a few remarks on the dangers of science, as separated from religion, that are very apposite to the present state of the world. The Rev. Father Felix, says our contemporary,

referring to an ecclesiastic of European fame, and whose conferences at Notre Dame in Paris were wont some years ago to draw vast congregations together, long before the invention of dynamite and the application of petroleum to the ruin of palaces, had foreseen the fatal result of the simultaneous progress of the Revolution with that of science, and announced to the Governments what has now come upon them. Dynamite and the recently discovered explosive matters appeared to be reserved to the working of mines and mountains only. But abuse follows closely on legitimate use—and those who despise the Divine law employ dynamite first against the crosses and images of the Saviour of mankind; then against private dwellings, against palaces, and finally against men themselves. Dynamite and nitro-glycerine in the hands of revolutionaries become the great threat against thrones and social rights. A hundred sous worth of dynamite can overturn a palace worth a hundred millions. For twenty francs a whole town-ward is blown up; for a hundred francs a city. A bomb worth four sous destroys a sovereign. States will expend their last centime, and even more, to maintain armies, fleets, gendarmes, and police, but they will not succeed in stopping the explosion of a tunnel in London. Twenty-five malefactors armed with dynamite, or nitro-glycerine, or panclastite are more powerful than a nation.—Our contemporary then proceeds to quote from a journal named the *Lutte*, which includes it among the means it seems to recommend for the speedy removal of the *bourgeoisie*, a recipe for setting fire to buildings or burning alive obnoxious persons without running the least risk.—As we do not, however, suppose that any of our readers desire to be made acquainted with such means for the disposal of a friend or his property, we refrain from giving the receipt in question.—The *Lutte*, significant title! nevertheless, supplies the following example of its practical effects. "You pass before a house in whose cellars there are combustible matters (cotton, stuff, chips), you let a phial containing the solution fall down through the air-hole and then go tranquilly on your way. The phial is broken and the liquid is spilled. A quarter of an hour or twenty minutes afterwards the conflagration manifests itself." And, no doubt, a most comfortable assurance it is to somebody or another that such effects can be quite simply and at hardly any cost secured by a person who runs no risk whatever. The *Novelliste* declares that nothing which material power can do is of any avail to hinder these hideous and destructive undertakings—One preventive power alone exists in the world—the discipline of souls. In proportion as science puts at the disposition of men new forces, it is necessary that moral discipline should become more imperious, more universal and respected. But, continues our contemporary, it is quite otherwise. We see the moral law relaxed according as the material force of man is increased. And who is the guardian of those moral laws, the depositary of those social traditions, without which there are only anarchy and disorder, unless the Church? Still, by an astonishing mistake, at the very hour when perverse instincts make use of the most efficacious means, Governments persecute the Church, and have children taught in the schools that there is no God, or that, if there be one, He does not occupy Himself with them, and they should not busy themselves about Him.—To what epoch of the world, asks our contemporary in conclusion, should we go back for an equal madness?—And, verily, we for our part cannot point out to him such an epoch.

THE report compiled by Mr. Eugene O'Connor for the Westport Harbour Committee, should be found especially interesting under the present circumstances of the Colony, and should go a long way towards illustrating the soundness of Major Atkinson's opinion re-

specting the absence of all grounds for despondency concerning the future. The report in question is a very full and clear, but at the same time concise account of the wealth of the Buller coal-field, and of the improvements necessary to be undertaken in the Westport Harbour so that it may be developed and worked to the great profit of the whole Colony. The Coal-field, Mr. O'Connor tells us, is situated on an elevated plateau on the Eastern side of the Buller River—from which its nearest workings are distant twelve miles. It is of enormous value to the Colony—especially as being the means by which expenditure on steam subsidies and railways may be reduced, as well as an ever increasing source of revenue. Already, indeed, it is the source of a considerable revenue, for the net profit on the out-put of the last financial year was something over £14,000. In the future, however, with facilities for exportation, it might be looked upon as certain that it would obtain a preference for steam purposes generally, as it has been pronounced by the Consulting Engineer to the British Admiralty superior even to the coal of the North of England and Wales. There is, besides, an immense trade with the various colonies, San Francisco, and some States of South America, amounting yearly in the aggregate to 3,350,000 tons, for which it might successfully compete. To open this coal-field to the markets of the world but one thing is necessary, and that is the improvement to the Westport Harbour—into which the Buller River flows with great force and volume of water. Sir John Coode has, moreover, reported favourably of this harbour, assigning to it a greater depth of water on the bar than that to be found at any other river entrance on the same coast. Nevertheless, he added, that in order to insure a permanently good depth it would be necessary to have breakwaters of great length constructed, and the works recommended by him to be undertaken would need an expenditure of £488,776. Mr. O'Connor, a little further on, shows that, even as trade now is, those works might be constructed by means of borrowed funds, and with the very handsome profit of £241,604 per annum as a result. "Then, upon a very moderate estimate," he continues, "within three years of the completion of the Harbour the work would be paid for out of the proceeds, leaving a net annual and increasing income of a quarter of a million, Westport a free port connecting New Zealand with all parts of the world, and adding to the exports of from the Colony probably half a million sterling, whilst decreasing the imports of coal by £100,000 per annum. Let it be noted that this estimate is made without taking into consideration the great industries of Iron and Copper, now showing signs of vitality in the Colony. To these, cheap and good coal is a necessity; nor have we taken into consideration the saving to the Colony which would accrue in the working of our railways, by the reduction in the price of coal. Neither have we taken into consideration the further increase of revenue by other leases being taken up, and worked upon the Buller Coal Reserve, of which only a very small part is now occupied. Suffice it, that in New Zealand, as in England, the great source of manufacturing and commercial prosperity, must be cheap coal. In quantity and quality, in facilities for working, the Buller Coal-field will compare favourably with the Coal-fields of England, or any other country. A trade in coal of almost boundless extent is open to the Colony. The private enterprise of our fellow-colonists is retarded, ships have been built, and plant laid down, anticipating the removal of the obstacle. Delay is ruin to the trade. It is useless to accumulate arguments any further. Either from a public or a private point of view, Harbor improvement must be accepted as urgent and necessary. We have ascertained the precise work required, and have a reliable estimate of the cost. There remains but to provide the means to do it. It was proposed at one time, to land over the whole property, Coal and Harbor, to a Company, on a guarantee for the completion of the Harbor Works within a given time; this proposal was condemned as involving too great a sacrifice of the public interest. Next comes the proposal to have the work done by the Colonial Government by instalments, dependant upon votes of the Legislature. Under ordinary circumstances, if other large works of the same character were in course of construction by the Colonial Government, and no limit placed upon Colonial borrowing, this course might be advisable, but it is accepted as more in unity with the policy of the Colony in regard to Harbors, that a Harbor Board or Trust should be created; let us accept that provision on the understand-

AN IMPORTANT
WORK.

ng that it shall be practically efficient, that the Trust shall be provided with sufficient endowment to enable it to borrow at a reasonable rate, the sum required. It will be necessary to provide both for the repayment of principal and interest. This may be easily effected by a Colonial guarantee. But if that is not deemed expedient, some permanent security must be found, which the Colony can detach for the purpose without disturbing the existing administration, and with as little loss of revenue as possible." The work is one, indeed, that deserves the utmost consideration and it has found in Mr. O'Connor an able advocate. Let us hope it will be pushed forward with equal zeal and ability by all others who as well are more directly concerned in it. No such plain means not only of combating the depression now existing, but of helping to replace it by exceeding prosperity should suffer the least neglect.

WE have before us at present a very remarkable publication, and one which we hope may continue to occupy a peculiar place. It is not, indeed, by any means desirable that publications containing the repetition of misstatements and falsehoods impudently reproduced—without one word of explanation or excuse, should become the rule, and, therefore, we hope the Twenty First Annual Report of the Committee of Management of the Benevolent Institution, Dunedin, may remain an unique work. This work, in a word, contains all the misstatements and falsehoods uttered by the Venerable Archdeacon Edwards at the annual meeting of subscribers, together with all the confirmations and confabulations that followed on them—but without so much as a foot-note to say that any contradiction had been made, or that any explanation had been given as to why Bishop Moran had declined to give his personal and active support to the Institution. The Bishop, nevertheless, had contradicted Archdeacon Edwards, and shown that the number of Catholics stated by him as being relieved was grossly exaggerated. Mr. Vincent Pyke, moreover, contradicted the Archdeacon, and in a letter published by him in one of the daily papers, declared that the venerable gentleman had misrepresented what he had told him concerning his (Mr. Pyke's) interview with the Bishop. The Bishop, again, in his correspondence published in the daily papers proved beyond all controversy, and evoked the admission—the very glaring admission we may say, of the fact from more than one opponent, that Catholic children had been proselytised in the Institution. And yet, in the report now published we find not one word of all this but the misstatements and falsehoods are impudently reproduced as if they had been allowed to pass without notice, or had been the unvarnished truth. Here, then, is an unique report, and one which it is to be hoped, as we have said, for the sake of honesty and common decency, may continue to be unique. But what can be the reason that all these falsehoods and misstatements have been repeated? Must the word of Anglican dignitaries stand, indeed, whether it be true or false, and are they absolved from the common duty of all gentlemen to acknowledge a misstatement when they have made it, and apologise for it? And yet it might be thought that the Churchman should, if possible, be of greater courtesy and more ready to acknowledge his fault than even the ordinary gentleman, for the charity of religion should have such a force. The Rev. Dr. Stuart, again, professes an admiration of "frank dealing,"—but does it savour of such dealing to permit the publication of that which has been proved to be false? However it be, and some explanation there possibly is, we protest against this publication; it is a scandalous thing to reproduce under the sanction of authority a convicted tissue of falsehoods and misrepresentations, and it disgraces all those who have been concerned in it—be they lay or cleric—gentle or simple.

CATHOLIC CHARITY, we should think, needs but little to be said in its defence. The man who could deny its existence might also deny with as much chance of gaining credit, except from those whose

bigotry makes their minds the constant magnet and dwelling-place for a lie, that the sun gives light by day or the moon by night. What is it, for example, that has made the Irish noted throughout the world for the continual supply that goes back from them to aid their poor at Home but Catholic charity?—No foreign mail ever enters Ireland that does not bear to many—to private friend and charitable institution—help from the Irish settlers abroad. It comes in many forms, to father or mother, or kindred or friend; to orphanage, hospital, or Home, but the source whence it flows is the Catholic charity of the Irish heart. The London *Times* the other day in a leader, already referred to by us, on the opening of the church at South Kensington, bore the following striking testimony to Catholic charity. "It is, moreover, perfectly true as the Cardinal said yesterday, 'that if any one thing had given to the Catholic Church in the last fifty years the power of rising again above the opposition and the prejudice of this country, it was the manifestation of the undeniable charity of their priests and their nuns . . . and of the generosity and the self-denial of the laity.' Charity begets charity, and the fruits of high aim and noble endeavour are recognised by all

good men irrespective of differences of creed. So far we are quite able to go with Cardinal Manning, and we cordially rejoice with him at the more tolerant and kindly spirit now universally displayed." More particular instances of Catholic charity we clip at random from American papers. The *New Lexington Tribune* says:—"In the trial last week of William Blakely for murder, his two children, aged eleven and thirteen, were introduced as witnesses for the defence, and it appeared by the testimony that they had been for several years in St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum. It gave Colonel Jackson, Attorney for the State, occasion to pay the following handsome compliment to the Sisters of Charity: 'By the mercy of God these children have been taught in another home. They had been in bands and under teaching that taught them truth, honesty, and piety. Some time in the future some ladies in austere black, which will be their shroud when they die, may call on you for whatever you may be willing to give, to support such waifs as these. They will come to you without a name, and go without acquaintance. They will have no other name than "Sister," and you will know them by no other. They are dead to this world, except to care for the unfortunate. In that they know no race, no creed, and shrink from no suffering nor danger. Whether Russian or Turk in Crimea, whether Arab or French in Algiers, whether Frank or German in Lorraine, whether Rebel or Federal in our war, their gentle voices and hands were present to soothe and comfort sick and wounded soldiers. When the yellow fever raged at Memphis and New Orleans, when the cholera swept through the northern cities, wherever suffering, wherever epidemic, they came to nurse, and stayed with a fortitude that the bravest battalions never knew. And when they come to ask your pittance to assist them, give kindly and recall this occasion, where their piety has taught these children lessons of truth and right, that have made them more powerful here in the vindication of the law than all the strong men defending. The mob might rage and murder, witnesses might be corrupted or intimidated, but the little boy or girl followed the teachings of the kind Sisters, and told the truth intelligently, while it was convicting their father.'" The *Brooklyn Catholic Review*, again, gives the following:—"Arrangements are now making in the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, on Lafayette-place, for the accommodation of the homeless working boys of New York. Nearly one hundred have taken possession of the apartments prepared for them, and as soon as the arrangements are complete many more will avail themselves of the opportunity offered.—On an average over fifty poor persons received free meals daily at the Mission Home during the past winter, and in the very cold and inclement weather the number has many times reached 200. The applicants are never questioned about their country or creed, but are fed by the good Sisters without distinction as to race, colour or religion. Many old men who have seen better days said to the Sisters that although they were not Catholics, the meal they got every day at the Mission was their chief support and saved them from perishing with hunger.—Many sick and deserving poor are attended to daily in their own houses, and have their wants supplied from the Mission, and very large sums of money have been distributed among the more refined class of poor persons whose sensitive feelings very often cause them to endure great suffering before they make their poverty known.—Nearly nine hundred children are under Father Drumgoole's control. On an average more than two hundred of these are entirely dependent on the Mission for support. Nothing is received from the city toward the support of these children."—In every part of the world, then;—in Ireland, in England, in America, wherever the Catholic Church is represented, there is to be found an unflinching fountain of charity, that, as the *Times* says, gains the admiration and sympathy of all who are well-disposed. As for those who are not well-disposed, Catholics are, on the whole, better off without their approbation.

MR. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL has written a poem in which, with the cant of a certain school of writers, he attributes all the evils of the world to the "chief priests and rulers and kings." And one of the suffering creatures whom the verses bring before us is

"—a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
Pushed from her faintly want and sin."

Nevertheless, it would seem that girls whose fingers have failed to push want and sin away from them are formed by systems with which chief priests have but little to do, and to which kings have nothing to say. The secularism and freedom, or license, of the day are as much accountable for such unhappy beings as in the imagination of the veriest atheist any priesthood, or in reality any tyrant ever could have been. Such, at least, is the lesson which we learn from a certain report which has recently appeared in the San Francisco *Evening News*, and which places before us the manner in which the inmates of the Magdalen Asylum of the city in question accounted for their condition. In that country where it is assumed that class distinctions are unknown, as it is also claimed that they are, or should be, unknown among ourselves, it appears there are

still distinctions—and what is more they are made—as in all probability they may also be made, and with similar results, among ourselves—where they should least prevail. In reply to the reporter's inquiries as to how they, who had been the children of respectable parents, had come to find themselves the inmates of the reformatory where they were, the wretched women replied:—"The first step was taken when teachers in the public schools held us up to ridicule because we were not well dressed. This wounded our feelings; we explained our situation to our parents, who said: 'Owing to the large families they had to support, etc., we had all the wearing apparel that they could afford to give.'" And have we not also heard something here about the desirableness of providing gutter-schools for those children who could not be expected to appear in suitable attire among the better dressed children of well-to-do people. At any rate the danger of the American schools is always to be risked where rich and poor are collected together under the pretence of an impossible equality of circumstances. Secularism, then, has done that which Mr. Lowell in his verses attributes to the falsehood of priests and the tyranny of kings—and yet secularism is the reformer of the world, the light of a new and better dispensation. Nor has the republican form of government succeeded much better than the monarchical in raising the condition of these girls, or strengthening their fingers to push want and sin away from them. Shamed out of the schools these poor girls had sought employment and been unable to find it. The Chinese monopolised laundry-work—dressmaking and millinery did not afford a sufficiency of employment—and as for teaching: "Presupposing that we could remain at school for sufficient time to fit ourselves for teachers, what earthly show would a poor honest girl have of getting into the School Department? You are evidently a stranger here, else you would not ask such a foolish question." Domestic service only remained, but to that there were many and grave objections. The principal, however, and that probably which determined all the others being described in the following reply:—"Before proud spirits are willing to become servants you must exalt the position somewhat; make ladies understand that it is no more degrading for a girl to work to earn her own living than it would be for them to do their own work, if they could not afford to hire it done; make them understand that serving them should not debar a poor girl from common civility; that they should treat a hired girl at least with half the kindness and consideration they do their dogs. Then, perhaps, hiring out will not be the last resort."—Is woman's inhumanity to woman, then, more base, more vile, more damning to herself than that of man to man?—For what woman dare raise her head or call herself honest to whom such a charge as that made by these poor fallen creatures was brought home?—That she had been brutal enough to drive a sister to her fall. Let her go and take her stand beside the fallen one, for she is not one whit better than her. And is this, then, what we find in the advanced homes of the country, in the godless schools too whose science is to reform the world? Or wherein is the world better, or is it not worse if in the full blaze of light there is no aid for the thin fingers that would push from them want and sin.—Verily the voices that cry out against the past are the voices of hypocrites, while the present teems with iniquity that would have filled the past with horror.

MR. JAMES O'KELLY, M.P., has been stopped from prosecuting his journey to the camp of the Mahdi. A MORTIFIED CORRESPONDENT. A telegram was sent by the Egyptian authorities to Dongola, whither Mr. O'Kelly had penetrated, commanding the Governor not to permit him to proceed on his way. If he tried to go by force he was to be sent under guard to Isna if he chose to remain at Dongola he was to be well treated but not a foot further mu t he move, and to Mr. O'Kelly's considerable chagrin the instructions were complied with. He is now supposed to be somewhere or another on his way back to Egypt. Mr. O'Kelly, it seemed, had undertaken to act as the correspondent of the *Daily News* in the camp of the Mahdi, and a debate took place in the House of Commons respecting the degree to which the liberty of the Press had been infringed by his stoppage, Lord E. Fitzmaurice explaining that he had been stopped "on grounds of public policy having reference to the relative positions of the Mahdi, Mr. O'Kelly, and the Egyptian Government"—what the relative position of the Mahdi to Mr. O'Kelly was, or might have been, however, Lord E. Fitzmaurice did not and probably could not explain. His Lordship, nevertheless, replied to a question asked by Lord R. Churchill as to whether any Englishman or Irishman could not proceed to the Mahdi's court, that he thought the question involved matter of argument, as it certainly did—in one way, at least. Meantime, we cannot pretend to sympathise with Mr. O'Kelly's chagrin on being turned back—and out of his own mouth it is that we may judge of the enterprise he was engaged in. "Mohammed Ahmed (the Mahdi)" he writes to the *Daily News*, "is in person tall and powerfully built, but somewhat inclined to corpulency. His complexion is between brown and red—what the Arabs call aëder—that is, green. The expression of his countenance is agreeable, and when in repose his face is lighted up by a constant placid smile. If the statements of his enemies

may be trusted, this outer aspect of benevolence furnishes but a deceptive key to his character. Against those who refuse to recognise the divine nature of his mission he can be severe to cruelty. He is credited with Jeffrey's trick of weeping over the fate of those victims whom he orders to execution, so as to create the impression that he punishes dissent and disobedience with personal regret, at the command of Allah. In barren discussion as to the nature or authority of his mission he loses no time. If any man be bold enough to challenge its divine origin or express disbelief he is permitted to choose between submission, open acknowledgment, and decapitation. This method of reasoning has the advantage that it is brief and effective. Few men are bold enough to sacrifice their heads for their opinions, and the result is a general acquiescence in the divine authority of Mohammed Ahmed's mission. On the other hand he protects and encourages those who voluntarily accept him as the true Mahdi—the man sent by Allah to reform mankind."—It is plain, then, that Mr. O'Kelly to have fulfilled his engagement with the *Daily News*, and preserved his head upon his shoulders, without which it is needless to say he could never have corresponded with a newspaper—unless through a medium—must have turned Mahomedan on the spot—and we must admit, although we are as a rule willing to see the cause of Ireland championed by all sorts and conditions of men,—we are not yet prepared to see Roscommon represented even in the British Parliament by a devoted follower of Mohamed.—On the whole, therefore, we maintain it is quite as well that Mr. O'Kelly has been hindered in his journey and sent back, even if in an extremely bad temper and highly indignant, to Egypt.—One noble Irishman has already sacrificed his life to the craving of the public for details of warfare and carnage in connection with this insurrection, and that should be enough.

TRADING IN BLOOD.

It would be hard to realise anything more daring or more deliberately treasonable than the conspiracy which has come to light for the murder of Count Tolstoi, the Minister of the Interior in Russia. A statement is about to be published in one of the Nihilist journals emanating from Degaieff, the assassin of Colonel Soudaikin, in which it will be shown that Soudaikin, who was second in command of the political police in Russia, and whose death was so bitterly deplored by the Emperor and the Empress as that of their most faithful and able official, was himself the centre of a plot within a plot for the murder of Count Tolstoi, and for the destruction of all official power in the empire but his own. Degaieff, the assassin, was Soudaikin's most trusted agent—the basest treachery turns up with every name. According to a *Times* correspondent, who is enabled to give a summary of the revelations, this trusted agent, at once spy and Nihilist, was to form a detachment of Terrorists, a sort of inner circle, absolutely secure from the police; for no one should be allowed to know of their existence excepting Soudaikin and Degaieff. When once this had been accomplished Soudaikin intended to resign on the ground that the incapacity of his superiors rendered it impossible for him to perform his duty. As an alternative plan he also proposed to organise a pretended attack on his own person, and resign on the pretext of being wounded. In either case, Soudaikin's retirement was to be followed by immediate energetic action on the part of Degaieff and his inner Terrorist circle. The first victim marked out was Count Tolstoi, and this murder was to be followed by that of the Grand Duke Vladimir, brother of the Czar, who had been appointed Regent in case Alexander III. should die before the majority of the Heir Apparent. Such a revival of terrorism would, it was thought, have so alarmed the Czar as to render the necessity of recalling Soudaikin self-evident. Soudaikin would then, however, be able to make his own conditions; and this the more easily as, with Count Tolstoi's death, the most capable person in the Czar's surroundings would be removed and the office of Minister of the Interior rendered vacant. Such were Soudaikin's schemes and dreams. In his fancy, he saw Degaieff becoming the most popular man among the revolutionary party, who would doubtless select him as a member of their Executive Committee, or else he might organise a new centre of direction amid the terrorists. Then, these two men would form together a secret but still the only real government, ruling alike the open and the clandestine Russia. The Czar and his Ministers held in hand by Soudaikin, the revolutionists led by Degaieff, all the elements that compose the nation would be at their disposal, and bring them to some splendid but undefined future. Soudaikin's assassination with one of his own daggers rudely dispelled the dream. This, however, was the man with regard to whom the Czar felt so well disposed that he had conceived the idea that the arch-intriguer was his only saving angel; and behind whose coffin a crown sent by the Empress was carried, bearing the touching inscription, "To one who has fulfilled his duty to the last." History and fiction allied scarce supply such a record of infamous plotting, closing in a scene so full of refined irony. Like all deep tragedies, the Tolstoi conspiracy has its moral. Soudaikin traded in blood. The chief function of his office was to track men to death by means not less foul, not less relentless, than the means by which his victims sought their regicidal ends. He became familiar with the work, and, knowing its efficacy, turned his weapons against his employers. It has seldom been otherwise. When a Government employs officials to do work of a degrading character it can never be sure of its men. They are as likely to betray the Government for their own purposes as they are to betray others in its service. The moral is not confined to Russia.—*Dublin Freeman*.

[ADVT.]—Weakness and Sickness changed to health and strength with Hop Bitters always. See.

