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Current Topics

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE BITER BITTEN. THE secularists of Sydney have been treated by the Minister for Public Instruction to a taste of the dose which they themselves are ramming down the throats of all those who are not secularists, and they do not like it at all. They appealed to the Minister, it seems, for permission to teach their "code" in the schools, and, on being refused, held an indignation meeting to protest against the injustice, and to inaugurate the fight they have entered upon and which, by the way, should prove a formidable one to their opponents, in proportion as those opponents are capable of being bored to death, and, at the same time, are obliged to listen to the arguments and speeches employed against them.—We may further remark in passing that the "code" of the secularists contains their religion; of which the particular definition it would seem, is that it is no religion at all.—The State, however, they say has no business to know whether anything is a religion or not, and hence may arise the question as to how, therefore, the fault of the State in excluding the "code" of the secularists is to be brought home to it. The meeting held by the secularists in Sydney although rather prosy, so far as the speeches and arguments of the party went was, nevertheless, enlivened a little by the presence of one Mr. Richardson who had as he stated taken the Freethinkers at their own estimation and come to the conclusion that there could be no possible use in freethinking unless it were also to be expressed in free-speaking, and who gave expression to his thoughts in a very un-restricted manner, indeed. But free-speaking being quite as much against the grain of secularists unless, like their peculiar freethinking, it be done within certain well defined and extremely narrow bounds, they proceeded to silence Mr. Richardson who, nevertheless, did not prove wholly repressible, and continued at intervals all through the meeting to make awkward remarks.—The principal speaker on the secularist side was Mr. Thomas Walker—the same gentleman, we conclude, who, some years ago visited Dunedin, where he spoke in trances as the spirits gave him utterance, and was particularly remarkable for the power of sustaining an abnormal turning-up of his eyes. And Mr. Walker was particularly indignant at the notion that the children of secularists are exposed in the public schools to be taught morality in some degree according to Christian methods and traditions,—there is indeed reason to suppose that he would prefer that children should not be taught morality at all, rather than see them so instructed in it—at least so we gather from our observation of his sect generally. In particular Mr. Walker was most eloquent as to the enormity of teaching a child that to lie is to commit an offence against God and one that would deserve to be punished in Hell. He maintains that the true view to take of a lie is that it is an injury to the liar and an offence against society, and, as for any idea that it should be punished, that is the merest nonsense. Little philosophers will be quite above being kept in order by any such notion as that of punishment, and a few lessons in the "code" can imbue Tommy with the most perfect respect for his own dignity as well as with a complete regard for all Harry's rights and feelings. The genius boy has depths in it hitherto unsuspected, but which the "code" can reach to the uttermost, bringing to the surface all the perfections that lurk there. The "pickle" bids fair to be lost among the characters of the past and, as to the larrikin, his sphere is almost wholly at an end—if anything circular can be said to reach such a point—but cannot Freethought square the circle itself, or at least pretend to do so, which in Freethinking quarters seems pretty much the same thing? Mr. Thomas Walker, however, spoke about a lie as beautifully almost as if there really had been spirits connected with those trances and the trick of turning up the eyes had come to him supernaturally. Mr. Walker also, in the course of his speech, made some contemptuous mention of superstition that was very fine, as coming from one formerly getting a living by spiritism. But did Mr. Walker find the turning up of his eyes injurious to him in the long-run, or did he become persuaded that, while he refrained from manifesting himself *in propria persona* to society, he was committing an offence against

it? For on his own acknowledgement we know that a spirit had never come near him. Or must the experience of a course of lying and its effects be the portion of all those who are educated in accordance with the "code," before they can be induced to act upon its teaching? Among the good results to follow from the introduction of the "code" into the schools, we find, again, that the ministers of the various religions teaching there would be so frightened at the things taught to the children of secularists that they would withdraw altogether from the situation rather than afford an excuse for the admission of such teaching, and from this we learn that secularists are fully aware of the effects to be produced by the teaching of different religious systems among the same body of children—and the fact of their being aware of it should serve as a warning to those people who are the advocates of such a system.—Secularists at least know what they are about. We also find that they protest against being robbed to support teaching to which they object, and on which they look as superstitious. They, however, protest nowhere against enforcing a parallel obligation on other people, but, on the contrary are tyrannous in their insistence that people who conscientiously abhor their secular system should be grievously plundered in order to support it. The "code" evidently fails in teaching its professors and pupils to do to others as they would be done by, or, if it does teach such a doctrine, perhaps it is as we have seen in the case of its injunctions respecting lying—only after a course of action in an exactly opposite direction that such professors and pupils will come to act upon the doctrine in question. In any case the time at which they will do so has not as yet come, and we greatly doubt as to whether it ever will. Meantime, it is in some degree amusing to find the biter bitten, and to listen for a short time, a very short time, to his whining over the pain of the bite. He makes a great and rather lugubrious uproar.

TEN POUNDS' WORTH. AMONG the free sentiments freely expressed by the not wholly repressible Mr. Richardson at the meeting in Sydney was the following: "You can do no wrong; whatever is right. Murder is right, etc."

This was an accusation that filled the truth-loving Mr. Thomas Walker with horror, and he went so far as to offer to pay £10 to the funds of any of the hospitals or charitable institutions of Sydney, if only someone would produce a passage from the works of "recognised freethinkers" in support of it. We have no intention, however, of attempting to earn £10 for a Sydney charity. We should be sorry to oblige Mr. Walker to spend a sum of money he could not afford to spend, and we are convinced that no such lover of his species, friend of humanity, and advocate of the "code" would require any further inducement to make him give all the sums of money he could afford to the institutions of charity. Nor shall we stay to inquire what are the requirements that go to make up the character of a "recognised freethinker," or whether the fact of a man's not being recognised would impose fetters upon his thought, or to what extent. What we are prepared to maintain is that there are certain principles laid down in the writings of some, at least, among the chief writers of the freethought-school which might very probably—and, may, it is quite possible, before very long—be interpreted as authorising what ordinary people would call murder—although what philosophers of the freethinking school may qualify by some other name, and, perhaps, attempt to justify. There is, for example, a passage in Mr. Herbert Spencer's Sociology, in which he takes Government to task for spending pains upon the preservation of those "who are least able to take care of themselves," and the passage is capable of very unpleasant interpretation—positive murder, perhaps, it could not be made justly, but there are cases in which murder may be negatively committed—to neglect to call for a doctor, for example, in a case of dangerous illness is to incur the guilt of manslaughter—and it is not difficult to picture situations in which neglect of those least able to take care of themselves would mean much more than even that. The care of those who are least able to take care of themselves is that in which the beauty of Christian teaching has been made most plain to the world. Our Blessed Lord laid its obligation on His disciples, who fulfilled it well, and ever since, their successors have been faithful to it. From the earliest days the treasures of the Church were the poor. The monks of the East had hardly set up their institution in the desert before they established among them an

hospital, where the sick received their utmost care. The lives of the saints are the history of such a devotion. The old, the weak, the unfortunate, were those of whom, after God and for God, they were the servants—and the greatest minds who attained to heroic sanctity went forward towards it by means of their self-denying labours in the cause of those who were least able to take care of themselves. It is a doctrine that may well and worthily distinguish Freethought from Christianity that there is a fault, rather than a perfection, in being concerned about those who are the least able to take care of themselves, and it is a doctrine that may work a very great change in the affairs of men. We do not know whether it enters into the teaching of the "code," but if it does, and it be effectually promulgated among the masses, strange things, or what to old-fashioned people will appear strange things, may happen at no remote period. Much, indeed, will be spared by it to the public purse, much also to the resources of the private citizen, but what the effect of its adoption and practice upon our humanity would be, is a thought we may well shrink from. It is, then, to be feared that Mr. Thomas Walker has been rash in his defiance. No direct and positive injunction to murder may be found among the works of "recognised Freethinkers," but it will not be altogether impossible, as we see, to quote from them arguments and doctrines that, being logically interpreted and consistently acted upon, would prove incentives to nothing less.

THE attack upon Christian education now being THE CHRISTIAN carried on, and the pretensions made in support of BROTHERS. it, that the Church has always enforced ignorance among the masses and that the infidel party were the first to resist, and to extend the blessings of education to the people, have met with various exposures even at non-Catholic hands—the latest that has come under our notice being a book on the Christian Brothers written by an English lady, and the wife of an Anglican clergyman, named Wilson. The authoress contradicts the assertion that the Church had enforced ignorance, and that infidels were the first to rise in rebellion against it, by contrasting with the views of Voltaire and his friend, La Chalotais, the sanction given by Pope Benedict XIII. to the institution of the Christian Brothers, and in which he condemned ignorance among the masses as a chief source of the evils that prevailed there. Voltaire, on the other hand, commenting as follows on the essay sent him in manuscript by La Chalotais, and in which the writer declared that the Brothers by instructing the children of the lower classes were working wholesale ruin.—"I think all your views are sound. I am thankful that you propose to forbid working-men to study. As an agriculturist myself, I beg that I may have labourers not clerks, you might send me some of those *Frères Ignorantins* to drive my ploughs or to draw them." But the passage in which the writer refers to this is worth quoting at length. "From the language sometimes used by the advocates of secular education, it might be supposed that all care for primary instruction had originated with them; that up to their time the people had been left to grow up in ignorance; that they had been the first to put books into the hands of the children of the poor. But history shows that long before the State dreamed of taking any concern in the matter, the Church had not only discussed it in her synods and councils, and enforced stringent rules to secure the attention of her ministers to it, but she had also opened schools, devised schemes of education, written books, drawn up rules, founded institutions, trained masters, and brought into active existence all the machinery of popular education, of which the secular party are now disposed to claim the credit. Indeed; it is a noteworthy fact that, while the Church has been all along consistently upholding and working for the education of the people, it was the secularists of a hundred years ago who opposed it." Concerning the Brothers, of whom she especially treats, Mrs. Wilson speaks as follows.—"Of all European nations France has the singular advantage of possessing in her midst a body of men—numbering over eleven thousand—who, at no expense or trouble to the State, have been trained with special care for the work of education; and the end and object of whose lives is to educate, free of cost, the children of the poor; men in whom self-interest, ambition, the desire to advance themselves in the world, can have no place; for, once committed to this profession, they can never rise to anything higher; men who ask for no pay, no remuneration of any kind, beyond being provided with the barest necessities of life; men whose scholars, when allowed to compete with others, carry all before them, not only in examinations in elementary knowledge, but also in the higher branches of education—music, drawing, mathematics, geometry, mechanics, natural science, etc.; men who are trusted and beloved by the people of France, and who have given the most striking proof that could be given of their patriotism and devotion to their country. Such are the men whom the powers that be, at this present time, in France, would banish (if they could) from the country; out of whose hands they would take (if they could), at an enormous cost to the nation, the education of the people. And why? They are not priests; they are pledged never even to aspire to the

priesthood; they are laymen, taken mostly from the ranks of the working classes. But they are, as their name declares, *Christians*; they are religious, and they teach religion in their schools; their lives, their garb, their whole bearing witnesses to their faith in Christ. This is their crime; for this they are expelled, thwarted, plundered, persecuted. Can the infatuated blindness of anti-Christian intolerance go further?" But what this lady writes of France may, with a few modifications, be applied to Catholic teaching and its opponents everywhere. Everywhere we have the secularist with his falsehood and presumption, his ungrounded and insolent pretensions, and unscrupulous calumnies, and his tyranny, actual or would-be. We have the Catholic religious teacher, exceptionally qualified for the task to which he is devoted, and giving a constant proof that it is so in the fruits of his teaching.

AT the moment at which we write appearances can THE SITUATION hardly be said to be very deceptive, although AND ITS nobody on earth can tell what they mean or porous SUNNY SPOT. tend. Nobody, however, is in the least likely to be taken in by them, or to place on them the slightest reliance. Things generally, in fact, so far as the government of the Colony is concerned, exhibit a state of topsy-turviness that is most bewildering, and out of which what issue there may be, if any at all, it is impossible to discern. Sir Julius Vogel is labouring to form a Cabinet and several other people seem to be labouring in the exactly contrary direction—to thwart all his efforts to do so. Sir George Grey, we are told, has taken a studious turn for the time being, and sits occupied with his books in his apartments at Wellington—under suspicion, nevertheless, of keeping an eye on the situation, and being fully determined to play any cantrips that may seem to him the best calculated to out-wit or confuse Sir Julius, with whom he boldly declared at once he would have nothing whatever to do—that is, of course, in a friendly way, for he will have as much as he can to do with him, as with anyone else who threatens to eclipse himself, in any other way possible. There are difficulties, moreover, as to the requirements and rights of the various provinces. A fit man cannot be found, for example, to represent Auckland in the Cabinet, and all that is forthcoming for the purpose so far is Mr. Cadman, of Coromandel, of whose calibre we may very fitly judge by the report spread and, although false we believe, generally received as true, that he was prepared to resign his seat in order that Mr. Sheehan, on his defeat at Napier, might be elected to it. Mr. Tole also has been spoken of by someone or another as eligible for the vacant place, and if, indeed, he be chosen to fill it, there will be a proof furnished to some people that after all religion is really good for something. There may even be those who will be inclined to cultivate a little of it, under like circumstances, in order that they also may make a fair and profitable disposal of it, if the opportunity offers. And let us point out in passing, as a mere matter of spiritual speculation, how very little a soul can be made a mounting-block to high worldly positions. It is interesting to note anything that illustrates the superiority of spirit over matter. There is a difficulty, again, about the representation of Canterbury in the Cabinet, and it is doubtful as to whether an arrangement can be made by which a modifying Conservative element may be introduced into it by the appointment of Mr. Wakefield. There are besides several other perplexities and difficulties, and it is, as we said, impossible at this moment, writing as we do on Tuesday, to say what may be the outcome of it all. There is, however, no situation, or at least hardly a situation in the world, where it is not possible to find some sunny patch or another, and the political situation of New Zealand at present seems no exception to the general rule.—The sun-light falls at present on the sheltering shoulders of Mr. Stout, and he shows out among the surrounding gloom like the tops of those volcanoes in the moon upon which, as astronomers tell us, the sun-beams strike in advance. Not that in any other respect Mr. Stout is in the least degree to be compared to a volcano in the moon or to a played-out vomitory anywhere of dry dust that lies quiescent and completely removed from harm's way. The dry dust he is still calculated to kick up is infinite, and the mass of the moon is above his head rather than beneath his feet for if it were not, how should there be such abundant proofs that the moon-beams had struck so effectively upon his brain? But the way in which Mr. Stout has accommodated himself to the situation is beautiful, and by far the most cheerful feature that has appeared in connection with it. It is sweet to contemplate the manner in which he allowed himself to be promoted to the premiership, and made as it were the figure-head behind which Sir Julius Vogel, concealing all his shortcoming is to restore the prosperity of the community, and insure their progress. The Vogel ministry conducted under the shadow of Mr. Stout must indeed prove a blessing to the country. We are told, moreover, that Mr. Stout has promised to modify even his philosophy to meet the necessities of the case. He will allow his great theory of land nationalisation, which we know in a mind like his must rest on a deep philosophical basis, to lie aside, for the time being at least, and he will otherwise have mercy on the needs of the Colony and clip the wing of genius to suit our necessarily slower pace on many

points. But how comes it, nevertheless, that Mr. Stout seems to have forgotten the role of "grand pacificator," to which he pledged himself even voluntarily on his election? How can he afford to leave the arena at Wellington where the struggle is now going on, and where the chances of a compact ministry depend in a great degree upon tact, and wise dealing? Or has Mr. Stout left behind him, to work wonders there, the shadow of his persuasive smile, or the echo of a philosophic whisper? The patriotic leader, first of all, attends to the needs of his country, and is ready to sacrifice to them every private interest even the most dear and best beloved. How comes it, then, that Mr. Stout has found himself at liberty to remove his pacifying influence from the scene of action to Dunedin? And must we expect that during his premiership, a considerable portion of the business of the Colony will be excogitated by him at sea, or on the railroad, as he goes continually back or forward? It is, however, fortunate that the matter rests in the hands of genius, and no expectation, therefore, that we can form of the results will prove extravagant. It is to be hoped, meantime, that the various conflicting interests may be reconciled, so that the already over-retarded business of the country may be proceeded with.

DEVIL'S KANTOOR is the promising name of a mining town in South Africa concerning which and its neighbourhood we have found a little news in a contemporary. The news, however, is not particularly tempting, and we do not think on the whole, there is much danger of our sending many diggers away from New Zealand by alluding to it. Devil's Kantoor, then, is situated in the neighbourhood of Moodie's Reef, and Moodie's Reef is the new rush in the Transvaal concerning which we lately saw some very big statements, and where according to certain reports, lumps of gold as big as broad-beans could be picked out of quartz, that stuck up all over the country-side, with the fingers. Moodie's Reef, however, seems a rush by no means easy to reach and we are told of one portion of the road in particular which is so steep that 14 bullocks are needed to pull up it a Scotch cart containing a lead of considerably under half-a-ton. There seems however, to be some scope in the district for people who are fond of the picturesque, and from one hill in particular, we are told, there may be commanded a view of a tract of country noted for its game—lions, and leopards and such interesting objects of sport no doubt, as well as snakes, of which one that was seen on the way to the Reef measured, says the writer, as much in girth as "the pot-lid." We are not told as to whether the diggers divert themselves by the chase or not but probably in a country where, while a man is hunting one species of animal, an animal or even two or three animals of some other species may be hunting him, discretion is considered the better part of valour.—The diggers nevertheless, all carry revolvers and knives—which, moreover, they seem to carry merely for ornament, as the writer says they are never used. But when men are fed on mealie meal porridge or "pap," as we are told they call it—it is quite easy to conceive how they may not feel themselves quite in the spirits necessary for a profitable use of firearms. To get up even the smallest row on fare like that, it would need a fire-eater indeed. We can quite understand, again, how men working on such diet, under a South African sun, have the sweat pouring into their eyes and mouths and down their noses as the digger who writes says he had—and the mealie meal to boot costs £3 6s a bag. Another matter, saving your presence good reader, that may seem provocative of sweat. Besides all this, there is a fever season to be encountered—and, although when the digger who writes to our contemporary arrived, the season was reported to be over for the year he found that it could still extend its skirts to some degree, for two men had sickened afterwards of whom one at least was not expected to recover. After a week's hard work again, the writer and his two companions had managed to get 1½ dwt. of gold whose value was something about 5s 3d. He acknowledges however, that some men on the field make as much as £7 a week, but that is earned by the help of a Scotch cart and four "boys," that is, as we suppose, Kaffirs, or natives of some kind or another.—On the whole, then, the riches of this new rush in the Transvaal are not quite apparent, but the hardships to be encountered there are very evident, and such as a sensible man would think a great many times before he would run the risk of enduring. Devil's Kantoor is a suggestive name.—and there is some reason to suspect, that the whole neighbourhood may deserve a somewhat similar one.

