

thoughts, why should not woman be trained for the privileges that are before her? She is about to become a voter, if some of our legislators can bring the matter to pass, and what more fitting than that her intellect should be put in training, so that she may acquit herself with credit, and sustain the honour of whatsoever family she may happen to be an ornament to? The husband that could object to lie awake at night arguing the subject until the roosters hailed the dawn—and he was hardly allowed to hear them crowing—should, after all be but a paltry fellow. It may even be that by-and-bye his wife herself will have to mount the platform or deliver an address on the hustings, for who can tell what will follow when lovely woman influences the poll? And what reasonable husband would regret the midnight hours spent in training the female idea how to shoot?—The female idea, as we know, is ever young and plastic, and ready to run in the right groove if only that be pointed out to it. Nay, in most instances, or in all for what we can tell, itself happens on the right groove, and what, then, could be more delightful than for Jones, or Brown, or Robinson, as the case might be, to let the small hours pass without being counted, while he listened to the lessons of wisdom unfolded to him? And would it not be of advantage untold to Jones, or Robinson, or Brown, to be taught how to prefer the man of God, and make due provision for the future spiritual needs of the innocents snoring around his bed, rather than be beguiled by the deceiver—charm he never so wisely? On reflection, then, we are forced to admit the prudence of Mr. M. W. Green, for it is he in whose favour the tongue of the fair sex wags all night long in Dunedin East; he it is who has foreseen the need of lovely woman to practise in advance the privileges he means to confer upon her in the franchise, by canvassing her husband,—which she will do, of course, in her own most approved style, and at her favourite opportunity.—But who would have thought that Mr. Green had been a student of profane literature, and not above taking a hint even from the lighter writing of the age?—"Whoever," says Sam Slick, "has the women is sure of the men, you may depend, Squire; openly or secretly, directly or indirectly, they do contrive, somehow or another, to have their own way in the end, and tho' the men have the reins, the women tell 'em which way to drive. Now, if ever you go for to canvass for votes, always canvass the wives, and you are sure of the husbands."—There is the whole thing in a nutshell,—and we must admit it was fortunate for Mr. Green that he had posted himself up in Sam Slick, even although for the moment he had lost sight of the Bible.—Was it, by the way, while travelling by rail, as he has done a good deal of late we understand, he so diverted his mind, to his temporal profit as it turns out? But, with Sam Slick or without him, if Mr. Green goes up to Parliament as the Member for Caudledom, who shall say that the position is not most suitable to him, and that he does not fill it to perfection—having earned it very appropriately and in exact accordance with the character we have so long admired in him?

#### AN IMPROVEMENT.

TIME was when the little maid would weep over the story of poor Red Riding-hood; time was when the sad fate of the Babes in the Wood caused her bitter pangs, and the robins that had buried them in leaves had all her sympathy. In those days she hemmed her kerchief, and played gently with her doll, and was a quiet little maid giving promise of walking contentedly in the virtuous steps of a quiet mother. None of us then suspected the little maid was an eyesore on the face of the earth—we did not see in her a monument of enslavement, and a barrier in the way of progress. We were not aware that in her the "dark ages" had left to us a plague-spot, and a source of corruption. We thought, on the contrary, that God through Christianity, had thus given us a blessing, and shown us what was most precious, pure, and beautiful in His creation. But, says Brother de Heredia, of the Grand Orient, "The most desired conquest of Freemasonry is woman; for she is the last stronghold which the spirit of the dark ages opposes to human progress." And Freemasonry, by means of secularism, has begun the task that is to end in the conquest referred to. With what promise of success, let the following picture testify, which we find translated from the French of M. Cornely, in *Le Matin*, by our contemporary the *New York Freeman's Journal*:—"She was ten years old. Every morning she came to the atheistical school with a little basket containing her lunch. Lately the basket emitted the odor of petroleum, and the school-mistress asked for an explanation. She answered that her mother had cleaned the basket with petroleum. 'And that little box of matches under the pieces of bread!' 'She did not know anything about them.' The other day a sudden fire burst out in the bedroom of the teacher. It was as suddenly extinguished. It was found that the little pupil had thrown petroleum on some rags and set them a fire. She quietly acknowledged it to the inspector of godless schools: 'I wanted to burn the teacher because she gave me bad marks.'—The inspector said that he had several cases of the same kind on his hands. He was at his wife's end." Here then, is the improvement shown already by the little maid. The wolf, now, and the wicked uncle and he hardened robber, seem in a fair way to claim her sympathies instead

of the Red Riding-hood and the poor babies. Thus the memory of the "dark ages" and the impediment they have left bid fair to be overcome, and Masonry has a promise of that conquest that it seeks, and has wisely planned in secularism the certain means of securing.