SAN FRANCISCO MAIL SERVICE FOR 1884

Leave Hokitika.	Leave Greymouth.	Leave Westport.	Leave Picton.	Leave Nelson.	Leave Invercargill.	Leave Dunedin.
Feb 1	Jan 31	Jan 31	Jan 31	Feb 2	Feb 1	Feb 2
Feb 29	Feb 28	Feb 28	Feb 28	Mar 1	Feb 29	Mar 1
Mar 28	Mar 27	Mar 27	Mar 27	Mar 29	Mar 28	Mar 29
April 25	April 24	April 24	April 24	April 26	April 26	April 26
May 23	May 22	May 22	May 22	May 24	May 23	May 24
June 20	June 19	June 19	June 19	June 21	June 20	June 21
July 18	July 17	July 17	July 17	July 19	July 18	July 19
Aug 15	Aug 14	Aug 14	Aug 14	Aug 16	Aug 15	Aug 16
Sept 12	Sept 11	Sept 11	Sept 11	Sept 13	Sept 12	Sept 13
Oct 10	Oct 9	Oct 9	Oct 9	Oct 11	Oct 10	Oct 11
Nov 7	Nov 6	Nov 6	Nov 6	Nov 8	Nov 7	Nov 8

Leave Lyttelton.	Leave Wellington.	Leave New Plymouth.	Leave Napier.	Leave Thames.	Leave Auckland.	Arrive London.
Feb 2	Feb 3	Feb 4	Feb 4	Feb 4	Feb 5	Mar 15
Mar 1	Mar 2	Mar 3	Mar 3	Mar 3	Mar 4	April 12
Mar 29	Mar 30	Mar 31	Mar 28	Mar 31	April 1	May 10
April 26	April 27	April 28	April 28	April 28	April 29	June 7
May 24	May 25	May 26	May 2	May 26	May 27	July 5
June 21	June 22	June 23	June 21	June 23	June 24	Aug 2
July 19	July 20	July 21	July 19	July 21	July 22	Aug 30
Aug 16	Aug 17	Aug 18	Aug 16	Aug 18	Aug 19	Sept 27
Sept 13	Sept 14	Sept 15	Sept 14	Sept 15	Sept 16	Oct 25
Oct 11	Oct 12	Oct 13	Oct 11	Oct 13	Oct 14	Nov 22
Nov 8	Nov 9	Nov 10	Nov 8	Nov 10	Nov 11	Dec 02

"THE PRACTICAL HOME PHYSICIAN."

A GUIDE for the HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT OF DISEASE—giving the Cause, Symptoms, and Treatment of all Diseases of Men, Women, and Children, written in plain English by the following Medical Men, whose fame is world-wide:—

- H. M. LYMEN, A.M., M.D.
- C. FENGER, A.M., M.D.
- H. W. JONES, A.M., M.D.
- W. BELFIELD, A.M., M.D.

The work has been highly recommended by the leading Physicians of London and Edinburgh, as well as those of the colonies. From the many in our possession we insert the following:—

Dunedin, May 16, 1884.

Dear Sir—I write to inform you that I am of opinion that "The Practical Home Physician, a Popular Guide for the Household Management of Disease," IS THE BEST BOOK EVER PUBLISHED ON POPULAR MEDICAL SCIENCE, and should be of inestimable value to people living in the country, who cannot procure the personal attendance of a medical adviser.

H. W. MAUNSELL, M.D.

Lawrence, May 10, 1884.

Dear Sir—I have read "The Practical Home Physician" with some care, and I have no hesitation in saying that it is the best work of the kind that I have come across yet. My many friends throughout Otago and other Provinces will know that I must have read a good many different medical works; but I regret that I did not have your work while writing the "Health Column" for the *Otago Witness*. The information contained in the book covers all diseases that well could come under home treatment. I should be extremely pleased to see the book in every household, for its value is far beyond its price, and the information which it contains is so simple and complete that parents reading the book carefully would be less liable to place themselves and their children under the hands of the doctors.

I have no hesitation in strongly recommending all who can afford it to take a copy of the work, or to combine with their neighbours and get it. I was pressed from all quarters to publish in book form the "Health Column," but now that is unnecessary when a most comprehensive work like yours is available. Trusting that your efforts to place the means of better health within the reach of all may have the success that the effort deserves.

I remain, yours very truly,

F. A. J. DE CONDE,
Writer of the "Health Column" in the *Otago Witness*.

Among others, the following distinguished Medical men have allowed us the use their names in connection with the work:—Sir William Gull, Physician in Ordinary to the Queen; Sir William Pagett, London; Andrew Clark, Middlesex Hospital; Hermann Weber, Physician to German Hospital, London; T. Spencer Wells, Surgeon to the Queen's Household; Patrick Heron Watson, Mem. Counc. R.C.S., Edinburgh; William Walker, Oculist to Her Majesty, Scotland.

For further particulars see circular, or address,

HARVEY AND BAIKJE,
Dunedin P.O.

ROBERT LUMSDEN

PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER & JEWELLER,

47 GEORGE STREET,
(Next door "Little Dust Pan.")

DUNEDIN.

N.B.—Special Attention paid to the Watch-repairing department by R. LUMSDEN.

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THE LITTLE CHAPEL AT MONAMULLIN.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

[From "Abba's Dream and other Stories": Catholic Publication Society.]

Father Maurice felt as if he had a white-robed angel by his side, and revelled in the absorbing narrative until the phaeton stopped at the cottage gate. The pony duly stabled, and, while the priest set forth to attend to a sick call, Miss Jyvecote proceeded to the chapel, where she encountered his artist guest.

Brown started, despite himself, when Father Maurice mentioned her name.

"A parishioner of mine, Mr. Brown."

"I—I saw you in the church just now," muttered the artist "It's an awfully seedy—I mean it's a very quiet little place."

"I could pray more fervently in a church like that than in the Madeleine," she replied, in a soft silvery voice.

"The Madeleine is too rowy, too many chairs creaking, too many swells, and all that sort of thing, you know."

Insensibly the drawl of society had come upon him, and the slanginess of expression which passes current in Mayfair and Belgravia.

"Miss Jyvecote is going to brighten me up, Mr. Brown; she is going to work me an altar-cloth," exclaimed the delighted priest.

"And I am going to paint you an altar picture, a copy of Raphael's Virgin and Child—that is, if you will kindly accept it," he added, blushing to the roots of his hair.

"Oh! how charming, how generous," cried Miss Jyvecote.

"My dear Mr. Brown," said Father Maurice, crossing the room and taking his guest by the hand, "I am deeply, deeply sensible of the kindly, the noble spirit which actuates you to make this offer; but you are a young man, with a grand future before you, with God's help, and by and by, when you have leisure, perhaps you will get a stiff letter from me calling on you to fulfil your promise. You'll find me a very tough customer to deal with, I assure you."

"He thinks I cannot afford it," said Brown to himself; "and how delicately he has refused me!"

The entrance of Mrs. Clancy with a smoking dish of salmon cutlets turned the tide of the conversation, and in a few moments the artist found himself with Miss Jyvecote discussing the Royal Academy pictures of the last season, glorifying Millais, extolling Holman Hunt, raving over Leslie and Herbert, and ringing the changes over the pearly grays, changeful opals, amaranths, and primrose of Leighton. From London to the *salon* is easy transition, and from thence to the galleries of Dresden, Munich and Florence. She had visited all, and to a purpose. He had lingered within their enchanting walls until every canvas became more or less a friend. There was a wonderful charm in their meeting. To Brown Miss Jyvecote was a listener freshly intelligent, *naïvely* sensible. To her the clever *critiques* of this high-bred yet humble artist savored of a romance written but unreal. It is scarcely necessary to say that when people drop thus upon a subject so charming, so inexhaustible, so refreshing, the old Scytheman is utterly disregarded, and the sun was already sinking towards the west when Miss Jyvecote's phaeton came to the gate.

"Have you any of your sketches here, Mr. Brown?" she asked, as she drew on her yellow dogskin driving-gloves.

"Only a few that I dashed off on my walk hither from Castlebar."

They were glorious little bits of weather-worn granite, brilliant with gray, green, and orange lichens; luminous green seas and black rocks basking in the sunlight; fern-crowned inlets and cliffs glittering with bright wild flowers. She gushed over them. What girl does not gush over the sketches of a tall, handsome, earnest artist?

"Oh! If I might dare to ask you for one of them, Mr. Brown."

"Take all," he said.

She would not hear of this.

"They are your working-drawings, Mr. Brown?" selecting one, possibly the least valuable.

"Will you not require an escort, Miss Jyvecote, on your lonely drive?"

"Escort! No. In the first place, I shall probably not meet a human being; and, in the next, I should only meet a friend were I to encounter anyone. I fear my prolonged visit has spoiled your work for to-day, Mr. Brown."

"My work! You will hardly guess what I am pledged to do and the work I am about to commence. It is nothing less than a copy of the picture of Daniel O'Connell which hangs over the mantel-piece. It is for Mrs. Clancy, who is to adorn her kitchen walls with it."

"Surely you are not in earnest?"

"*Hélas!* I am always in earnest, and so is Mrs. Clancy," he added, laughingly narrating that worthy lady's anxiety with reference to the artistic adornment of the back door.

"May we not hope to have the pleasure of seeing you at Moyalty? Father Maurice has promised us a visit. I am sure my father will call and—"

"Pray do not trouble him. I never visit, and, as my stay here is only one of sufferance, I know not the moment I may be evicted by my ruthless landlord."

"You should make an exception in our favor, Mr. Brown. We can show you a Claude, a doubtful Murillo, and a charming Meissonier. Our flowers, too, are worth coming to see—that is, they are wonderful for Connemara. Father Maurice, you must ask Mr. Brown to come over with you on Monday."

"Of course, my dear child, of course. He'll be enchanted with the castle. You'll come, of course, Mr. Brown?" turning to our hero, who, however, remained silent, although blimbling over with words he dared not speak.

"Then it's *au revoir, messieurs!*" gaily exclaimed Miss Jyvecote, as she whirled rapidly away.

It would have surprised some of the artist's London friends could they have peeped behind the scenes of his thoughts and gazed at them as naturalists do at working bees. It would have astonished them to hear him mutter as he watched the receding vehicle: "This is just the one fresh, fair, unspotted and perfect girl it has been my lot to meet. Such a girl as this would cause the worst of us to turn virtuous and eschew cakes and ale."

Mr. Brown had confided in one man ere dropping out of Vanity Fair. To this individual he now addressed himself, requesting of him to "drop down to O'Connor's, the swell ecclesiastical stained-glass man in Berners place, Oxford street, and order a set of Stations of the Cross. You don't know what they mean, old fellow, but the O'Connors will understand you. Let them be first class and glowing in the reds, yellows, blues and greens of the new French school of colors. I don't mind the price. Above all things let them have especially handsome frames of the *Via Dolorosa* pattern." The letter went on to tell Mr. Dudley Poynter of his doings and the calm throb of the heart of his daily life. "There is not much champagne in it, Dudley, but there is a body that ne'er was dreamed of in your philosophy, or in that of the wild, mad wags of the smoking room *oblique*."

Mr. Brown completed his copy of the Liberator, to the intense admiration of Father Maurice and the ecstasy of Mrs. Clancy. The worthy priest would not permit of its being hung in the kitchen, though, but gave it the place of honor in the snug little sitting-room. It is needless to say that the entire population of Monamullin, including the cabin curs—who were now on terms of the closest intimacy with the artist—turned in after last Mass to have a look at the "picther o' Dan."

"Be me conscience! but it's Dan himself—*sorra* wan else," cried one.

"I was at Tara, an' it's just as if he was givin' Drizzleyeye [Disraeli] that walt about his notorious ancestor, the impudent thief on the cross," observed another.

"Faix, it's alive, it is. Look at the mouth, redder for to say 'Repale.'"

"There's an eye!"

"Thru for ye; there's more fire in it than in ould Finnegan's chimby this minit."

"Troth, it's as dhroll as a pet pup's!"

"Stan' out o' that, Mr. O'Leary, or ye'll get a crack av his fist."

"Three cheers for the painter, boys!"

These and kindred comments flung a radiated pleasure into the inner heart of the artist—that *sanctum* which as yet was green and fresh and limpid—while the eulogies, however quaintly and coarsely served up, bore the delicious fragrance which praise ever carries with it like a subtle perfume.

Mr. Brown was enamoured of his new existence—possibly with the child passion for toyland, but the passion endured, nevertheless, strengthening with each successive sunrise and maturing with every gloaming. An invitation, accompanied by a card, had arrived by special messenger for the artist, requesting the favour of his company, *et cetera, et cetera*, to which that gentleman responded in a polite negative, assigning no particular reason, but indulging in vague generalities. He had thought a good deal of Miss Jyvecote, and sat dreaming about her at the sea, his hands clasped around his knees and his beloved meerschaum stuck in his mouth—sat dreaming, and fighting against his dreams—fights in which fancy ever got the uppermost of the rude and real. A longing crept up out of the depths of his heart to see her once again, and to travel in the sunlit path of her thoughts. One thing he was firmly resolved upon—not to leave Monamullin without another interview; though how this was to be brought about he did not very well see. Yes, he would see her, just once more, and then stamp the whole thing out of his mind. He had been hit before, and had come smilingly out of the valley of desolation, and so he should again, although this was so utterly unlike his former experiences.

Father Maurice was charmed with his guest. He had never encountered anything like him—so bright, so genial, so cultured, so humble and submissive, and so anxious to oblige.

"Imagine," said he, in cataloguing his virtues to Larry Muldoon—"imagine his asking me to let him ring the bell for five o'clock Mass, and be a Protestant!"

The priest and his guest had long talks together, the latter drawing out his host—digging for the golden ore of a charming erudition which lay so deep, but which "was all there." Night after night did Father Maurice unfold from germ to bud, from bud to flower, from flower to fruit the grand truths of the unerring Faith in which he was a day-labourer, the young artist drinking in the sublime teachings with that sublime attention which descends like an aureole. Father Maurice was, as it were, but engaged in thinking aloud, yet his thoughts fell like rain-drops, refreshing, grateful and abiding.

The good priest, although burning with curiosity with regard to the antecedents of his guest, was too thorough a gentleman, had too great respect for the laws of broken bread and tasted salt, to ask so much as a single question. A waif from the great ocean of humanity had drifted into this little haven, and it should be protected until the ruthless current would again seize it to whirl it outwards and onwards. Miss Jyvecote betrayed her disappointment in various artless ways when Father Maurice arrived at the castle without the artist. "I'm sorry you didn't fetch him along *bon gré mal gré*, father," said Mrs. Jyvecote, "as papa goes to Yorkshire next week, and Juey can talk of no person but Mr. Brown."

Miss Jyvecote blushed racy red as she exclaimed: "What nonsense, mamma! You have been speaking a good deal more about than I have. You rave over his sketch."

"I think it immense." Mrs. Jyvecote affected art, and talked from the pages of the *Art Journal* by the yard. "His aerial perspective is full of filmy tone, and his near foreground is admirably run in, while his sense of colour would appear to me to be supreme."

(To be continued.)

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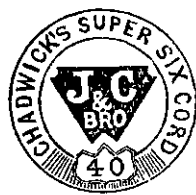
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THE DYNAMITERS.

(The Melbourne Advocate.)

CABLE messages given in another column report three additional dynamite outrages in London, and we cannot avoid coming to the conclusion that they have been perpetrated by Irishmen. On any other reasonable supposition the explosions could not be accounted for. Two of the Melbourne dailies on Tuesday made these dastardly crimes the subject of leading articles, and of the tenor of these we have not much to complain. On the more material points, our views entirely concur with those expressed in the articles, for we condemn and abhor these outrages and the perpetrators as strongly as any Englishman could. As Christians, we have the same reasons as Englishmen for denouncing the murderous ruffians by whom the explosions are caused, and, as Irishmen, we have even more reason than people of any other nationality for earnestly hoping that the guilty parties in all cases of the kind may fall into the hands of the law, and that the damnable society of which they are emissaries will be soon crushed by the cordial co-operation of all governments and all people in whose power it is to assist in such a work of common humanity.

It is only natural that Englishmen should feel hotly indignant at the renewal of these dynamite outrages, and should in their excitement be betrayed into passing harsh judgments or making unreasonable demands. The articles to which we refer are not wholly free from these exaggerations; but, under the circumstances, they offend us not at all, and, putting ourselves in the position of the writers, we are more inclined to acknowledge forbearance on their part than to condemn them for being both rash and unjust. We shall, therefore, overlook in the articles referred to a few passages to which we should take exception were the provocation less than it is, and merely seek to impress upon our English fellow-colonists that Ireland is more injured by these outrages than England is, and that from the same cause all true and decent Irishmen are greater sufferers than Englishmen of any class. Irish lives, though in smaller proportion, and Irish property, also, are imperilled by the acts of the dynamiters; but neither the loss of life nor the loss of property, whenever these losses may occur from this cause, can bear any comparison to the weighty loss inflicted on Ireland and on her good name by her few miscreant sons who, in defiance of all law, human and divine, are madly attempting to right her wrongs by means as foul as devils themselves could invent. In the injury inflicted on Englishmen and on their property national interests are not at stake, for the brood of murderers will surely be either caged or hanged before they can carry their wicked purpose much further into execution. But, as the matter concerns Ireland, the interests involved are national in their magnitude, for the atrocities committed by the dynamiters are calculated in one or two ways to frustrate the efforts of the moral and constitutional party, and thus bring about the collapse of a great agitation which has already gained much and promises to gain much more. In one way the dynamiters are deeply wounding Ireland by alienating from her the good opinion of honest Englishmen and intelligent foreigners, and in another way they are guilty of the same crime by dispiriting many of their countrymen and raising obstacles to the progress of the national cause. Thus the dynamiters are no less traitors to Ireland than they are enemies to England.

The time has come, as it seems to us, when the Irish people, both at home and abroad, should take some action for wiping out these dynamite vipers. We do not propose this as a concession to the unreasonable claims and offensive insinuations of any section of the English Press. Irish newspapers—with, at most, two or three unworthy exceptions—have done their duty by oft-denouncing the Ross faction and their agents; and Irishmen as a body—abhorring as they do the works of the dynamiters as those of the devil—are no more responsible for them than the London Cockney whose life is thereby endangered. So far as Englishmen and the English Press are concerned, their demand for public disavowal cannot be recognised, for its admission would be a humiliation. But Irishmen may honourably, of their own motion, do that which they are forbidden to do as a concession to outward pressure; and as the dynamiters seem to have recovered from their first discomfiture, it would well become the Irish people to universally denounce them, and pledge themselves to afford the English Government and the English people all the assistance in their power in tracking the conspirators and defeating their hellish scheme. A declaration of the kind, made on the scale we design, would utterly annihilate the lying pretensions on the strength of which alone the Ross faction contrives to maintain its unholy existence. If it were seen as well as known how despicable they are in number, and how utterly at variance their principles and doings are with the Irish conscience and the Irish sentiment, their resources would soon fail them, and, bankrupt alike in cash and credit, they would be obliged to turn to some less odious means of sustaining their notoriety and filling their purses. For our own part, we would not purchase the legislative independence of Ireland at the cost of one dynamite explosion and the loss of a single life so occasioned. Independence won by means so foul would dishonour Irishmen, and could not be expected to have either a happy or long life. But the means to the end adopted by the dynamiters are as foolish as they are wicked, and, if it were otherwise, civilisation would be a much greater fraud than anyone believed; Englishmen would be cowards—which they are not; and the sense of right and wrong in the public conscience would be utterly debased.

The Russian Government has bought the steamship Kinfauns Castle, on board of which James Carey met his doom, and had the vessel renamed.

Colonel Bob Ingersoll is a good deal like a circus in some respects. He always draws a crowd. He makes the people laugh very much as the trick mule does. He gives a certain kind of a "show" which passes with many for magnificent oratory, and he takes good care that the man at the door shall have 50 cents or 1 dol. for every person who gets in. There is no crawling under the canvas at the Ingersoll circus. It is purely a matter of business.—New York Herald.

THE APOSTLES OF DYNAMITE.

(The Sydney Freeman's Journal.)

THE success of the Paris Dynamitards in London last Friday should at last convince the public that their crime is one of no ordinary magnitude. There are criminals for whom we do not altogether lose some sort of respect, however much we may detest their crimes. Crimes committed under the pressure of over-powering temptation may excite our pity, crimes which demand courage in their commission may arouse feelings akin to admiration; but for these common enemies of the human race, there can be but one feeling of detestation. Had these bad men raised the standard of revolution and met their foe face to face, misguided as the act might have been, even their enemies would have respected their courage. But these skulking area sneaks never risked their hides, they showed no front to an enemy, they ran no risk when they went forth to deal out death and destruction to the innocent and the helpless. One is sorry for the rebel who falls in his hopeless cause, or for the hungry wretch who steals, or for the wronged one who slays; but these wretches had no cause to serve, no hunger to appease, no personal wrongs to avenge—all they had was the opportunity of injuring their fellow-creatures, and that was enough for them. To cause sufferings or death to a few harmless cooks and housemaids; to blow up a few buildings; to strike terror into the hearts of women and children—it was by means such as these that they hoped to shake the resolution of the proudest and most obstinate race in the world. If these Continental Dynamitards—of course Ireland repudiates them—were not criminals ripe for the hangman, we would take them for raving lunatics. They are taking the very surest means of preventing that which ought to be done. No people and least of all the Anglo-Saxon race, would allow itself to be scared into even reversing a policy of wrong, by such means as these. If justice is to be had for any country, it can, and ought only to be had by rightful means. Political union and combination, and above all the pressure of European and American opinion, will effect that which no crime or assassination can or ought to effect. Whoever these scoundrels are—and all we know of them is that they come from Paris, and that they belong to some secret society condemned by the Church—they are the worst enemies of our land and race.

In estimating the danger to be apprehended by society from the commission of such a crime, it is of the first importance to know who and what these criminals are. If they are a mere fortuitous collection of political conspirators they may be dealt with as the murderers of Lord Frederick Cavendish were, with comparative ease. Ignorant, cowardly, greedy, it would be impossible for all of them to keep their guilty secret. But there is too good reason to believe that these criminals are not of that class. If the Paris correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* of April 21 is to be trusted, this conspiracy against law and order has its seat in Paris—that nursery of wickedness—and the conspirators belong to that motley crew who murdered the Czar, who plann'd the death of the Emperor William, and who have threatened our civilisation during the last seven years. "Among the members are Russian Nihilists, and at least four French Communists of doubtful Irish extraction." The crime of Friday last was not the work of ignorant, poor men, but of foreigners whose education and scientific knowledge have pre-eminently fitted them to do their diabolical work. Their organization could only have been conceived and carried out by men of education. Their organisation demands the expenditure of large sums of money, and the money is forthcoming. It is this that makes the crime so terrible. Hitherto, the crimes of such men as Gomez, Rousakoff, and Brady have been mere national affairs, and terrible as their offences were, they sought the secrecy of criminals rather than the publicity of belligerents. But now our civilisation is threatened by a society composed of different nationalities, whose object is not a particular ruler's head, but all their fellow-men who are on the side of law and order. And this has been allowed to grow up, to organise, to hold meetings, to edit papers, to issue proclamations, and to solicit subscriptions in the very heart of European civilisation! What a terrible commentary on the Holy Father's denunciations which men can still be found to scoff at! A quarter of a century ago, when Pius IX. issued his famous Encyclical, and condemned the International, Europe split its sides with laughter, and England opened her ports if possible wider for any Carbonari or Socialists who wished to plot therein. London has vied with Geneva for the honour of entertaining conspirators. The result, long foretold, is now just appearing. Where could the Nihilists and Socialists strike better than in the wealthiest and most populous city in the world? A few more dynamite outrages, and society will learn in the bitter school of experience that the Holy Father was not so much behind the age as the world thought he was.

Dressmaking Department.—Mrs. Carter is now making Dresses for 12s 6d. If you have hitherto been unable to get fitted properly, give us a trial. Perfect fit, Newest styles, Satisfaction guaranteed. Splendid New Stock of Dress Materials and New Dress Trimmings. A really good article supplied at the lowest prices in the city. Carter and Co., Ready-Money Drapers, George Street Dunedin.—[ADVT.]

A cruel trick was recently perpetrated with great success on the inhabitants of Pau and its neighborhood. The entire issue of the *Memorial des Pyrénées* for the 1st of April was devoted by its facinorous editor to a circumstantial account of the alleged restoration of the monarchy in France by a vote of the National Assembly on the 31st ult., whose proceedings on the occasion were reported *in extenso* together with the proclamation of the Count of Paris as Philip VII. The leading article, general news, money article, fugitive items, and all were given up to the elaboration of this hoax, while a very short postscript, unobserved by most readers, explained that the whole affair was simply a *poisson d'Avril*. The mystification was rendered more complete by an ode on the proposed coronation of the new King of France at Rheims, signed "Victor Hugo."

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FERNHILL RAILWAY AND COAL COMPANY (LTD.),
VOGEL STREET.

W. H. TERRY,
ARCHITECT,
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PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN.

DENTISTRY.