A COMMEMORATION was held the other day at St. Mary's City, Maryland, of the foundation of the ANNIVERSARY. Colony two hundred and fifty years ago. The persons who met together for the celebration were Catholics, who desired more especially to commemorate the establishment of perfect religious freedom, established first by Catholics on the American Continent, and simultaneously with the foundation of the Colony in question by Lord Baltimore in 1634. Not that it has not been attempted to deny this fact, or to

give the honour of it to Protestants, who formed the majority in the Parliament of the Colony in 1649, when the proclamation of religious freedom that had been made at first was confirmed by an Act—which, by the way, was afterwards set aside by the Protestant majority's placing under penalties the Catholic founders of the Colony, who had introduced religious freedom as their first institution. The law, however, thus perverted was not brought into usage; and Maryland continued virtually the abode of toleration. It is, moreover, stated that the act of toleration, by means of whatever majority it may have been carried, had been drafted by a Jesuit, and it is at least certain that the statement of its having been based on Puritan philosophy is false, for nothing ever came of the philosophy in question but a narrow tyranny and in no place more than the Puritan settlements of America had that philosophy manifested itself in an intolerant manner. But what proves that religious freedom had been established in Maryland by the Catholic pioneers is the certainty that, although there is no direct record remaining of the proclamation of toleration made, the records remain of a case in which a certain man was punished for infringing the public proclamation by speaking ill of Protestant ministers generally, for which he was, moreover, somewhat severely punished, he having been found guilty of "offensive speeches and unreasonable disputations in point of religion contrary to a public proclamation to prohibit all such disputes." An oath, again, taken by the chief public officer of the province obliged him to cause no trouble to any man on account of his religion, to take nothing of the kind into consideration when making appointments, and to punish any man who injured another because of his creed. All this, which is known to have taken place during the first years of the settlement, and long before the Act which Protestants have questioned was passed, conclusively proves that toleration originated with the Catholics, and that they were the men who introduced it into the New World. Another happy feature in the settlement of Maryland was the treatment given by the settlers to the Indian tribes there, and which resulted in winning their friendship for the white men. The religion of the white men also obtained a hold upon them, and they became in large numbers converts to the Church. On the whole, then, there was a good deal for Maryland Catholics to look back upon with pleasure in the celebration they made of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of their province, and many reflections may be made generally in connection with it, calculated to give to naturally fair-minded men a view of Catholic matters very different from that with which even they are not uncommonly imbued.

It would seem that the attempts made to stir up "OUT OF THE the English masses to take vengeance on the Irish EATER CAME people in England for the dynamite outrages, of FORTH MEAT." which, for by far the most part, those people know nothing and have but little sympathy or approval, are not likely to prove effectual. It would seem, in short, according to a correspondent of one of the London newspapers, who professes to have full information on the subject, that, on the contrary, there is a good deal of sympathy felt among the English masses, if not for the cause of Ireland, in which it is pretended that the outrages are committed, at least for that which may well be acknowledged on all sides to be much worse—that is, the cause of the people viewed from the standing-point of the Communist and Nihilist. The masses, indeed, as we are told, recognise that for every evil there must be some source, and they are ready to acknowledge that the ill-treatment measured out to Ireland in the past may reasonably account for the anger that manifests itself in the destruction of monuments and buildings. They are even ready to demand that the grounds for such manifestations may be removed by granting to the Irish people the concessions which it is believed—rightly or wrongly, and wrongly as we believe,—would put a stop to the malpractices referred to.—Their principal reason, however, for looking upon the matter with something like approval is that, by means of these outrages, the power of the people over the ruling classes and owners of property is made evident, and the doctrines now commonly taught among them by French and German Socialists receive a striking illustration. Every fresh explosion, in fact, which takes place in London is a welcome proof to the English democrat of the force of the weapon he holds in his own hands also, to be used whenever it may suit his purpose, and he is willing to pay what he looks upon as the comparatively small price of such destruction of life or property as may bring it fully home to the hearts of those whom he regards as his oppressors that the day of their power is drawing towards its close, and that the people who are possessed of a strength against which nothing can stand if it be used and who are daily being made better acquainted with their power, and more persuasively urged to employ it, must be accorded a consideration that, so far, has been withheld from them. The case, in fact, as stated by the correspondent to whom we allude, and who writes with the tone of conviction, and argues his point very forcibly, would seem to afford grounds to suspect that, even if some of the London outrages were the work of Irishmen or Irish

SAN FRANCISCO MAIL SERVICE FOR 1884

Leave Hoki-tika.	Leave Grey-mouth.	Leave West-port.	Leave Picton.	Leave Nelson.	Leave Inver-cargill.	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 26	April 24	April 24	April 24	April 26	April 25	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 Lyttel-ton.	Leave Well-ing-ton.	Leave New Plym'th	Leave Napier.	Leave Thames.	Leave Auck-land.	Arrive London.
Feb 2	Feb 3	Feb 4	Feb 5	Feb 6	Feb 7	Mar 15
Mar 1	Mar 2	Mar 3	Mar 4	Mar 5	Mar 6	April 12
Mar 29	Mar 30	Mar 31	Mar 2	Mar 3	Mar 4	April 10
April 26	April 27	April 28	April 2	April 3	April 4	June 7
May 24	May 25	May 26	May 2	May 3	May 4	July 5
June 21	June 22	June 23	June 2	June 3	June 4	Aug 2
July 19	July 20	July 21	July 2	July 3	July 4	Aug 30
Aug 16	Aug 17	Aug 18	Aug 2	Aug 3	Aug 4	Sept 27
Sept 13	Sept 14	Sept 15	Sept 2	Sept 3	Sept 4	Oct 25
Oct 11	Oct 12	Oct 13	Oct 2	Oct 3	Oct 4	Nov 22
Nov 8	Nov 9	Nov 10	Nov 2	Nov 3	Nov 4	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. T. 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 a book from 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 to 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. Council R.C.S., Edinburgh; William Walker, Oculist to Her Majesty, Scotland.

For further particulars see circular, or address,

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The above hotel is centrally located in the principal business part of the town, and within five minutes' walk of the Railway Station. It has undergone thorough renovation. The Bed Rooms are lofty and well ventilated. The accommodation is second to none in Southland. Nothing but the best Liquors sold on the premises.

Note the Address :-

SHAMROCK HOTEL, SPEY STREET.

THE DRAPERY AND GENERAL IMPORTING COMPANY

OF NEW ZEALAND (LIMITED),

Wholesale and Family Warehouse,

HIGH STREET, DUNEDIN.

A VISIT to the Company's Warehouse is solicited.

Goods in Large or Small Quantities sold at Wholesale Warehouse prices.

There is only One Price, the Public Buying at the same price as Shareholders.

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NOTICE.

WE Warn our Friends everywhere that no one is Authorised to Sell Photographs, Pictures, or anything else for the benefit of St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin,—with the exception of MR. MACEDO, who has kindly consented to sell Photographs of St. Joseph's Cathedral.—By Authority

The Editor N. Z. TABLET

Americans others of them may probably have originated with the very people who have been called upon to punish the Irish, innocent and guilty alike, with an indiscriminate cruelty. Apart, however, from any consideration of the implication of the Irish people in these outrages, or the question as to how far the concession of the fullest measure of her rights to Ireland, would serve to check the party that in America is interested to promote violence of this kind, or, at least, the pretence of it—a matter that may be looked upon as very doubtful, so that we should be inclined to advise, in this respect, that reliance may rather be placed upon the strong hand and the vigilant eye, than on any measures of conciliation—it is evident that a very serious aspect of English affairs has been placed before the public. To find such a mind among the masses, and growing there under the pernicious instruction of foreign Socialists, is a danger that may well seem more formidable to the integrity of the empire than anything that the utmost manifestation of Irish discontent could prove to be; for if, while every care is being bestowed upon preserving the interests of the kingdom—or what are supposed to be its interests, without, the foundations of society within its limits are being undermined, it is evident that attention is diverted from its proper channel, and that destruction must certainly ensue. What might, then, much better form a ground for conciliation, if plain justice in itself will not avail, as, indeed, we have now had abundant proof it will not—would be, not the need of putting an end to outrages, which, whatever may have been the remote sources in which they originated, are the work of abandoned men whom nothing could conciliate, but the need to strengthen the empire against the evil that threatens it from within its very core, and to make a wise provision in the goodwill, and assured loyalty of Ireland against the Nihilistic leaven that has already spread so widely among the English masses. It is not without its suggestiveness, meantime, to find that it is the very disaffection and tendency towards lawlessness of the English masses that probably preserves innocent Irishmen in England from the violence that it was sought in many very praiseworthy, law-abiding quarters to arouse against them. Verily, as the old saying goes, it is an ill wind that blows nobody good.

AMERICAN ALOE.

A WOODHOUSE farmer writes to a contemporary that the great drawback to the aloe is its slow growth, it being useless as a hedge plant until about five years old, when under favourable circumstances it will reach a height of from two to three feet. It, however, propagates prodigiously from the roots. About fifteen years ago I started with one plant, from which I have now many scores of thousands. Where an aloe hedge is intended, the earth should be ridged up to the height of, say eighteen inches, and the plants put in about two feet six inches apart; they will thrive with absolutely no water (for instance I have a couple of hundred planted in the clay-layer on the top of a stone wall, and they look perfect pictures of health), and withstand frost well, 15 deg. doing them not the least injury. I have found aloe most useful for making enclosures for young trees. Seven young trees a couple of feet high, two feet apart, planted in a circle of three diameter, will entirely protect a young tree from the danger of being broken down by cattle, etc., in addition to which they have, to an extraordinary extent, the property of keeping the soil near their roots cool and moist, which simply means salvation to the centre tree; when, as for instance, last year our rainfall only amounted to 10½ inches. But, back to the enclosures,—I have at present 500 young gum trees, each enclosed as above described, on either side of a public thoroughfare, none of which have been injured; and I am convinced that were the aloes removed to-morrow, in one week hence not a single tree would have survived the scrubbing propensities of cattle, etc.

During the scarcity of grass last winter I have known milch cows devour aloe, and have little doubt that with cultivated taste, stock might regard them as good wholesome diet. This, however, I think would be unwise, as the cathartic properties of the plant would probably be rather weakening than strengthening.—South African paper.

These statistics, which are doubtless carefully done, having been taken from Dr Bracelli's compilation, published in Vienna—*Die Staaten von Europa: 1883*—give the number of priests and religious in each State in Europe.—In Italy, one priest for 277 Catholics; in Spain, one for 419; in Portugal, one for 455; in France, one for 822; in Germany, one for 866; in England, one for 1,076; in Belgium, one for 1,100; in Austria, one for 1,216; in Russia, one for 1,416. The number of religious (male) is thus reported: Belgium, one for 1,507 Catholics; France, one for 1,568; Switzerland, one for 2,650; Austria, one for 9,517; Spain, one for 2,950. In Belgium, one religious (woman) for 291 Catholics; France, one for 324; Switzerland, one for 644; Austria, one for 1,225; Spain, one for 1,312.—*New York Freeman.*

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, speaking of the purchase clauses of the Irish Land Bill, which was abandoned by the Government last week, says:—"Both the landlords and the economists, in fact, are disposed to favour it. The former have given up the game. They practically acknowledge that landlordism in Ireland has had its day, and all that they now aim at is a safe retreat, which the Bill affords them." When a leading English paper adopts the word of the wildest prophets of the Land League, and admits that "landlordism in Ireland has had its day," the rapid change it denotes is worth the serious attention of the Irish people.—*Pilot.*

LOST AND FOUND.

(From Miss Stewart's "Stories of the Christian Schools"; Catholic Publication Society Co.)

CHAPTER III.

THE FOUNDLINGS OF ST. JOSEPH'S.

It seemed manifest to the good Brothers of the College that the child found sleeping at the gates on Christmas day was, by the Divine dispensation, committed to their care.

Every effort was, however, made to discover from whence the boy had strayed, as it was evident from the material of his clothing that his parents were not of that condition of life that, in a monetary sense, would make him an object of charity.

Little footprints in the snow were a guide to the corner of the lane where poor Charlotte slept in death.

Her aspect and her dress led to the conclusion that she was a German *bonne*.

But whether accident, or some wrong-doing of the unfortunate woman herself, had made the child an outcast and caused her own piteous death, it was impossible to judge.

There was no paper or trinket about either the dead woman or the child from which the slightest clue could be obtained.

That the boy had been in her charge was certain, from his mournful cries of "Charlotte! Charlotte!" when he was taken to see the corpse.

Poor Charlotte was consigned to the grave, and the Brother Superior at St. Joseph's not only caused all possible research and inquiries to be made in the neighborhood, but was at the trouble of sending to Strasburg, and not only making inquiries among the municipal officers at that city, but was also at the expense of inserting advertisements in the newspapers describing both the child and the nurse, and circumstances under which he had been taken charge of at the College. All these measures were abortive. Days and weeks rolled into months and years, and there was no inquiry for little Emmanuel.

He had been but a short time a resident at the College, however, ere he had so endeared himself to the whole community that it would have been a grief to every member of it, and especially to Brother Aloysius, had he been claimed.

He was so gentle, so obedient and loving.

From the date of the blessed feast on which the young Brother found the child at the gates, he had made him his peculiar charge, and to part with him would have been a great sorrow.

Let it not, nevertheless, be supposed that Aloysius would for a moment have hesitated between his own feelings and the good of the boy.

The Superior himself was not more earnest in his endeavor to discover the friends of the little waif: how hard poor Aloysius tried to glean some information from his baby talk!

But it was baby talk, and the name of the parents on whom for many weeks he called so pitifully never passed his lips.

The boy was of German birth unquestionably, but whether from Catholic Bavaria, or Protestant Wurtemberg, Aloysius could not discover.

Catholic, of course, was the boy at St. Joseph's. Conscious of his own great love for him, Aloysius sometimes scrupled at the satisfaction he was aware he felt at the non-appearance of the child's friends.

But as the years passed on, this theme of pious self-reproach ceased to exist, as it became very certain that little Emmanuel had no friends in the world save the Christian Brothers!

Worthy of the divine name by which they called him, worthy of their tender care and their best instruction, he proved.

Generous, sensitive, affectionate and intelligent, the seed fell upon fertile ground, and brought forth abundant fruit.

Nor was the casket of his corporeal frame unworthy of the gem of the fresh, pure spirit which it enclosed.

Emmanuel grew to be a tall, strong-limbed boy, and his handsome features glowing with health, his broad forehead shaded with locks of dark brown hair, his bright complexion and beaming smile, made up an appearance which the heir of a kingdom might have envied.

Emmanuel was as brave, too, as he was gentle and intelligent, and always self-sacrificing.

A sickly season came and fever ravaged the adjacent hamlet and spread its pestilential wings over the College, where two of the Brethren and one of the pupils died.

Then was the courage, the Christian bravery of the foundling boy made manifest.

While the other pupils shrank from those apartments of the College where the sick were treated, Emmanuel made it his prayer to the Superior that he might be permitted to attend on them.

The Superior demurred, though he was sorely at a loss for help in the sick chambers, but the physician assured him that Emmanuel's very fearlessness would protect him from the infection.

So he assented to Emmanuel's request, and the boy not only, as the doctor foretold, himself escaped the infection, but had the supreme satisfaction of being told that it was in a great measure owing to his watchful care that one of his companions and his beloved Brother Aloysius, who had been attacked, recovered.

Thus much for the moral courage of Emmanuel. For that kind of valour which demands physical strength, coolness and determination, he was equally eminent. There came a winter of unusual severity; not only were the peasants starving, but the wild animals, driven from their haunts in the woods and mountains and made additionally fierce by hunger, ventured into the neighbourhood of the villages and near the small towns.

As in the time of their great founder, when there was a famine in France, which the bounty of Louis XIV., of Madame de Maintenon, and other wealthy and charitable persons could but inadequately relieve, the Brothers of the "Christian Schools" at St.

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
Persons in search of Comfortable Homes.

Note the Address—

J. WISEMAN,
GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT,
Moray Place (opposite Criterion Hotel).

MARK SINCLAIR
(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,
& **CO'S**

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

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

MOLLISON,
DUTHIE,
& **CO'S**

195 AND 197

GEORGE STREET,
DUNEDIN;
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, Felt, 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,
106 GEORGE STREET,
DUNEDIN.

Repairs neatly executed New Elastics put in.

S. S. BANISTER
CHEMIST
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.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S COLLEGE, KEW, VICTORIA.

Midwinter quarter begins July 29.
Three pupils sent up for Matriculation at June examinations. All three passed. Two out of three passed Civil Service. From all the colleges and schools in Victoria taken together, only 32 per cent. passed the Matriculation and 34 per cent. the Civil Service.
From St. Francis Xavier's College 100 per cent. passed the Matriculation; 66 per cent. the Civil Service.
In December, 1883, ten out of eleven passed from same College.

Joseph's were prompt to make their own little less by ministering to the poor.

It was the delight of Emmanuel to be made a dispenser of this charity, and often did he manage, when sent to the hamlet with food for some of the famishing children, to reserve his own allowance and go hungry that he might help to feed others.