### THE DISTRESSED LANDLORDS.

WE (*Nation*, May 24) abridge as follows from the *Freeman* of Saturday last the report of the meeting of Irish landlords held on the previous day in the Pillar Room of the Rotundo:—

Yesterday the "meeting of landowners, mortgagees, and encumbrancers" took place in the Pillar Room of the Rotundo. When the proceedings commenced the room was about half full, a large proportion of those occupying the side seats being ladies. A conspicuous feature in the arrangements of the room was a notice very prominently posted on the walls and pillars as follows:—

#### "NOTICE.

"The expenses of this meeting are about £50 (fifty pounds). Ladies and gentlemen are requested to put a half-a-crown in the tin box at the door.

"J. M'CALMONT, Hon Sec."

Several gentlemen considered that this was a joke, but when they inquired they were informed that it was quite serious.

The chair was taken by Colonel King-Harman.

The Marquis of Waterford proposed:—"That the existing deadlock in the land market and the distress and embarrassment which it occasions calls for the prompt and earnest attention of the Government."

Mr. James Spaight, of Limerick, seconded the resolution, which was supported by Mr. Burton Perse (Galway), and Mr. Dickenson (Newry), and adopted.

Mr. R. J. Mahony moved:—"That it is desirable that steps should be taken to convey to the minds of her Majesty's Government the real state of the case with regard to the position of owners and encumbrancers of estates in Ireland, particularly those in the market, which, judging from the recent debate in the House of Lords on Lord Castletown's motion, appears to be inadequately understood by them."

Mr. B. Staples seconded the resolution, which was supported by Colonel Ffolliott, and adopted.

Mr. James Wilson moved that the following be requested to form a deputation to wait on the Government on this question at the earliest convenient date:—"Lord Castletown, Marquis of Waterford, the Earl of Granard, John Mulholland, M.P.; James Wilson, the Earl of Dunraven, Colonel King-Harman, M.P.; Lord George Hamilton, M.P.; W. Bentham, secretary to the Standard Insurance Company, Dublin; Lord Orichton, M.P.; R. J. Mahony, Right Hon. Edward Gibson, M.P.; The O'Connor Don, Sir Rowland Blennerhasset, M.P.; A. M. Kavanagh, Henry Bellingham, M.P.; Right Hon. Henry Bruen, R. U. Penrose Fitzgerald, Lord Lifford, with permission to add to their numbers."

Mr. Comyn seconded the resolution, which was unanimously carried.

Lord De Freyne was then called to the chair, and on the motion of the Earl of Kingston, seconded by Major Barton, a vote of thanks was passed to Colonel King-Harman.

The proceedings then terminated.

At the conclusion of the proceedings, and when the landlords and ladies were dispersing, it was observed that comparatively few people put any half-crowns into the "tin box." To counteract this seeming forgetfulness two gentlemen were quickly deputed to stand at the doors with tin plates, upon which had been placed what one gentleman described in a whisper as "decoy half-crowns." These plates were thrust before each person as he or she left, and it may be worth mentioning that a very great number of people as they passed out appeared so struck by the beautiful decorations of the ceiling overhead as not to take the slightest notice of the patient plate-bearers, although the latter manfully and musically jingled the few stray coins they had already been provided with.

Professor Gilliam, an authority on the subject, calculates that in the United States the white population may be expected to double every thirty-five years and the black every twenty years. In 100 years this would make the black population of the Southern States 192,000,000 while the white would be only 96,000,000, and the white population of the entire country 386,000,000.

A correspondent writes to the *Nation*:—"Ellen Reynolds is now an inmate of Mullingar Lunatic Asylum. The poor woman's story is as follows:—In 1880 she, her husband, and four children were evicted from their holding on Lord Granard's property. The holding was held in turn by Mrs. Reynolds's uncle, father, and husband, each of whom found it impossible to pay the rent charged. After Reynolds's eviction his wife and children took refuge with the woman's uncle, whose name was Hughes; in a cabin which Lord Granard had permitted him to build on the farm. For doing this she was prosecuted six times by Lord Granard as a trespasser, and on each occasion was committed to gaol for seven days. Her husband was also sent six times to gaol, undergoing an imprisonment of a fortnight on each occasion. Subsequently the farm was taken by a man, for saying to whom she would never forgive him for taking the farm, she was sent to jail under the Crimes Act. She was again sent to gaol for seven days for trespass, and once more for twenty-four hours for some similar offence. Finally, without having recourse to petty sessions, an order for her committal to Mullingar gaol for six months was obtained, in default of finding bail to quit the premises for ever. After this her uncle's cabin was levelled to the ground, and Hughes was sent into Longford workhouse. Mrs. Reynolds had undergone four months of her term of imprisonment when she heard of the cabin having been levelled. All reason then left her, and it was found necessary to transfer her from the prison to the lunatic asylum where, as I have said, she is at present.