H. ROBINSON
SURGEON DENTIST,
No charge for advice.
Painless extraction by the aid of nitrous oxide gas.

Address—
Dodd's Buildings,

Corner of GEORGE ST. & MORAY PLACE.

DUNEDIN ELECTROPLATING AND GILDING WORKS.

Every Description of
WORN ELECTRO-PLATED WARE RE-PLATED
EQUAL TO NEW.

Charges Moderate.
GEORGE LE LIEVRE,
146.—George Street, Dunedin.—146.

THE PUBLIC ARE NOTIFIED

That the

COLONIAL INSURANCE COMPANY

Undertakes FIRE and MARINE BUSINESS at the most favourable rates, and always settles Claims in a prompt and satisfactory manner.

F. E. ELEY,

Manager for Otago.

Offices: Colonial Bank Buildings.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

HUGH GOURLEY desires to inform the public he still continues the Undertaking Business as formerly at the Establishment, corner Clark and Mackay streets, Dunedin. Funerals attended in Town or Country with promptness and economy

LOOK, WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT!

J. A. ALLEN wishes his friends and fellow-citizens to know that he started business on his own account, under the style of

J. A. ALLEN AND CO.,
AERATED WATER AND CORDIAL
MANUFACTURERS,

MACLAGGAN STREET.

Nothing but first-class goods turned out. An early inspection will oblige.
NOT TO BE RUBBED OUT.

GREIG, MEFFEN AND CO.
Wholesale and Retail
GROCERS,
TEA AND COFFEE MERCHANTS,
EDINBURGH EMPORIUM,
Corner of George and Hanover Streets.
(late Kerr's Drapery Warehouse.)

Greig Meffen and Co., desire to inform their numerous customers and public generally, that they have removed to the above commodious premises and trust by care and attention to merit a share of the public patronage in addition to their present trade. Families waited on for orders. Groceries delivered free in City and Suburbs.

Country orders receive special attention and are carefully packed and sent as directed.

KILGOUR AND CO.,
AERATED WATER MANUFACTURERS,
KING STREET,
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KILGOUR & Co., having purchased the entire plant of Messrs. Carew and Co.'s Aerated Water business, are prepared to execute all orders, either town or country, with despatch.

Cordials and Liqueurs of the finest quality.

J. GEBBIE,
NURSERYMAN, SEEDSMAN, AND
FLORIST,
GREAT KING STREET,
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Has for Sale—Fruit, Forest and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, in great variety, &c.

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PRINCES STREET SOUTH,
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Thomas McNamara, for many years resident in Dunedin, has taken the above-named Hotel.

Trams pass the doors every few minutes for the Ocean Beach and Gardens.

Wines Beers, and Spirits of the best quality.

THOS. MCNAMARA, Proprietor.



By special appointment to
SIR GEORGE BOWEN, K.C.M.G.

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TRUNK AND PORTMANTEAU
MANUFACTURER.

Sample Cases, Travelling trunks, and ladies' Bags.

173 GEORGE STREET, DUNEDIN,
(Next Morris, Photographer).

Trunks, Portmanteaus, and bags of all kinds Repaired.

ESTABLISHED IN DUNEDIN. 1861.

MR. J. P. ARMSTRONG,
SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL
DENTIST,
55 PRINCES STREET
(Opposite the Criterion Hotel).

STEPHENSON'S
BALSAM OF LINSEED.

A safe and valuable remedy for Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, and the various affections of the Throat and Lungs.

Being pleasant to the taste, children take it readily.

Prepared only by

F. P. STEPHENSON,
(Late Howard and Raymond),

DISPENSING CHEMIST AND PHARMACIST
30 Princes Street, Dunedin

SAMUEL READING
DIE SINKER, LETTER CUTTER,
AND OFFICIAL SEAL ENGRAVER.

Name Stamps, Brass Plates, and Stencil Plates.



BATH STREET, DUNEDIN.

(Off Stuart and George Streets).

KITCHEN RANGES all Sizes SPECIALLY DESIGNED for burning New Zealand Coal, both portable and for building in, fitted with either high or low pressure boilers.

REGISTERED GRATES, and a choice assortment of Verandah and Balcony work and other builders' requisites always in stock.

H. E. SHACKLOCK,

General Iron and Brass Foundry, Crawford street, Dunedin.

KINCAID, McQUEEN & CO.
VULCAN FOUNDRY,
Great King Street, Dunedin.

Engineers, Boilermakers, Iron and Brass Founders, Millwrights, Iron Shipbuilders, &c.

High Pressure and Compound Steam Engines, Turbine and other Water Wheels, Quartz Crushing and every description of Pumping, Winding, Mining, Stone-breaking, Woolwashing, Drying, Flour Mill, and Dredging Machinery made and repaired. Cast and Wrought Iron Ripples and sluice Plates.

Repairs to all kinds of Reaping, Thrashing, Horse-power Machines, &c., executed with Despatch. Flax-Dressing Machines of improved make.

J. AND W. STEWART,
COACHBUILDERS,

GREAT KING STREET,
(Nearly opposite Bacon's Stables),
Have for Sale—

Single and Double Buggies, Waggonettes, Pony Phaetons, Station and Express Waggones.

Also Made to Order—
Every description of Hose Reels, Hooks and Ladder Carriages, Fire Brigade Plant &c., &c.

All of their own make. Workmanship and Materials guaranteed.

HARP OF ERIN HOTEL
QUEENSTOWN.

MRS. M'BRIDE ... Proprietress.

The above commodious and comfortable Hotel offers first-class accommodation to Tourists and others visiting the Lake scenery

CITY HOTEL, DUNEDIN

MRS. N. MURPHY ... Proprietress

On and after 3rd December, Mrs Murphy will OPEN her DINING-ROOM for LUNCHEON to the General Public from Noon Daily, and trusts by attention, civility, and reasonable charges to merit a share of Public Patronage from her many friends, as well as from the merchants and others in Dunedin and neighbourhood.

A Separate Room for Ladies, with Waitresses in attendance.

The Prices of the various Articles will be attached to the Bill of Fare for the day.

Tea, Coffee, Chocolate, etc., at all hours.

Board and Residences in the Hotel as per arrangements.

CITY HOTEL, DUNEDIN

November 22, 1883.

JAMES COUSTON

PLUMBER, GASFITTER, ZINC-WORKER

&c., &c.,

WALKER STREET DUNEDIN.

A COUNTY CORKMAN AMONG INDIANS.

The following thrilling narrative (says the *Bruce Herald*) which we extract from the *Cork Examiner*, will be read with interest by all, especially by the friends and acquaintances of the Rev. T. Lenahan, R. C. Priest of this district, whose brother, the hero of the incident, was Military Chaplain through the American-Mexican war. Although present during some of the hottest engagements, he escaped unhurt. When peace was restored, he returned home, taking with him many mementoes of the war, amongst others the memorable dagger of Cortes, the original conqueror of the land of the Montezumas:—

The Rev. John Higginbotham, who was military (R.C.) Chaplain to the Forces in the North Canadian provinces, and in Bermuda, Aldershot, etc., for many years, related to me the following interesting incident, which I give in his own descriptive way:—

"About the year 1832 I was riding across the prairie. After a long journey I found evening approaching, and, to my great relief, I espied smoke in the distance, which, from experience, I knew to be the fire lighted by the Indians, as it was a blue colour, as they burn but one kind of wood, different from that used by white men. I made at once for the wigwam and found a hearty welcome from the chief, whom I noticed as being one of the handsomest men I had ever seen. Though dark-skinned he had not the thick lips of the Indian, but in all other respects he was a veritable chief. His wife was most kind, and immediately set to work to provide a good dinner for me, and set up a tripod under which she placed a young deer. Being hungry and tired I made a hearty repast, and soon fell asleep on a large bundle of deer skins, feeling sure that I was safe for the night, and my horse well cared for. The following day when I prepared to depart the chief came to me and spoke to me so earnestly in the Indian language to stay another day that I was sorry I was compelled to go on very pressing business. Just as I had my foot in the stirrup he came close to me, and, to my intense astonishment, said in a broad Irish accent—"For God's sake stay, Father, as I want you to do the work of God—marry me to the woman you saw within and baptise my children. I will just tell you my history. Many years ago when I was only a lad I was a soldier in an English regiment. Two generals crossed the prairie with two battalions of soldiers. I was hot headed, and when we encamped for the night a dispute arose amongst the men—the argument was so great that it ended in blows, and the two belligerents rolled over each other, and then used their poniards; most unfortunately one was killed, and the other ran away, and hid in the long grass of the prairie, and was lost to them for ever, as they could not delay to seek for him. Having dug a hasty grave for the dead man the two regiments departed on their expedition, and the man who fled from them was myself, and after having wandered a whole night and a day I made my way to where I saw the blue smoke of what I suspected was the Indian settlement. I was well received there by the old chief. Day after day I stayed till, with fear of detection if I went back to civilisation, I determined to remain as long as I could. Before long I became quite initiated in their ways, and as the old chief was near his end he urged my taking his daughter as a wife, and that I should be elected as chief. To this I willingly assented, as I liked her, and found her as good as any woman could be. And, now, Father, that you know all this you must stay and do as I asked you, for it is in answer to my prayer that the good God sent you. Willingly I remained, performed the wedding ceremony, baptised seven children, and was astonished to find that even the youngest of them knew their prayers, and even their catechism. They need not have been afraid of the Bishop's visitation and examination. The day was pleasantly spent with this peculiar family, and the good wife set to work and made a pair of beautiful slippers of the rough inside skin of deer, which she had prepared previously. I was interested seeing her working so hard, and found on my departure they were intended for me. I have since presented them to the museum in Dublin,—and having taken leave of the chief I asked him if he had any message to old Irish friends. He informed me that he came from Buttevant, County Cork, and was of the family of the Magraths." So the good priest told me that he made his way there in years after his return, and that he found a great many people of the name; but none of them recollected the relative who became an Indian Chief. Father Higginbotham was a great lover of curiosities, and had a splendid museum in St. Louis. He became, in some way that I cannot remember, the possessor of the dagger of Cortes, which he brought home, and gave it some time before his death to the Museum in Dublin, or National Gallery. Father Higginbotham was born in Clonmel.

Zeal for the destruction of the power of the Roman Catholic Church will induce extreme Protestants to applaud the attack on the Propaganda. What would be said were our Government to suppress the Bible Society and General Theological Seminary in this city and to seize the property of both?—*New York Times*.

The position of the Irish race in Iowa, says the *Iowa Messenger*, is a source of pleasure to witness. The evidences of their industry and frugality meet you on your entrance to any of the principal cities of Iowa. The great growth of the Catholic Church in Iowa during the last few years, is also evidence of their piety and devotion to the old Infallible Church of their fathers. You will be convinced of these facts as you walk around the young and prosperous city of Emmetsburg, the county seat of Palo Alto county. Its inhabitants are mostly Catholics, Irish, or of Irish descent. They have reached the highest positions in political, commercial and social life.

In *Truth*, Mr. Labouchere, M.P., says that he recently sent the following advice to the National Party in Egypt: "Organize a refusal to pay the land tax so long as one British soldier remains in your country. If the fellahs one and all enter into a 'no tax' association it will be impossible for the Government to expropriate them, and European employees and European soldiers will be starved out. Therefore organise. Let 'no tax' do for Egypt what 'no rent' has done for Ireland."

News of the Week.

FRIDAY.

ACCORDING to a telegram from the Wellington correspondent of the *Otago Daily Times*, the following letter from Sir Julius Vogel has appeared in the *Evening Post*:—I have been asked by so many friends my opinion on the proposed dissolution, that I seek through your columns the opportunity of writing a few words on the subject. The Queen's representatives are usually very reluctant to grant to defeated Colonial Governments the dissolution for which they almost invariably ask. Each case is generally dealt with according to constitutional precedent. There is no force whatever in the allegation that the Opposition itself desired a dissolution, since the constitutional mode of obtaining an opinion of the Opposition is to ask one or more of its leaders in succession to form a Government. On their declining or failing to do so, then it is usual to fall back on the Government in office. The present Government have no claim to a dissolution, as you clearly proved in your issue of Thursday last. There is nothing in the position of the Opposition to confer on the Government more than its ordinary rights. The Opposition is generally divided into several sections. Now there seem to be only two divisions. The sending them to the country is not nearly so likely to heal their differences as the throwing on them the responsibility of the action they have taken. Besides, nothing could be more mischievous than that the Queen's prerogative should be exercised irregularly because of some fancied good to arise from the procedure. Least of all is a departure from constitutional practice does the end justify the means. So obvious are these considerations, and so unusual is it that there should not be some recorded correspondence on the subject, that it seems improbable that His Excellency can have more than conveyed this impression to Major Atkinson: "You tell me the House wishes a dissolution, and that you can obtain supplies. If you prove this to me, I will grant it; but please to let the Opposition understand that my failing to summon them in the usual way is not meant as an affront, but is due to your representations."

Bain has been falling at Napier since Saturday, the registered rainfall being 9 inches. The Ngararoro River at Waitangi has been gradually encroaching upon the public road and the railway. Some £3000 has been spent by the County Council and the General Government in an endeavour to open the old mouth of the river. At present the flood has swept away the road, and yesterday the crumbling bank of the river was within two feet of the railway-line. If the flood continues, it is feared the Ngararoro will break into the upper end of the Ahuriri lagoon, and find an outlet at Napier. Should these fears be realised, enormous damage will be done to town and suburban properties.—In Canterbury recent rain has caused a breach in the northern railway-line near Balcairn, sufficient to stop the train from Waikari yesterday morning. The up train was sent on from Rangiora to bring down the passengers, who were about an hour and a-half late in reaching Christchurch. Repairs were completed in time for the midday train. The punt at the Upper Ferry, Woodville, was washed away on Wednesday whilst crossing with a flock of sheep, owing to the wire rope breaking, through the flooded state of the Manawatu River. The men got off safely through canoe and swimming, and the punt and sheep went ashore about a mile south of the ferry.

The Government having received no information from Parihaka this month it is surmised that the ordinary monthly meeting of Te Whiti's follower's fell through.

In the House of Representatives yesterday the Hon. Major Atkinson moved—"That the House go into Committee of Supply." Mr. O'Callaghan moved as an amendment—"That this House, while willing to grant Her Majesty's supplies for a reasonable period, desires to place on record its disapproval of the course adopted by Ministers in recommending His Excellency to grant a dissolution without first affording the Opposition a chance of forming a Ministry having the confidence of the House, inasmuch as Parliament has thereby been prevented from passing measures which it is desirable should be passed before a general election, and also the expense of a double session being unnecessarily incurred." After a lively debate, the motion for going into Committee of Supply was then put. The House divided—Ayes, 37; noes, 37. The Speaker gave his vote with the "ayes," with the view of getting the matter relegated to the country as soon as possible. The House went into Committee of Supply. The Hon. Major Atkinson at once moved to report progress, which was carried, and the House rose at 12.30.

SATURDAY.

Furious gales prevailed at Gisborne on Thursday night. Early this morning the buoy on Pinnacle or Luna Rock, fixed three years ago by Captain Crisp, broke adrift, and was found on the beach this morning. One beacon at the entrance to the harbour was also swept away. No tidings have yet been received of Mr. Downes, deputy returning-officer, who left last Sunday for Mahia. Constable Tronson went in search, returning yesterday afternoon without any traces. It is now generally believed the poor fellow is lost. The deputy returning-officer at Mohaka was also nearly drowned. He was swept off his horse and under a bridge. A Native, who was passing, threw a tether-rope to him, and saved him.

Five chains of the railway line have been washed away at Waitangi by the encroachment of the Ngararoro River. Traffic was partially suspended. The Ngararoro has broken through at its old mouth, and further damage to the railway-line is thus averted. It is, however, evident that some permanent works will have to be undertaken to prevent further encroachment by future floods. More than half of the beach between the sea and the lagoon has been washed away.

At the Auckland Crown Lands board meeting Mr. Tole, the chairman, called the attention of members to a surveyors' blunder of a remarkable character. A certain piece of land at Whangarei (89

CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART, TIMARU.

Conducted by the Religious of the Sacred Heart.

Under the patronage of his Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. REDWOOD, Lord Bishop of Wellington.

The Convent is a fine spacious building, most favourably located in one of the pleasantest parts of the city. The site is elevated healthy and beautiful, commanding a splendid view of the ocean and distant snowy mountains. The Grounds are extensive, allowing a great range for out-door exercise and amusements; and the buildings are provided with every recent improvement conducive to health and comfort.

Payments to be made, at least, quarterly, *in advance*. For further particulars apply to the REV. MOTHER SUPERIOR.

S I N G I N G.

MISS MARY HUME receives Pupils for Fixing and Producing the Voice on the latest Scientific Principles—in Private and Class lessons.

Circulars and Terms at her rooms at the Dresden Piano Depot, 27 Princes Street.

SAACRED HEART HIGH and SELECT SCHOOLS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Conducted by the RELIGIOUS OF "NOTRE DAME DES MISSIONS," BARBADOES STREET, CHRISTCHURCH.

Re-opened on Thursday, 24th of January, at 9.30 a.m. Application for boarders and day pupils to be made, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. For further particulars apply to the Rev. Mother Prioress.

MARIST BROTHERS' SCHOOL WELLINGTON.

A FEW VACANCIES FOR BOARDERS.

The Terms are :

Board and Tuition	£36 per Annum.
Bedding and Washing	3 do.

Fees payable quarterly in advance.

Boarders are charged nothing extra for French and Drawing Plans, two guineas per quarter.

Boys prepared for Civil Service Examinations.

For Further particulars apply to

REV. BROTHER DIRECTOR, WELLINGTON.

CALLAN AND GALLAWAY,

SOLICITORS,

JETTY STREET, DUNEDIN,

Have Sections for Sale in South Dunedin on Easy Terms, and money to lend to build thereon.

WINTER SEASON, 1884.

NICHOLAS SMITH

Begs to announce that he has just opened his First Shipment of NEW WINTER GOODS,

Consisting of New Dress Stuffs in Cashmeres, Foules, Costume Cloth, French Merinos, Pompadours, Galateas, Sateens, French Cambrics etc., etc. Novelties in Fancy Goods. Novelties in Millinery. Novelties in every Department. Also,

WINTER CLOTHING,

In endless variety. Special value in Boy's and Youth's Suits; special line of Mens' Geelong Tweed Trousers and Vests (all wool), 21s 6d worth 27s 6d. Newest Patterns in Regatta and Oxford Shirts, Soft and Hard Felt Hats, in all the latest shapes. New Shapes in Linen Collars, Scarves, Bows, Studs, and Ties, Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Brace etc., etc. The Cheapest House in Town.

N I C H O L A S S M I T H,

The Cash Draper,

33 George Street, near the Octagon.

ROSS & McNEILL,

IRONMONGERS,

PRINCES STREET,

DUNEDIN.

HAVE IN STOCK :—

Harvest Tools, Guns, Powder, and all kinds of

SPORTING AMMUNITION,

Cheese Presses, Curd Mills, Chaff-Cutters,

Fencing Wire, Wire Netting, Barb Wire, and all kinds of

FURNISHING & GENERAL IRONMONGERY.

NOTICE.

Subscriptions to the NEW ZEALAND TABLET should be made payable to John F. Perrin, Manager, Octagon, Dunedin, or P.O. Box 143. Orders for the paper, and all business communications should be addressed to the Manager.

BROWN,

E W I N G

& C^o.

Have the pleasure to notify that they have succeeded in effecting the purchase from the Directors of the

O A M A R U WOOLLEN FACTORY, at a discount of One-third off Manufactured Cost, the ENTIRE STOCK of LADIES' DRESS TWEEDS. The Stock consists of about 5800 Yards of perfectly New Goods, all splendid Colourings, Shades, and Designs, and are confidently recommended as a really serviceable material.

BROWN EWING AND CO. respectfully suggest an early inspection of these decided Bargains. The quality is such that it cannot fail to secure a very rapid sale.

1694 YARDS LADIES' DRESS TWEED, 1s. 6d.

2173 YARDS LADIES' DRESS TWEED, 1s. 9d.

2016 YARDS LADIES' DRESS TWEED, 1s. 11d.

N.B.—These Goods are honestly worth Three Shillings and Six pence per yard.

PATTERNS FREE BY POST UPON APPLICATION.

PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN.

JOHAN HARBOROW,

PROFESSIONAL SHIRT CUTTER,

VICTORIA CHAMBERS, MANSE ST.

DUNEDIN.

White Shirts,	} MEASURE OR PATTERN ONLY.
French Cambric Shirts,	
Oxford Shirts,	
Flannel Shirts,	
Sleeping Suits,	} MEASURE OR PATTERN ONLY.
Night Shirts,	
Collars and Cuffs, Etc., Etc.	

Patterns of Coloured Material, and Instructions for Self-Measurement, Post Free on Application

JOHN HARBOROW,
Manse Street,
DUNEDIN.

SHIRTS RE-FRONTED ETC

THE MOSGIEL TWEEDS

ARE MANUFACTURED BY THE

NEW ZEALAND CLOTHING FACTORY

Into every variety of Garments for MEN'S, BOYS', and YOUTHS' WEAR, and can be purchased by the Public at all their 23 BRANCHES, FROM INVERCARGILL to AUCKLAND at FACTORY PRICES.

B L A N K E T S,

M E R C E R Y,

H A T S, A N D

H O S I E R Y.

At Wholesale Prices.

DUNEDIN BRANCH—

CORNER OF OCTAGON, PRINCES STREET

acres) had been offered for sale at an upset price of £43, but it fetched £120. The surveyors' report on it was that it contained "a few kaori trees." This sale was made a subject of comment, as it was said the amount received was not commensurate with the value of the land as it contained a quantity of valuable timber. The Assistant Surveyor-general had made inquiries, and found that the timber on the land was worth more than the money paid for it, and he had told the surveyors who had furnished the report that they could not be again employed under Government. The Chairman said this was the first case of the kind that had come under his notice as a Government officer.

There is little doubt that if France persists in her action in regard to the recidivist question, England will endorse the measures taken by the Colonies for the exclusion of convicts from the Pacific.

The *Daily Times* Wellington correspondent sends a second letter from Sir Julius Vogel to the *Post*, in which he says:—"Though I think the Government has out-lived its usefulness, I recognise that it has been strong to do much that was unpopular because it considered it was doing right. Major Atkinson, in going to the country, probably does not consult his own political interests as much as those of his colleagues, and whatever the result Major Atkinson will have no cause for regret, for whilst he has recently received ample proof that the political feeling of the country is against him he has received no less ample proof that he is held in the highest personal estimation. I can assure the *Times* writer I have no object to gain. My wish is to see a strong government, and I believe a strong one can be formed if the Opposition have the opportunity of forming a Government, and going to the country or not as may be necessary. It matters little on how many matters the Government may disagree if on broad grounds it can work together, and above all remove the lugubrious impressions which the present melancholy-minded Government have fastened on the people. We want a Government that will say to the colonists 'Recover from your depression; do not fear to seek for the vast mineral treasures of the Colony because a few people in Dunedin lost money. The rewards of mining are unequal; but you have in the Colony as great an encouragement for a mining industry as can be found elsewhere. Do not fear agricultural pursuits. It is true the price of wheat is somewhat low just now; but you can get 30 bushels to the acre, while other Colonies are delighted with an average of 10. Do not fear commercial pursuits because of over-importing. Let those who over-import suffer. The prudent can still succeed.' In short we want a Government that will inculcate confidence, and not depend on dogmas the rational conclusion from which is that the people should live on roots and clothe themselves with leaves."

Valuable deposits of silver ore have been discovered at Silverton, 800 miles from Sydney.

It is announced that the French Government has formally annexed the State of Cambodia, situated in the north-west of Cochin China, and hitherto under French protection.

At meetings held in Boston and New York, the most prominent Republicans were opposed to Blaine's nomination for the Presidency. O'Donovan Rossa's paper envisages the candidature of Blaine.