It was a bitter morning in February. A slight thaw on the preceding day had been succeeded by a still more severe frost. The uneven ground between the hamlet and the cottage was dangerous to traverse, for the descents into the hollows were sometimes sharp and steep. Now the earth was as if sheeted with glass, and to assist his footsteps Emmanuel carried a stout alpenstock as he trudged laboriously along with a heavily-packed basket on his shoulder.

The first of his charitable visits was to be made to a poor widow with three young children, whose cottage stood by itself on the outskirts of the hamlet.

Piercingly cold as was the atmosphere, the day had been fine; the sun shone brightly, though its rays had no power to soften the keen atmosphere.

Now the brief day was drawing to a close, and a few lurid, blood-red streaks in the west showed that the sun had set.

At the foot of an eminence, clothed to its summit with a thick fir copse, stood the humble habitation of the widow. That wooded eminence was a shelter and protection for the cottage both summer and winter, screening it alike from the bleak winds and the parching heat.

It was no steep mountain, with a thick impassable forest, giving shelter to the wild boar, the bear, and that vile animal, more dangerous than either, the vicious, ravening wolf.

The widow and her children expected Emmanuel's visit, for since the weather had set in so cold the Brothers had sent her a weekly dole. Her two eldest children, boys of six and eight years of age, were watching for Emmanuel.

When he was within a hundred paces of the cottage, a red beam of the declining sun settled on his head, and the children with a joyous shout rushed forth to meet him.

But that cry was succeeded by a shriek of terror, for at the same moment forth from the covert of the copse, with a hideous howl, sprang out an enormous wolf.

With foaming jaws and eyes that glared like balls of fire, the monster made for the children, who, paralyzed by terror stood stock-still; and one or both of them had been tore down by the furious brute had not Emmanuel, at the peril of his own life, turned its fury on himself by catching up and flinging at it a loose piece of ice.

The fragment was heavy and sharp, and the aim so true, it struck the creature on the head, fractured the frontal bone, and almost cut out one of its eyes.

With a renewed howl of agony, as well as rage, the monster turned and sprang blindly at Emmanuel.

Wolves generally hunt in packs, and the boy knew that if the howling monster had companions he was lost.

He had a perilous chance even if it were alone, for it was of unusual size and he had neither hunting-spear nor firearms with which to defend himself.

With gaping jaws the creature came at him full charge; he would have leaped aside, but that he feared a fall on the slippery descent.

If he was to be the prey of the wolf it should not be unresistingly, was his muttered thought. Its weight would hurl him to the ground if he suffered it to spring upon him, therefore he met its charge, and with unparalleled strength and firmness he thrust the alpenstock between its gaping jaws. Half way down the creature's throat penetrated the iron ferrule at the end of the stout staff, and its fangs crushed through the cudgel-like oaken staff as if it had been a willow wand.

But its throat was torn with the ferrule; it was wounded unto death; choking and blinded with its own blood, it rolled upon the ground, uttering inarticulate howls still the brave boy launched at its head a huge stone, which had the effect of fracturing its skull, when, after another faint howl and a feeble, convulsive movement, the terrible animal lay dead.

Happily it was alone, and had probably strayed to a considerable distance from its accustomed haunts.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CASTLE IN BAVARIA.

In the neighborhood of Landau, in that district of Bavaria which is adjacent to the Rhine provinces, stood the castle of the Counts Werdendorf.

They were wealthy, these Bavarian nobles, and their castle more resembled the princely abode of a magnate of Hungary than one of the keep-towers, for they were little more, of the robberknights and barons of the Rhine.

There was, however, great and immeasurable grief in Castle Werdendorf.

It was the destiny of the owners to verify the aphorism, in which the poor cannot believe, that riches do not secure happiness.

Two great afflictions had befallen the family of Werdendorf. Count Werdendorf, though still in the prime of life, had been for many years deprived of the use of his limbs, and was in a state of constant suffering from general ill-health.

His condition was the result of a fall from his horse when hunting.

He had received internal injuries, and his life was long despaired of.

It was while his sorrowing wife was tending on his sick couch, fearing with each sunset that he would never more behold the dawn, that another and dreadful calamity befell her.

The only child of the Count and Countess Werdendorf, a beautiful boy of three years old, disappeared with his nurse, and was never seen or heard of more.

In this woman, Charlotte Kirchner, the Countess placed an implicit trust, which was not shaken even by the loss of her child.

Poor Charlotte doated on the boy, and the Countess urged the absence of all motive for her stealing him away.

Her faith in the servant's fidelity remained, and she adopted the idea suggested by her husband's cousin, Count Ludwig, that some gipsies who had been lurking in the neighborhood had stolen the child, and not improbably murdered the unfortunate nurse.

As these people had disappeared, and no trace of them could be found, there was a certain plausibility in this terrible conjecture.

It will be perceived, however, that the lady's confidence was thoroughly misplaced; that Charlotte was a treacherous, false creature, who paid with her life the penalty of her wrong-doing; and that by the merciful dispensation of Providence the little Count was in the safe and pious keeping of the disciples of the Venerable Abbé de la Salle.

It is the misfortune of good and virtuous people that they are duped by their own generosity and candour.

They cannot conceive the existence of crimes of which their own nature rendered them incapable.

Thus it is that the hypocrite imposes on the world.

The slight admixture also of some purer and better feeling, which is rarely absent even from the bosom of the most depraved, helps them to delude the virtuous.

The unfortunate Charlotte had really loved her nursing, and the certainty in the mind of the Countess that she had so loved him, made her repudiate all idea of the woman's treachery.

In spite of all the care of the Countess to conceal from her sick husband the knowledge that their boy was lost, the Count became acquainted with it, and he fell into a fit, from which it was thought he would not recover.

Then his villain cousin, Count Ludwig, who had, all unknown to her mistress, deluded the foolish Charlotte with a promise of marriage, and sent her away in charge of two ruffians, who had passed themselves off as gipsies, with orders to murder both the woman and child, effected immoderate grief, and refused to leave his cousin's bedside.

In reality he was watching eagerly to see him draw his last breath, for, the child gone, he was the next heir to the title and estates of Werdendorf.

That proud title, those broad lands, would be his, he reckoned, before the lapse of another day.

But as it had pleased the Almighty to defeat his cruel intentions with regard to the boy, so also was he disappointed in calculating on the father's death.

Count Werdendorf passed from the fit into a calm sleep, from which he awoke perfectly conscious, though grieving bitterly about his little son.

The villainous Count Ludwig anathematized his own ill-fortune, for he was a gambler and spendthrift, and he had drained all his resources to fee Caspar and Gottfrid to perpetrate the, to him, useless crime of abducting the child Rudolph, for, while the father lived, Ludwig, of course, would not succeed to the estates.

The disappointment of this bad man was perhaps the more severe, because, as time passed on, the Count, though in clear possession of his mental faculties, remained chained a hopeless invalid to his couch.

Ludwig would not have hesitated to administer poison to his cousin, but so tender and constant was the attendance of the Countess on her husband, he had no opportunity to add poisoning to his list of crimes.

So time passed on.

The Count was always confined to his chamber, always suffering and ill, but he did not die.

Though bitterly disappointed of that immediate succession to the title and estate which he had promised himself, Ludwig was fain to be content to wait the issue of the Count's illness. He might linger for years, but it was most improbable that he would live to be an old man.

It was still more improbable that there would be any other child to replace the lost Rudolph, and Count Ludwig thought he was dead.

The two ruffians, Caspar and Gottfrid, brought him a plausible story of how they had bestowed both the boy and his nurse beneath the waters of the Rhine, and the cruel heart of Count Ludwig was no more moved by compunction for the fate of poor Charlotte, whose affection, for himself had been the source of her destruction, than for the innocent child; and it is to be remembered that he thought they were both murdered, and was as guilty as if his myrmidons had carried out his commands.

(To be Continued.)

The *Cape Mercury* says:—We learn that a gentleman, well known in commercial circles, has visited the Gold Fields for the purpose of ascertaining for himself the correctness of the newspaper reports about the Gold Fields. This gentleman spared no expense in making himself acquainted with what is going on, and he writes to a relation of his, as follows:—"Do not have anything to do with the Transvaal Goldfields, as I consider them from personal observation to be a perfect fraud, and I advise you on no account to have anything to do with the gold companies, as I consider if you take shares, you may have cause to regret it."

The *Patriot* says that the eldest son of Mr. du Toit, of Hope Town, while suffering from toothache last week, applied, on the advice of a friend, some poison to the affected tooth, with the lamentable result that a few minutes afterwards he got heavy convulsions, and having just time enough to cry out to his father, "Papa, I die," he expired. It is surmised that the poison either got into his blood through the application to the tooth or that he swallowed some by mistake.

The Catholic party (Centre and Poles) is the largest in the German Assembly, numbering 125. This is strange, in a country mainly non-Catholic.

His Eminence Cardinal Czacki has been nominated by Leo XIII., Protector of the religious congregation called the Society of Mary.

COAL! COAL! COAL!

WE ARE SELLING Wallsend Coal, from our new pit, at 12s 6d, and Screened Mixed at 11s 6d per ton for Cash at the Trucks at Dunedin Railway Station.

This is the best household coal; has no bad smell, and is not dangerous, as the ashes do not smoulder.

FERNHILL RAILWAY AND COAL COMPANY (LTD.),

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DENTISTRY.

H. ROBINSON

SURGEON DENTIST,

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Every Description of

WORN ELECTRO-PLATED WARE RE-PLATED EQUAL TO NEW.

Charges Moderate.

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

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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 or orders. Groceries delivered free in City and Suburbs.

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

KILGOUR AND CO.,

AERATED WATER MANUFACTURERS,

KING STREET,

DUNEDIN.

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,

NURSEYMAN, SEEDSMAN, AND

FLORIST,

GREAT KING STREET,

DUNEDIN,

Has for Sale—Fruit, Forest and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, in great variety, &c.

PEACOCK HOTEL

PRINCES STREET SOUTH.

DUNEDIN.

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.

H. J. KITZ,

TRUNK AND PORTMANTEAU MANUFACTURER.

Sample Cases, Travelling trunks, and ladies' Bags.

173 GEORGE STREET, DUNEDIN,

(Next Morris, Photographer).

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MR. J. P. ARMSTRONG,

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November 22, 1883.

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News of the Week.

FRIDAY.

THE following tribute (says the *Hokitika Times*) to the worth of the late Mrs. O'Driscoll, the news of whose death was received here on Saturday, is sent to us by a correspondent:—"It is a matter of regret having to state that news was received in town on Saturday of the death of Mrs. O'Driscoll, formerly a resident of Hokitika. The deceased lady was the wife of Mr. C. O'Driscoll, who for years kept the Harp of Erin Hotel, Revelt street. Mrs. O'Driscoll was held in high respect, having a large circle of friends and acquaintances, and for many years, while residing in the well-known hostelry referred to, was proverbial for her kindness of manner and warmth of heart. Mrs. O'Driscoll was a most excellent woman in many ways, a good wife, a fond mother, and a faithful friend. The writer of this deserved tribute to her memory, knew her for long years; the many loveable qualities of which she was so richly endowed, the pious and Christian life of which she was so brightly an ornament, and so truly gave the stamp of so much that was genuine and good, will long be remembered by those who enjoyed the happiness of her friendship.—P.D."

The quarantined passengers of the *Waihora*, at Auckland, complain bitterly of the accommodation at the quarantine-station. It is stated that the live stock on the *Waihora* have been without food since Monday.

A small rush has set in (says the *Kumara Times*) to some ground a short distance west of the Catholic Church Reserve, of which Mr. Lewis is the prospector. There is four feet of wash at a depth of 15ft., which is supposed to be a continuation of the Shamrock Lead. It gives, it is said, three to four pennyweights to the load.

The *Bendigo Independent* of July 24th gives the following:—A very interesting ceremony was performed in St. Kilian's pro-Cathedral yesterday morning, when Miss Johanna Ryan Hill, adopted daughter of Mr. Thomas Ryan, of White Hills (second daughter of Mr. Charles Hill, Kaikorai, Dunedin) was wedded to Mr. W. Bloxam, of the Lands Department, Melbourne. The ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. Dr. Reville. Mr. Ryan gave the bride away. The bridesmaids were Miss Carolin, Miss Davis, Miss Reid, Miss O'Connor and Miss Trehair. The bride's brother and the brother of the bridegroom were the groomsmen. After the ceremony Mass was celebrated by Dr. Reville, who spoke highly of the bride, and wished the couple every success. The bride was attired in a handsome dress of white satin, with court train and broché in front, the whole trimmed with Edelweiss lace; rich wreath and veil to match. Mr. and Mrs. Bloxam left on their honeymoon trip by the afternoon train for Melbourne, accompanied by the hearty wishes of a large circle of friends.

At the champion ploughing match at Invercargill yesterday 40 ploughs competed. The first men have not hitherto been prominent as prize ploughmen. In the double-furrow class R. Smith, a young man from the *Toi-Toi*, was first, and A. M'Lean led in the swing plough class.

The *Taranaki Budget* says:—We hear of many systems of education, but about the most curious is that propounded by Mr. Blake, one of the candidates for the Kumara seat, in a speech to the electors, at Dillman's Town. Are you a denominationist? "asked an elector. "No," returned Mr. Blake, "free circular and compulsory, straight from the shoulder." This is as good as a conversation heard during the late Election contest—one gentleman declaring that he was in favour of "Circular Education—as he believed in the three 'R' being distilled into childer."

The first session of the ninth Parliament of New Zealand was formally opened by commission at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The Commissioners were the Hon. Sir W. Fitzherbert (Speaker of the Legislative Council), Hon. Sir George Whitmore, Hon. R. Oliver, and Hon. G. M. Waterhouse. After the members of the House of Representatives had been sworn in, Mr. Fulton, M.H.R. for Taieri, proposed that Sir G. M. O'Rorke be elected Speaker, and in doing so eulogised the past career of the hon. gentleman. Mr. Macandrew seconded the nomination, and confirmed all that had been said by the proposer. Sir Maurice O'Rorke thanked the proposer and seconder, and said he felt deeply impressed with the responsibilities attached to the position for which he had been nominated, and was also aware of the courtesy due to members. The motion was carried by acclamation, after which the Speaker Elect was escorted to the chair by his proposer and seconder, and, standing on the step, he in suitable terms returned his thanks to the House for the high honour now for the third time conferred upon him. He then, amidst the cheers of the House, took the chair, and the mace was placed upon the table. The Hon. Major Atkinson congratulated Sir Maurice O'Rorke on his appointment, and said it was gratifying both to himself and the House. At 3 p.m. the Hon. Major Atkinson moved that the House adjourn until 2.30 p.m. to-day, when he would be prepared to make a Ministerial statement as to the intentions of the Government. The motion was carried, and the House adjourned.

The locality in which it is supposed some of the survivors of the *Marie Ange* are cast away (says Wednesday evening's *Southland News*) is situated at the south-west of this Island, and is about 70 or 80 miles from the Bluff. The place is at the beginning of the series of islands, bays, and fiords for which the West Coast is so noted. Gulcher and Red Heads are points of the mainland at the mouth of Preservation Inlet, on the northern or north-western side, the former being five miles and the latter seven and a-half miles from Puysegur Point, on which the lighthouse is erected. This latter point is on the boundary of the inlet, on the south side, and Coal Island is situated between, close to the lighthouse. From the position of the two heads, Red and Gulcher, it is supposed that the light seen by Captain Tozer, of the *Ringarooma*, was on either of these, both of which are distinctly visible from the lighthouse. The rough weather prevented the Government schooner *Kekeno* from being able to go in search,

and Mr. J. G. Ward (Mayor of Campbelltown) telegraphed to the Government this morning, urging the necessity of dispatching a steamer at once. A telegram appears elsewhere from Wellington to the effect that either the *Hinemoa* or *Stella* will be sent off to-morrow. Later advices state that the *Hinemoa* is to be despatched to Red Head, but the *Kekeno* is not to be detained if the weather will admit of her leaving the port.

Albert Bellman, master of the Gladstone School, was found dead on Ngahauranga road on Wednesday night. He had been thrown from his horse. Deceased was a native of France, and leaves a wife and several children. He is believed to have had property in Canterbury.

At an emergency meeting of the Borough Council held in Invercargill yesterday it was unanimously resolved to impress upon the Government that in view of the prevalence of smallpox in the adjacent Colonies, and the Bluff being the first port of call, it is of urgent necessity that a resident medical health officer, together with a Board of health at the port, be immediately appointed. The former Board was composed of the harbourmaster, mayor of Campbelltown, and collector of customs.

Mr. Vollbracht, manager of the New Zealand Tobacco Company, Auckland, has filed his schedule through the alleged action of one or two gentlemen who were joint promoters of a proposed tobacco company in Wellington two years ago.

The Marquis of Salisbury declines to hurry through so momentous a measure as the Federation Enabling Bill without first duly considering its effect. Mr. Parnell privately advocates that the Irish members should combine with the Government in forcing the measure through the House immediately.

A letter received at Cairo from General Gordon, dated Khartoum, June 24, asks for information concerning the expedition which is to be sent to his relief. His letter further states that Khartoum is being attacked by 16,000 rebels.

The German Emperor William and the Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, met on Wednesday at Ischl. The interview was of a most cordial nature.

Telegrams from the Transvaal state that severe fighting has taken place between the natives under Montsiva and a large force of Boers. The battle was fought with great determination on both sides, and a large number, among them several Englishmen, were killed. The conflict resulted in the defeat of the Boers, who lost heavily during the day.

SATURDAY.

The *Taranaki Herald's* Stratford correspondent writes that a survey party, in cutting a line between the Waingongoro road and Patea River, came on a skeleton with a billhook alongside, supposed to be the remains of Edward Hall, who was missed some two or three years ago from Stratford, and never heard of.

At the official declaration of the poll for Eden (says the *Wellington Post*) some very warm language was exchanged between Mr. Tole and Mr. O'Neill. Each told the other he should blush for his conduct. Both being lawyers, they could not, however, manage to raise a blush between them.