The *Times* states that the Porte has addressed a note to the English Government proposing the withdrawal of the British troops from Egypt, and replacing them by a Turkish force or a mixed Turkish, English, French, Italian, and Spanish force. The *Pall Mall Gazette* denies the truth of the statement recently current that a large force of Gallas would be despatched from Abyssinia to relieve the Egyptian garrison of Kassala. The *Gazette* states that King John of Abyssinia has only undertaken to facilitate the retreat of the garrison from the town, and not send a force for its relief. Detachments of the Royal Engineers are now under orders to proceed from Chatham to Egypt without further delay. The actual destination of the force is not made known. The Marquis of Hartington was questioned in the House of Commons the other night regarding the military available for service in Egypt and the possibility of successfully opposing the projected advance into Egypt proper of the rebel Arabs. In reply, the Secretary of State for War declared that the British troops now in that country would, in conjunction with the Egyptian National army, be sufficient to defend Upper Egypt against any attack from the Soudan. Lord Hartington further announced that General Stephenson, who now commands the British troops in Egypt, would assume the direction of any operations that may be made by the combined forces. The latest advices from the Soudan state that the rebels have captured the Shia garrisons. Five hundred Egyptian cavalry have been drafted off to proceed to Assouan, where the free navigation of the Nile is interrupted by the rebels.

In the House of Representatives yesterday the Hon. Major Atkinson made the Financial Statement. There is a deficit of £152,000 arising from the falling off in railway receipts to an amount of £56,000, and in the customs duties of £123,000. During the year 1882-3 the total expenditure out of the ordinary revenue amounted to £3,638,384, as against £3,681,320 expended last year—the expenditure of 1883-4 being therefore greater than that of 1882-3 by about £43,000, of which excess the principal items are to be accounted for by expenditure on education and railways. The revenue from land sales was £43,055 under the estimated amount (£275,600). On March 31, 1884, the gross public debt of the Colony amounted to £32,867,710, and the accrued sinking funds to £2,792,808. The net public debt was therefore £29,574,902. Of this sum, however, there remained unexpended £877,912. To provide for the deficit in the Consolidated Fund the Premier asks authority to issue £50,000 worth of deficiency bills, and to carry on the public works until September, he asks for the issue of deficiency bills to the extent of £100,000. He accounts for the depression by three causes. (1) The habits of extravagance arising out of the wonderful prosperity which, with only slight and temporary checks, we have enjoyed for the last 13 years—habits which our real circumstances never justified us in indulging; if, indeed, any circumstances could be their justification. (2) The excessive number of people who are engaged as distributors, and the consequent over-importation of goods. (3) The low prices which have obtained during the last year for our chief articles, wool and grain. It is said that wool and grain are never

low in price at the same time, and this is no doubt true as a general rule. Unfortunately, this has not proved true during the last year. The loss to our spending power upon these two articles of export having been not less than half-a-million sterling. There is, however, no reason to be despondent concerning the state of the Colony, and the deficit can be provided for without additional taxation, and by reductions in connection with the Civil Service, and hospital, and charitable aid.

MONDAY.

We, (*Otago Daily Times*) are enabled this morning to announce the arrangements determined on by the Government for the general election. The writs will be issued on Wednesday. The nominations will take place on Tuesday, July 15; and the pollings on Monday, July 21. The new Parliament will meet on Wednesday, August 5.

On Friday evening Mr. A. Catchpool's stack of straw at Woodend, Christchurch was burnt. It is supposed to have been wilfully done, in consequence of the refusal of the Royal Hotel license, Mr. Catchpool being a member of the Mandeville Licensing Committee. The value of the property was £10.

At the meeting of Auckland Licensed Victuallers' Association the following resolution was carried unanimously:—"That in the opinion of this meeting the action of the Licensing Commissioners of the city is deserving of censure, inasmuch as they manifested a spirit of bitterness towards many persons in the trade, which warrants the conclusion that a radical change in the Act and its amendment are absolutely necessary. That the draft copy of the bill transmitted from the Otago Association meets with entire approval of the Auckland Licensed Victualler's Association, and that it will use every exertion to have the Act amended in that direction." A resolution was passed commending the impartiality of Inspector Thomson.

It is considered probable that Cleveland, Governor of New York State, will receive the Democratic vote at the approaching Presidential election.

TUESDAY.

In the House of Representatives yesterday, a discussion took place on the flogging of criminals, Sir George Grey and Mr. Moss maintaining that to impose such a duty upon warders was unjust in the extreme.—A motion proposed by Mr. Seddon for the alteration of regulations connected with the Kumara sludge-channel, and by which certain hardships are inflicted on the miners, was negatived.—On the House's going into Committee of Supply, a debate took place on the motion of Mr. Holmes that £43,000, proposed as the honorarium of Members, should be reduced to £21,000. The Committee divided on the question: Ayes, 25; noes 35.—Mr. Munro moved, as an amendment on the motion for going into Committee of Ways and Means, "That immediate action be taken for the improvement of the harbours of Greymouth and Westport," pointing out the great importance of the coal trade. The amendment was seconded by Mr. Petrie and Major Atkinson, who said Government was not now in a position to prosecute the work, as it would otherwise have done, but he admitted that this was a Colonial affair. A bill was prepared, and would have been submitted but for the adverse vote. Whether the Government retained office or another Government came in, he hoped they would take up the matter as a Colonial work. The local coal companies were greatly to blame, as instead of paying off their money they had kept it back. That was the cause of delay in the matter. The Government recognised the importance of the work. The amendment was negatived on the voices, and the House went into Committee of Ways and Means.—The Revenues Bill was passed, and the House adjourned until Wednesday.

On Saturday afternoon a man named Louis Jean, employed by the contractor for removing piles on the wharf at Hokitika, was the victim of an explosion of dynamite. He was ramming dynamite into a tube, when it exploded, shattering both legs. He was removed to the hospital, where he died two hours after the accident.

A skeleton was found while digging on J. N. Carr's farm, Three Kings, Auckland. The police are investigating.

Burglaries are becoming frequent in Auckland. Coxley's store, Queen street wharf, and a jewellery store adjacent, were entered on Saturday or Sunday night, the object apparently being money, as only one ring was missing, of the value of £5.

Mr. T. A. Bell's house at Hamilton was destroyed by fire, caused through the accidental falling of a kerosene lamp.

In reply to a question of Mr. Barron's on Saturday, the Premier said that the Government, finding there was a deficiency for the year, had determined to give railway works more likely to be immediately reproductive a preference over those of the Central Otago line.

General M'Ivor, who some time back endeavoured to organise in England an expedition to New Guinea, is in Melbourne endeavouring to carry out a similar project. He had an interview with Mr. Service, who declined to accept his proposal.

In consequence of fears of dynamite outrages on the Vatican buildings, stringent precautions have been taken to frustrate any such plot.

The House of Lords on Saturday had under discussion a motion by Earl Rosebery for the appointment of a committee to consider the best means of promoting the efficiency of the House of Lords. An amendment moved by Earl Granville favouring the creation of life peerages was, after a long debate, negatived. The discussion on the original motion stands adjourned.

The *Moscow Gazette* urges the employment of armed volunteer cruisers for the purpose of strengthening Russian interests in the Pacific.

In the debate in the House of Lords on the recidivist question, Earl Rosebery complained of the inadequate representation of the Colonies in that Chamber.

Lord Lyons is still hopeful of a satisfactory settlement of the recidivist question.

A telegram to the Melbourne *Age* says:—In the House of Commons last night Mr. Redmond asked a question with reference to the verdict in several recent kidnapping trials in Queensland. The

S. G. SMITH'S SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

I DO NOT OFTEN ADVERTISE,
but when I find other Butchers cutting down prices and doing their best to injure legitimate trade, I think it time to let the Public and more especially the working man, know that I intend to sell

PRIME BEEF, MUTTON, AND VEAL
At 2d per lb. for CASH.

JAMES WISEMAN
(Late of Evans and Co.)

Begs to intimate to his friends and the public generally that he has commenced business on his own account as a House, Land, and General Commission Agent in Rooms over the Commercial Property and Finance Company's Office, and is desirous of securing the patronage of

Persons requiring Money on Freehold Security at lowest rates of interest
Persons requiring Tenants for Houses in Town or Suburbs, and
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Note the Address—

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(Late Sinclair and Morton),
GREAT KING STREET, DUNEDIN,
COACHBUILDERS AND IMPORTERS OF
CARRIAGE MATERIAL

Carriages constructed from the latest and most approved designs. The finest finish, the best material and workmanship guaranteed.
Orders from the country will receive prompt attention.

Received First Prizes at Dunedin and Taieri Shows, 1879, and awarded Special Prize for Largest Prize-taker in New Zealand manufactures at Dunedin Show, 1880, and Three First Prizes at Taieri Show, 1880.

NOTICE.

THE Public are informed that the Businesses hitherto carried on by the Firms of

GILLIES, STREET & HISLOP,

AND

CONNELL & MOODIE,

LAND AND ESTATE AGENTS, DUNEDIN, will, as from 1st MAY, 1884, be carried on under the provisions of "The Companies Act, 1882," by "The Perpetual Trustees, Estate, and Agency Company of New Zealand, Limited," in the premises hitherto occupied by Messrs. Gillies, Street and Hislop, corner of Rattray and Vogel streets.

All the members of both firms continue in the active management of the business.
GILLIES, STREET & HISLOP.
CONNELL & MOODIE.

SIMON BROTHERS are Genuine Direct Importers, and fully retain their wide reputation for Strictly Moderate Prices.

NO DECEPTION.—Comparison fearlessly invited. Ladies' and Gents' best makes and newest styles. Immense Stock. Test Prices.

DETERMINED TO SELL—
Ladies' Kid (new elastics) from 6s 9d. Strong Lace (sewn), 9s 3d. Lambswool Slippers, 3s 9d.

BUY FROM THE MAKERS.—Our Own Make gives every satisfaction. Men's Watertights from 11s 9d.

WOMEN'S STRONG WEAR—
Lace, 9s 6d; Girls' from 3s 9d.—
Note Address: **SIMON BROTHERS,** George Street, near Octagon.

MOLLISON,
DUTHIE,
& **COS**

ANNUAL CLEARING SALE of Winter Drapery and Clothing commences on Saturday, June 28th.

For further particulars see daily papers.
Send for Price List.

MOLLISON,
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195 AND 197

GEORGE STREET,

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AND PALMERSTON.

GLASGOW AND LONDONDERRY BOOT STORE.

WHEN you see the snow upon the hills,
And feel the weather cold,
And think of Boots that once were new,
But now are waxing old;

THEN go to Neil McFadden's shop,
At 106 George Street,
And see his stock of Watertights,
Which are made both strong and neat.

ALSO his Kid and Lace-up Boots,
Made for the winter weather,
Where workmanship and quality
You'll find combined together.

WARM Winter Boots, Shoes, and Slippers, every variety
—Elastic-sides, Cloth and Fur Uppers, Buff, Feit, Canvas, and Prunella;

ALSO Melton and Galoches. Gentlemen and Boys will find a good assortment of Leather Leggings and Waterproof Boots, at Prices which defy competition, at

NEIL MCFADDEN'S

GLASGOW AND LONDONDERRY BOOT AND

SHOE STORE,

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Repairs neatly executed New Elastics put in.

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By Examination,

(From Robert and Co. Paris.)

OCTAGON DRUG HALL,

Corner of GEORGE STREET AND OCTAGON, DUNEDIN.

All Prescriptions Dispensed under immediate Supervision of the Principal.

MISSING FRIENDS MESSAGE.

IF this should meet the eye of JOHN O'DONNELL, last known Address, "Murphy's Boarding House, New Plymouth." By writing to DANIEL O'DONNELL, care of Mrs. Walsh, Nelson Creek, Grey Valley, West Coast, he will hear of something not only of importance, but demanding his immediate attention. Any information regarding the above will be thankfully received.

Hon. Evelyn Ashley, Political secretary to the Colonial Office, replied that the verdicts were of a surprising character, but that it was impossible for the Imperial authorities to interfere.

Prince Bismarck is urging the Clerical party to withdraw their objection to the subsidy of the direct mail line to Australia.—How the questions of religion and navigation, nevertheless, are mixed up in this particular matter, it is difficult to understand.

Major Kitchener, who for some past has been in command of a body of Bedouin irregular troops stationed at Korosko, telegraphs from that town that he sighted the rebel army during a recent reconnaissance. Detailed accounts from independent resources confirm Major Kitchener's report, and show that a strong body of rebels is marching from Korosko town, about half-way between Assouan and Wady Halfa, 100 miles from the southern boundary of Upper Egypt, and commanding the passage of the Nile. Another body of Arabs is known to be marching towards Dongola, an important Nubian town above the third cataract of the Nile. In view of the threatened attacks of Arabs and their possible advance farther northward, the Sussex Regiment has been ordered to proceed at once to Assouan, the frontier town of Upper Egypt, and an important strategical position. The increasing gravity of the situation is causing considerable alarm, and anxiety is felt for the garrisons and inhabitants of Dongola and Korosko, which are believed to be threatened with attack. Another regiment will follow the Royal Sussex to Assouan within a short time, in order to strengthen the garrison at that place.

WEDNESDAY.

The Selwyn County Council have consented to give 4d a dozen for the destruction of sparrows, chaffinches, green linnets, and skylarks.

A child named White, at Wellington, had the muscles and sinews of one of its legs torn away below the knee by getting its leg entangled in a trolley wheel while the trolley was in motion.

A few days ago it was mentioned that two apprentices of the barque Examiner had been poisoned by eating a tin of jam with a Hobart label. One of them, named Frank Trew, died yesterday afternoon at Sumner. It is not certain that death is directly attributable to the jam, but it was undoubtedly accelerated by it.

A correspondent of the *Daily Times* telegraphs from Wellington:—"On the news reaching Wellington that a requisition was being signed requesting Sir Julius Vogel to stand for Dunedin Central, Mr. Bracken intimated to Sir Julius that he would not oppose so able and experienced a politician, providing that Sir Julius would stick to the Liberal party. In reply, Sir Julius gave Mr. Bracken to understand that he had not the slightest intention of opposing him, as, from what he had learned, Mr. Bracken was trusted and esteemed by Mr. Macandrew and other leading Liberals. On receipt of this reply Mr. Bracken made up his mind to stand for Dunedin Central, and to contest the seat against all aspirants."

A careful examination of the remains found at the Three Kings, Auckland, showed that they must have been in the ground for many years—in all probability a quarter of a century. Of course it is a common occurrence to find the remains of Maoris in the volcanic caves around and in the vicinity of the Three Kings; but Mr. Bishop says the Maoris never interred their dead in the manner this body was buried, and he does not think, even though the remains are those of a Maori, that they were buried there by a Maori. There is one remarkable thing in connection with this discovery—viz., that the large bone of one of the fore arms appears to have, at one time, been fractured, but the setting of the fracture appears, by its newness, to have been the result of considerable surgical skill.

At the Odd-Fellows' Hall, Christchurch, last night, the infant Blondins exhibiting on the tight-rope, the eldest, a girl of about 11 years, who had just completed 52 miles, having been walking all day, took her little brother, two and a half years old, on her back and mounted the tight-rope. He was blindfolded, but not fastened to her. Her stocking being wet with perspiration caused her to slip, and she screamed, "I am falling!" and immediately fell, fortunately from no great height, as she was over the stage. She sustained no further injury than a bruise on one arm and a considerable shake. The little fellow was also considerably bruised. The police at once stopped the performance, and the father of the children promised not to continue the show.

The following is the substance of the convention which, as Lord Kimberly announced in the House of Lords on the 16th inst., has been agreed to by the French and English Governments as preliminary to holding the projected European conference on Egyptian affairs. By the terms of the convention it is stipulated that the present British occupation shall cease, and British troops be withdrawn at the beginning of 1885, if the other European Powers consider that the stability and tranquility of the country will then be sufficient to warrant the adoption of such course. With regard to the question of Egyptian finance, it is agreed that in order to secure the control of the Egyptian national debt, and extend the control of the budget, the office of President of the Egyptian Council of Ministers shall be held by an Englishman. The convention also refers to the necessity for ensuring the preservation of Egyptian neutrality in time of war. In this connection England engages hereafter to propose the adoption by the Powers of a treaty similar to that by which in 1870 England, Prussia, and France agreed to respect the neutrality of the Kingdom of Belgium. The agreement to neutralise the Suez Canal is based upon Lord Granville's circular of January, 1883. Mr. Gladstone has stated that the agreement is entirely contingent upon the results of the projected Conference, but if Parliament rejects it the Government will resign.

THURSDAY.

At the annual meeting of the Auckland Chamber of Commerce, Mr. L. D. Nathan (president) delivered the usual address. He regretted that he was unable to congratulate members on a successful year. As a reflex action of the Southern depression, the demand for kauri had fallen off in that market and in Australia, and there was a glut in American and Baltic timber. He eulogised the San Francisco mail service as the best we ever had, and thought it would be supreme folly to supersede it by a worse. He condemned the so-called

improvement of the bankruptcy laws. Mr. G. Reid was elected president for the ensuing year.

The sixth annual meeting of the Bakaia and Ashburton Forks Railway Company was held yesterday afternoon. The report showed that the line has been paying over 3½ per cent, after deducting all charges. The organised opposition to the district rate has prevented it being completed, but when this has been settled in a court of justice the directors will be in a position to declare a dividend. The traffic receipts were £7,500, and the revenue in excess of working expenses £2,570. Mr. B. M. Morten was elected a director, and £50 voted to the directors for their services.

In the House of Commons on Monday night Mr. Gladstone made a statement regarding the convention which has been concluded between England and France in regard to Egyptian affairs. The Premier announced that it was optional with England to withdraw her troops from Egypt before 1888; that France had repudiated the idea that she desired a renewal of the dual control, or an Anglo-French occupation, after the British evacuation. The Premier further stated that the Conference of European delegates will meet to decide upon Egyptian financial questions, and that the decision thereon will be submitted to Parliament; and failing the approval by Parliament of them, the Government will resign.—The Hon. E. Ashley announced that 1000 British troops are under orders to proceed to Natal to reinforce the garrisons in that colony, and that it has been decided to increase the forces in the reserve territory in Zululand.

In the French Chambers, during a discussion on the Egyptian question, M. Ferry spoke in praise of England's lofty and disinterested policy, but the Chamber dissented from his statement. The *Standard* doubts whether the agreement between England and France will escape shipwreck. The *Times* complains that England concedes too much and receives nothing in return. The English Press generally complin of the want of knowledge shown in the financial proposals. It is probable that the Opposition in Parliament will bring down a vote of censure on the Government after the conclusion of the Conference.

The German Reichstag is unlikely to pass the proposed subsidy for a German mail service to Australia. Prince Bismarck states that the grasping policy of the English colonists in the Pacific is offensive and irritating to Germany.

Cholera of a sporadic character has broken out at Toulon. Numerous deaths have already occurred, and a panic has arisen, with the result that an exodus of the residents is proceeding. General precautions against the spread of cholera have been taken on the Continent. The mortality at Toulon from the disease is decreasing.

In the House of Lords Earl Granville has announced that the British Government had decided to waive the claim to the district of Angra Pejuma, west coast of Africa, regarding which diplomatic negotiations have been proceeding between the English and German Governments.

London, April 25.—A tremendous excitement was caused here this afternoon by the arrest of a supposed dynamiter in Dublin, and the statement that he was the redoubtable P. J. Sheridan. Many of the evening papers issued special editions, with huge headlines, and the eagerness with which they were bought and read shows the vast hold that the dynamite fever still has on the minds of the people. It was soon known that the arrest, which at one time promised such important results, had been made through the vigilance of special detectives recently sent from London to Dublin by Sir William Vernon Harcourt, on the advice of Chief Inspector Jenkinson and Chief Secretary Trevelyan. The Home Secretary was sitting in the House of Commons when the news was received of the capture of Sheridan, and many members from both sides of the House flocked around him to offer their congratulations. While they were thus engaged, somewhat to the interruption of business, later news was received to the effect that the supposed invincible was only a harmless commercial traveller, carrying dynamite samples for innocent uses, and the members quickly withdrew to their seats, some of the Tories looking rather sheepish over their effusiveness.

OTAGO LAND BOARD.—At Wednesday's meeting consideration of J. McBride's letter respecting the payment of arrears of rent on a section at Waihemo was deferred. T. Nichol's application for deferred payment license section 14, block XVI, Blackstone, was granted; G. Turnbull's application to purchase 20 acres, section 32, block XIII, was referred to the district land officer; W. Mason's application to exchange section 39, block II, for section 3 and 4. Dart, was refused. On the application of G. Cooper, it was agreed to offer section 40, block IX, as land of special value. W. S. Cooper's application to lease, for lignite-raising five acres, section 8, block III, Wendon, was referred to the Schools Commissioners. J. O'Brien's application to purchase section 2 and part of 3, block I, Tuapeka East, was referred to the district lands officer. W. Shirres' application for a water-race license on the Waitaki river was granted. It was agreed to issue a license to J. H. Jenkinson to occupy sections 1, 2, 19, 20, block XV, Port Molyneux, at £1 per annum. B. Charles' license, section 15, block III, Lauder, was forfeited. J. Whitburn's application for a fish-farm at Silver Lake, Dart, was refused. On the application of Mr. Withey to purchase quarry reserve, block VII, Waihemo, it was resolved that the land and, as it contained a watering-place for cattle, should not be sold. On the application of A. Allan, it was agreed to offer section 17, block X, Waitahuna West at 25s per acre. Certificates of application for gold-mining leases in block II, Cairn Hill, were approved as follows:—Sections 38 and 39, James Higgins; section 33, Richard, Milner and others; section 40, J. T. Baker and others; section 30, James White; section 40, George Lithgoe; section 42, James McCormick and others; section 36, R. J. Pitches and another. The application of H. Russell and T. Caldwell to purchase sections 32 and 34, block VII, Rock and Pillar, was approved. The following applications to purchase deferred-payment leases were approved of:—Edward Walders, section 2, block III, Waipahi; John Ballantine, sections 14, 15, and 16, block XXV, East Gore; James Tamblin, section 3, block IX, Teviot. The application of W. Moffitt and E. Vial to lease section 7, block III, Waikaitia was referred to the School Commissioners.

S. ST. PATRICK'S COLLEGE, WELLINGTON.

(The Rev. Father Le Menant des Chesnais' Collection.)

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£. s. d.		£. s. d.	
Miss Margaret Barry	1 0 0	Mr. Thos. Fitzgerald	1 0 0
" Anne Cavanagh	1 0 0	" J. Riley	1 0 0
" Mary Murray	1 0 0	" J. Downey	1 0 0
" Abigail Murray	1 0 0	" William Barry	1 0 0
" Elizabeth Fisher	1 0 0	" J. Macey	1 0 0
" Bridget Vaughan	1 0 0	" W. Connor	1 0 0
" Mary Cleary	1 0 0	" Garratt Fitzgerald	1 0 0
" Margaret Hersh	1 0 0	" Patrick Hayden	1 0 0
" N. Hersh	1 0 0	" J. Connolly	1 0 0
" Katie Campbell	1 0 0	" James Curran	1 0 0
" Mary Foran	1 0 0	" P. Gallagher	1 0 0
" Bridget Reidy	1 0 0	" W. Tyne	1 0 0
" Jane Lonergan	1 0 0	" David O'Donohoe	1 0 0
" Mary Fitzpatrick	1 0 0	" J. Moroney	1 0 0
" Bridget Walsh	1 0 0	" P. Ready	1 0 0
" Bridget Conway	1 0 0	" Patrick Hall	1 0 0
" Ellen Ryan	1 0 0	" Harmon	1 0 0
" Kelly	1 0 0	" T. Barry	1 0 0
" Johanna Fitzgerald	1 0 0	" James Dawson	1 0 0
" Mary Lonergan	1 0 0	" Peter Madden	1 0 0
" Ellen Murphy	1 0 0	" Thos. Keidy	1 0 0
" Jane Dwyer	1 0 0	" M. Kelleber	1 0 0
" Margaret Flynn	1 0 0	" Tim. Condon	1 0 0
" Margaret Fleming	1 0 0	" A. Tier	1 0 0
Mrs. Donohoe	1 0 0	" Thos. Beatty	1 0 0
" Owens	1 0 0	" Michael Connor	1 0 0
Miss Eliza Giblin	1 0 0	" Ed. Cunningham	1 0 0
" M. Ellen Connor	1 0 0	" Michael Murphy	1 0 0
" Mellins	1 0 0	" John L. Kenny	1 0 0
" Honora Collins	1 0 0	" Michael Barry	1 0 0
" McHugh	1 0 0	" Thos. Rafter	1 0 0
" Mary Clifford	1 0 0	" James Daly	1 0 0
" Mary Cosgrove	1 0 0	" Daniel Browne	1 0 0
" Bridget Ryan	1 0 0	" Michael Connor	1 0 0
" Catherine O'Leary	1 0 0	" Patrick McCormick	1 0 0
" Ellen Kenny	1 0 0	" Thos. McCormick	1 0 0
" McKeown	1 0 0	" John Dwyer	1 0 0
" Bridget Riley	1 0 0	" John Welsh	1 0 0
" Fogarty	1 0 0	" Ernest Dowling	1 0 0
" Hourigan	1 0 0	" Tim Dowling	1 0 0
" Mary Anne Murphy	1 0 0	" Peter Lonergan	1 0 0
" Mary Hunter	1 0 0	" Daniel Fox	1 0 0
" Riley	1 0 0	" Margin Grace	1 0 0
" Isabella Boylan	1 0 0	" James McGrath	1 0 0
" Cronin	1 0 0	" James Shanahan	1 0 0
" Annie Hawkins	1 0 0	" Richard Dobson	1 0 0
" Annie Dobson	1 0 0	" Thomas Durney	1 0 0
" Mary A. O'Sullivan	1 0 0	" G. Sullivan	1 0 0
" Mary Dwyer	1 0 0	" T. Moroney	1 0 0
" Anastasia O'Connor	1 0 0	" W. H. Sellars	1 0 0
" Bridget O'Connor	1 0 0	" John Mahony	1 0 0
" Mary Ready	1 0 0	Miss B. Pearse	0 10 0
Mr. Thos. M. Cullen	1 0 0	" Ellen Grace	0 10 0
" Patrick Barry	1 0 0	" Sarah Richards	1 0 0
" J. O'Malley	1 0 0	" Anne Coffey	0 10 0
" Wm. Mcronney	1 0 0	" C. fley	0 10 0
" J. J. Smith	1 0 0	" Enright	0 10 0
" L. Dobbyn	1 0 0	" Hennold	0 10 0
" J. O'Brien	1 0 0	" Katie Barry	0 10 0
" E. O'ie	1 0 0	" Nellie O'zhan	0 10 0
A Friend	1 0 0	Mrs. Marie Walker	1 0 0
Mr. Crozier Graham	1 0 0	" Brown	1 0 0
" J. O'Sullivan	1 0 0	" Norah Walsh	1 0 0
" Felix M'Lean	1 0 0	" Mary O'Beilly	1 0 0
" T. Cavanagh	1 0 0	" D. Hannon	0 10 0
" P. Hannon	1 0 0	Miss Mary Flynn	1 0 0
" Joseph Nelson	1 0 0	" Mary McCarthy	1 0 0
" Lanigan	1 0 0	Mrs. Doherty	1 0 0
" P. Coghlan	1 0 0	Miss Sarah Graham	1 0 0
" Pershafel	1 0 0	" A. O'Sullivan	1 0 0
" D. Moriarty	1 0 0	Mr. Jno. Cunningham	1 0 0
" Maurice Sheehan	1 0 0	Miss Norah O'Donnell	1 0 0
" E. Brophy	1 0 0	Mr. P. Cavanagh	0 10 0
" W. Mooney	1 0 0	" Joseph Monagan	0 10 0
" Joseph Halwell	1 0 0	" John Hannon	0 10 0
" Thomas Sheehan	1 0 0	" Philip Riley	0 10 0
Miss Flora Hunter	0 10 0	" Lenigan	0 10 0
Mr. Robert Ambrose	1 0 0	" Thos. Barry	0 10 0
" H. Rogers	1 0 0	Mrs. Tanion	0 10 0
" O. McCarthy	1 0 0	" Buike	0 5 0
" J. Fitzgerald	1 0 0	" Bishop	0 4 0
" Michael Hayden	1 0 0	Mr. T. McCarthy	0 10 0
" J. Crowe	1 0 0		

A P P E A L.

TO THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON COLEMAN.

"Dunedin, April 30, 1884.

MY DEAR ARCHDEACON,—The walls of the Cathedral will be soon completed. I hope that the weekly subscriptions, in addition to the sum in hand, will enable us to see the completion of these walls without the incurring of debt. But this completion will see our funds exhausted; and yet it is absolutely necessary that no time should be lost in putting on the roof. Under these circumstances I have resolved to appeal to the entire diocese for funds to meet the expense necessary to bring our great work to a conclusion; and I have made up my mind to entrust to you the duty of collecting the much-required funds. I know I could not entrust the work to better or more efficient hands. I think I may promise you a hearty co-operation and a generous reception on the part of both the priests and laity of this diocese, who have ever shown great zeal for this and all other good works. You will not fail to remind all to whom you may apply that the erection of a Cathedral is emphatically a diocesan work, and that the merit of helping in such erection is very great.—I am, my dear Archdeacon,

† P. MORAN.

From the above it can be seen that I am called upon to visit all the districts in the diocese to collect for the Cathedral, and, from my own knowledge of the people of Otago and Southland, I feel confident that a generous response will be made to the special call now made by his Lordship; for I know the faith and goodness and devotion to our holy religion of the residents of every parish in the diocese.—The Catholics of this diocese are always ready to make great sacrifices in co-operating for the love of our Lord with the Bishop whom the Holy See has given them to guide them in all things spiritual.

W. COLEMAN.

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VEN. ARCHDEACON COLEMAN'S COLLECTION. NORTH DUNEDIN.

£. s. d.		£. s. d.	
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Mrs. R. M'Lean	5 0 0	" S. Marks	1 0 0
Mr. E. Shelton	1 0 0	" T. Dempsey	1 0 0
" M'Callion	1 0 0	" J. Griffen	1 1 0
Mrs. Bisheskie	1 0 0	" Ahern	1 0 0
" H. Duncaan	1 0 0	" Hennessy	1 0 0
Mr. Dempsey	1 0 0	Miss Butler	1 0 0
" T. Keily	1 0 0	Mr. J. Feuron	1 1 0
Miss C. Brady	1 0 0	Miss Graham	1 0 0
Mr. M. Moore	1 0 0		
DUNEDIN.			
Mrs. Jew	1 0 0	Miss Moroney	1 0 0
Miss A. Colman	1 0 0	Mr. T. Mahoney	2 0 0
A Friend	5 0 0	Miss B. O'Mahony	1 0 0
Miss M'Clusky	1 0 0	" M. Killeen	1 0 0
Mr. T. M'Carthy	1 0 0	" N. McDonald	1 0 0
" T. O'Toole	1 0 0	Captain Bernich	3 0 0
" J. Kenny	1 0 0	Mrs. Bryant	1 0 0
" J. Smith	1 0 0	" Pistor	1 0 0
" E. Hayes	1 0 0	Miss N. Collins	1 0 0
" C. Feuron	1 0 0	Mr. Clyde	1 0 0
" M. Derkiu	1 0 0	" J. Crawford	2 0 0
" W. Brown	1 0 0	" J. McNamara	4 0 0
" J. Lynch	1 0 0	Miss J. O'Donnell	1 0 0
" J. Purcell	1 0 0	" T. Barra	1 0 0
" M. Doyle	1 0 0	Mr. A. Cusick	1 0 0
" M. J. Brookes	1 0 0	Mrs. Morris	1 0 0

We shall be happy to correct all mistakes pointed out to us.

REMOVING TO NEW PREMISES.

Opening up with an entirely

NEW STOCK OF

GENERAL DRAPERY,

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CATHEDRAL FUND.

I BEG to acknowledge the receipt of the following subscriptions towards the Cathedral Fund :—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Peter Farrell
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	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
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FATHER MARTIN.

The New Zealand Tablet.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1884.

PROGRESS AND JUSTICE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE Catholics of New Zealand provide, at their own sole expense, an excellent education for their own children. Yet such is the sense of justice and policy in the New Zealand Legislature that it compels these Catholics, after having manfully provided for their own children, to contribute largely towards the free and godless education of other people's children!!! This is tyranny, oppression, and plunder.

THE GENERAL ELECTION.



THE question of the hour is the coming general election. For some four or five weeks there will be great turmoil, a flood of eloquence and a plentiful crop of promises. But why all this, why has there been a dissolution? Of course everyone knows the immediate cause was the vote of no-confidence in the Ministry passed by the House of Representatives. But what was the reason of this vote? Merely a dislike of the Ministry. In consequence of this there are no questions of policy before the country;—on such questions there appears to be substantial agreement of all parties; such being the case, the dissolution seems to be entirely unjustifiable.

There is no good purpose, however, to be served by dwelling on this point, and it now behoves all to make the best of the situation, and extract from it what good they can. There are many questions which, although not before the country formally as issues to be decided by the constituencies, are of vast importance, and it is greatly to be regretted that some prominent politicians have not had the courage to formulate these and put them pointedly to the country for decision. Were this done, a definite policy might be considered and decided one way or another by the electors. But as it is, the coming contest promises to be little more than a mere beating of the air.

Our own opinion is that, for the most part, the men who served in the last Parliament will be returned to serve in the next. Perhaps half-a-dozen or a dozen changes may be made, but that is all. And for the sake of this was it worth while to postpone the business of Parliament, and put the country to the extra expense of £43,000?

As has been often said, there is hardly any difference between the various parties into which our public men are divided. For this reason it is of no importance which party succeeds in obtaining place and power, so far as the interests of the country are concerned. For this reason no man is called upon to give a strictly party vote, and to sacrifice his own interests, or keep his principles in abeyance for the sake of party. All being equally good and equally bad, every elector may please himself in the choice of a representative.

For Catholics this is, perhaps, a fortunate state of things, for it enables them to punish their enemies on the education question without in the least compromising the general good of the community. Some of our late representatives have been conspicuous for their hostility to justice to Catholic schools; have even in a most offensive manner repudiated their claims, shown themselves impatient of Catholic petitions, and refused to permit the least modification of a system which proclaims godlessness, yet permits, in many places, Protestant religious teaching, makes a close borough of all exhibitions and scholarships, and establishes an odious and unjust monopoly in favour of one section of the community, whilst compelling all without exception to pay for the free education of the children of the well-to-do people of one part of the community.

Now that all men who regard such a system as a monument of monstrous tyranny have an opportunity of punishing its advocates and supporters, it is their duty to avail

themselves of this opportunity to its fullest extent; such an opportunity will not be again within their reach for a considerable time. These men have persistently trampled on the Catholic community, and now that it is in our power to show them they must not hope to continue to do this with impunity, we should chastise them as they deserve. True, their opponents may be no better than they have been, still let justice be done. Neither we nor the Colony will be anything the worse for the change, whilst great good cannot but follow from the infliction of well-deserved chastisement. But we advise prudence and reticence. And we ask our readers to bear in mind the words we lately wrote on this subject.

AMONG the more certain items of intelligence as to the approaching elections there is Mr. J. R. Browne's candidature for Foxton. Mr. Browne's chief motive for coming forward is his strong persuasion that the land laws of the Colony require amendment in a very considerable degree, and particularly he would advocate an extension of the Homestead Law to all Crown Lands, so that it might be possible for men to become settlers on them at a minimum of outlay. Of this project it is impossible for us to speak too highly; whatever the pretences may be, and there are many loudly made of a desire to settle the people on the lands, the truth remains that for any land worth cultivating competition is always excessive, and the delays to be endured before it can be secured, and the high amount to be paid afterwards, make settlement both difficult and precarious. An extension of the Homestead Act, such as that Mr. Browne proposes would do away with all this, and enable any industrious working man possessed of a sum of some £40 or £50, to become an independent farmer in a few years. It would, moreover, serve as an effectual bar against speculation, dummyism, gridironing, and the thousand and one devices by which the land of this Colony has been and continues to be monopolised. On the education question Mr. Browne is sound, and boldly announces his intention, so far as in him lies, to see justice done to all parties. On many other points also his views are of exceptional value, while he possesses knowledge and experience likely to prove exceedingly useful to the constituency he represents, as well as to the Colony in general. His views on the land question, however, are those which will probably recommend him most to the favour of constituents, and they should certainly recommend him to all those who are desirous of the immediate and growing prosperity of the country. If Mr. Browne be elected, moreover, the constituents of Foxton will have a representative of undeviating honesty and earnestness, as well as of a thoroughly John-Bull-like determination and perseverance in carrying out what he has undertaken.

In connection with the epidemic of suicide to which our Auckland correspondent refers, and which seems to be general all over the Colony just at present, the following paragraph taken from the London *Tablet* will be read with interest:—"The *Deutsche Criminal Zeitung* publishes some alarming statistics with regard to suicides in Germany. From these it appears that the number of suicides per million of inhabitants during the period 1875-1881, was as follows: Schleswig-Holstein, 287; Saxony, 245; Brandenburg, 218; Westphalia, 95; Rhineland, 83; Prussian Poland, 72. The above figures are so striking as at once to attract the eye of the reader. Instead of commenting upon them, however, we will quote the words of the non-Catholic paper itself: 'The population of Schleswig-Holstein is almost exclusively evangelical. It is acknowledged that among these, suicide is far more frequent than among Catholics. The percentage of the evangelical population in the three first provinces is 98.6, 93.2, and 97. The last three provinces show a percentage for the evangelicals of 31, 27, and 46. These numbers are eloquent. From this table it may be calculated that in the Prussian State, with a purely evangelical population, if all other circumstances be alike, the number of suicides is three or four times greater than with a purely Catholic population. The mean numbers per million are 250 or 60 or 70. This is a natural and necessary consequence of the difference of certain preponderating relations of the two religions—principally two. One is, that the Catholic, especially by means of the confessional, is brought nearer to his spiritual director than the Protestant, especially in the country and in small communes, hence the smaller proportion in large towns. The suicide, as a general rule, has been tortured beforehand, often long beforehand, with the fatal thought, or at least with the foreshadowing of it. If religion has not lost all influence over him, he will seek help from his minister. The latter, on his part, if he is able to sound the depths of his penitent's conscience in the confessional, will come to his assistance. Material help, especially indirect, to which the priest, if he has influence, will easily find a way, certainly often plays a part herein. All this is wanting to the Protestant. The second point is this: with Catholics suicide weighs particularly heavily. They very rarely have the opportunity of receiving absolution for it; and all the means of grace in the Church are wanting to them. Suicide is a mortal sin.

To enter into eternity with a mortal sin not atoned for, is the most terrible fate that can be imagined. Among the simple country people, who form, after all, the greater part of the population, these ideas, and relations have their fullest effect.' This emphatic statement of a Protestant paper needs no comment from us."

The Dominican Convent High School and St. Joseph's School Dunedin, as well as St. Patrick's School, South Dunedin, also conducted by the Dominican Nuns, broke up this week for the mid-winter holidays, which, we understand, will last for three weeks.

The House of Representatives was prorogued, with a view towards the dissolution, on Tuesday. As we go to press, however, the writs have not been issued, and there will probably be still a few days in which the names of voters may be placed upon the electoral rolls.

WE learn that the Rev. Father Purton O.S.B., has changed his residence from Bay View Road to Macandrew Road, South Dunedin.

WE are informed by a private telegram from Ross, that Mr. Kilgour of Greymouth has pronounced the newly discovered reefs to be rich, and the quartz to equal anything as yet seen. A company has been formed to work them, Mr. J. J. Crofts acting as secretary.

WE find in O'Donovan Rossa's support of Blaine's candidature for the Presidency of the United States another proof of the gulf which separates him from respectable Irish-Americans. The following paragraphs from the Boston *Pilot* will explain themselves. "Some wicked persons having started the rumor that Mr. Blaine is a Catholic, his friends hasten to contradict it. They explain that Mr. Blaine's mother was a Catholic, and his father became one on his deathbed; but that he himself, like the famous Irish convert, 'abjured the errors of Romanism, and embraced those of the Established Church' at an early age. No; Mr. Blaine is not a Catholic. Will our Protestant exchanges please copy, and think a little better of us for the fact?"—"Birds of a feather, etc.—'It is unnecessary to say that I am in favour of Mr. Blaine.'—George M. Robeson, ex-Secretary of the Navy, and the most corrupt official that ever held the office."

IN reference to a case of Jew-baiting, the first ever heard of in Ireland, reported to have taken place recently in Limerick, we find the following in the *Nation* of May 10:—"One of the chief and certainly one of the best-founded boasts of the majority of the Irish people has been that they have ever been truly tolerant of religious differences, and have never injured or tried to injure the non-Catholic minority as such. Stories, therefore, such as have come from Limerick during the last week, of "Jew-baiting" by some of the Catholic population of that city, are almost incredible. We could imagine them to be true of any country in the world before Ireland, and of any part of Ireland before Munster. It seems, however, that there is actually some foundation in fact for the charge made against some of the Limerick people; and, if this be so, we can only say that the guilty parties, whoever they may be, have done much to bring disgrace upon the country, and that we are sincerely glad that the local magistrates have determined to punish such offenders as they with considerable severity. We are quite sure, moreover, that they do not possess the sympathy of any, even the smallest, fraction of the Catholic population throughout the rest of the country. The Irish nation, and especially the Catholic majority of the Irish nation, has itself suffered too much in the shape of religious persecution ever to tolerate it amongst themselves, and they will certainly discountenance any thing like persecution of so small, and, generally speaking, so inoffensive a section of the community as the Jews.

"THE *Central Catholic Advocate* very truly observes that the genus 'political Catholic' is ubiquitous. 'These are the chaps, it says, 'who claim to be Catholics about election time to secure votes, pose as 'liberal-minded,' and are very cautious to avoid every test of their security when a question of Catholic right comes up,' and boast of carrying the Catholic vote in their pockets.' They are the chaps, too, who, when safely elected to office, think the sentiment and opinion of every other class, creed, clan, and section, more worthy of respect and attention than that of their own.' They will truckle to the saloons and sneer at Catholic Total Abstinence, they will conciliate the 'liberal' foreigner, and pooh-pooh the convictions of Catholic citizens. We must get over the fashion of sympathising for the personal welfare of those fellows, and make them understand that they are judged upon their merits, and not upon their ancestry, or their professed religion. If we do not do this, we have ceased to be an influential element in the public life and thought of our country." And, unfortunately the "chaps" in question, together with their tactics, are not confined to America. We fancy one or two of the class have even been heard of in New Zealand.

WITH our next issue we shall enlarge our paper by four pages. We undertake the enlargement at the request of several of our subscribers, and it will be our constant endeavour to make the additional reading matter thus provided for of as interesting a nature as possible. In order, however, that we may succeed according to our desires, and so as to make the TABLET a weekly serving all the ends that can reasonably be looked for we shall need effectual

support and punctual payments. Besides the Catholic reading which we already present to our readers, and the Irish news that they find of such great interest, it has always been our wish to deal more with colonial matters—especially with the mining intelligence of the Colony, with Parliamentary affairs, and the local news of various places, for all of which now we shall have sufficient space. It only remains, then, for our subscribers, by increasing our circulation, and being prompt in paying their subscriptions, to supply us with the necessary funds for such improvements. But even as it is, our expenses will be considerably increased, and we trust to the good-will of our friends for the means to meet them.

AUCKLAND.

(From our Own Correspondent.)

June 20, 1884.

SINCE my last communication, the Catholics of this City have sent petitions asking for educational aid to the House of Representatives. That they had to be presented through members antagonistic to the measure may be detrimental to its own ends, but although Auckland can lay claim to one or two of the present Parliament who are Catholics—at least in name—their assistance in the coming struggle is not reckoned upon, owing to promises made to vote according to the will of the majority of their constituents, rather than conscientiously. However, it is to be hoped a calm and dispassionate hearing will be given to the advocacy of the measure as the great difficulty Catholics have hitherto laboured under has been the unwillingness of their opponents to listen to the subject. At the same time I would not affirm or insinuate that the Protestant people of New Zealand would knowingly do their Catholic fellow-colonists a wrong, but I believe they have been labouring under a serious misapprehension in our regard, and if we have not been heard it is owing to the fact that our opponents were satisfied that our claims were inadmissible. But it is a noteworthy fact, that some of the best and purest of mortals, and the greatest and most powerful nations, have often laboured under delusions of this character and been unconsciously guilty of the grossest injustice to others. Who will say that the once fiery zealot, St. Paul, on his way to Damascus before his conversion, breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord was not honest in his convictions? But when the veil fell from his eyes he saw the great wrong and injustice he was doing the meek and unoffending Christians. As with individuals, so has it been with states and empires in this respect. During the last three hundred years the pagan Roman Empire thought it was right to stamp out the Christian religion. It could not understand why a comparatively insignificant number of men should separate from the citizens and stubbornly refuse a willing compliance with the laws prescribed by Caesar. When the Empire grew up, expanded and became great under their care, they could not see why "a mere vulgar set" should dare to refuse to join their processions in honour of their gods. We have not, however, to go back to pagan times to look for cases of a similar nature. The advocates of a godless education in this fair Colony of New Zealand are doubtless aiming at making of it a great nation—and in the construction on the principle that "Hard upon hard makes a bad stonewall," are forgetful of the possibility that some day the air-built castle—like the pagan Roman Empire—may topple down and crush its victims in the debris, which may consist largely of the fragments of a godless system of education.

During the past month the weather here has been so unfavourable for all kinds of out-door work that nearly all the labouring men are thrown out of employment, and a large number waited on the Mayor last week seeking employment. He made arrangements as a temporary provision that a stone-breaking machine, recently imported, should be stopped, and the unemployed supplied with hammers and other requisites for the work. A good many have availed themselves of the offer, but can make only small wages through inexperience. It is a pity that men should be enticed to come from the South Island, and even from Australia, by newspaper reports that work is always plentiful in Auckland—when such is only seldom the case. If the large farms in the Waikato and Piako districts were cut up into small sections—say of a few hundred acres each—and farmers of moderate capital induced to settle on them, it would give employment to thousands whose habit it is to always stalk about the large towns during half the year doing nothing, which in their case, as in that of the "lords of the soil," often means doing ill.

A dreadful wave of suicidal mania has set in over Auckland, as during the last week no fewer than four persons have "shuffled off this mortal coil" according to their own wish. Truly, the materialism and indifferentism of the present, which prevented those deuded people seeing farther than to-day, helped to inspire the poet to reply to the infidel:

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream," etc.

Messrs. D. O'Connell and Co., Christchurch, have opened their new and commodious premises, Green's Buildings, Manchester-street South, with an unusually fine stock of drapery and men's and boys' clothing, which they are offering for sale at exceptionally low prices—with, moreover, a considerable discount on cash purchases.

Messrs. Mollison, Duthie and Co., of George street, Dunedin, and Palmerston, are now holding their winter clearing sale. Great bargains of drapery and clothing are offered.

Messrs. Simon Brothers and Co., George street, Dunedin, invite the attention of their customers, and the public in general, to the admirable stock of boots and shoes they are now selling at prices to suit the depressed times.

CANTERBURY CATHOLIC LITERARY SOCIETY.

On Monday, June 16th, the members spent a very pleasant social evening, consisting of songs, recitations, and readings. The following gentlemen contributed, and, although they were principally in an informal manner, yet they were evidently appreciated by the meeting: Messrs. Leahy, Hennessy, and McDonald sang "The Skipper and his Boy," "Hearts of Oak," and "The Shamrock," respectively. Mr. Kennedy, a humorous reading from "Artemus Ward"; Mr. McGill recited the "Spanish Champion" excellently; Mr. Geoghegan read "The Horseman of Banrone"; Mr. Walsh read "Clarence's Dream"; Mr. Corr read an interesting extract from a work on "The Feudal System, its Origin, and Nature," and which had a direct bearing on a paper read before the society some time ago on "State Ownership of Land." On next Monday, 23rd, Mr. Dobbin will read a paper on "Novels," and on Monday, 30th, an important discussion will take place on the subject which is now engrossing so much public attention, viz.: Is the present change of Ministry likely to produce beneficial results to the country? A full attendance of members and their friends is anticipated.

INVERCARGILL CATHOLIC LITERARY SOCIETY.