Mikari, who was sentenced two years ago to imprisonment for life for the manslaughter of another Native at Oxford, Waikato, has been released. During his imprisonment his wife died of grief.

According to the *Clutha Leader* several farms have lately changed hands at Waipahi at satisfactory prices. Mr. Charles Cooper has bought 100 acres adjoining his old farm from Mr. Hay. Mr. Peter Murray has purchased 200 acres, lately occupied by Mr. James Gray. Mr. Wooliams has added Mr. Dolioman's farm to his own, and Mr. G. Macandrew has sold his farm to Mr. White. Here, as elsewhere, the tendency seems to increase the size of holdings.

Mr. J. L. Kinsella, of the *New Zealand Herald*, has been appointed committee reporter in the room of Mr. George Adams, who is promoted to the *Hansard* staff. Mr. Spragg, of the *Otago Daily Times*, has filled the vacancy on the *Hansard* staff caused by the resignation of Mr. Drake.

A report from the Napier quarantine-station states that Mowatt is progressing favourably.

Something akin to mutiny exists among the passengers aboard the *Waihora*. Some of them refuse to obey the mandate of the quarantine officers, and leave the vessel. They urge that the accommodation ashore is not suitable, if necessary they will be removed from the vessel by force, when the steamer will be subjected to 24 hours' fumigation with sulphur, and will be subsequently washed with carbolic acid. The passengers are publishing a paper called "Under the Yellow Flag" to vary the monotony, and they hold concerts every evening.

At the half-yearly meeting of the Bay of Islands Coal Company the report stated that the sales of coal had been 12,566 tons, and the accounts showed a marked improvement on the previous half-year.

Mr. Smith, after prospecting for some time in the Malvern Hills, has brought a ton of samples of copper ore, which will be smelted in a few days.

The erection of a hospital for smallpox patients, situated about two miles from Christchurch, on a city reserve at the Sandhills, and to contain nine rooms was begun yesterday morning.

The *Bruce Herald* gives the following particulars of an accident which occurred at the conversazione of the Milton Mutual Improvement Society on Wednesday night:—"Unfortunately, the evening's amusement and instruction was brought to a close through an accident which happened while Mr. James Reid was carrying on an experiment in chemistry. The experiment was similar to one which was to be very popular at the polytechnic in London, and was then called 'The sun in a bottle.' It consists in the combustion of phosphorus in a large glass globe containing oxygen gas. Unfortunately, through two india-rubber tubes, which were used to convey oxygen and hydrogen gases to the lecture-table from the room behind, having become twisted, Mr. Reid filled the globe with hydrogen instead of oxygen, and when a light was applied there was an immediate explosion. There was somewhat of a rush to the door, but owing to the promptitude of the Rev. Mr. Chisholm, who was equal to

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the emergency, and counselled the audience to remain still, a serious panic was averted. Drs. Reid and Stewart, who were at hand, were immediately called into requisition, and the sufferers by the explosion were attended to with all possible despatch. Following are details of the casualties:—Mr. James Reid: Left cheek severely wounded in several places, and hands somewhat cut; but the worst wound traverses the whole length of the left eye, damaging the sight, it is feared, and probably will result in the loss of the eye. Daughter of Mr. J. J. Lane: Right eye wounded severely; hopes are entertained of saving the eye. Son of Mr. C. Sracban: pupil of left eye pierced by small fragment of glass, but owing to the state of the pupil it has been impossible to ascertain whether or not the glass is still in the eye. Mr. H. Ransome: Severe wound extending from over left eye obliquely downwards to across the right eye to its external side, cutting through the eyelid, but fortunately not involving the eyeball. Sons of Mr. J. G. Gray, Milburn, of Mr. James Gray, Milton, and of Mr. James Reid all received wounds more or less severe, and requiring to be sewn up, but not dangerous. A number of others received slight flesh wounds from the broken glass flying about.

The House of Representatives met at 2.30 p.m. yesterday. Four or five members who were not present on Thursday took the oath and their seats. These included Sir Julius Vogel and Mr. Ormond. The Hon. Major Atkinson then rose and said: "Sir, I desire to ask the permission of the House to make a statement as to the intentions of the Government. The Government, sir, have taken into consideration the result of the late election, and the general position of parties in this House, and have come to the conclusion that under the circumstances it is their duty to tender their resignation to his Excellency. That course has been followed. I placed the resignation of the Government in the hands of the Governor this morning. His Excellency did not ask me for advice as to whom he should send for, and, as hon. members are aware, it was not constitutional practice for a Minister in my position to tender advice that was not asked for. I have, therefore, nothing further in that direct on to inform the House, but simply that we hold office until the appointment of our successors. I therefore have to move that this House do now adjourn till Thursday next at 2 o'clock." After some little discussion the Speaker put the question in this form—"That the House do now adjourn till Thursday next." The motion was agreed to on the voices. At 2.45 p.m. the House accordingly adjourned till Thursday, 14th inst., at 3 p.m.

The London markets for colonial breadstuffs and tallow are unchanged at Wednesday's quotations. Good accounts are to hand from the English wheat districts, and the harvest prospects are favourable. The hop crops accounts are now more favourable, the recent fine weather having effected a great improvement.

In the House of Commons on Thursday night Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice stated, in reply to a question, that the reported seizure by Admiral Courbet of the harbour and coalmine at Ke Lung Island, Formosa, was untrue. There has not, he added, been any rupture of the Franco-Chinese negotiations for the settlement of the Langson affair, and parleying was still proceeding. The latest news from Canton states that the Viceroy of the province has ordered torpedoes to be placed in Canton River, in order to bar the passage, and the work is now being rapidly proceeded with.

Renewals of anti-clerical riots occurred at Brussels on Thursday on account of the bills introduced by the Clerical members of the Ministry. The approaches to the Chambers were guarded, and the civic fire brigade, who were called out as police, turned their hose on the mob and deluged the crowd with water.

Mr. Parnell is urging Mr. Gladstone to proceed with the Federation Enabling Bill at the autumn session.

The River Nile is rising fast, and serious consequences are anticipated from floods.

MONDAY.

The passengers by the *Waihora* were landed on Friday night at the Auckland quarantine-station, and the fumigation was proceeded with on Saturday. All are in good health and spirits.

A seam of coal (says the *Tuapeka Times*), which is pronounced by those who have used it to be almost equal in quality to the Kaitangata coal, was recently discovered on Mr. F. Tubman's property near the Beaumont. A shaft has been sunk, but, owing to the quantity of surface water that had to be contended with, and the wet season of the year, operations have been suspended for a short time. We are informed that Mr. Vincent Pyke, M.H.R., has been written to, requesting him to get the Government boring-rods forwarded to Beaumont, for the purpose of testing the coal, and to ascertain the extent of it. Should there prove to be a good area of the mineral, and the quality equal to that already tested, the discovery will be a most valuable one for the Tuapeka district.

A young man, named Gibson, while out rabbit-shooting at Te Awamutu, Auckland, was accidentally shot in the leg by a companion. The leg was amputated, and Gibson died shortly after the operation.

Captain Whitson, of the ship *Dunedin*, was presented with a gold Albert and locket at Oamaru on Saturday evening, in commemoration of the *Dunedin* being the first ship to load up with frozen mutton at the port.

The *Akaroa Mail* says:—Some fifteen days ago Mr. Daly left Akaroa on a visit to Auckland, and one of his dogs, a black and white collie named Fly, followed him when he went away in the coach. When Mr. Daly left the coach and went aboard the s.s. Akaroa, at Pigeon Bay, the dog must have missed him somehow, for he remained very contented under the vehicle, and accompanied Bob Maine back to Akaroa in high glee. On arrival in Akaroa he seemed surprised at Mr. Daly's not getting out at the Post Office, but followed the coach up to Wagstaff's, expecting to see him there. From that day to this the dog has never left the coach, and this morning he starts on his sixteenth journey. One day he goes to Pigeon Bay, and the next day to the railway station at Birdling's Flat, and he anxiously watches every passenger that alights, in the hope it is his master. He passes his home, Mr. Daly's house, every night and morning, but he never stops there, for he is certain his

beloved master is in the coach. It is a question for speculation whether the dog would, in the event of Mr. Daly's not returning, follow the coach till death put an end to his travels.

Saturday morning's *Southland Times* contains the following in regard to the case of smallpox at Invercargill:—"As the public is certain to become acquainted with the fact that at the hospital here a case has been received to which some suspicion of seriousness is attached, we may as well mention the circumstances as far as they were ascertained yesternight. A child, two years old, seemingly suffering from chickenpox, was brought to the hospital on Thursday evening by its mother. Being not quite satisfied with the regularity of the symptoms, Dr. Wardale made inquiries, and ascertained that mother and child had made the passage from Port Chalmers to Bluff a fortnight ago in the *Te Anau*, which, we understand, was on the trip down the coast from Sydney. On learning this the doctor at once had mother and child transferred to the detached fever ward, which was fortunately empty, and took steps to keep them completely isolated. Every precaution was then used in the way of thorough disinfection, and no one was allowed on any pretext whatever to be in or near the building. Dr. Wardale himself, for the sake of the other patients and the public, has paid his visits to the outside only of the building, seeing the child through the window, and has had himself completely disinfected. Two other medical men have seen the case, and all are of opinion that it is suspicious enough to warrant continued isolation. The public will thus be satisfied that every possible safeguard has been adopted, and we especially commend Dr. Wardale for his promptitude, and particularly for his care in having kept himself latterly from contact with the case. The circumstances have been reported to the authorities. We may mention that the child was vaccinated when an infant."

The Lake Wanaka correspondent of the *Wairarapa Mail* writes:—"The seagulls are fast becoming imitators of the keas. They may frequently be seen flying about the mountain tops in flocks of from twelve to twenty strong, driving the keas away from the carcasses of sheep they (the keas) have killed—sometimes tearing at them before life has left their bodies. Between the three pests—rabbits, keas, and gulls—the sheep are having a trying time of it."

The tender of Mr. W. Ahern, of Dunedin, has been accepted for the Auckland passenger station contract. The amount is £12,168.

A serious accident took place near the East Taieri School on Wednesday. From what we (*Taieri Advocate*) can gather, the particulars are as follows:—A boy, about 11 years of age, named John Taylor, son of Mr. Wm. Taylor, was on his way to Riccarton when his hat blew off and rolled close to a horse that was grazing on the roadside. The boy went to recover his hat, and the horse wheeled round and kicked him on the head, fracturing his skull. We have been informed that the horse bears the reputation of being a very vicious animal.

The *Otago Daily Times* concludes a leader on Sir Julius Vogel as follows:—"We now come to the last charge, for though it has only been published in the shape of a series of insinuations to steer clear of libel, it practically amounts to an accusation that Sir Julius Vogel is generally regarded on the London Stock Exchange as a swindler. If this were so, it would of course be an absolute disqualification to his holding a Cabinet office in New Zealand. But before believing so grave a charge we shall want some better evidence than the allegation that there was "laughter" at his nomination for a seat on the board of a London company whilst he was out in New Zealand, or the article from *Truth* which was published by a contemporary last week. The only piece of evidence that is of the slightest value in connection with this charge is the fact that the Stock Exchange are holding a joint committee of investigation into the affairs of this Company—more particularly, according to *Truth*, in connection with the Austrian contract, by which it is insinuated that the directors made a profit and the Company was nearly ruined. Now Sir Julius states distinctly that he was in Australia when the Austrian contract was made, and that in consequence of that and other mismanagement during his absence, he quarrelled with his brother directors on his return. Certainly the *prima facie* case is not strong enough to warrant the House in disqualifying Sir J. Vogel from holding the Premiership, and we cannot but think that it is much to be regretted that any party should lend itself to an attempt to blacken his character by insinuations which rest on such a very slender basis of evidence. We are not surprised to learn that gentlemen of the type of Messrs. Harper and M. J. S. Mackenzie have expressed their warm sympathy with Sir Julius Vogel under these attacks, and that he has ultimately gained by them.

Shortly after midnight, on Friday, a *fracas* occurred in the Shakspeare Hotel, Wyndham street, Wellington. It appears Thomas Atkinson and Terence Lynch, a noted boxer, went into a room in which four men, named James, David, and John Roche and Thomas Hanlon, were playing at cards. The brothers Roche asked the newcomers why they had come into the room, and one of them kicked Lynch in the eye. A *melee* ensued, and when the police arrived Lynch was lying senseless, with a contused wound on the temple. The floor was spattered with blood, and the visual organs of the Roche brothers were much damaged. The police, after a severe struggle, arrested the four card-players and McCarthy, the barman, for assaulting Lynch. Lynch was removed to the hospital, where he has recovered consciousness, and is progressing favourably. His assailants were remanded for a week. Three of them—the brothers Roche—got a month's imprisonment each for assaulting the police on their arrest.

The *Timaru Herald* says:—"We are sorry to see that a most discreditable attempt has been made at Wellington to blast Sir Julius Vogel's prospects in politics by the publication of damaging insinuations against his character in connection with his private affairs. The *New Zealand Times*, we learn, has published a statement that at a meeting of an unsuccessful telephone company in London, Sir Julius Vogel was proposed as a director, but was rejected with laughter, and on this proceeds to imply in effect that he made away with the capital of the telephone company, and lost his position as director through his dishonesty or incompetency, or both. The *New*

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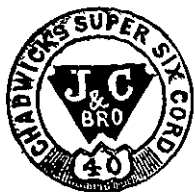
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Have Just Landed, ex ship Dunedin, and Suez Mail Steamer, large shipments of Gold and Silver Watches; Gold and Silver Jewellers; English, French and American clocks; Silver and Electro-plated goods, etc. selected by their Mr. George Young, from the leading manufacturers in England and the Continent.

G. and T. Young, from the fact of their buying from the manufacturers direct, and for cash, and having no commissions to pay are in a position to supply the very best, quality of goods at prices considerably lower than those who purchase in the markets here.

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Princes Street,

Zeland Times goes on to argue from this that Sir Julius Vogel is not fit to be trusted with political power, and taunts the electors of Christchurch North with having returned a man whom they would have rejected with scorn if they had known a little more about him. This, we need hardly say, is in the very lowest style of American politics, and is the kind of thing which has never before been adopted or countenanced in New Zealand. The intention of it is perfectly clear. It is to save the Atkinson Ministry by assassinating their most powerful opponent. . . . He clears himself entirely of the suspicions that are being attempted to be thrown on him. That is satisfactory as far as it goes. But is it not an outrageous thing that a public man who stands in a very responsible position at a very critical period in the Colony's affairs, should be liable to be assailed in such a fashion by his political adversaries, without having done anything whatever to provoke an attack? We hope such tactics will meet with the unqualified reprobation of all parties alike."

The Wellington correspondent of the *Otago Daily Times* writes as follows:—"I have discovered that when Mr. Macandrew saw Sir Julius Vogel yesterday he refused to join him without Mr. Montgomery. Mr. Montgomery then came to see Sir J. Vogel, and both refused to act with him unless Mr. Stout was Premier, and Sir Julius as Treasurer. Sir Julius stated that he would take the subordinate position if the men who looked to him as leader were agreeable provided Mr. Stout would accept his policy *in toto*, and waive all objections on the land question. The three agreed to swallow Sir J. Vogel's policy provided he was not premier, giving as their reason that it would not do for them as Radicals, to serve under a premier whom they considered a Conservative, and alleging that their followers were of the same opinion. Sir J. Vogel has seen one or two of his followers to-day, proposing a Cabinet with Mr. Stout as Premier, and including Sir G. Whitmore, and Messrs. Balance, Wakefield, Macandrew, Montgomery, and an Auckland man, probably Mr. Cadman; the policy to be of a strictly moderate character. The Canterbury followers are likely to agree to the policy, which includes the immediate repeal of the property tax, but they will kick against Mr. Stout as Premier. The Otago men will agree to the arrangement almost in a block. Messrs. Montgomery and Macandrew strenuously object to Mr. Wakefield's inclusion, but it was thought that this would be likely to conciliate the Canterbury party. I expect Sir Julius Vogel will call a meeting of his followers on Monday morning to see if they will accept this arrangement. If not, he will inform the Governor that he is unable to form a Government."

Harry Waymouth, aged eight years, son of Mr. Waymouth, of Mitchelson and Co., fell over the cliffs at George's Bay, Auckland. His arm is broken, and he is unconscious. His skull is believed to be fractured.

The reported seizure of Kelung by Admiral Courbet, the truth of which was denied in the House of Commons by Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, is now fully confirmed, and it has transpired that the Chinese Government have been notified that the occupation of Kelung by a French force will continue until the demands of France for satisfaction on account of the Langson affair have been satisfied. The proposed indemnity has now been reduced in amount to 80,000,000 francs.

The Tory party are delaying the passage of the Federation Enabling Bill. Sir Stafford Northcote has intimated that he will warmly support the measure if it is introduced in October.

The Australian Meat-preserving Company has been registered in London with a capital of £100,000.