At a meeting of the above society which was held on Tuesday evening, June 17, the attendance was very satisfactory; two candidates were balloted for and duly elected, and two others were proposed for membership. The committee appointed at the previous meeting to consider the establishing of a medical branch in connection with the society submitted a report in its favour. The President of the Hibernian Society, who is also a member of the Literary Society, pointed out that the members of this Society were not aware that the same benefits could be derived from the Hibernian Society as that about to be established by this society,—i.e., any person of sound constitution could become an honorary medical member of the Hibernian Society, on payment of the required annual medical subscription, and, therefore, he said it was quite unnecessary that such a branch as that suggested should be established. After several of the members had spoken on the subject, Mr. Daniel stated in reply that he was not aware that such a branch was connected with the Hibernian Society, but as that was the case, he would withdraw his motion. A motion of Mr. Daniel's, seconded by Mr. Lawlor, that a course of lectures be instituted by this society to be delivered during the winter evenings, was carried—Mr. Daniel consenting to deliver the opening one, on the 1st prox. It was proposed and seconded that a nominal charge be made to each lecture, but on its being put to the vote the motion was negatived. The subject for the evening, "Whether a limited monarchy or a Republican form of Government would be the more suitable for New Zealand," was opened by Mr. Daniel who spoke at length in defence of the Monarchical form in a very able manner, which was much appreciated and received well merited applause. He was followed by Mr. Cusack, who ably defended the Republican form in a manner which showed that he had devoted some time to the study of his subject. The addresses were of a high order, and were throughout eagerly listened to, the members frequently testifying their hearty approbation by rounds of applause. Several of the members having spoken for and against, the discussion was brought to a close. On its being put to the meeting the majority voted in favour of the Republican form of Government as being the more suitable for New Zealand. The meeting was then closed in the usual form.

THAT BOY.

ALMOST every father knows about the inquisitive boy, and frequently has occasions to wish his boys were girls. A North Hill farmer began shaving himself in the presence of his four-year old hopeful. The boy commenced and kept on with a result somewhat as follows:—

"What are you doing, papa?"

"Shaving."

"What are you shaving for?"

"To get my face clean."

"Why don't you wash your face to get it clean! 'At's the way I do."

"I shave to get the hair off."

"What hair?"

"The hair that grows on my face."

"What hair that grows on your face?"

"My whiskers."

"What are whiskers, papa?"

"Hair that grows on the face."

"What does the whisker hair grow on the face for?"

"I don't know."

"Why don't you know why whisker hairs grow on the face?"

"Because—"

The interview came to a sudden termination. A long gash and flowing blood was the cause, with the sudden departure of Young America in his mother's arms as an incident.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Rome, April 13.—The missionaries Gelot, Seguret, Antoine, Rival, Manisot, and thirty lay coadjutors have been murdered in Tonquin. The news arrived at Propagan ta by letter from the Rev. F. Pinabel, who escaped death. This shows how Propaganda has been paralysed by the Italian courts. Sums of money are needed for the relief of that mission, but they cannot be voted without permission from the Italian Government. It may be granted next year when it will be too late.

Correspondence.

[We are not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents.]

COMMENTS ON IRISH SUBJECTS.—CARICATURE OURSELVES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N.Z. TABLET.

SIR,—I noticed a short time since, that the President of the Melbourne Catholic Young Men's Society took occasion to condemn the practice of ridiculing the Irish character through the stage. I hope this condemnation is but the beginning of a crusade in these colonies against the vile custom.

It is now closing on half a century since the young Ireland party opened the eyes of their countrymen as to the demoralising effects of these misrepresentations; how to countenance them was to give a helping hand to those who strove to bring contempt on our name. Their efforts have been fruitful in Ireland; but beyond its shores the blundering, whisky-drinking simpleton, in tattered coat and knee-breeches, is yet brought forward to show the world what kind of people we are at home. The ridiculous sayings, the "blunders," and what are called the "Irishisms" have by this means become so connected with the Irish character, that every French, and English, and Dutch employer can hardly help associating these stage mannerisms with any "Irish" they may have in their service. I believe the lamentable effects of these exhibitions are shown more strikingly in the case of young Irishwomen in domestic service. Many of them can no doubt recall with bitterness the severe humiliations they have had to undergo in the house of some colonial madam, where ridicule was never spared on "Bridget's" or "Mary's Irish ways."

Remembering all this we will ourselves support entertainments that do more than even national prejudice to keep alive those absurdities about us. To be guilty of patronising them is bad; but the responsibility of habitually producing them is worse; and this responsibility the Hibernian Society takes upon itself year after year.

If one of the objects of this Society were to prove that we are of tastes inferior to other people's, it could hardly hit upon a more effectual method than that of advertising periodically "under its auspices" those caricature plays; the leading features of which are, semi-barbarous antics, a battered hat, showing a red head, a short stick, and whiskey.

A Christchurch paper reporting one of these sickening performances said, by way of praise I suppose: "The piece was rapturously received, and it is evident the promoters knew the tastes of their audience." There is food for reflection in these sentences, and if this society, charged with cherishing the memory of Ireland, would read them aright, we would not again have beheld it a few weeks ago, giving us another "rare treat." A dilapidated-looking Irish carman who has a lot to say to and about an old Irishwoman who is so fond of her "drop," is not a very elevating treat for our colonial youth. But the piece that is given to us as "worth all" is called "Irish Justice." The magistrate is a character drawn by no friendly hand. To set out with he is shown to be truly Irish; a genuine Irish name, and a rich brogue—not, mind you, the kind of Anglo-Irish magnate, the land agent, for instance, who usually dispersed justice throughout the country. This judge of the play is as unjust as he is clownish, and can do nothing except under the guidance and promptings of the clerk of the court. The clerk is shown to be an entirely superior being; his precise manners, his studied English accent point at once to the fact that he is not of the same race. The contrast of the personages is striking, and an audience composed largely of Irish colonial youths must have very elevated ideas of old Ireland after witnessing all this.

As an Irishman I protest against this way of cherishing the memory of Ireland. Our self-respect as a people dictates our absence from those scenes; for they are but a link of that chain that once bound us to degradation. Let us remember that we have sprung from a race once the most learned in the world; that we were the instructors of those who now delight in the mimicry of our manners; that they, in turn, seized our country, levelled our schools, and took pretty sure means of making us ignorant, then taunted us with our ignorance, and gave profitable occupation to hireling scribes, who made us subjects of amusement for our masters. What is sadder in history? There is the bitter fact that we ourselves seemed to have accepted these caricatures, and began to apply to one another the phrases of taunt and reproach coined by our conquerors. The Dublin theatres at one time did a roaring trade in these libels; but the spread of education has now swept them from Irish "boards." Let enlightenment and self-respect also teach us to drive them from our midst.—Yours, etc.,

Christchurch, June 23, 1884

PEPPER.

The horrible revelations brought out in the trial of "Shepherd" Cowles in New York, a few years ago, have been paralleled by the exposure of another children's home at Chicago, within a few days. Mrs. Anna Schock was the matron of the latter institution, which was supported by charitable contributions. The Humane Society had her arrested two months ago, and the officers testify that the score of children under her charge have been treated with shocking inhumanity. The children range in years from two to twelve. They were housed in a cold basement, part of which was used as a cow stable. Broken windows allowed the snow to come in and lie in heaps on the floor, the wretched stove fire not being brisk enough even to melt it. The children were almost naked, and covered with vermin, and half-starved on a diet of poor mush. The woman is now on trial, but the maximum penalty of the law is only three years' imprisonment; and of she be found guilty of half what is charged against her the punishment is not a tithe of her deserts.—*Pilot*.

Commercial.

MR. DONALD STRONACH (on behalf of the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Company, Limited) reports for the week ending June 25 as follows:—

Fat Cattle.—The market was barely supplied to-day. Only 139 head were yarded, and this number consisted mostly of light-weights and medium quality; a pen or two were prime, but light. Prices realised for the latter showed an advance of fully 5s per 100lb on late rates; medium also participated in this rise. Best bullocks brought £8 5s to £10 5s; others, £4 to £7 10s; cows, £3 10s to £7 15s. We sold on account of the Seadown Estate 4 cows at £6 12s 6d to £7 15s; Mr. William Shand (Keith Hall), 18 bullocks at £4 17s 6d to £8 5s, 2 cows at £6 to £6 7s 6d; and quote prime beef, 25s; medium, 17s 6d to 22s 6d per 100lb.

Fat Calves.—Only three were penned, which we sold at 14s 6d to 20s.

Fat Sheep.—1911 were penned. Of these about 400 were merinos of fair to average good quality, and the balance cross-breds, nearly all ewes of medium to fair quality. A few of the leading butchers being well supplied by private purchases, the market to-day was rather dull, and prices realised were scarcely up to last week's. Best cross-breds brought 16s 3d to 16s 9d; others, 11s 9d to 15s 6d; merinos, 8s 6d to 13s 9d. We sold: On account of Messrs. J. and S. Wilson (Papakaio), 150 merino wethers at 10s to 10s 6d; on account Mr. J. Robson (Papakaio), 139 do. do. at 9s; Mr. John Duncan (Cherry Farm), 68 cross-bred ewes at 13s 3d; Mr. J.C. Buckland (Tumai), 248 do. do. at 12s 6d to 14s 6d; on account of other vendors, 21 cross-bred wethers at 12s, 41 do. ewes at 14s 6d. We quote mutton 2d to 2½d per lb.

Fat Pigs.—Sixty-four were penned. The smallness of the number forward caused brisker competition, and better prices were obtained, the range being 30s to 70s.

Store Cattle.—We have no sales to report.

Wool.—Priced catalogues of the first week of the May-June London sales are to hand via Brindisi. They contain full particulars of prices obtained during that time. Locally there is nothing of any consequence being done.

Sheepskins.—At our usual weekly sale on Monday we submitted a good catalogue of various descriptions. The usual number of buyers were in attendance, but on account of some fellmongers not being able to get wool dry with any speed, they bought sparingly. Competition was therefore dull, and lower prices were obtained. Dry pelts brought from 1d to 11d; do cross-breds, 1s 2d to 3s 8d; do merinos, 1s 2d to 4s 10d; green cross-breds, 2s 2d to 2s 9d; do merinos, 2s 2d to 2s 7d; lambkins, 2s 6d to 2s 8d.

Rabbitskins.—There is a good market for any quantity, all coming to hand being spiritedly competed for by eager buyers. We sold some on Monday at up to 1s 7½d; prime winter skins would command 1s 8d to 1s 9d.

Hides.—The demand continues about the same; prices being also without variation. We sold all to hand this week at late rates—say 2½d to 4½d per lb, according to weight and condition.

Tallow.—This production is in fair demand, all consignments being easily placed at, for inferior and mixed, 17s 6d to 23s 6d; medium to good, 25s to 30s; prime, 31s to 32s. We bought fat, at 17s 6d to 25s per cwt.

Grain.—Wheat is in slightly better request, but the demand is for the most part confined to prime milling and best description of fowl's wheat, without, however, any improvement in values. Parcels could be placed for shipment if prices were commensurate to those now ruling in the London market, and until this comes about the business done here will be only of small dimensions. We quote prime milling velvet and Tuscan, 3s 2d to 3s 3½d; medium 2s 9d to 3s; soft and frosted only saleable for fowl's wheat at 2s 3d to 2s 8d; broken and shrivelled grain, 1s to 2s. Oats: This week dealers, no doubt being furnished with further orders, show more inclination to operate, chiefly in bright milling and feed—the least discoloured, even if well filled and sound, are shunted. We quote for bright stout milling 2s 1d to 2s 2d; short bright feed, 2s 1d; discoloured short Tartarians and sparrowbills, 1s 11d to 2s; Danis' and thin, 1s 10d. Barley: Maltsters are fairly well supplied for the present, yet any stout bright samples offering would command 4s 1d to 4s 3d; medium (nominal), 3s 3d to 3s 9d.

Ryegrass seed is still without any inquiry,

PRODUCE MARKET.—JUNE 26.

MR. F. MERNAN, Great King street, reports:—Who'sa.e prices for the week are as follows, including bags: Oats, 1s 9d to 2s; milling wheat, 3s 6d to 3s 9d; fowls, 2s to 2s 10d; barley, malting, 3s 6d to 4s 3d; milling, 2s 6d to 3s 6d; oaten hay, new, £3 10s; rye-grass, £3; chaff, £3 to £3 10s; straw, £2; bran, £1 5s; pollard, £4 10s; flour, £9 to £9 10s; oatmeal, £11 10s; fresh butter, medium to prime, 10d to 1s 1d; eggs, 1s 10d; salt butter, 8d to 9d; cheese, 4½d; bacon, sides, 8d; hams, 10d; rolls, 8d; potatoes, £2 5s.

MESSRS. MERCER BROS., Princes street, report:—Fresh butter (in 4lb. and 1lb. prints), best quality, 1s 1d per lb.; ordinary butter, 10d per lb.; eggs, 1s 6d; roll bacon, 8d per lb.; good salt butter, in kegs, 9d per lb.; cheese, 4d per lb.

Never hold anyone by the button or by the hand in order to be heard out; for, if people are unwilling to hear you, you had better hold your tongue than them.—*Quiz*.

J. B. Dumas, the French academician, and Dentu, the famous Paris publisher, are dead. Both received the last Sacraments before they died, and made a profession of the faith. M. Dentu, in addition, prayed for pardon on account of the scandal given by some novels of doubtful tone which he had published.

SERMON BY THE REV. FATHER CASSIDY.

(From the Napier Daily Telegraph.)

"The fool says in his heart there is no God."—P.S.S.

THERE is a belief that has existed in all time, that has penetrated every corner of the world, that has gathered round it the genius and glory of every age—there is a belief that has fixed itself wherever a child of the human race has passed, a belief that is written in the history of all nations and all men, that is the foundation on which everything rests, on which everything depends, to which everything converges, and that is the belief in the existence of an infinitely good, infinitely wise, and perfect God. And though this great truth has ever been so universally received and admitted, though it is written in such convincing language throughout creation, though it has flashed its shadow all over the world as the rays of the sun dash on through endless space still there is an ever increasing number of men in these days of ours who, closing their eyes to reason, experience, authority, and everything around them in life, raise an unreasonable and blasphemous cry against the existence of God, and whose ceaseless struggle is to draw into the ranks of infidelity and unbelief the rich and poor, the young and old, the illiterate and learned of every nation and every grade of society. The Atheists of the day proclaim themselves the saviours of the human race, the sons of the new intellectual world, the giant geniuses who have come to break the fetters that chained the human race to the superstitions of the past. They strive to look upon religion and God's existence as a mere myth, as a mere something that has passed down on the wings of superstition and monkish ignorance from the dark ages of human intelligence, when savage tribes and roving barbarians invaded Europe and the eastern corner of the world, where such belief and superstition sheltered themselves behind the ramparts of Jewish sacrifices and religious rites. These men are so far-sighted that they think they have explored, and sounded everything, natural and supernatural, created and non-created. 'Tis true they have tried to measure the stars that have condescended to wish us good morrow as they hurry along their destined path. 'Tis true they have invented the telegraph and utilised steam; they have crossed the desert waste and have gathered some curious relics of men and ages long since passed away, and picked up amid the crustations of the earth some tiny shells, some petrified bones, some plants or flowers that no longer exist; and lo! they then exclaim that they are the founders of the new and infallible creed, the great men who have given the deadly blow to religious supremacy, the men before whose onward march all religion must wither away, like the autumn leaves before the gathering storm. They say the night of human ignorance is past, that the sun has peeped over the horizon of the world of scientific glory, and that the day of liberty and life is hurrying on with lightning rapidity to a glorious consummation. They say that there is no God, because they cannot comprehend Him; they say there is no God, because they cannot see Him; they say there is no God, because everything can be explained without Him. They ask us solemnly, who is this being we call God? what is His nature? where is His abode? They accuse us of making Him a being infinitely good, infinitely wise, and infinitely just, and they are astonished because they are unable to see any solid proofs of the existence of these qualities or attributes around them in the world. They accuse God for not showing Himself in all His power and splendour to the human race, thereby putting all doubts and difficulties for ever to an end, and thereby drawing to Himself for ever the homage and adoration of all men. They say it is useless to have recourse to God to explain the existence of things. For matter, say they, is eternal, and motion is necessarily inherent in matter, since there is an endless succession of beings ever changing their form, their appearance, and their properties, sometimes tending to unite, sometimes struggling to separate, working earnestly and constantly to reach a certain stage of existence, when they should all come suddenly to a standstill and rest for ever, forming then a perfect universe, full of physical beauty, full of superior life, full of every perfection and development that matter is capable of. But are we to believe their dogmas without further enquiry? Are we to acknowledge their propositions without further proof? Are we to rest satisfied with their theories, that have no other foundation than imagination? No, let us rather examine them, and see what they are worth. They deny the existence of God because they cannot understand or comprehend Him. Undoubtedly they cannot understand Him, neither do we presume to do so. God is incomprehensible, and He is incomprehensible because He is God. God is infinite. How foolish then for us poor weak miserable beings, with minds so narrow, and intellects so small and gloomy, to strive to understand Him as He is; how vain for us to attempt to sail round and round that infinite ocean, to grasp its nature and its extent. If we could only do so, then we would be as great as God Himself, and so God would not be God. He is certainly incomprehensible, but his incomprehensibility does not prevent His being there. How many incomprehensible things, how many mysteries do we not believe in from infancy to old age, from morning to night, in every-day life? We see the light streaming from that far-off moon, yet we cannot understand what that light is. We believe we see, yet we cannot understand how we do, for light is still a mystery, and may for ever remain one. We hear the vesper bell, the song of the birds, or the roar of the wintry ocean, yet we cannot understand how those different sounds are communicated to us, so hearing is another mystery. And the greatest philosophers have never yet explained how material things can act upon our souls, which are purely spiritual. We see the seed put into the ground and covered over, but the warmth of the summer sun calls it forth, and up from the dust it raises its delicate head, which succeeding years will develop into a giant of the forest. Here is another mystery. We see the electric wire run round the world, and with lightning rapidity the news is flashed to distant lands far over the ocean. Here is another mystery. But where is there anything around us that is not shrouded in mystery of some sort or other? Life is a mystery, death is a mystery, light and darkness are mysteries, every blade of grass is a mystery, every

tree and flower is a mystery, and if we cannot understand these the simplest works of God's vast and beautiful creation, how can we understand the Mysterious One who has made them all! How are we to put into our minds the boundless ocean, if we are not able to put one drop of water there? We cannot comprehend God, still the idea and shadow of Him hangs everywhere around us. His footprints are traceable over sea and land; we catch a glimpse of Him here and there through life; we comprehend His Majesty in the creation of all the gigantic worlds and elements around us; we comprehend His power in their formation, His wisdom in their regulation, His goodness and mercy on the cross. Is there any necessity for knowing more about Him? And to say we don't believe God is there because we cannot understand or comprehend Him is equally foolish as to say we are not there because we cannot comprehend ourselves. And the fool says in his heart there is no God because he cannot comprehend Him. We do not see God, nor are we sure that anyone has ever seen Him, therefore, say the Atheists, He does not exist. How many things exist, have existed, and will exist that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive. There are worlds that no human soul has ever dreamt of; there are planets and stars that the telescope has never turned its mysterious eye upon; there are systems of celestial bodies whirling on through limitless space that the astronomer has never yet thought of; and even on this dwarfish world of ours there are mountains that have never yet been seen, there are shores that have never been trod, there are valleys that never echoed back the human voice, and rivers that no mortal eye has ever gazed upon. Yet they exist, and to say that God does not exist because we have not seen Him is as foolish as to say all these do not exist because they are unseen. Do we want to see God? When and where would we wish to see Him? Is it all alone in some shady valley in the solemn stillness of the twilight? Is it on some mountain's brow with the whole human race gathered round in countless numbers? Is it amid the roar of heaven's artillery and the glory of the unapproachable light? Is it then and there we would wish to speak and treat with God? Ah, no! such an interview would be impossible, or after one glimpse of that uncreated beauty, one word from that infinite power, could we think, and work, and toil, and sorrow as before? Could we laugh and jest, and sail over the ocean, build up palaces, rear our families, develop the earth's industries, and gather its luxuries and its wealth? Could we rest our weary limbs, or love our friends or homes again? Could we live, in a word, after an interview with God? No, we would crumble into the dust, like the worm before the rays of the tropical sun; we would lose our liberty and all merit, for we would be completely over-powered, and thus the temporal mission of man would be for ever destroyed. We have light enough to see God if we only desire to see Him; we have obscurity sufficient to prevent us seeing Him if we desire to see Him not. God is ever visible, though ever hidden behind the curtain of creation, yet He is reflected in everything around us, as the sun mirrors himself over the ocean, though he lies hidden behind the clouds of the tempest-laden sky. And the fool says in his heart there is no God, because he cannot see Him. The Atheists say there is no God, because everything can be explained without the aid of an eternal and intelligent being, therefore, say they, God does not exist. Science, say they, has cleared up every mystery and explained everything; it has rolled away the stone from the grave where genius and knowledge lay so long entombed. It has wandered into the caverns of the earth; it has sounded the depths of the intellectual ocean, and declared it navigable all round, and has explained everything, without God. But has it really accomplished all this? No. For the last word of science is the consciousness and knowledge of something vast unknown. The man of scientific or philosophical thought plants himself, as it were, at the foot of the mountain, he thinks he detects the summit, the end, the explanation of everything far up in the clouds. He studies, he struggles, he enquires, he reaches that summit in the intellectual world, but when there he finds before him another far more inaccessible elevation. He climbs and toils again, but again there bursts on his astounded soul a sea of summit lost in elevation and distance. Faster and faster and faster he hastens his steps, higher and higher he ascends to hills and fields of thought and mental survey. But has he reached the end? Is there not something higher still? That journey over those vast table lands of thought, that struggle up the rugged hills of science has only enlarged his sphere of vision, but has it shown him the beginning and end of all things? No, for the summits only seem to recede as he advances. He must acknowledge that the horizon where earth and heaven seem to blend is only an imaginary line, in whose vastness there is no limit; he must acknowledge that he stands face to face with an eternal, incomprehensible, and intelligent being, that he is in the immediate presence of God Himself, for without Him he cannot explain the existence of matter the existence of this beautiful and fruitful earth, her flowers, her trees, her world of animated nature; he cannot explain the regulated movements of everything around him, he cannot explain motion, he cannot explain his very self. And the fool says in his heart there is no God since nothing can be explained without Him. But, thank God, we are not among the number of those who have eyes, yet cannot see, who have ears yet cannot hear, who have intellects yet cannot understand. We see the machinery of creation revolve with marvellous precision, and we know that there must be the great machinist behind the scene; we see the vast garden of the earth, and we know there is one who has sown and tended with fatherly care; we see the glorious panorama of the vegetable and animal world, and we know that there is a hand that has fashioned, painted, and adorned, there is an eye that has watched and governed, a heart that has felt and loved. Thank God, we believe our destiny is greater than to crawl along through life like rationalised worms, the sport of a sad existence to a destiny sadder still. Thank God, we feel the influence of the unseen power, we hear the echo of the soundless voice, we feel the pulsations of the infinite life, we feel the throbbing of the all-loving heart. And may that throbbing never cease to find an echo in our own, till the glory of the uncreated joys of the uncreated one stretch themselves away before our astonished gaze in our home with our Creator in heaven.

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TO THE READERS OF THE TABLET.

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CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE EXTRA-ORDINARY.

THE *Halifax Record* relates a remarkable case of circumstantial evidence which has just occurred in the English county of Middlesex, in which one George Manners, came near suffering the extreme penalty of the law for the murder of Edmund Lascelles, when he was entirely innocent of any crime. It appears that Manners was engaged to be married to Lascelles' sister Mary. Lascelles was a morose and sullen fellow, and he objected to the attentions of Manners towards his sisters; the two men had an altercation over the matter, and Manners was overheard to say: "Next time, Mr. Lascelles, I shall not ask for your hand; I shall take it." Upon this he departed and was soon after followed by Lascelles.

About eleven o'clock that evening two men knocked at the door, bearing in their arms the dead body of Lascelles, who had been murdered with a knife and a bludgeon. Following them was Manners, with hands and clothing blood-stained. The dead man's right hand, on which he had worn a sapphire ring, had been cut off and was nowhere to be found.

Manners was arrested. At his trial a farm labourer testified that as he was nearing the park gate Manners turned towards him, exclaiming: "Quick! quick! help! Mr. Lascelles has been murdered!" He found that the murdered man's hand had been cut off at the wrist, and asked him if he knew who did it. He said: "How horrible!" The labourer proposed looking for the hand, but Manners objected on the score of losing time and that the doctor must be sent for. He said to Manners it was a desperate struggle, and Manners said Lascelles was a very strong man, but not quite as strong as himself. Manners said nothing more, except "Who will break it to his sister?" During the trial the sister had to testify to the last interview held with her brother and the peculiar words addressed him by her lover. Manners was thereon found guilty and sentenced to death.

His friends prosecuted the search for the missing hand, which was at length found in the cellar of a barn belonging to a man named Parker. There was with it a blood-rusty knife. Parker admitted his guilt. Lascelles had met him that night, and, as was his habit, began taunting and insulting him. In a fit of anger Parker killed him with a stake, and, in order to remove his ring, cut off the hand at the wrist and took it home with him. Manners was thereupon released, and married his sweetheart; but it was a narrow escape from the other kind of a noose.