At the conference of delegates of frozen meat companies held at Christchurch on Friday, the Gear Company, Wellington; the Export Company, Wellington; the Preserving and Refrigerating Company, the New Zealand Refrigerating Company, the Southland Company, and the Canterbury Company were represented. Mr. John Grigg was elected chairman. The principal resolutions were:—(1) "That no new contract be entered into by any company represented at this conference at a higher rate of freight than 1½ per pound and 10 per cent. primeage, one-half of which primeage to be returned to the company contracting; the resolution to be binding until modified or rescinded by mutual agreement among all companies represented." (2) "That 10 per cent. of the freight payable to the ship be retained until delivery of the whole cargo in good condition at the port of discharge." (3) "That the conditions of all future charters be that before commencing loading, the steamers' chambers be cooled down for 12 hours at least, and that the highest temperature be 15deg.; that the chamber be fitted with ribs to keep the meat off the sides, or that carcases be stowed with the legs against the sides of bulkheads to the satisfaction of shippers; that the ship give free access to the representatives of contracting shippers, and that stowing be done to his or their satisfaction; that during the voyage the temperature shall not exceed 20deg. in the warmest part of the hold, such temperature to be ascertained by self-registering thermometers placed in each chamber, fitted in cases of which the key shall be handed to the contracting shipper; that on the arrival of the vessel at the port of discharge the consignees and underwriters or their representatives be accorded free access to the ship's refrigerating chambers and the refrigerating engineer's log; that every opportunity be afforded for the inspection of the meat previous to and during discharge, the engineer's log to be at all times open for inspection by contracting shipper's consignees, or underwriters; that the time for discharging in London be 48 hours for cargoes up to 8000 carcases, 24 hours additional allowed for every 4000 or part of 4000 carcases; that refrigerating engineers shall hold certificates entitling them to the rank of chief engineer to be under the control of the captain, in the same manner as the other engineers of the vessel." (4) "That each company be requested to confirm the resolutions adopted by the conference. That the other freezing companies not represented be invited to adopt and confirm these resolutions."

TUESDAY.

Severity of the weather (says the Ross correspondent of the *Hokitika Leader*) has almost stopped prospecting for the last week. Vigorous efforts will be made by all the leaseholders to test the various reefs and bring some stone to grass for a trial crushing as

soon as the weather settles. There seems to be a tacit understanding between buyers and sellers to suspend transactions until the prospecting becomes more definite, although several small parcels of William Tails have changed hands at greatly reduced prices during the week. Misleading quotations do no good, and your correspondent is determined that your readers shall have the most accurate information on that point. A small parcel of Swis Republics was sold last Friday at 12s. per share. This claim is silently forging ahead in public estimation, as are also the Just-in-Time, Totara, and All Nations. But for the reason already stated there are few transactions, as holders are firm and investors are awaiting development.

It is stated that prior to Mr. Stout's departure for the South yesterday it was understood that Messrs. Montgomery, Macandrew and Ballance had consented to accept portfolios. Mr. Stout returns to Wellington on Friday.

The child Hannings, suffering from modified smallpox at the Invercargill Hospital, is doing remarkably well.

The *Lyttelton Times* of Monday has the following:—"The foundation-stone of the new Catholic Convent School, Ashburton, was laid yesterday, the ceremony being performed by Father Sauzeau, as administrator for the Bishop. The ceremony took place at 1 o'clock, at which hour a procession of acolytes, nuns, and school children took place round the Convent grounds. After a short service, conducted by Father Sauzeau, that divine and Father Coffey, the parish priest, both addressed the large assemblage of people present, dwelling chiefly on the subject of education, and pointing out that education unaccompanied by religious training was not education, but only instruction. After the addresses, Father Sauzeau laid the stone, using for the purpose a silver trowel, presented to him by Mr. A. C. Malcolm, the contractor for the building. The trowel was manufactured, by Mr. Quinn, watch-maker, Ashburton, and was a very handsome implement. After the ceremony, which was rendered the more interesting by the singing of the school girls and the Sisters, subscriptions in aid of the building fund were taken, and some £80 was raised in about a quarter of an hour. This sum was expected to reach £100 before vesper. The building, it is hoped, will be fit for use by the end of October. The amount of the present contract is £1200, but to complete the school another contract of perhaps £800 or £1000 will be necessary. Father Sauzeau also celebrated the eleven o'clock Mass, and his sermon was chiefly directed to the subject of education from the Catholic point of view."

The Mayor of Wellington is improving in health.

A rumour was current in Port Chalmers yesterday (says the *Daily Times*) that a child of a man named Jones, residing between Mansford Bay and Rocky Point, was suffering from smallpox, and it was stated she had contracted it from Mr. Douglas Hannings's little girl, who is at present in the Invercargill Hospital, suffering from that disease. Our representative at Port Chalmers has interviewed Dr. De Lantour, the medical attendant of Mr. Jones' family, on the matter, and that gentleman states that the child has feverish symptoms at present, but that the nature of her ailment has not yet declared itself. The doctor, however, is of opinion, so far as he has seen, that the child is not suffering from smallpox; but until the symptoms are further developed it will be impossible for the doctor to definitely state the nature of the case.

Four gentlemen started from Kumara on Sunday morning with a double buggy and pair to go to Maori Creek to conduct a Presbyterian service there. Owing it is said, to the brake not acting, the trap went down the Zigzag at a great speed, the buggy capsized, and the horses bolted off with the pole and wheels, leaving the body of the buggy. The occupants were overturned. The Rev. Mr. Hay sustained a scalp wound; Mr. James Woods, baker, had the bone of his right forearm broken; but Messrs. Campbell and Nicholson escaped unhurt.

The *Ross Advocate* says the majority of the shareholders in the mines (Cedar Creek) are poor men, who, seduced by the offer of a few pounds are tempted to dispose of their interest. We earnestly warn these men not to be in too great a hurry, for in a short time, and a very short time, a crushing will take place, when shares that are now being sold at a mere nominal sum of £36 or £40, will fetch as many hundreds. There is no doubt of this, as we have seen the rise, decline, and fall of several quartz spurs, and there is no doubt that the crushing (which will astonish a good many) will bring an influx of capital into the district, making it what it surely is, and will be the premier field of New Zealand.

The Northern gum-diggers are organising an agitation regarding the gum leases question.

Young Waymouth, who fell over the cliffs at George's Bay, bids fair to recover.

The Paeroa correspondent of the *Thames Star* wires as follows:—"The Sir Walter Scott crushing, now being put through the Hauraki battery, is shaping for a splendid return. Although the battery is running but one shift of 12 hours, the plates are yielding an average of 40ozs. hard squeezed hot water amalgam per shift. There are now about 500ozs. of hard squeezed amalgam on hand for 16 days' run. At the mine the stopes are yielding some very rich stone, showing more gold than anything of the kind hitherto obtained in the district—not excepting Waitekauri in its palmy days. Clearing up and retorting will take place in about 10 days' time, and the result will undoubtedly be a big advertisement for Karangahake."

Mr. P. S. Garvey, says the *Wellington Post*, for a long time past principal warder at Mount Cook Gaol, has been promoted to be gaoler there. Mr. Garvey has really had charge of this gaol since he was transferred from Lyttelton to Wellington, now some two and a-half years ago, and has proved himself a most able and efficient officer. He has had extensive experience in gaol management, both in Ireland and in this Colony, and we congratulate him on his well-deserved promotion. There are now about 70 of the worst criminals in the Colony confined at Mount Cook.

The Greymouth *Argus* says: The remains of the late Mr. Edward Butler were followed to the grave yesterday, 6th inst., by such an imposing crowd of mourners as is seldom seen anywhere, and such as has never been seen in Greymouth. Mourners came from Kefton

and the intermediate places, from north and south, to attend the funeral; and many more would have helped to swell the cortege had vehicles offered to convey them. A number of miners, friends of deceased, walked distances of ten and twenty miles, through being unable to find conveyances. The Mayor (F. C. Dupre), Mr. A. R. Guinness, Mr. Clifford, and Mr. Griffin acted as pall-bearers. Then came the hearse, which was followed by over 400 on foot. These were followed by nine loaded vehicles, and bringing up the rear were 25 horsemen, making over 500 altogether.

The directors of the William Tell (prospectors) quartz Gold Mining Company, Cedar Creek, fetched to No. 3, on the 6th inst., several parcels of quartz, obtained 25 feet along the line of reef from the point where the first gold was got, showing half-penny-weight pieces of gold sticking out. There is great excitement over it this morning. The stamper battery will be finished in three weeks, when a trial crushing will be made. A public meeting was held in accordance with an influentially signed requisition to the Mayor to consider the best steps for connecting the borough of Ross with the reefs at Cedar Creek, by the construction of a road. The meeting was largely attended, and resolutions were unanimously carried, amid much enthusiasm, giving effect to the foregoing. They were ordered to be telegraphed to the member for the district, requesting him to lay the matter before the Government and to obtain a special grant for the immediate prosecution of the essential work. All the ground available on the saddle immediately above the reef has been taken up by miners as residence sections, and several restaurants and stores are being built.

A batch of Egyptians from Port Said were landed at Adelaide from the steamer Ocean. They are unable to speak English, and are quite destitute.

A case of smallpox has appeared in the heart of Melbourne—in Flinders lane west, near Queen street. Many persons are getting re-vaccinated. The disease has appeared at a border town of South Australia.

A deputation of unemployed has waited on the Victorian Government requesting to be provided with work.

Several valuable discoveries of minerals, chiefly silver ore, have been made in the vicinity of Belbana, South Australia.

The town of Kelung, in Formosa, was bombarded by the French fleet for one hour, when the Chinese withdrew. A French force was landed, and has occupied the town. Admiral Courbet, with a portion of his fleet, is still at Foochow. Four French ironclads are now before Woo-Song, a port near Shanghai. The French suffered no loss during the bombardment and occupation of Kelung. The loss of the Chinese is not known. France threatens to seize Amoy unless the indemnity is paid.

A demonstration in support of the action of the House of Lords in rejecting the Franchise Bill took place on Saturday night at Manchester. The meeting, which was a densely crowded one, was addressed by the Marquis of Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill. Resolutions were passed in favour of continued opposition to the Reform Bill.

Active preparations are now being made at Cairo for the expedition to the Soudan by way of the Nile valley. A combined force of 4000 British and Egyptian troops will be employed.

Information comes to hand from Pretoria that the Volksraad has ratified a convention which was concluded in February last between the Transvaal delegates and the British Government.

WEDNESDAY.

The Government has been formed as follows:—Sir Julius Vogel (with precedence), Colonial Treasurer, Postmaster General, and Commissioner of Stamps. Mr. Stout, Premier and Attorney-General. Hon. E. Richardson, Minister for Public Works. Mr. Montgomery, Colonial Secretary and Minister for Education. Mr. Macandrew, Minister for Lands and Mines. Mr. Ballance, Native and Defence Minister. Sir G. Whitmore, without portfolio. There is yet one seat to be filled, and it will probably be reserved for an Auckland member. It is understood that Mr. Richardson will retire from the Ministry and take the presidency of the Middle Island Railway Board, which the Government propose to establish. It is proposed also to establish a railway board for Auckland. The arrangement about the precedence of Sir Julius Vogel is in accordance with a precedent of a similar course of action when Sir F. Whitaker first joined Major Atkinson. On Thursday Sir Julius Vogel will ask for a further adjournment until Tuesday next.

The Christchurch Press writes:—"As the recognised head of an Administration, Sir Julius Vogel would have occupied a very different position from that which he will now take up as a mere member of a Government, of which Mr. Robert Stout is the chief. We say this quite irrespective of the policy which the new Government may bring down. In the first instance it may not be different from that which would have been enunciated had Sir Julius himself led the Ministry. But it will, nevertheless, be Mr. Stout's policy. He will be the Minister who will be called upon to expound it on the floor of the House, and stand prominently forward as its defender before the country. If the Ministry succeeds in maintaining its existence, it will be practically impossible for the member for Christchurch North to guide its policy in the manner he could have done had he been the Minister who was responsible to the Crown and Parliament for the proposals which emanated from the Treasury benches. It seems to us that in his own interests as a political chief, Sir Julius Vogel would have been far wiser had he refused to give his sanction to any scheme which had for its object his surrender of the Premiership to Mr. Stout. He should have set up his own flag, and stood or fell by it, whatever the immediate consequences to himself might have been."

The Hinemoa arrived at the Bluff yesterday morning. She passed the Bluff at 11 a.m. on Saturday, searched the coast along to Preservation Inlet, and anchored at 9.30 p.m. at Puysegur. The light-keeper came off and said he had seen no fires or wreckage. He was surprised to hear of the Hinemoa's mission. At 5 a.m. on Sunday weighed anchor and went through Preservation Inlet, watching the shore carefully. Went ashore at Red Head and searched everywhere

in the vicinity, but saw no traces of fires or wreckage. Steamed on to Obalky Inlet, and anchored there at 5 p.m., and at North Port at 5 a.m. on Monday. Steamed to the Solanders, searched right round, and afterwards steamed down to the S. W. Cape of Stewart's Island; searched the shore everywhere, fired guns, and blew the whistle in the Sounds, but found no signs of castaways. The Kekenoo has gone round to Puysegur, and will make a further search. The *Southland Times* says:—"Two young men, while riding along the Riverton beach, near the Heads, on the 3rd inst., found two oars just above high-water mark. Not having heard of the supposed loss of the Marie Ange, they did not closely examine the oars at the time; but a subsequent inspection of them revealed the fact that the name of that vessel appeared on each."

The Wellington correspondent of the *Lyttelton Times* telegraphs: "One of the strange events came to pass when a deputation, comprised of Messrs. Stout and Montgomery, waited on Sir George Grey, and offered him a seat in the Cabinet. Sir George was decided, and repelled the offer at once, saying, with bitterness, he would not on any consideration support a Government in which Sir Julius Vogel held any position, while Mr. Stout, who had insulted the party (?) by bringing him forward, held the leading position. One thing, therefore, has come of this. Sir George Grey has been eliminated, and his alliance with Major Atkinson is now fairly likely: indeed, I have good reason to believe that the alliance was promptly offered and accepted on the spot, but whether even the very oldest and staunchest of his personal following—those, so to speak, who have grown grey in his service—will throw in their lot with him and keep step with this curious advance, is doubtful."

In May last a labourer named Foster purchased from M'Devitt, licensee of the Carlton Hotel, Christchurch, a pint of beer, which the latter delivered in a bottle previously used for oxaline acid. The beer acted as a poison, and Foster was very ill. Yesterday he brought an action against the publican and gained a verdict of £23, with costs £8 9s.

Among the many other improvements being effected in town (says the *Invercargill News*) may be mentioned the additions which are being carried out at St. Mary's Church, Clyde street. The requirements had quite outgrown the original structure, and an additional wing has been added to the south side, the plans being prepared by Mr. Burwell, and the contract undertaken by Messrs. M'Leod and Shaw. The space formerly occupied by the wall has been replaced by a row of pillars, and the work carried out so as not to interfere with the harmony of the whole. When completed, it will present quite a new appearance. Extra accommodation has been provided for 150 people, and many other alterations made. The floor has been renovated, and the seats refitted on a more comfortable plan. On entering the new portion a small room is apportioned as a baptistry, on the left side two recessed confessional boxes have been erected. Usually, these are a part of the ordinary building, but the plan adopted here is more satisfactory for room and convenience. Another altar has been provided, there being now one on either side, communication being had from one to the other by means of an arched doorway. A new pulpit is situated about the centre of the building. This will be much better than the previous arrangement, when the congregation was addressed from the steps of the altar. The fittings for gas, etc., are very complete, and the work is being finished to the satisfaction of all interested. Dr. Moran, of Dunedin, is to be present on Sunday next, when the formal opening of the new part will be made.

The *Bruce Herald* says:—"We are happy to say that all but the three principal sufferers by the late explosion are out of the doctor's hands. No further hope is entertained of Mr. James Reid ultimately gaining the use of his eye. In the other two cases, Mr. Strachan's son and Mr. Lane's daughter, there is an improved perception of light in each, and it is believed they will be fully restored to sight."

Messrs French and McNeill (says a recent number of the *Auckland Herald*) exhibited to us on Saturday some rich quartz specimens, obtained from a new gold discovery in Paul's Creek, Coromandel. There were two samples from separate lodes, the gold being very coarse. A four stamp battery is erected 10 chains from the find, and the proprietor, Mr. French, intends to develop the discovery at once.

Concerning the visit of Te Kooti to the East Coast district, the *Bay of Plenty Times* says:—"We have heard such determining opinions expressed, that Te Kooti's friends had better give him a quiet hint to keep on the West Coast, or under the friendly wing of his patron Mr. Bryce, who has such unbounded confidence in his protégé. Here, Te Kooti is viewed in quite a different light, he is the Te Kooti of old and nothing else, and his deeds are not forgotten. Moreover, there are those who would not be in the least deterred by consequences, nor hesitate to give forcible expression to their feelings should Te Kooti venture within their reach; therefore, in the interests of peace and a just consideration of all parties, we would advise the powers that be to give a friendly hint to this privileged fiend to turn his steps elsewhere as his room is infinitely preferable to his company."

Four additional cases of smallpox have occurred in Melbourne. Preparations for the despatch of the Soudan expedition are being prosecuted with great energy. A thousand tow-boats have been ordered for the service of the expedition, and will assemble at Wady Halfa in October. Dispatches have been received from Major Kitchener stating that after leaving Dongola he proceeded to Deb-bah, and that he met with a splendid reception.

The special police protection has been withdrawn from Ireland. A sharp shock of earthquake occurred on Monday over an extensive portion of the United States. It was felt from Maryland to Maine, and extended inland as far as the Alleghany Mountains. A considerable amount of damage was done to buildings in various places, but no persons were killed or seriously injured.

The Congress at Versailles, which for some time past has been sitting to consider the question of the revision of the French Constitution, has decreed that the Republic shall be considered inviolable, and that members of the ancient Royal families shall be incapable of holding the office of President.

The report of a case of smallpox at Port Chalmers proves to be a false alarm.

In the House of Commons on Monday Mr. Gladstone was questioned regarding the intentions of the Government in connection with the proposed federation of the Australasian colonies. In reply, the Premier stated that the Government had not yet decided to introduce the Federation Enabling Bill during the autumn session, unless it should be found that the passing of such a measure was a matter of urgent necessity. With regard to the protectorate which it is proposed to establish over New Guinea, Mr. Gladstone announced that the territory which should be brought under Imperial jurisdiction would comprise that part of the coast to the eastward of that claimed by the Dutch Government, and the south coast, but excluding certain harbours in the north of the island, and also the islands to the east and north of New Guinea. The jurisdiction which it was intended to establish would be sufficient to afford full protection to the natives against any acts of lawlessness which might be attempted by Europeans, whether Englishmen or of foreign nationality. Replying to another question having reference to New Guinea, the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, Under-secretary for the Colonies, stated that Government intended to establish a Commissionership in New Guinea in addition to the office of High Commissioner of the Western Pacific.