IRISH PRIESTS IN IRISH POLITICS.

THE *Wexford People* reprints the following notable speech on the subject of priests in politics. It was delivered nearly 30 years ago by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, at a great tenant-right demonstration held in Wexford. At that meeting nearly seventy priests attended. The speech has as much interest for Irishmen nowadays as it had at the moment it was delivered:—

At public dinners there is always a toast which is the toast of the evening, and at public meetings there is generally a resolution which is in itself the real business of the day (hear). It seems to me this resolution in favour of a united priesthood and people contains the pith and marrow of our business here (cheers). I certainly would not have made the long journey to Wexford in this inclement weather merely to hear reiterated your determination to insist upon tenant-right and to sustain the independent opposition. I came here because I am alarmed at the doctrine held in high places—that Irish priests ought to refrain from taking any part in the public affairs of this country (hear and cheers). They ought, it is said, to confine themselves to their sacred duties, and leave secular work for secular persons. It is edifying to read this cant in a corrupt Press, and hear it on the tongues of parasites and place-beggars. The answer usually given to this new doctrine is, that politics in Ireland are so commingled with the interests of charity and religion that it is impossible to separate them; and the priests are, in fact, attending to their spiritual duties in fighting the battle of the poor (hear, hear). Now, this is quite true; but I confess I am not satisfied with it as an answer to the new theory of sacerdotal duties. In Heaven's name, why should we not answer it with the plain truth, that such a proposition is a gross absurdity? (Hear, hear.) To announce of a sudden as a Catholic doctrine that priests ought to refrain from politics is as preposterous as to announce that priests ought to refrain from eating and drinking, or walking or riding, or doing anything which it is their habit to do. And why so? Because priests have always mixed in politics in every century—from Paul the Apostle to Paul Archbishop of Dublin—in every country from Paris to Peru. In the history of Europe kings make scarcely more prominent figures than ecclesiastical statesmen. You will find everywhere in that history priests mixing in politics—not, mind you, merely in questions involving the interests of the poor, but in every question—in making laws, and unmaking them; in founding States, and plucking them down; in raising armies and directing wars; in framing treaties, breaking up alliances; and, in short, in every subject which comes under the title of politics (hear, hear). There is probably not a man in this meeting who has not, in one way or other, heard the names of Richelieu, Mazarin, Fenelon, De Retz, and Ximenes—all statesmen priests, who have altered the face of the world by mixing up in politics. The doctrine comes from England. Yet look at the history of England itself—it is largely a history of priests. In the Saxon era the figure of St. Dunstan, the statesman and reformer, stands up like a tower above his contemporaries. I do not know whether the good saint, according to the popular legend in England, took the devil by the nose; but certain I am he took a licentious king and tyrannical nobility by the nose in a manner that history will not allow to be forgotten (cheers and laughter). In the Norman period a figure of as huge proportions in history as the Conqueror or *Cœur de Lion* is the great statesman, Thomas A' Becket (hear, hear). And who wrung the Magna Charta from the pusil-

lanimous John? Mainly a Catholic bishop, the renowned Langton, at the head of "the army of God and our Holy Church" (cheers). Cardinal Wolsey, Cardinal Pole, Father Petrie—does not each name recall the history of an era in which he was the most prominent political figure? (Hear, hear.) The bishops and Abbots who sat in the English Parliament making laws till the Protestant Reformation shut them out mixed in politics as much as Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli does to-day (cheers). The Knights Templars were not only priests but politicians, as much as the barristers, who, like my friend, Mr. McMahon, sit in the ancient places. When this stupid slang is talked, do men forget who is prince and ruler of the States of Rome? (Cheers.) Is not Pio Nono a priest? Is not Cardinal Antonelli, his Secretary of State, a priest? Are not the entire executive of Rome ecclesiastics? You know this very well; but I speak of things so familiar, because this absurd novelty is presented to us, as if it were an old and indisputable Catholic truth (hear and cheers). But somebody will say Rome is an exceptional case; it is necessary that the Pope should govern his dominions by his ecclesiastics. If there were any incompatibility between the national politics and the office of a priest would any necessity induce the Holy Father to put such a duty upon ecclesiastics? (Cheers.) But take another case. The Jesuits are priests, and in Paraguay the government, the magistracy, all the offices of State, from highest to lowest, under the rule of the Jesuits, were filled by priests. I am ashamed of talking these commonplace, but it has become necessary to defend rights which priests have enjoyed and exercised for eighteen hundred years (loud cheers). I have called this a new doctrine—it is certainly new in the mouths of Catholics; but it is not without a large party of adherents in Europe (hear, hear). Mazzini is for the doctrine of no priests in politics (hear hear). Garibaldi is for that doctrine—it is written on the banner of the Reds and Socialists (cheers). It has also friends in England, at least as far as its application to this country is concerned (hear and cheers). I and my honourable friend here have the opportunity of hearing it enunciated with great vehemence two or three times a year in the House of Commons by Mr. Newdegate and his colleague, Mr. Spooner (cheers). But this doctrine has no friends, and I verily believe will never have friends, countenance, or reception in the Court of Rome (cheers). There the established policy and discipline have been exactly the other way. Throughout our entire history the priests of Ireland have been habitually encouraged and commanded to take part in politics by the Holy See. Let me prove this. I will not go beyond the Reformation, though the fact is the same before as since that event; but let us just see how it has been since. The first armed resistance to the Reformation in Ireland was by the Earl of Desmond in Munster. Did the Pope look on in silence? On the contrary. Paul the Fifth sent a bull to Ireland, commanding the clergy and exhorting the chiefs to take part in the holy war, and bestowing certain graces and privileges on the soldiers in the good cause (cries of hear, hear). Nor did he stop here; he granted six hundred men as a subsidy to the Irish army, and conferred on their commander a title which ought to be remembered in these parts—the title of Earl of Wexford and Baron of New Ross (hear, hear, and cheers). The next resistance was by Hugh O'Neill in Ulster, and his Holiness did not see it either with indifference. He sent the gallant soldier a plume blessed by himself, he commanded the priests to aid him, and furnished a contribution of upwards of £20,000 in money—an enormous sum at that period—to pay and feed the army of the North (hear, hear, and cheers). Fifty years after the people of Ireland were again in arms for their liberties, and again the Pope blessed and aided the cause. A National Synod of the Irish Church was held at Kilkenny, at which three of the four archbishops were present, and with a crowd of suffragan bishops and other ecclesiastical dignitaries. Did this synod war on the priests from politics? You shall judge. After appealing to their "inferiors as well as churchmen as laymen," the fathers of the synod passed the following resolution:—"We do declare and judge an every such as do forsake this union" (they were speaking, my friends, of the Catholic Confederation of Kilkenny), "fight for our enemies, accompany them in war, defend, or in any way support them, to be"—what think you?—"to be politicians, with whom we can have no concern, as our duties are restricted to spiritual affairs"? No, but "we do declare them to be excommunicated, and by these presents we do excommunicate them" (cheers). To this confederation Urban VIII. sent Scarampi, a priest of the Oratory, with a bull exhorting them to perseverance (hear and cheers). "Nor," says Father Meenan, from whose history of the Confederation I am about to quote—"nor did the Holy Father confine his liberality to transmitting such spiritual weapons as a Jubilee, with a plenary indulgence to all who had taken up arms in defence of religion. He also sent a large quantity of arms and ammunition" (loud cheers). This was in 1643. Shortly after Pope Urban died, and how did his successor, Innocent the Tenth, treat the bishops, priests, and laymen sitting in political council, making laws and equipping armies to fight for the deliverance of Ireland? Did he exhort them not to mix in politics? He sent over a nuncio (the highest ambassador in Papal affairs), the famous Riuccini, and with him certain tokens of his favour, of which Father Meenan shall give a list:—"2,600 muskets, 2,000 cartridge belts, 4,000 swords, 400 brace of pistols, and 2,000 pikeheads" (cheers and a laugh). You see the Holy Father knew the customs of the Irish; but if he had been a military instead of a spiritual prince he would have made the proportion of pikes to muskets as three to one (laughter). That confederation was managed chiefly by bishops, and first among them was the illustrious Nicholas French, the great bishop of this diocese (cheers). Last year I visited the church where he lies buried in a foreign land—an exile in life and death for his devotion to Ireland. Mr. Duffy, after referring to the struggle under James the Second, and the part taken in it by the Holy See, repeated that the Court of Rome, which did not lightly change its policy, had habitually encouraged the Irish Church to take a large part in the public affairs of Ireland. He did not believe a different course would ever be passed—above all in the Pontificate of Pius the Ninth (cheers). The appeal at present being heard at Rome would infallibly end in the confusion of the Whig intriguers and in the satisfaction of the Irish priests and people (cheers).

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A NIGHT OF TERROR.

THE experience of some of the prisoners confined in the Cincinnati gaol during the recent riots in that city, as told to an *Enquirer* reporter, is exceedingly interesting. Some there are who can give no distinct account of anything that occurred during the terrible excitement. The rattling of musketry, the sound of breaking glass, and the dull thud of the battering-ram, combined with the hoarse shouts of the mob, sent a thrill of terror to the hearts of the helpless prisoners, almost dazed with fear. It is said by the gaol officials that the only prisoner who showed no fear during the onslaught of the enraged mob was Dan Flannagan, the notorious burglar. After the mob had gained an entrance to the gaol proper, Flannagan is said to have shouted to the mob: "Here I am; my name's Palmer; take me out and hang me." This caused a rush to his cell, and the huge plank used as a battering-ram was about to be applied to his door when one of the crowd happened to strike a match and a glimpse was caught at Flannagan's face. "He ain't Palmer! He ain't Palmer!" yelled the crowd, and they ceased operations in his quarters. As they left his cell, Flannagan laughed and jeered at them, saying: "You are a lot of cowards, and are afraid to take me out." When asked his object for passing himself off for Palmer, Flannagan said: "Well, I will tell you. You see, if they had broken open my cell I could have convinced them that I was not Palmer. I came very near making it anyhow, and if they had not lit the match on me so soon I would have been all right. If I had ever got out I would have as much pull with the mob as anyone. I will say this: I never saw such a crowd of fools in my life; they had all the chances in the world to hang all the niggers, and they ought to have done it. O, I tell you, if I had ever got out of that cell I would have made it warm for somebody. I guess I'll get a pretty good dose, and they can't blame me if I try to get out." Flannagan is one of the most desperate robbers in the country. He has escaped twice from a Southern penitentiary inside of a year. He now owes five years of his sentence in the South.

Red McHugh, who is under sentence of death on the 2nd day of May, says when he first heard the noise of the crowd on the outside he was afraid there would be trouble. "I tell you, when they reached the office and began to assault on the door leading to the gaol proper, you should have heard the prisoners. Some were praying, some were blaspheming, and others crying and moaning in distress. I tell you, it was something a man would never forget as long as he lived. The first crowd that came to my cell looked in and said: 'Who is there?' I answered, 'Billy McHugh.' The one who seemed to be the leader said: 'We don't want you, Bel,' and they left. In about ten minutes another crowd came rushing up to my cell, and asked: 'Do you want to get out, Reddy?' and I answered, 'No, I would prefer to remain where I am.' They then left, and that was the last I seen of them. I could hear them immediately under my cell pounding away at Ben Johnson's door, and you never heard such praying and begging in your life. I tell you, it was a terrible experience. I could have got out by saying the word, but I am willing to take my chance of life in a lawful manner." McHugh is looking much thinner, his cheeks are sunken, and the suspense in his case is killing him.

Emil Trumpeter, who killed the Italian at Liberty and Vine streets, who is awaiting his third trial for the offence, is confined in cell 53 on the second tier. He was very talkative, and, between the puffs of a very dirty pipe, he said: "I was awful scared when I heard the mob on the outside, and when they got in I tell you it was enough to make any man feel shaky. I am sorry to see good men killed and property destroyed, and I think it could have been prevented. Why, when I saw the first man enter our hall I never had such a feeling come over me, and when, in about a minute, the place was filled, I tell you I gave up all hope."

Joe Palmer, the partner of Berner in the horrible butchery of William H. Kirk, was found in cell 13 on the first tier. He was nervous, and seemed afraid to come to his cell door. After being assured that no harm was meant to him he stepped up to the bars. "When the crowd came to my door first," said the prisoner, when asked for his experience, "they asked for Berner. I told them I wasn't Berner, and they left. They came back in a few minutes, and said: 'We want Palmer. Where is Palmer?' I said: 'I ain't Palmer. Palmer is a nigger and I'm a white man.' I told them my name was Watson, and that I was in for petty larceny. This seemed to satisfy them, and they left. I got back into my corner, and I tell you when I heard them running around hollering 'hang Palmer!' and such things as that, it made me feel shaky. I don't feel very good lately. Something's the matter with me, but I guess I'll come out all right." Confinement and worry are beginning to show on Palmer, and he has lost all his former bravado. He is just beginning to realise his terrible position and, probably, fate.

Ben Johnson, one of the Avondale murderers, occupies cell No. 2 on the first tier. The door of his quarters looked as though it had been struck by an engine. He was found complacently smoking a pipe. He was very uncommunicative, and it was some time before he vouchsafed a reply to the reporter's innumerable questions. He finally, in answer to a question as how he felt when the mob first came to his cell, said: "I was awfully scared, as anybody would have been. When they first came to my door I told them I wasn't Johnson; but someone must have given me away, as they didn't stop, but started to batter down my door. I thought my time had come for certain, and I didn't know whether to pray or what to do. When they were driven from my cell I never felt so thankful in my life. Do you think I done it?" the prisoner suddenly asked. "Did what, Ben?" "Why, what am I charged with? you know well enough they will have to prove it, anyhow; you can bet on that." Johnson is said to have been scared so badly when the mob came in that he was perfectly helpless, and did nothing but cry and moan all the time the trouble was in progress.

Allen Ingalls, the other of the Avondale murderers, was found gazing out between the bars of his cell door. His face seemed to have undergone a change since he was last seen by a reporter. He

miled a ghastly smile when spoken to by the reporter, whom he immediately recognised. When asked as to how he felt, he said: "I'm feeling pretty bad, boss, I can tell you. I prayed for the first time in my life the other night. I don't know whether I did it right or not, but I have often heard my wife pray, and I did the best I could. My heart was in it, and I meant every word I said. If I thought I would be forgiven for my sins I would feel much happier. When I first heard the crowd howling outside something told me that there would be trouble, and I tried to think of a prayer. I asked the officers to see that my body was given over to my wife. I never expected to see daylight."

James Bryd, who shot and killed his sixteen-year-old son in Cumminsville several months ago, occupied cell No. 73 on the third tier. He was found chatting with some of the soldiers who were gathered about his door. He was relating his experience when the reporter came up. He said: "The only thing that I was afraid of was that someone in the crowd would ask for me and that I would be the one to catch it. I lay pretty low, however, and when they came to my cell and made me get up and come to the door, I gave up all hope. They only looked at me, however, and then went away. That was a terrible verdict, anyhow," continued the prisoner, "and I knew it would cause trouble. Why, I'll tell you, if the prisoners in this very gaol had tried Berner they would have hung him. I say any man who would commit a premeditated murder ought to be hung." Boyd then switched off on to his own case, and advanced facts that he said justified him in taking the life of his son.

C. W. Richardson, the man who killed his brother-in-law at the foot of Eighth street some time ago, was found in cell 49. He said: "I was badly scared, and I can hardly give an account of anything that occurred. I can say this, however, I never want to go through such experience again."

The Oliver brothers, who are charged with stabbing a brother boatman to death some time since, both acknowledged that they were badly scared, and thought their time had come. Bill Oliver said: "If they had got us out we would have gone down together, you can bet on that."

"Babe" Walker, the notorious burglar, occupies cell No. 71 on the second tier. He said: "It's bad—bad, I tell you. I am very sorry this ever happened. I think Berner should have been hung, as he deserved it if ever a man did. This will be apt to do all the prisoners harm, and we will all get pretty heavy doses I guess."

Others of the prisoners were seen, and all agree that the occurrences of Friday and Saturday night were horrible, and never to be forgotten. They all express the opinion that Berner should have been hanged, and blame the jury who brought in the nonsensical verdict of manslaughter.

THE MOCKERY OF MODERN PROTESTANTISM.

(San Francisco Monitor.)

OUTSIDE the Catholic Church that species of fervour hitherto known as "religion," has come to be recognised as a regular sham. To illustrate the truth of this statement it is only necessary to study the assertion made by preachers themselves—at least such of them as are honest enough to admit that Protestantism has lost its grip upon the masses, and is now laughed at when it tries to command or to coax its adherents.

A number of preachers met to consider the temperance question last week in New York city, when it was suggested that religion might be a forcible factor in staying intemperance. This suggestion, however, was met by this forcible rejoinder:

"Why, we have only the ghost of religion left," said Mr. Elderkio. "Men don't go to church. Women go, and men pay for it, and they build churches where they own property."

Just so! It is considered "respectable" to have a church in every Nob Hill neighbourhood, but—like mansard roofs—they are far more ornamental than useful so far as any service they are to the cause of Christianity.

Sectarians sometimes boast of the number of churches the sects build every year, but we opine there are many of them like the church alluded to by a "colored brother" at a meeting of black Methodists held recently, in which the following funny scene transpired:—

"One church reported that it had eight stewardesses, and a member rose to express his astonishment at the large number.

"Why," said Brother Bean, "the Book of Discipline says not less than three nor more than nine."

The objector insisted that as three and nine are odd numbers, the number of stewardesses must also be odd.

"It don't make no difference, anyhow," said a brother, "for stewardesses ain't responsible."

"Ain't they, though?" quickly came the reply. "They're just as responsible as stewards, for a stewardess is a female steward."

Presiding Elder Cooper said he would not undertake to decide the question, but leave it for Bishop Brown.

The church at Pennington reported ten trustees, and immediately it was asked how it could have so many.

"Keep cool, I've three churches," said the brother from Pennington.

"Well, how can ten trustees be divided between three churches?"

The Presiding Elder explained that one of the churches is a church only in name, having but a single member."

We fear—if the truth could be known—that there are a good many sectarian Bible buildings of the same class as that alluded to by the colored brother at the above meeting—where one member comprises the whole congregation!

The Pope is about to circulate an Encyclical against Freemasonry His Holiness asserts that the Order is equally hostile to civil society and religion. He declares that various other sects of Socialists and Communists are, if not formally united to Masons, yet of a similar nature, equally pernicious and equally partaking of the nature of secret societies.

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Stables, MacLaggan street, offers thorough
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Ladies' and Gents' Saddle Horses, Single and
Double Buggies, Carriages and Waggonettes
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Proprietor.**ALEXANDER SLIGO**
Has just received "Boy's and Girl's Own
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Having made several extensive alterations
and fitted up one of Alcock's best Billiard
Tables for the Comfort and Convenience of
patrons, hopes by strict attention to business
to meet with a fair share of Public Patronage
First-class accommodation for Boarders and
Travellers. Terms moderate.The Hotel is centrally situated, close to
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Hot, Cold, and Shower Baths.

None but the Best of Wines and Spirits
kept on Stock.

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PROPRIETOR ... MICHAEL GRIFFIN.

M. G. has much pleasure in informing his
numerous friends and the public generally
that he has taken the above well-known es-
tablishment, where he trusts, by careful
attention to the wants of patrons, to merit a
continuance of the support so liberally
accorded his predecessor.Passengers by early trains can rely upon
being called in time.

Meals at all Hours.

WINES SPIRITS, BEERS, &c., of the
Best Brands.**LOFT AND CO.,**Having purchased from the Trustee, in the
estate of Messrs. Suckling and Co., Christ-
church, 169 trunks of imported Boots and
Shoes, and intend offering the whole at less
than manufacturers prices. Those Goods are
now opened and we invite inspection.**LADIES** Kid E.S. Hessians, with
Fancy stitched fronts, all sizes, 5s 9d.**LADIES** Calf Kid E.S., with Patent
Toes and Brass Heels, 5s 9d; splendid
value.**LADIES** Superior Goat Levant with
Patent toes, 6s 9d; usual price 9s 6d.**LADIES** extra high-legged plain
Kid Balmorals, 8s 6d; never before
sold under 12s 6d, only 2 trunks of this line.**LADIES** extra good E.S. Blocked
fronts, plain, 8s 6d; a marvel of cheap-
ness.**LADIES** Kid E.S. with Mock
Buttons; a beautiful Boot, 10s 6d,
usual price 14s 6d; all should see this line.**CHILDREN'S** E.S. and, Lace, 150
different styles to choose from; all
mothers should inspect them.**GIRLS** in Laced Buttons and E.S.;
splendid assortment.**MEN'S** French Calf Sewn Shoes,
English made; a really good Boot,
only 10s 6d.**LADIES**' Lastings with Military
Heels, 4s 9d; season now on.**THE** above are only a few of the lines,
This is a rare opportunity and all
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9, 10, and 11, ROYAL ARCADE, DUNEDIN**THE PIANOFORTE TUNING
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R. J. MATTHEWS having removed to the
above named premises for the repairs and
sale of all kinds of Musical Instruments, can
compete with any house in the city as regards
ability and charges. Therefore, the Musical
Public can rely on getting their Pianos,
Organs, etc., Tuned and Repaired in the
most accurate manner, combined with mode-
rate charges.Sheet Music, Tutors and Exercises, etc.,
kept in stock. New shipments expected
shortly of Instrumental and Vocal Music,
also of all kinds of Musical instruments.SOLE AGENTS for Cornish & Co's
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only to recommend them. 14 Stops. Cash,
£35 only.Order early, as only a few now to hand.
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R. J. MATTHEWS,

Pianoforte Tuner to the various Convents
in the Diocese,

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RATTRAY STREET (near Princes street),
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at the LOWEST PRICES in the City by
practical and experienced workmen. Jewel-
lery of all kinds made, also neatly and effec-
tually repaired. Note address:—BAILEY'S OLD SHOP,
Rattray Street**MANDEVILLE HOTEL,**
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JAMES ROCHE, PROPRIETOR.

Good Paddock Accommodation.

**TO FOUNDRY PROPRIETORS, BLACK
SMITHS, AND OTHERS.****WE** beg respectfully to inform you
that we are now in a position to
supply the favourite Smithy Coal from the
A. A. Company's Mine, Newcastle, N.S.W.
This Coal is soft, strong, and very clea
and therefore makes the best Smithy C
It is quite free from dirt, being dou
screened before sending out.All Coals will be charged at Lowest Possible
Rates.We respectfully ask a Trial, knowing the
Coals will give satisfaction.

MARTIN AND WATSON,

Wholesale and Retail Coal Merchants,
OFFICES: CORNER OF OCTAGON AND
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DEPOT: CASTLE STREET**MESSRS. GIBSON & SMART**
thank their friends and the general
public for the support accorded to them
during the past twelve months. We are now
prepared to make further reductions for
CASH.The best Green Island Coal, 17s per ton for
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Suburbs.GIBSON AND SMART,
CRAWFORD STREET, CORNER OF WATER
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(In line with Railway Station).

200, 300, and 400-gallon Iron Tanks for sale

THE BISHOP OF ACHONRY ON MIGRATION.

THE following letter has been addressed by the Most Rev Dr. MacCormack to the managing directors of the Migration Company:—
Ballahadereen, 23rd April, 1884.

My Dear Professor Baldwin,—I am prepared, as you are already aware, to take 50 shares in the stock of the "Land Purchase and Settlement Company," and I am happy to state that the priests of the diocese are in sympathy with the project. We await an opportunity of conferring with you, that we may have the advantage of exchanging ideas, and of shaping our organised action with the aid of your exceptional experience.

The new company is launched at a favourable moment, when the Premier himself expresses a hope that Irish "decay and depletion" may at length happily cease, and that Ireland may henceforward share in the general prosperity of England and Scotland. If England, then, is no longer to play the old rôle of stepmother to Ireland, let the Premier and his Ministers encourage the Settlement Company in reinstating the people upon the land of their fathers. The people being once comfortably settled upon the land, industry will be stimulated, and capital soon flow over our poor country, so long the prey of poverty, and the victim of injustice and neglect. Already inquiry is being made by Irishmen abroad (natives of this diocese) who are desirous to invest their savings in Irish land, help to develop Ireland's resources, and rest their bones with the dust of their kindred. And inquiry, too, is being made at home by Irishmen who are anxious to invest the capital of labour in the land of their nativity, the land they love and prefer to any other spot on earth. A few days ago three young men called upon me with a view of getting information as to their prospects, if any, of getting land under the "Purchase and Settlement Company." Here were fine young men, able and willing to work, ready to sink their labour as capital in Irish soil, preparing to emigrate, but eagerly clinging to the old sod if they could only get a footing. And one of the three seemed remarkably intelligent and expressed himself with a readiness and felicity of language that would do credit to one of our modern tribunes. What a pity, thought I, not to be able to find room at home for young men so promising! Assuredly this unhappy country can ill afford to part with that class of Irishmen, whose labour and intelligence are a mine of wealth. And alas for the wisdom of a Government that cannot see the folly of banishing the bone and sinew of a country!

I am every day more fully convinced of the wisdom and justice of this scheme of "purchase and settlement" as a State-aided project. This poor country needs, amongst many other remedies, that of genuine hearty sympathy from the British Government—some real proof of sympathy with the wants and feelings of our people. The world knows that the Irish are a patient and a forgiving people. They have suffered incalculable injuries from British misrule, and countless indignities from British scorn, but yet the Irish race would easily forgive the past, and generously wipe out old scores, if they only had evidence of genuine heartiness and sympathy on the part of their rulers. How much wiser and better that the State should settle the young men of Ireland in their own native land, than help to send them adrift with the bitter feeling of enforced exile! Better, is it not, to make them contented and loyal at home, than send them abroad to swell the ranks of the inveterate enemies of British rule in Ireland?

In a few days hundreds of our small farmers and labourers shall be hurrying away to England to supplement their scanty and insufficient earnings on the small patch of land at home. Already, indeed, the annual exodus has commenced. Would that they needed not the English labour market! Their simple, innocent habits of home life are gravely endangered by the moral depravity and degradation of that stratum of society in which they are obliged to mix during that labour visit of two or three months of the year. But how sad is the condition in the social scale of a country that stands in need of that annual artificial migration of her labourers into a foreign field! Alas, such is the state of Ireland in the last quarter of the nineteenth century! I look to the operations of your company to remedy this and other evils that press heavily upon our poor misgoverned country.—Believe me, my dear Professor Baldwin, yours very faithfully,

† F. J. MACCORMACK.

T. Baldwin, Esq., Managing Director "Land Purchase," &c.

"An Irishman named Power, who accompanied O'Donovan on the Sudan expedition, but had luckily to remain behind from illness at Khartoum, is correspondent of the *Times*, and is telegraphing whenever he can that Gordon expects English troops and can't do without them."—London Correspondence of *N. Y. Sun*. It is interesting to tell that this Irishman and solitary newspaper correspondent with beleaguered Gordon in Khartoum is one Frank Power, youngest son of the late manager of the National Bank in Dublin. Though almost a boy in years, Power, having been educated partly in Belgium and partly in Austria, and having gone through a portion of the late Servian and Russo-Turkish campaigns in the double capacity of journalist and semi-military attaché to the Austrian officers, has seen a good deal of the world by this time. To considerable literary brilliancy Power adds a bold originality in his treatment of narrative, and his astonishing accounts of his adventures on his return from Servia and Turkey earned for him among his colleagues on the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* the title of "Ghazi the Magnificent." The appearance of "the Ghazi" now in the character of the inevitable Irishman who turns up at the most unexpected end of the earth in the crisis of the hour will be a source of endless glory to him when he gets back to his native sod. Is this appearance of Power, Edmund O'Donovan's comrade that was supposed to have been slain with him, a good omen for the possible safety of O'Donovan himself? James O'Kelly, M. P., has now got inside the Mahdi's camp and he went there mainly with a view of searching for O'Donovan. Nothing has been heard from O'Kelly since he passed the Arab lines. More unlikely things have happened than that he should have found there the Bahadour Khan, of the Merv Oasis, established as the Mahdi's Vivier-in-Chief. How many Irish hearts would rejoice, and from mixed causes, if that news were flashed around the globe!—*Pilot*.

QUEER THINGS IN PEOPLE'S EARS.

"You would be astonished," said a skilled artist in one of the public eye and ear infirmaries, "at the large number of children who are brought to us in the course of a week to have something removed from their ears that they have foolishly stuck in them, and have been unable to get out again. I have sometimes disposed of ten such cases in an afternoon, and have pulled almost everything out of the human ear that is possible to get in there—shoe-buttons, pieces of slate-pencil, candies and wads of paper. Four times out of five the youngster is old enough to know better; but it is a habit they fall into, the same as biting their nails or scratching their heads. One boy, not yet twelve years old, is almost a weekly visitor here. 'Well,' I said as I saw him come in as usual yesterday afternoon, 'what have you got in there this time?' 'Nawthin' but a bean,' he drawled. Oh, yes; I took it out.

"But I recently met with the most remarkable case of that kind in twenty years' practice. A young woman of twenty-three came in so deaf that I could hardly make her hear by shouting through a trumpet. After removing a great quantity of wax from her ears I found something metallic.

"'What's this,' I said; 'have you been putting something in your ear?'"

"'Oh, dear, no,' she said; 'I am not so foolish as that.'"

"Imagine her surprise when I pulled out a smooth, round, brass button, with quite a large shank to it. 'This seems to have been in there a great many years,' I said. To my surprise the young woman crouched in the corner in undisguised terror.

"'Oh, doctor,' she said, 'what is that awful noise?'"

"It was nothing but a wagon rumbling by, but I instantly saw what the trouble was. Her hearing had become normal when I removed that button, and she was frightened and bewildered at the jumble of confusing sounds. The ticking of the clock, chirping of the canary or dripping of water distressed her, and the rustle of her own silk dress made her start with fear. I sent one of the assistants home with her in a carriage, and he said that the clatter in the street so distracted her that he was compelled to hold her in her seat. About a week afterward she came in again."

"And wanted that button put back, I suppose," interrupted the reporter.

"Oh, no; she was brimming over with happiness, though for a day or two she was afraid to leave the house. But she told me about that button. 'When I was about eight years old,' she said, 'I was sent to a village church in New England with my grandmother. The sermon was always long and tiresome, and I used to amuse myself by pulling at the brass buttons on my cloak. One of them came off one Sunday, and I occupied myself for some time putting it in my ear and shaking it out again. Suddenly I felt it sink away in there, and I could not get it out. I was afraid to tell my grandmother at the time, and soon afterward forgot it. At ten years of age I began to grow deaf, and have been getting worse ever since, but I never once thought of that button until you removed it.'"

"Do grown people," asked the reporter, "ever come to you with things in their ears?'"

"Frequently, but in most cases it is through no fault of their own. I know one man, a butcher, who comes here regularly in the summer time to have flies removed from his ears. I have taken out six at one time for him. How ever they get there I don't know. He says they fly in; but they don't fly out, I'm sure of that. A man called me out of bed one night to get a Croton out of his ear. Now, a water bug will never back. He must either turn around or go straight ahead. This fellow had crawled into the man's ear, and, not finding room enough to turn around, went ahead. He was pawing away with his feelers on the t drum, causing the poor man fearful agony. Men employed in tanneries often get a peculiar-looking worm in their ears, which is no small trouble to remove."—*New York Times*.

[ADVT.]—Hop Bitters strengthens, builds up and cures continually, from the first dose. Be sure and see.

It is well-known, of course, that an intense desire exists in the Irish heart to obtain self-government for Ireland, but it is somewhat unusual to hear Earl Spencer ungrudgingly admitting that such is the fact. This week, however, he has been graciously acknowledging that the Irish people would infinitely prefer managing their own affairs in Dublin to having them managed in London. This candid admission was made by the Lord Lieutenant in the committee-room of the House of Commons on Tuesday when being examined before the select committee appointed to report on the important subject of education. It was Mr. Sexton who induced Earl Spencer to make the admission. The member for Sligo had taken his seat on the committee for the first time that day, and when Earl Spencer appeared to be examined, Mr. Sexton's keen, analytical mind saw at once the vulnerable points in the answers which the witness was giving to the questions of the chairman, Mr. Childers.—*Nation*, May 3.

The Lord Lieutenant had taken a firm stand against the idea of placing Irish education under the control of the English Education Department, and Mr. Sexton then asked if he was right in understanding it to be the opinion of the witness that the Irish people would prefer to manage their own affairs in Dublin, and the answer at once was "yes." Further than this, he asserted that although the Castle was not by any means a popular institution in Ireland, yet the people would prefer going there to state their views on public affairs rather than crossing the Channel to London. Finally, Mr. Sexton asked him if he would apply the great principle that Irish affairs should be directed in Dublin to the question of education, and the reply from the Lord Lieutenant was that it would be a great misfortune to put Irish education under an English Minister, which means practically that Ireland is entitled to Home Rule. For the future if anybody denies that the feeling of Ireland is in favour of self-government, let John Poyntz, Earl Spencer, be called as a witness.—*Nation*, May 3.

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TOOTHACHE!**

The Greatest Discovery of the Age for Allaying Human Suffering.

KENNEDY'S

PATENT ODONTIA

TOOTHACHE POWDER

Patented in the Colony of New Zealand) Gives instant and permanent relief; is harmless (in its composition) to the mouth or stomach; and causes no burning or other pain in application. One trial only is sufficient to stamp this "The easiest and most permanent toothache cure" ever discovered, as shewn by testimonials and letters of thanks from all classes and parts of the Colony.

Prepared only by

J. KENNEDY,

Market Square, Blenheim, New Zealand.

Price, 2s 6d. Price, 2s 6d.

One packet of the Powder, with printed directions for use, sent to any part of the Colony, per return post, on receipt of 2s 8d in stamps; 4 packets for 10s.

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED GROCERY BUSINESS IN DUNEDIN

MERCER BROS.,

Having secured a large parcel of first-class Colonial Ale and Porter, are prepared to sell for Cash at prices hitherto never attempted in the City. Consumers will find it cheaper and better than buying in bulk.

Colonial Ale... 7s per doz.

" Stout ... 6s "

Every description of Goods at Lowest Prices for Cash.

Boxes of Tea at 17s 6d are 'pleasing everybody.

MERCER BROS.,

Princes street South.

**COWAN AND CO.,
PAPERMAKERS, EDINBURGH,**

Have in Stock in Dunedin Assorted Printing Papers and Inks, and execute Orders for Printing Machinery, Type, and

Printers', Bookbinders', and Stationers' Materials Generally.

Branch Warehouse at

GIBBS, BRIGHT AND CO.'S

CRAWFORD STREET, DUNEDIN.

BULBS! BULBS!!

GORDON BROS.,
hav a large stock of Bulbs now ready

for sale, consisting of Choice Varieties of
CROCUS, IXLAS,
TULIPS, NARCESSUS,
SCILLAS, &c., &c.

Also a large and healthy stock of Roses, Fruit and Forest trees, etc., for the coming season. Address—

GORDON BROS.,

BRAIDVALE NURSERY,

NORTH-EAST VALLEY, DUNEDIN.

VENETIAN BLINDS

VENETIAN BLINDS

At Moderate Prices

PATTERSON, BURK & CO.,

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**WANTED KNOWN
GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICE.**

Drain Pipes of all descriptions; Flower Pots, Vases, Chimney Pots, Butter Crocks, Flooring Tiles, Bricks, &c.

LAMBERT'S

North East Valley Works.

**CALEDONIAN HOTEL,
(Next Caledonian Grounds),
ANDERSON'S BAY ROAD, DUNEDIN.**

Captain Blaney, having retired from his seafaring life, desires to inform his numerous friends on the West Coast and throughout the Colony, that he has become proprietor of the above Hotel, and will be pleased to see them during their visits to Dunedin. The house is situated next the Caledonian Grounds, commanding an excellent view of Dunedin Bay and its surrounding scenery, and within a few minutes walk of the City and the Ocean Beach.

Every accommodation for horses and vehicles.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

**JAMES HISLOP,
ARCHITECT,**

Has Removed to Eldon Chambers,

PRINCES STREET,

DUNEDIN.

**J. FLEMING
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
PRODUCE MERCHANT**

PRINCES-STREET DUNEDIN

Cash buyer of Oats, Wheat, Barley, Potatoes &c. &c.

**GLACIER HOTEL,
BEALEY,
Hokitika and Christchurch Road.**

JAMES O'MALLEY ... PROPRIETOR,
(Late of Ahaura).

Desires to intimate to Tourists and the Travelling Public that he has taken the above Hotel, and hopes by attention business to obtain a large share of support.

**THE PRINCES STREET CASH
EMPORIUM.
WINTER 1884.**

SAUNDERS AND COMPANY
have pleasure in announcing that they have Just Opened, ex direct and Orient steamers,

SEVERAL EXTENSIVE CASH
PURCHASES,

to which they desire to draw the attention of their Customers and the Public. The Goods are all of a very choice description; have been keenly bought for Cash in the Home Markets; and, owing to the continued depression in business here, will be sold considerably

UNDER WHOLESALE PRICES.

OUR DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT,

Under Miss Carroll's management, is giving unqualified satisfaction. As Miss Carroll has now a staff of over 50 Assistants, ladies can rely upon having their orders promptly and efficiently executed at moderate charges.

SAUNDERS AND COMPANY

THE PRINCES STREET CASH EMPORIUM

(Opposite General Post Office),
DUNEDIN.

WE have determined no effort will be spared to stock our **CIRCULATING MUSICAL LIBRARY** With every class of Music, including the Standard and Popular Works of the day both vocal and instrumental.

All the new compositions of merit will be added to the Library shortly after publication.

A catalogue will be issued, and thereafter lists published quarterly of all new Music added to the Library.

We will not attempt to comment upon the public and social value of a Circulating Musical Library, but leave our Patrons to judge.

Intending Subscribers are requested to send in their names as early as possible.

TERMS IN ADVANCE.

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To have the use of Four Pieces (sheet music or Books to the value of 8s, which may be exchanged once a week.

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(Six months' subscription, £1 5s) To have the use of Eight Pieces (sheet music), or books to the value of 16s, which may be exchanged once a week.

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WONDER OF MODERN TIMES!**

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

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 so those living in the bush.

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.

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.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at 78, New Oxford St. (late 533, Oxford St.) London; And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

THE CONFESSION IN THE CELLAR.

In one of the meetings of the special work of our Society of St. Vincent de Paul, called "The Holy Family," one of our Brothers narrated to the assembled corps the following fact:—

Nothing happens by mere chance. There is no such thing as chance, if we take Divine Providence into account. The laws of Divine Providence are a certain order established by God and preserved by Him for the purpose for which He permits it to be done. This will clearly be seen from the following story, which is not invented, but is a real fact:

A certain rich man was attacked by a sickness that led him slowly, but surely to his grave. Riches do not exempt man from that debt due to sin, namely death.

Death approached this man, but was not welcomed by him. He thought his money would enable the most skilful medical man to save his life. That is why he did not want to listen to the counsel to betake himself to the consolations offered by religion to whom the world can do nothing more. "Not now, not now!" he always answered, "I am not yet past recovery!"

The illness made rapid progress, and the friends of the millionaire urged him to admit a priest. "I am too weak now," he said; "to-morrow morning, if I feel a little stronger!"

The next morning came but then his voice was extinct; he could no more refuse than accept the counsel of his friends.

They ran for a priest, asking him to bring at least the holy Viaticum, if it could be given to the dying man. The priest did not lose a minute; but in their hurry they had told him only the street where the unhappy man lived, without mentioning either the number of the house or the name of the man. The poor priest did his best to find the place; he went from door to door and inquired everywhere. Tired at last he resolved to go home and wait for another call, when he remarked a little house, into which he might also step and inquire.

He entered, but went on in the dark; a door, half-opened, was before him; he opened it, in the hope of finding one who could give him information. He went on one step further, . . . he tried to put down his foot, but—unfortunately, he found no ground, and quicker than it can be told, he fell down a steep staircase into a cellar. He got up, very much bruised, but happily without any bones broken. He tried to find out where he was, but the small window opening from above into the cellar, admitted so little light that he could at first distinguish nothing. He tried to regain the stairs he had come down by much quicker than he desired. To walk caused him, however, much pain, and he could not help giving audible expressions to his sufferings. And strange to say, it seemed to him that his sighs were echoed from the depth of the cellar. He held his breath and listened; and in reality the sighs continued, though with a much feebler voice. He then said as well as he could under his pain:

"Is there anybody here?"

Then he listened attentively, and a feeble voice answered in a plaintive tone: "Yes, there is a poor unfortunate man here, who suffers much and would like that for the love of God a priest be called for him." The priest's eye, gradually accustomed to the half dark of the cellar, turned to where that voice came from, and saw a man lying on a little straw and covered with a few rags. He went near the unfortunate creature, and said with deep emotion: "My friend you have cried to God, and God has heard your prayer. Bless His holy name. I am a priest."

"Oh, how good God is," said the dying man, "He has heard my prayer. I am going to die. Reverend Father, I know I am; and I have prayed to God from the bottom of my heart to send me a priest to hear my confession."

The priest bent down to hear the man's confession; after which he addressed a few words of exhortation to him, and gave him the supreme consolation of the Holy Viaticum which he had with him.

Then he promised to return soon to administer to him also Extreme Unction, and with it the last blessings of our holy Mother, the Catholic Church.

Happy to be able to do his duty under such exceptional circumstances, the priest had quite forgotten all the bruises, contusions, and wounds he had received from falling into the cellar. Now he climbed up and went home with a most contented mind. On his return he found the address of the rich man who was dying in his splendid palace. Notwithstanding his acute sufferings the good priest hastened to his residence.

When he arrived it was too late! The poor millionaire had put off his duties to the next day; on the next day he was no more!

On his return from there the worthy priest again visited the poor man in the cellar, lying on a little straw, whence he had invoked the help of God—a help which came in quite an unexpected manner. He gave him the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. The poor man soon breathed his last, blessing God for the miraculously provided assistance he had received at the priest's hands, in the momentous hour of his appearing before God's tribunal.

Such are the ways of divine Providence! He whom He protects is well protected! He who shuns Him is shunned by Him! Be He praised for ever and ever!—Exchange.

The eminent citizens, Robert G. Ingersoll and George M. Robeson, were both defeated in their candidacy for the position of delegates to the Republican convention, a humble colored man beating Mr. Robeson in the race, and the colored people of Washington declining to be represented by the gallant Colonel Bob. The g. o. p. is repenting on its death-bed.—*Pilot*.

A correspondent of the *Record-Union*, speaking of an address made by Madame Loyson in San Francisco, says it was "more fervent than logical, frequently interspersed with the ejaculation, 'Oh, there is work to be done, there is work to be done!'" If there is work to be done, we would advise Madame to roll up her sleeves and do it. It is better to work than to go around the country begging.—*Marysville Valley Advertiser*.

LOST IN A CAVE.

ON St. Patrick's Day, two gentlemen from Cincinnati, Charles Gower and Chris. Schmitgens, says the Chattanooga, Tenn., correspondent of the *Globe-Democrat*, entered a cave penetrating Lookout Mountain, four miles from this city. The explorers were provided with a glass lantern, bottle of coal oil, two baskets of lunch, and other necessary conveniences. The men had not been seen to emerge from the cave, the gate-keeper supposing they had done so while he was at dinner. This wonderful cavern had heretofore been explored for several miles, but the extent of its depths was not known. Tales of its marvellous depths had excited their curiosity. Jeff Harper, Emerson and Calvin Leslie, who recently came to this city from Indiana, entered on an exploring expedition, thoroughly equipped with lamps, torches, etc. When they had proceeded about three miles, and while in the midst of a labyrinth of passes diverging in all directions, they heard deep groans. The startled men listened, and hearing no more supposed it was a fancy, and were in the act of continuing their journey when the sound was again heard. They hastened and before they had proceeded far discovered the forms of two men lying prostrate on a shelf of stone. The men at first could not articulate a word except to sob in ecstasy at the prospect of rescue. After being removed to the outside world, the men stated that they entered the cave at nine o'clock on the morning of Monday, March 17. They had a small lantern, and intended to go but a short distance. After they had proceeded about three miles, Gower stumbled and fell, the lantern fell from his hand into a deep crevice, and the bottle of oil was broken. They had no other means of making a light and groped their way back a few hundred feet, but found the undertaking useless, as they were in danger of falling over a precipice, and it was impossible to find their way back to the main passage. They heard the trickling of water and crawled toward it, and by lowering their hats, by means of strips torn from their clothing, into a crevice, obtained a small supply of water from time to time. They remained at this spot about three days. Driven to desperation by hunger, they made another effort to escape their terrible doom. About the fifth day they threw themselves down in hopeless despair, to meet their fate and unable to move. From that time until their rescue their sufferings could not be described. At times they were unconscious, at others delirious. When brought to the city the men presented a pitiable spectacle—hollowed-eyed, gaunt, weak and starved. Upon Mr. Schmitgens the ordeal seemed most severe, and he showed symptoms of aberration. Several times he would tell of the boys bringing them beer in the cave in glasses with false bottoms, and when in the act of offering them the beer, pull out the bottoms and spill the fluid on the ground and laugh at their trick. Late this evening their physicians state the men are doing as well as can be expected. By careful attention their lives may be saved, but the chances are against them. Their entire sustenance during those terrible fourteen days consisted of their scanty lunch and what water they could procure in their hats.

THE HOT WATER REMEDY.

RELATIVE to hot water as a remedial agent, *Hall's Journal of Health* publishes some interesting hints. It says:—

A strip of flannel or a napkin folded lengthwise and dipped in hot water and wrung out, and then applied around the neck of a child that has the croup, will usually bring relief in ten minutes.

A towel folded several times and dipped in hot water and quickly wrung and applied over the seat of pain in toothache or neuralgia, will generally afford prompt relief. This treatment in colic works almost like magic. I have seen cases that have resisted other treatment for hours, yield to this in ten minutes. There is nothing that will so promptly cut short a congestion of the lungs, sore throat, or rheumatism, as hot water when applied promptly and thoroughly.

Pieces of cotton batting dipped in hot water and kept applied to old sores or new cuts, bruises or sprains, is the treatment now generally adopted in hospitals. I have seen a sprained ankle cured in an hour by showering it with hot water poured from a height of three feet.

Tepid water acts promptly as an emetic, and hot water taken freely half an hour before bedtime, is the best of cathartics in the case of constipation, while it has a most soothing effect on the stomach and bowels. This treatment continued for a few months, with proper attention to diet, will cure any curable case of dyspepsia.

Headache almost always yields to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and the back of the neck.

Austin, Texas, April 16.—News has just reached this city of two terrible crimes committed at a place called Lyons, about nineteen miles from Austin, in Fayette County. The facts in the case are:—At a late hour on Saturday night a burly negro entered the house of Mrs. Moore, and ordered that she prepare a supper for him. The poor woman, though frightened at the presence of such an unwelcome visitor, and the hour being late, refused to comply with the negro's demand, whereupon he deliberately proceeded to the woodshed, and taking therefrom an axe returned and brutally murdered the helpless widow. He then fled. Friends of the family arrived soon afterward, and the alarm being given, a posse of one hundred men set out on the trail of the murderer, and he was captured at an early hour yesterday morning. He was then marched back to the scene of his crime and after being identified by the children who witnessed the murder, was then taken to a neighboring wood and ordered to prepare for death. Seeing he had no chance for mercy he confessed his guilt, whereupon a fire was at once kindled, and the unfortunate murderer was made to expiate his crime by one still more horrible—that of being roasted to death. No arrests have been made, and it is not likely that those who dealt out this shocking retribution will be held amenable to law.

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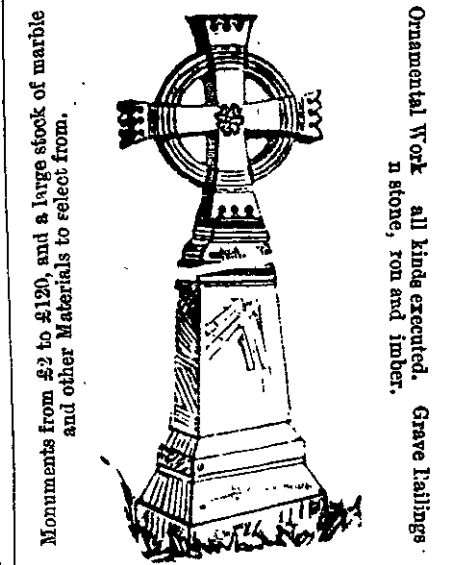
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