THURSDAY.

Between Monday night and Tuesday morning (says the *Timaru Herald*), the Roman Catholic Church at Geraldine was broken into, and the sacred vessels, consisting of a ciborium, chalice, and paten, all of silver, were stolen. The thieves also took down the tabernacle and broke it in front of the altar, the crucifix being left on the floor. A large part of the woodwork of the tabernacle was also taken away. The back door of the confessional was open. The church was left all right at 7.30 p.m. on Monday, and the outrage was discovered at 8.15 a.m. yesterday. It is said that an attempt was also made on the same night to enter the Post-office, through the window of the public office, but the burglars were alarmed by the postmaster striking a light. The man or men did not at once leave, but were hanging about for some time.

Yesterday afternoon the Government received a telegram from Napier stating that Mowatt, who is suffering from smallpox, is much worse. The patient is in a weak state, and is also delirious. Doubts are entertained of his recovery.

A fire occurred on Tuesday at Hatten's shop in Pimlico, and caused the death of four persons who were unable to escape from the burning building. Two others leaped from the windows and were seriously injured.

A terrific thunderstorm passed over Scotland on Tuesday. Much damage was done to property in the path of the storm, and several persons were killed by lightning. Lord Lauderdale, who was out shooting during the storm, was struck by lightning, and now lies in a precarious condition.

Sir Evelyn Wood will probably command the expedition which it is proposed to despatch to Khartoum in October for the relief of General Gordon and the garrison there.

Lord Derby has again been urged to include the Pacific islands in his annexation scheme, but has declined to accede to the request.

Sir Saul Samuel, Agent-general for New South Wales, acting under instructions from his Government, is strongly urging the delay of the Federation Enabling Bill, until the New South Wales Parliament have considered the resolutions passed by the recent Australian Convention. Lord Derby is impressed with the wisdom of this step.

A Fiji planter, writing to the *Times*, alleges that Sir Arthur Gordon's administration among the islands has reduced the natives to a life of hopeless slavery. The *Times* doubts this assertion.

The German Press is furious at the annexation of the Walvisch Bay district by the Cape Colony.

Colonel F. Romilly states that many natives both from New Britain and New Ireland have been kidnapped into Queensland.

DEFENDERS OF THE DYNAMITARDS.

A CORRESPONDENT who claims to have a very wide acquaintance among the London workingmen sends a London evening paper the following:—

There are many persons of great political activity, chiefly in the extreme Radical ranks, who, while holding that the recent outrages are inexcusable, do not believe they are inexplicable. Even so sober a journal as the *Liberal* morning paper declared, in a recent spasm of delirium, that the explosion at Scotland yard was quite "natural"; and there are not a few British subjects with pretensions to political wisdom who have what Carlyle would have called a "mischief-joy" at the cowardly attempts to destroy public buildings and imperil human lives. They are obviously of the extreme school of politics, and believe that the demands of Ireland should be granted to the fullest extent. Irish movements have always found desperate supporters who were not Celts. A Continental refugee was a principal actor in the Fenian movement of twenty years ago, and one of the most important manifestoes then issued by the "Brotherhood" was drafted by a leading Radical, who lately has been, and still is, very prominently before the public. Those who are acquainted with the active spirits of the English proletariat know very well that there is a wide-spread conviction that little can be obtained from Governments more Whig than Liberal, except by a display of force. Quite recently, at a discussion on trade unionism, the secretary of a well-known and not insignificant society declared that the principle of unionism was so languid that a Broadhead, with his canisters of gunpowder, was necessary, and ought to be forthcoming to produce a desirable stimulus. The sentiment met with some approval, and no expressed disapproval. It is but right to say that no leading trade unionist was present, or so abominable a doctrine would have met with a condemnation as just as it would have been severe. The inci-

dent shows, however, that there is a fire smouldering, which, in some circumstances, might burst into dangerous flame.

The logic of the British working man is of a rough-and-ready kind. If there be one thing clearer to his mind than another it is that outrages are not committed for fun. Men do not assassinate or blow up buildings for mere amusement. The British working man may believe that the miscreant dynamiters are mercenary; but he recognises a cause far deeper that explains, not perhaps how it is that assassins can be hired, but how it is that there are persons who hire them. It is maintained by these that if the disaffection that produces the outrages were removed the outrages would cease, and that that is the prudent course to follow. To many persons it is a far more heinous offence to evict, and perhaps starve to death, two hundred and sixty families on the stony height of Carraroe, than to break two hundred and sixty panes of glass in Downing street. The dynamite and dagger men are considered by those who sympathise with the oppressed as but little worse than the "wolf of Connemara," and the fact that the latter carries on his outrages with the help of the military and the police, and with the sanction of the law, does not soften the bitterness of that feeling. There is a high authority for the dictum that when laws are essentially bad it is merely a matter of prudence to obey them; and it is not surprising if men of fervent spirit strain that doctrine to the utmost.

It is the feeling above indicated that led so many ardent politicians of the proletariat class to prophesy that the last Dynamite Act would be followed by more outrages, and who still maintain that all coercive legislation will ultimately result in increased disaffection. Oppression makes even wise men mad, and an undue exercise of force is certain to create forcible resistance. The "men of order," who advocate "moral suasion," are frequently reminded by persons of the class here referred to that "force" is the most constitutional of all methods. It is the method most used by Government itself. If force be improper and unjustifiable, why, they ask, do we pay so many millions a year for our battalions and bayonets, our infantry and ironclads? Men who suffer, or who sympathise with suffering, are not easily persuaded that force should be a Government monopoly. It is admitted even by historians that rebellion is legitimate if it succeeds, and this is a doctrine that tinges the opinions of those who do not rebel only because they know that failure would be the result. All this may be very fallacious reasoning, but it is, nevertheless, the argument openly advanced every night in almost every place where working men congregate, and is an argument, too, that receives considerable support. Much of this characteristic of the Extreme Radical is attributable to the cosmopolitan nature of working men's organisations. The officials of Nihilism, or, at any rate, some of them, are active members of the political clubs of English working men—institutions that have also among them a fair sprinkling of extreme French and German Socialists, many of them proscriptions. The influence of these men is everywhere apparent, even evident, and it is no uncommon thing to hear it said, "Every can of dynamite helps on the cause," and to hear more than a half-hearted satisfaction at the dynamite outrages.

It may be asked, how is it, then, these opinions are not more loudly asserted? If they are so widely held, how is it that they are not proclaimed more openly than they are? The answer is at hand. The causes which the working men recognise are too remote to exert a persistent influence of sufficient power to induce action. It is not in England that the shoe pinches. If the British labourer were oppressed as the Irish labourer is oppressed, there is no saying what excesses might not be committed. The men who threw down Hyde Park railings for the sake of a vote; the Jingo who broke Mr. Gladstone's windows, and would have mobbed Mr. Gladstone himself, if they had had the chance; the operative who set fire to a manufacturer's house at Blackburn for an advance of wages; the ironworkers who, a year ago, took possession of a foundry in Staffordshire; and the women who, with faces bleeding from the blows of policemen's staves, held Palace Yard until the march tax was abandoned, are not made of the stuff that would readily yield if they suffered as some people suffer, and were oppressed as others are oppressed. This they boldly declare. At the present time these men are patient and observant of the law, because Irish law is not English law. They do not suffer, and therefore they do not rebel. The spirit, however, is willing, and on adequate cause, would assert itself in the future as it has done in the past. They are abiding in hope that the next Parliament will give to them, and to others who need it more than they, such improvement in the law as will make their lives easier. In the meantime, it should not be forgotten, for it cannot be ignored, that they regard the dynamiter, not with kindly feelings, but as an instrument that will force on an unwilling Legislature the wisdom of removing all the causes that prompt murder and foster outrage. To their view the dynamiter is a necessary evil. It remains to convince that he is an unnecessary evil.

Thousands die annually from some form of kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of Hop Bitters. Read.

Europe has 28 per cent. of its area yet remaining forest. In Prussia 500,000dols are annually expended in tree planting. Italy has an area of forest lands amounting to 14,000,000 acres.

The American Government has received an invitation to participate in an exhibition of dairy products at Munich, in October, 1884, under the management of the general committee of the Agricultural Union at Bavaria, in connection with the Bremen Dairymen's Union.

The sons of Protestant preachers seem to have a rather unhappy lot in this land. Ferdinand Ward, of the fraudulent firm of Grant and Ward, is the son of a Protestant preacher. So also was George I. Sency, the deposed President of the Metropolitan Bank. A. W. and A. V. Dimock, who went under for some millions, recently were hatched from the same egg. Here are three chips of the Protestant block who stole 20,000,000 dollars yet they are allowed to go free, while the poor, impoverished Catholic who steals a shirt collar is sent to prison and pointed at by the Pixleymaniacs as a specimen of "the Pope's Irish."—American paper.

GREAT CLEARING SALE OF WINTER STOCK!

FOR THREE WEEKS ONLY!!

D. O'CONNELL AND CO.,
beg to inform their numerous customers and the general public that their GREAT CLEARING SALE of Winter Stock will commence on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1884,

Lasting for three weeks only.

During the above term they will give IMMENSE BARGAINS in Dress Stuffs of every description.

Ladies' Mantles, Jackets, and Ulsters at half-price.

Enormous reductions in

MEN'S, YOUTHS', AND BOYS' CLOTHING.

D. O'CONNELL & CO.,

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PIT AND MAGUIRE,

Wholesale, Retail, and

FAMILY GROCERS,

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(Three doors from Lungdon and Judge),

Beg to notify having taken the above Premises, and intend carrying on business as

GENERAL GROCERS,

And being in a position to buy Strictly for Cash, will enable them to sell and

GIVE GOOD VALUE

At such Prices as will

DEFY COMPETITION.

A glance at the following few Prices quoted will convince:—

Teas in Boxes	from 12s. 6d.	upwards
Teas in Packets	1s. 6d. per lb.	"
Sugars	3d.	"
Sperm Candles	8d.	"
Soap	6d. per bar	"
Sardines, large size ...	10d. " tin	"
Assorted English Sauces, ½ pints	6d. " bottle	"

And other Groceries too numerous to mention, at equally Low Prices.

All Goods guaranteed to be of First-class Quality.

R. C. PITT was 10 years with MR. S. NASHESKI, High Street, Christchurch; and F. J. MAGUIRE was 5 years with Mr. W. J. FISHER, High Street, Christchurch.

APPEAL.

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.

ST. MARY'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, NELSON.

WANTED, for the Boy's branch of the above, a Married Couple (without children preferred) as Master and Matron. Salary: Master, £100; and Matron, £25 per annum, with board and lodging. Applications must be sent in not later than 31st August, 1884, to the undersigned.

For further particulars, apply

REV. A. M. GARIN, S.M.
St. Mary's Nelson.

A FEMALE CATHOLIC TEACHER wanted for an inland town, Apply, with references, to REV. FATHER TREACY; Masterton.

A MALE TEACHER WANTED for the Catholic School at Westport, Salary, £150 per annum. Apply, with Testimonials, until September 8, to the REV. FATHER WALSH.

MISSING FRIEND.

MRS. KELLY would be very thankful for any information of her two sons, WILLIAM and NICHOLAS, formerly of Dundalk, Ireland, last heard of at Mr. P. O'Brien's, Melbourne—three years ago.—Please address: MRS. NICHOLAS KELLY, 22 Northfield Street, Boston, U.S.A.; or, "T. G.," TABLET Office.

ST. PATRICK'S COLLEGE, WELLINGTON.

(Very Rev. Father Le Menant des Chesnais' collection.)

WAIPAWA.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Rev Father Ahern	25	0	0	Mr Robert Hall	2	0	0
Mr S. M. Grevy and family	25	0	0	" John O'Hagan	2	0	0
Mrs Isabella Lawrence	5	5	0	" James Bennett	2	0	0
F. O'B. Loughnan, Esq.	5	0	0	" D. Ryan	2	0	0
Mr P. Maroney	5	0	0	" Anthony Cullinane	2	0	0
" H. Thompson	5	0	0	" M. Flynn	2	2	0
" D. Maroney	5	0	0	Miss Kate Talty	1	1	0
" T. Hegarty	3	0	0	Mr H. M. Percy	1	1	0
Doctor Mirbach	3	0	0	" M. Lyons	1	0	0
Mr F. Kelly	3	0	0	Miss Boyle	1	0	0
" James Rogers	3	0	0	Mrs Hopkins	1	0	0
" John Sullivan	2	0	0	" M. Greevy	1	0	0
Miss Kate Molloy	2	0	0	Miss A. Burns	1	0	0
Mr. A. Scrimageour	2	0	0	" M. Waldron	1	0	0
Miss M. Luckley	1	0	0	" S. O'Donnell	1	0	0
" M. O'Donnell	1	0	0	Mr P. Shaw	1	0	0
Mrs B. O'Grady	1	0	0	" John Curtis	1	0	0
" E. Carter	1	0	0	" John Kent	1	0	0
Mr F. Harman	1	0	0	" John Moloney	1	0	0
" W. Walls	1	0	0	" Nicholson	1	0	0
" John Garzinski	1	0	0	" Philip Aylward	1	0	0
" D. Kelleher	1	0	0	Miss E. Headly	1	0	0
" L. O'Sullivan	1	0	0	Mr John Murray	1	0	0
" W. Lyons	1	0	0	" John FitzGerald	1	0	0
" J. Cor	1	0	0	Mrs Joanna FitzGerald	1	0	0
" E. O'Halloran	1	0	0	Mr J. Cronin	1	0	0
" F. Shunly	1	0	0	" B. Boyle	0	10	0
" C. O'Donoghue	1	0	0	Mrs Boyle	0	10	0
" T. Walsh	1	0	0	Miss Lizzie O'Sullivan	0	10	0
" J. Quinn	1	0	0	Mrs Mary O'Paka (Maori)	0	5	0
" P. Cosgrove	1	0	0	Mr P. Kelly	0	5	0
" J. Anglin	1	0	0	" J. N. Bowerman,			
" M. Cosgrove	1	0	0	" Napier		2	0
" S. Slattery	1	0	0	" W. Villers, Petane		2	2
" F. McSherry	1	0	0	Miss E. Sullivan,			
" W. Shaw	1	0	0	" Hastings		1	0
Mrs Anderson	1	0	0	" Mena Douglass,			
Mr. G. Sinden	1	0	0	" Hastings		1	0

CATHEDRAL FUND.

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

School Children (Convent)	£	s.	d.
Mr. McGuire	3	0	0
	5	0	0

WEEKLY SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Per Rev. P. Lynch	£	s.	d.	Per Mr. Hamilton	£	s.	d.
" Mr. W. Hall	11	16	0		0	6	0
	1	8	0				

† P. MORAN.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

AGNES.—The Society is established both in Melbourne and Sydney. There is an hospital of St. Vincent de Paul in Sydney, attended, as usual, by the Sisters.

DEATH.

BARRETT.—On the 8th inst., at Christchurch, Hanora, beloved wife of John Barrett; aged 42.—*R.I.P.*

The New Zealand Tablet.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 15, 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 NEW MINISTRY.



O the country has got a new Ministry—the **STOUT** Ministry. How long will it last? This is the question which everyone is asking; and the enquiry indicates the estimation in which it is held by the public. Justice demands, however, that it be not condemned without a trial. True, the antecedents of its members are not reassuring, but there is no knowing what modifications of opinion and retractions may not have taken place. It is certain these must have been considerable, else the present Cabinet could never have existed. The Premier, for the sake of office, must have recanted a good many of his fads, even those which helped to win him his popularity among the masses. For example, that fad about the nationalisation of the land is held in unutterable contempt by his chief colleague and others in the Cabinet; so it is also with regard to that other fad, the unearned increment. Then neither **SIR JULIUS VOGEL**, nor **MR. MACANDREW** believes in the leasing instead of the selling of the land, to which **MR. STOUT** has been so devoted, and which he so loudly lauded whilst on the stump. In fact, it is hard to say what the Premier has not abjured for the good of **MR. STOUT**, if not for the good of the country. And it is much easier to discern in what the various members of the Ministry disagree than in what they agree. It is a combination of reactionary Conservatives, rabid Radicals, and godless Secularists. So far as can be ascertained at present, there is only one subject on which its members are thoroughly agreed, and that is the education question. Not one of them will touch the present godless system. They will not admit the Bible into public schools, they will not diminish the expense. The Premier thinks this a mere bagatelle. They are determined to continue the exclusion of the pupils of Catholic schools from all participation in scholarships, to the maintenance of which their parents are compelled to contribute, and from all share in the £500,000 annually voted for education. No matter in what else they disagree, they are unanimous in this determination. Unless, indeed, *per miraculum*, they have all changed since they arrived in Wellington. To be sure, **SIR JULIUS VOGEL** thinks the expense of education too great, but then he stands alone; and when the cunning ways of the Premier are borne in mind, it is safe to conclude that **SIR JULIUS** must have abandoned his economical views as to this point. It is idle to speculate on the policy of the Ministry as regards other questions; there are not sufficient grounds for forming any opinion at present, and at all events it is not likely to live long. It labours under inherent elements of a speedy demise. We can hardly say we are sorry for this. For, in our recollection, there has never been a Ministry so hostile to justice to Catholic schools, and to Christian education, which is, after all, of more importance than all other questions put together. Other questions may be postponed for a season without very much inconvenience or injury; or a mistake in reference to them would not prove fatal. Not so, however, as regards Christian education. One generation of children reared in godlessness would be an irreparable calamity.

We here beg to reiterate the advice we ventured to give a few weeks ago in reference to the registration of Catholic voters, and which will be in the recollection of our readers. This is a subject which should be attended to at once, without delay. The time may come sooner than some expect when it will be in the power of Catholics to inflict punishment on certain people who are very busy earning it.

And to this advice we ask permission to add another—an advice which a letter from a **MR. O'CONNOR**, published in another column, renders very necessary. From this letter it is apparent that, through some subtle influence, a few Catholics have persuaded themselves that the education is not the first and most important question for them. But this is an idea that must be combatted. By the way, **MR. O'CONNOR**'s letter is a curious production, and a study in its way. Amongst other things he says there is no money to help our schools even though the Legislature were willing to do so. This is truly comical. If all Catholic schools were closed to-morrow, four pounds per head would be found for the 8,000 Catholic children who would then be compelled to attend godless schools. **MR. O'CONNOR**'s statement, then, is somewhat silly.

His Lordship the Bishop leaves Dunedin to-morrow in order to be present on Sunday at the opening of the enlarged church at Invercargill. His Lordship afterwards proceeds to Queenstown, and will be absent from Dunedin for about a fortnight.

OWING to an accident we are obliged to hold over to next week the continuation of the lists in connection with the Venerable Archdeacon Coleman's collection for the Dunedin Cathedral Building Fund.

AT a meeting of the Bible-in-schools Association, held in Dunedin on Wednesday, the tenor of the argument was that unless the schools were made denominational generally by the introduction of the Bible, the members of the Association would agitate to have them made denominational in particular. The regard for justice shown by such a threat was very characteristic of the assembly; and more especially of **MR. A. C. BEGG**, by whom the threat was made in as many words. Give our pietists all they want themselves, and all their weight will be thrown into the balance of oppression against those who are not of one mind with them.

THE usual fortnightly meeting of the Dunedin Catholic Literary Society took place on Friday last. The Rev. President occupied the chair. **MR. DRUMM** gave a short paper; and **MR. HARRIS** one on "Punctuality," which were both favourably criticised. The Rev. President gave a first instalment of what he intends to be a series of papers on "Toleration"; it was highly instructive and interesting, a hearty vote of thanks being accorded. Messrs. Dunne, Dean, E. Dunne, Power, Hayes, Harris, Sullivan and Carolin will give short essays at next meeting.

HERE is an astonishing piece of information given to us, and quite a new revelation made concerning the nature of lovely woman, by **MRS. ELIZABETH GARRETT ANDERSON**, who writes to the *London Times* concerning "woman franchise":—"The second mistake is to suppose that all women will vote one way. They will surely differ among themselves as men do." Will they not, then, excel men in their differences also? But the union that binds the sex together in sisterly affection is proverbial, and experience has made us all acquainted with it.

AT a meeting of creditors held at the office of the Official Assignee in Dunedin a day or two ago, one of the parties present showed himself very lively—amongst the rest asserting his belief that his "claim would be paid at the Resurrection." But supposing an angel, of one kind or another, to meet him there with the cash, the question arises as to how it might be expended. Will there, for example, be an opportunity for laying it out on victuals—very much overdone?

WE read an article the other day in our contemporary the *Wellington Post*, which, at first, we thought was meant seriously to take the policy recommended by the *TABLET* to task; we, however, changed our minds when we came to the passage in which **MR. J. L. TOLE** is set forth as a representative of the Catholic Church. The joke of exhibiting in such a character the *âme damnée* of the Auckland Orangemen was quite apparent, and did away with the traditional necessity of writing the word "sarkasm" to show that our contemporary did but mean to jest.

A CORRESPONDENT of one of our daily contemporaries gives the following question as having been put at a recent examination by the Government Inspector to a class of children of six and seven years of age. "What is the power of the letter T?" As a pedantic curiosity this is unrivalled, and deserves to be preserved for a chief place among the lists of queer questions that now go the rounds of the Press. We evidently have an inspector in Otago whom it would be hard to beat, or, perhaps, even to match.

A FUSS is being made in Scotland and echoed among ourselves on the descent of one Dr. Browne, a Catholic priest, among the ranks of the Presbyterian clergy—of some sort or another, though we cannot particularise it. It would be just as well, however, for the sake of their own reputation for understanding and information, if the particular sect of Presbyterians in question were to refrain from publishing the reasons given to them by Dr. Browne for his change. Were they, for instance, in any degree instructed concerning Catholic matters, they would know that no priest could take offence at the Monaco case, since he must always have been well aware that the Pope had the power of deciding as to whether, in any given case, the conditions necessary to constitute a valid marriage had been fulfilled, or whether, those conditions not having been fulfilled, the marriage was null—as the Monaco marriage was declared to be, because Lady Mary Hamilton had resolutely withheld her consent to its performance, and had been forced to go through a vain form. There was no divorce, properly so called, since there had been no marriage, and no contradiction of infallibility, as Dr. Browne, supposing him to retain his senses, must know perfectly well. As to the rest of the apology, it is cobbled up in a most ludicrous manner from anti-Popery tracts. It may, however, be consistent with the cunning of a lunatic, and, for the sake of Dr. Browne's honesty, let us hope it is so. No excuse, meantime, can be offered for the gross ignorance and credulity shown by the Presbyterian ministers.

THE question of the payment of members formed a chief feature of the National League Convention held at Wexford on June 25. The *Nation* gives us the following particulars:—One of the resolutions submitted to the meeting pledged those present to the principle of recompensing the representatives of the county and of the boroughs included in it; and, as a means towards carrying out this resolution practically, it was proposed that an assessment of 2d, in the £ should be made and collected every October. Father Doyle, C.C., of Duncannon, in proposing these resolutions, stated that the valuation of the county was about £370,000, but he calculated that only one-half of that could be assessed, as the tax would, of course, be an entirely voluntary one. Such an assessment, he believed, would produce at the very lowest £1,200 per annum, which would mean £300 a year for each of their four members. A long and intelligent discussion arose, and ultimately the suggestion in the original resolution was carried enthusiastically. In the course of the proceedings the reverend chairman stated that Wexford began to pay its members so long ago as 1852, when the people paid the sheriff's fees for Patrick MacMahon.

MATTERS in Scotland seem still to be making fair progress. What would be thought if the following two resolutions, passed at Glendale the other day by the Highland Land-Law Reform Association, were published in connection with a meeting held in Ireland? 1. "That the president of this association, who was such an excellent disciplinarian in keeping members within the limits of the law, being now away from home, we do not feel his restraint in keeping from getting *by force* what was recommended to be passed into law as immediately necessary for our benefit by a royal commission, which is the direct representative of Government, if the legislators do not pass these recommendations into immediate law." 2. "That the young men of Skye and the Highlands generally, should amalgamate for the purpose of breaking up tack lands into goodly sized crofts *by force* if they did not get the desired legislation in land reform."

A FRIEND has forwarded to us a number of the *Hawke's Bay Herald* containing a letter on education from a writer who signs himself David Sidey—the Rev. David Sidey, a Presbyterian minister, if we are not mistaken. We do not see, however, that there is much which we need say concerning this letter. It is evidently the production of a long-winded, prosy man—a bigot to boot—and, it would seem, of very imperfect education himself, although he speaks so confidently on the subject with regard to other people;—who makes confident statements which are completely false—such, for instance, as that the "universal voice of history," whatever that may be, and wherever Mr. Sidey may have heard it, teaches that those whom he calls "sacerdotalists" give the poorest education possible, an assertion wholly false and at variance with the teaching of history;—such also as that Prussia had tried a purely secular system; since the primary schools there have always been denominational. Mr. Sidey's argument, moreover, so far as it is possible to discover any argument beneath the obscurity of the writer's prose, seems to be that of the persecutor and oppressor, who advocates the closing of schools, in which religious teaching that he condemns is given,—an argument that cannot, as yet at least, be urged by any responsible person in accordance with the toleration established by the laws of the empire. We do not see that this letter, then, is of any importance whatever to us. We do not know whether it is calculated to produce any effect upon the public mind. A Scotch philosopher has told us that the British public consists of people who are mostly fools, and, if it be so, no doubt they, or any portion of them, can be influenced by such productions as only fools could find suited to their mental status.

OUR contemporary the *Dunedin Evening Herald* is very properly disgusted at the indecent and blasphemous language which, as he says, is commonly to be heard from the mouths even of little children.—Our contemporary says, moreover, "We suppose it is competent to schoolmasters, even under the present secular system, to teach children the impropriety and indecency, if not impiety, of such a manner of speech."—And, no doubt, something might be done in our secular schools to check obscene language—but, as for blasphemy, how shall its prevention be taken in hand there? Do not the very wit and wisdom of some of those who are the chief upholders of secular schools depend, in a great part, on their power of blasphemy.—We are sure that, it is so, in the case, for example, of the famous Colonel Robert Ingersoll—amongst whose most admired productions we have read choice passages, all whose force consisted in the outrage they offered to the feelings of the Christian. And had we not here the other day, under the patronage of our present Premier, a lecturer in whose praise it was reported that his style was framed on that of Colonel Ingersoll? Shall blasphemy, then, be protected on the platform by the highest patrons of the secular schools, but checked in the schools by the teachers, their servants and dependents? And if, indeed, there be no God, and no devil, as the secular schools would seem to signify, and as certainly some of their patrons most undisguisedly proclaim, how shall there be such a thing as blasphemy at all? Let it pass for mere unmeaning exclamation as fit for the expression of excitement as anything else. Where religion does not exist it is mere harmless babble in the mouths of babes and sucklings.

"PARNELL denounced by Davitt"—So runs the heading of a paragraph published by several of our contemporaries containing a telegram to the *New York Sun* and giving a sensational summary of an exposure supposed to have been of the Migration Company and its founder,—Mr. Parnell. Unfortunately, however, for those who wish evil to the Irish cause, the whole thing is a sham resting on the slenderest foundation possible, that Michael Davitt had expressed an opinion that too high a price had been offered for the land near Tuam bidden for by the company. On the day before the telegram was sent to the *Sun*, or pretended to be sent to it, as it seems most probable, Michael Davitt acting in company with Mr. Sexton at the Leitrim convention had drawn up among others a resolution containing the following words—"that we declare our unqualified confidence in the leadership of Mr. Parnell."—Our contemporaries, then, may thank the *New York Sun* for providing them with a mare's nest. They will, nevertheless, we have no doubt, be very sensible of their debt to a newspaper that has furnished them with the means of calumniating Mr. Parnell, and generally doing a little more to blacken the Irish cause. We shall not find them contradicting the falsehood they have published.

A PRESENTATION of a purse containing 175 sovereigns was made on Wednesday to Mr. Thomas Bracken, who is about to leave Dunedin, as a testimony to the high place which he has long occupied in the estimation of his fellow-citizens. It is a matter of much regret to us all that Mr. Bracken should have made up his mind to remove from our neighbourhood where his talents and genial and obliging disposition have done so much for the benefit of those among whom he lived.—As a journalist, he had long since attained to distinction; his parliamentary career was creditable, and its termination was caused rather through accident than anything else; his relations with his fellow-townsmen have been at all times of the most friendly nature, and in all respects he has deserved and gained the good opinion of the community in general, made up though it be of various elements. Under such circumstances, it is needless to add, he carries with him the good wishes of us all and our best aspirations for his success and happiness in the new sphere chosen by him.—As well as the presentation made on this occasion by the general body of our citizens, the Oddfellows presented Mr. Bracken with a handsome diamond locket, and the New Zealand Engine-drivers and Fireman's Association with an address accompanied by a pair of diamond earrings and a brooch for Mrs. Bracken.

The *Auckland Star*, we see, has also made a joke or two on the *Tablet's* policy. Our contemporary says, in conclusion, that, "fortunately for the community at large, the people are a good deal wiser than their would-be leaders." What! wiser even than those anonymous wiseacres who aspire to lead them through the profound and brilliant columns of the daily Press? Surely not.

DOES the fact that special police protection has been removed in Ireland mean that the country has now been sufficiently cowed, or that the soldiers taking the place of the police so employed may be required for the Sudan? There is decidedly a doubt in the case which it would be interesting to have solved.

FOR the especial instruction of the Rev. David Sidey of Napier we give the following extracts from a letter of the Archbishop of Gnesen and Posen, read in evidence before the Royal Commission of Inquiry into Primary Education in Ireland, held in February, 1869:—"The mixed system has never been applied in Prussia to elementary schools. These have been, and are at the present day, purely denomi-

national." "From what I have said, you will understand that our elementary schools, if Catholic, have Catholic books and Catholic teachers; if Protestant, their books and teachers are Protestant." The following extract from a speech made by Mr. Gregory in the House of Commons on May 15, 1866, was also read. "Some of the normal colleges are for Protestants, some for Roman Catholics; but while all are under civil surveillance so far as testing proficiency goes, the heads are generally ecclesiastic, it having been admitted that these institutions should have a religious character. The result of this system is this—an admirable education pervading the whole community, only two out of every 100 not being able to read, write, and cipher, and a thorough and cordial acceptance of it by every religious denomination." Before the Rev. David Sidey, then, writes his promised letter on secondary education, it might be as well for him to learn a few facts by means of which to qualify his fancies. They certainly need some kind of an improvement.

THE VICEROY IN THE NORTH.

(Dublin Freeman, June 28.)

THE Viceregal visit to Belfast terminated on Friday with the ceremony of knighting the Mayor. Sir David Taylor's fellow-townsmen will readily join in congratulating him upon the well-merited dignity. He is personally very popular, and both as a merchant and a magistrate has won a high place in the Northern capital. It is no fault of Sir David's that he is the head and guide of a Corporate body which embodies and perpetuates that purely sectarian spirit which is the bane of social health in Belfast and the Northern province. As Mayor of Belfast, Sir David Taylor presides over the deliberations of a Town Council whose sign might reflect the old Bandon inscription—

"Turk, Jew, or Atheist

May enter here, but not a Papist."

We hear a good deal of the rapid strides of civilisation in Belfast, but in the resolute combination of the party with which Sir David Taylor is allied to exclude from the Council Chamber a single representative of the seventy or eighty thousand Catholics of Belfast there is a striking evidence of the tenacity with which the dominant party clings to the mere narrow-mindedness and bigotry of unenlightened primitive states. It is hardly Sir David Taylor's fault that he is the official figure-head of the exclusive faction, but it is difficult to allude to the head without taking cognisance of the body. Earl Spencer on Friday utilised very fully the few hours of the forenoon which he had in Belfast. Several addresses were presented to him at Ormiston, to which he made brief replies, and, accompanied by the Countess, he spent some time in the showyard of the North East Agricultural Society. It was observed that the Viceregal party were better received than on the previous day, and that the display of flags and street decorations was much more general. This is possibly due to the "Rule Britannia" spirit of the speech which his Excellency delivered at the banquet on Wednesday night, and to his civil, if cold, acknowledgment of the written rhapsodies of Lord Arthur Hill and Mr. Cashier Cobain on Thursday. On the whole, as far as we can see, the Lord Lieutenant has no reason to be dissatisfied with his trip to the North. It is to his credit that he was not deterred from the visit by the windbags of Sandy-row, and the sequel has shown him how inflated and utterly contemptible they are. The lesson is a useful one for future guidance. Although the addresses presented to His Excellency yesterday were from purely religious bodies, it will be noticed that their language for the most part was not of the mildest and most subdued character. The Rev. Mr. Kaue himself could scarcely command a more offensive vocabulary than that of the rev. gentleman who read the felicitations of the Presbyterian College and of the Belfast Presbytery. Earl Spencer may not have meant to utter a gentle hint at the peculiar style in which Northern religious bodies express their admiration for law and order, but his allusion in his addresses to "immoderate language" as a thing to be avoided might be so construed. Before taking his departure Earl Spencer expressed to the Mayor the sincere satisfaction and pleasure which the Viceregal party had derived from the visit.

The recent death of the Rev. Father Ratisbonne has created a new interest in his extraordinary conversion, and probably a great many people have been hearing of it now for the first time. By mistake the name Theodore was printed for Alphonse Marie in announcing the event in the *Ave Maria*; but our readers were aware that Father Theodore had already been dead some months. These two brothers, both of whom had become apostles after abjuring Judaism, were united in such close friendship that it seems as if death itself could not keep them long apart. Father Theodore was the founder of the Congregation of the Sisters of Our Lady of Zion, and of the Arch-confraternity of Christian Mothers. Father Alphonse, who co-operated in the works of his brother, directed the Community of Religious of Zion, established in that city. His sudden and miraculous conversion took place, as we stated, in Rome, at the beginning of the year 1842. At that time he thought of Christianity only to reject it with contempt, mingled with hatred. One day, as he was waiting in the Church of S. Andrea delle Frate for his friend the Baron de Bussière, who had gone into the sacristy to make arrangements for a funeral, he felt impelled to enter the Chapel of St. Michael the Archangel, where a wonderful grace awaited him. The Blessed Virgin appeared to him, surrounded by such brightness and glory that he fell upon his knees, being as it were crushed by an irresistible hand, whilst at the same time his soul was so fully enlightened that he "understood all." This conversion made such a stir that the Holy See thought proper to take notice of it, and ordered the event to be canonically examined. After a conscientious investigation, Cardinal Patrizi, June 3, 1842, declared that there was full evidence of "a true and great miracle wrought by God, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin."—*Ave Maria*.

Correspondence.

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

A MATTER OF OPINION.

TO THE EDITOR N.Z. TABLET.

SIR,—You say the education question is the most important. This I deny. Let us first tax the land, and then, when there is an overflowing national treasury, it may be easy to get money grants to our schools. If grants were a fact to-morrow, where would the money come from? Catholics should think of this, and first, as Sir George Grey says, make sure of the unearned increment. It is foolishness to make the education question the alpha and the omega of a Catholic. Let us fight for justice for all, and in that will we get our own reward.—I am, etc.,

ARTHUR O'CONNOR.

Christchurch, August 8, 1884.

[Nevertheless, the education question is the alpha and omega for Catholics. There is, however, a "Catholic" here and there who casts in his lot with the ruck whose alpha and omega, for this world and the next, is, as Carlyle says, the "attainability of hog-wash."—We wish such a "Catholic" joy of his pursuit, and bid him welcome to his opinions.—ED. N.Z. TABLET.]

CHILD-SLAVERY IN NEW YORK CITY.

(From John Swinton's Paper.)

IN close proximity to the St. John's Park Depot, where long lines of freight cars or loaded trucks are constantly in motion—in a street leading down to the Hudson River, and where numberless families live in three and four-story houses—there is a six-storey brick building, with windows which would do credit to a prison or fortress, but are too small for any building in which human beings are supposed to need light and air. Between the windows, and running around the front and one side of the building, is painted: "Manufacturers of the Peerless Tin Tank, Japanned Tin Ware. Ginna and Co." The whirr and buzz and hum of machinery came through the open windows this bright May day, but no human being was visible.

I had often heard that boys were engaged in this slaughter-house on dangerous work, and thought I might be able to see for myself. The front door was shut, and as I entered I heard a bell ring somewhere inside.

No getting beyond the entrance here. A strong wooden fence surrounded three sides of the inclosure, and on the other was a door leading into an office.

Hanging up alongside of this door was a framed and glazed copy of "Rules and regulations to be observed by the employees." No one putting in an appearance, I coned these rules, and discovered that every one had to be inside the building when the whistle blew at 7 a.m.; that a half-hour's grace would be allowed at 12 o'clock, and that at 12.30 the whistle would again blow, when every one must be on hand, and that 5.30 was closing time; also that any one not on hand on Monday morning or the day after a holiday would forfeit his situation; and also that no one was permitted to leave the building during working hours without permission from the superintendent.

While reading this interesting document a billious-looking man of about thirty-five came out, and to him I expressed my desire to visit the factory.

"We do not allow visitors," said he. "It is against our rules."

"Why?" I asked.

"We don't want anyone to know our business."

"Did you ever have a Health Inspector around here?"

"Never did."

"Now, I am engaged in obtaining statistics on child labour in this city, and for that purpose insist on going through the factory." With that I produced my authority.

"I don't care. You can't go through without a warrant. I don't care what you are, you can't go through."

"You are the—?"

"Superintendent."

Accosting a puny, pale lad of about fifteen, who was standing outside, I asked him if he worked in this slave-pen.

"I don't now. I left there to-day. I was in the soldering room.

But there are little bits of fellows on the machines. Wait a little and you'll see them. They only make about two and a half a week and sometimes they're fined nearly all their wages. They have to pay for everything they spoil, and sometimes they don't have much to draw on Monday. Accidents? Yes, plenty of them. Sometimes a boy gets his thumb or finger taken off; sometimes his arm smashed. Oh, they have to be careful, you bet. They're always waiting boys, but they don't stay long."

Just then the whistle announced quitting-time, and men, boys, and girls came trooping out—the youngsters in greater proportion. Some of them did not seem to be twelve years of age—ragged, most of them. One of them without shoes or stockings. Poor little chaps! many of them not yet in their teens, whose lives seemed to be cast in the hardest of places. The wear and tear of life had begun early with them, and it did not seem strange to me that they were dwarfed in body. As they came out they were opening their envelopes and counting the proceeds of their sixty hours' work. The faces were a study for an artist, dissatisfaction and disappointment prevailed. A bond of sympathy existed between the little fellows as they compared notes; and as they moved slowly away, I felt a curse rising in my heart on a system which doomed little children to such a life.

Commercial.

MESSESS. DONALD REID AND CO. report for week ending August 13:—
 Fat Cattle.—We yarded 79 head, and sold them for Messrs. W. Kirkland (Elm Grove), W. Thompson (Blacks), J. Oughton (Jane-field), A. Dalziel (Half-way Bush), H. Gibson, and D. McDonald, at, for bullocks, £2 17s 6d to £8 10s; cows, £3 7s 6d to £7 5s. We quote beef 17s 6d to 20s per 100lb.

Fat Calves.—Eleven in. These sold at 17s to 24s.

Fat Sheep.—Several lines were taken for freezing, causing a rise of 1s to 1s 6d a head on best pens. We sold drafts for Mr. Donald Cameron (Mataura), to 18s; for Mr. Robert Gibson (Keinton), at 16s 9d to 17s. We quote mutton 3½d.

Grain.—Oats: During the last few days a brisk demand has sprung up for shipment, all sorts having been largely dealt in. Good lines of heavy feed have been sold at 1s 11d to 2s 1d, and at our auction sale on Monday stout milling and any lots suitable for seed were sold at 2s 1½d to 2s 3d; inferior brought 1s 6d to 1s 10½d. Our week's sales are 25,564 bushels.

Potatoes.—Sound Derwents are in small supply, and saleable at 50s to 60s per ton, according to condition. Kidneys and other white potatoes are unsaleable, except for pig-feeding, at 20s to 30s per ton. Our week's sales are—100 tons at country stations, at 42s 6d (f.o.r.); 50 tons, delivered in town, 52s 6d to 60s; 24 tons kidney and white at 25s to 32s 6d per ton.

PRODUCE MARKET.—AUGUST 14.

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

MESSESS. MERCER BROS., Princes street, report:—Fresh butter (in ½lb. and 1lb. prints), best quality, 1s 1d per lb.; ordinary butter, 11d per lb.; eggs, 1s 4d; roll bacon, 8d per lb.; good salt butter, in kegs, 8d per lb.; cheese, 4d per lb.

OLD MEXICO AS SEEN BY A NEW ENGLAND REPORTER.

WE have always insisted that the Mexicans have been outrageously misrepresented by ignorant, prejudiced, and unscrupulous writers, who have gone from the States with interested motives, and judged the people by the light of a false civilisation. Spite of all the unpropitious influences that have been in operation in that country for so many years, the influence of their Catholic civilisation is still felt among them, especially among the mass of the people, and the contrast between that and the Protestant civilisation of their more powerful Northern neighbours, with all their assumed superiority, it must be confessed, is decidedly in their favour.

We have been much pleased and interested in reading the letters of the correspondent of the Boston Herald, "F. R. G.," who accompanied the late expedition of the directors of the Mexican Central Railroad and their guests, during their delightful visit to the Aztec capital. The descriptions of scenery and of the mansions and customs of the people, by this writer, are graphic and interesting, and they bear the evidence of verisimilitude on their very face. He has, evidently, no special point to make, no prejudice to gratify, no covert design to accomplish. He simply describes things as he finds them, and we must confess that the picture he draws of the state of society in Mexico is not by any means an unpleasing one.

In reference to the police, he writes:—"The excellent police service of Mexico was much commended by the American visitors. The city is better policed than Boston. It is as safe by night as by day. . . . The police courts are honestly and impartially administered. Justice is dealt out promptly here, and the way of the violator of public order is hard, and his fate certain." Can the same be honestly said of the police of our Northern cities generally? In nothing is the contrast between the Catholic and Protestant civilisation more striking than in the matter of politeness and courtesy. "Mexican crowds," the Herald correspondent says, "afford a curiously interesting study for an American visitor. The first thing that strikes one is the absence of jostling, the regard for the rights of everyone by everyone. There is no loud or boisterous talk, no elbowing of the weak and poor by the rich and strong. Women may walk the most densely-crowded streets of this city with greater certainty of immunity from insult than is the case in Boston or New York. The rowdy, the rude 'masher,' the jeering loafer, are not seen. A deferential courtsey, such as characterises the populace of some of our extreme Southern cities, is the rule here. The commonest peons lift their hats to one another. The tone of voice is universally low, and you do not hear the nasal falsetto of our great Northern cities. Whatever infirmities of temper or character the Mexican people may possess, their street manners are a model for us."

Another very important characteristic of this misunderstood and misrepresented people is that of trustfulness, honesty. "It is commonly asserted," writes our correspondent, "that the lower classes of the Mexican people are not honest, that they will commit theft at every opportunity. But the Americans long resident here say that they find their peon servants faithful to their trust, and in my short stay here I have had returned to me by the servants in the house where we stopped, small sums of money and articles left carelessly on bureaus or dropped on the floor. That the peon of the street is

likely to walk off with any stray article which may come in his way, is true, but then remember that these poor people labour under extraordinary temptations. They are bitterly poor, and the smallest trifle looks large to men and women who subsist on ten cents a day. With a rise in wages and improved manner of living and general education, honesty will become the rule." The people will be as the children are educated. "The child is father of the man." The old Catholic civilisation understood this well, and acted accordingly, and the Mexicans have evidently inherited the good old customs of their Catholic ancestors. We commend the following extract from our correspondent's letter to the thoughtful consideration of the authorities of all our schools, public and private:—

"The good manners of the school children of Mexico merit deserved commendation. 'Urbanity' is a school study as much as arithmetic or spelling. There is a regular school-book which treats of such topics as respect to one's elders and superiors, the etiquette of the home and the street. Thus carefully trained at an age when discipline is most required, the Mexican youth grows up with good manners and courteous habits. I was much pleased with the exquisite manners of the smallest children in the primary schools of Guanajuato, where youngsters of four and five received foreign visitors, clad in a garb which, to them, must have appeared quite outlandish, without a murmur of laughter, and with all the aplomb of cosmopolites. Children in Mexico are kept in wholesome subjection to their elders. The universal spoiled child of the States, who makes life miserable for everyone, is quite unknown here. Corporal punishment is the rule here, but parental discipline is tempered by that kindly familiarity with the children of the household which seems to be a universal characteristic of Latin nations. It is seldom that one hears a child crying on the streets here. I have been interested in the street play among peon children, and the absence of rudeness, the kindness of the older children to the younger ones, struck me forcibly."—*Catholic Review*.

"THE GREAT CATHOLIC ACTRESS."

"THE appearance of the great Catholic actress, Miss Anderson, at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, has caused a rush for seats never equalled in the history of that popular resort. The superiority of her acting certainly justifies the eagerness shown to secure tickets for the performance."—*Liverpool Catholic Times*.

Miss Anderson is one of those remarkable actresses who are an honour to the stage. No breadth of scowl has ever touched her name. And even those despicable specimens of the genus "dude," who lounge round theatre doors and talk of actresses by their Christian names, have been obliged to omit her name from their lying chronicles, because a scandalous lie about her character would be too preposterous.

But why is Miss Anderson a "great Catholic actress"? She is a Catholic, and we are reliably informed that she is strict in her attention to her duties as a Catholic. This does not make her a Catholic actress any more than it made Mrs. May Agnes Fleming, who used to write the thrilling novels in the New York Weekly, a great Catholic novelist.

Miss Anderson plays Parthenia, Galatea, and Juliet with much dramatic ability, and she will very probably assume the mantle of Charlotte Cushman with credit, if she continues to progress and to study. Parthenia, Galatea and Juliet are not particularly Catholic characters. "The Daughter of Roland," in which drama she appears as Bertha, was, we believe, once approved of by a French Bishop. Because she plays in that, are we to consider her a "Catholic actress"? If a "great Protestant actress" were to be advertised, we should think it rather silly. To be sure, Protestantism has always turned its face against art of any kind, and to connect Protestantism with art, poetry, or music, would be to talk of incompatibilities. But because a Catholic takes the part of Rosalind in "As You Like It," or Ophelia in "Hamlet," why should this be called Catholic acting and the actress a "Catholic actress"?

It is creditable to Miss Anderson that she has kept her name unstained among the temptations of the most dangerous profession in which any woman can engage. The union of practical piety and devotion to the theatre in this young actress is admirable. It is like an instance of one who touches pitch without becoming defiled; still there is no reason why she should be called a "Catholic actress."

The "eminent Catholic engineer," "the well-known Catholic grocer," "the talented Catholic plumber," which we see occasionally in certain local prints, have just as much warrant as "the great Catholic actress." The railroads of the engineer, the gas-pipes of the plumber, the tea and coffee of the grocer, are as Catholic as Miss Anderson's acting. Miss Anderson on the stage is as modest as theatrical traditions and the dramas in which she plays will let her be; and this modesty is preserved by the safeguards of her religion. If she acted as well as Sara Bernhardt, who is a great actress, although she is a reproach to any religion she may profess, it is hard to understand why the Church should receive honour from the fact. If she inaugurated a school of acting in which the subjects presented should be entirely Christian, with the intention of glorifying the Church, and showing the grandeur of Faith, then we might with propriety call her a "great Catholic actress." As it is, how is she more Catholic as an actress, say of the part of Parthenia, in "Ingomar," than a dozen others that have tried it? Or how more Catholic in Juliet than Madame Modjeska, who is not claimed as "a great Catholic actress," although she is a Catholic? This dragging of the title Catholic into everything is the attempt of people, who are afraid the Church can not stand alone, to prop it up by means of every celebrity who happens to be a Catholic.—*N. Y. Freeman*.

The Emperor of China recently authorised the destruction of 4,000,000 dollars' worth of opium, and emphatically refuses to accept any revenue from the odious traffic.—*N. Y. Australasian*.

MR. JOHN O'LEARY ON IRISH POLITICS.

SERGEANT MOLLY PITCHER.

MR. HUGH MURPHY sends the following letter to the *Nation* :—
Paris, June 4, 1884.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter announcing my election as president of the Glasgow Young Ireland Society has been prevented by some mishap from reaching me before now. I am sorry for this, for I fear my silence must have seemed to at least some of you to savour of discourtesy, which is, I hope, altogether foreign to my nature.

It would certainly be an ill return for the compliment you have paid me. I grant I am willing to accept the position of president of your Society, it being, of course, understood—as from the nature of things it must, I suppose, necessarily be—that the office is, and, indeed, must remain, an honorary one. I shall, however, as soon after my return to Ireland in the beginning of next year as I possibly can, make it my business to visit Glasgow, and offer a few words of thanks, or probably more of counsel, to my young Ireland friends.

In the meantime, though I am in little mood for writing just now, and more or less disinclined to express any very definite opinions on the present state of public affairs, I still feel as if I owed it to you to say something.

You are right in thinking that my political opinions have undergone little, if any change since '48, and I think they are little likely to suffer any material modification while God grants me the full possession of my faculties.

Now, as then, I have little faith in Parliamentary action (which does not, however, involve want of faith in all public action), and still less in Parliamentary men. Now, as then, I am for the straight course at all times, and for the strong course whenever possible.

Of course you do not need to be told how much I deplore and detest the new and horrible dynamite and invincible delusions that have seized upon some few of our countrymen everywhere, and, unhappily, upon a good many of them in America. I should almost begin to despair of our future if I did not believe that this was a mere passing craze—the Irish form of that Nihilistic movement which, in some shape or other, seems spreading everywhere at present. "*Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis tempus egit.*"

It is by far other men and far other means Ireland must be served if she means to be free, or ever to take any forward steps on the road to freedom. As to what these measures should exactly be, and what men or classes of men are destined to carry them out, these are questions I cannot enter into with any fulness now.

One measure, however, is always urgent, and never more urgent than now, no matter what dishonest or ignorant spouters may constantly tell you to the contrary. "Educate that you may be free," said Gavan Duffy long ago, and no man living has done so much to help us to educate ourselves as the very author of the maxim himself. I hope I have in my time done a little in that way too; but, alas! how much of that sort of education that tends to make a nation free—as, indeed, of any sort of education—we still need, the most cursory perusal of Irish or Irish-American papers but too clearly shows. In fine, to put the thing in a nutshell, to *do more* we must turn more.

To turn from measures to men, we must learn to be tolerant of all sorts and conditions of men. Our sole standard should be whether a man means honestly to serve Ireland. As to whether a man thinks wisely for Ireland, it is generally only the few can know, and, mostly, time alone can with any certainty tell; and we, none of us, can be so certain of our own wisdom as to be entitled to condemn a man simply because he differs from us. But I cannot do better than end this letter, as I end my letters, by giving you the words of the man who has taught us all sorts of high and noble lessons, too easily forgotten by some of us, and probably never learned at all by others :—

We hate the Saxon and the Dane,
We hate the Norman men;
We curse their greed for blood and gain,
We curse them now again.
Yet start not Irish-born man—
If you're to Ireland true,
We heed not blood, nor creed, nor clan—
We have no curse for you.

What matter that at different shrines
We pray unto one God—
What matter that at different times
Our fathers won this sod?
In fortune and in name we're bound
By stronger links than steel.
And neither can be safe or sound
But in the other's weal.

—Sincerely yours,

JOHN O'LEARY.

The titular Bishop of Esbon, formerly Bishop of Wilna, Mgr. Adam Stanislaus Krasinski, who was exiled to Siberia for twenty years by the Russian Government, was received in special audience by His Holiness lately with whom he conversed in Latin for a lengthened space of time. The Bishop afterwards presented to the Holy Father several students of the Polish College at Rome.

The London correspondent of *The Boston Herald*, in describing the terror and stupidity of the London police after the recent dynamite explosions, says : " Meanwhile, at the base of the Nelson column a solitary constable paraded, his orders being, as he told me, to allow no one within three yards of the lions. Strange to say, he was on speaking terms with two individuals with whom I entered into conversation. One of them was a Frenchman, and the other an English republican, and both of them informed me that it would be the greatest pleasure to them in the world to assist in laying the monument low. What the two were doing in Trafalgar Square I could not find out, but they remained there for some considerable time."

THE 106th anniversary of the battle of Monmouth Court House will be celebrated, on the 28th June, by the unveiling of a monument on the battle-field and suitable commemorative exercises.

The battle has an exceptional interest, both because it was the famous occasion on which Washington forgot his austere dignity enough to swear roundly at the traitor or blunderer, history is hardly certain which, General Charles Lee, and because of the gallant episode which made "Molly Pitcher" the heroine of the Revolution.

Sir Henry Clinton, obeying imperative orders, had evacuated Philadelphia, and was crossing New Jersey in order to embark on the Baritan; when Washington broke camp at Valley Forge and started in pursuit. Lee, an Englishman, who had resigned his position in the British Army in a fit of pique, had attained by good service in the patriot ranks the highest position next to that of Washington himself. The evidence is pretty strong, however, that during a temporary captivity in the British camp he formed plans for betraying the patriot cause. On his exchange Washington, ignorant of this fact, retained him in his command and even gave him charge of the advance at Monmouth, which had been previously given to Lafayette.

By Washington's direction, he attacked the enemy's rear, but soon ordered a retreat without notifying the commander-in-chief. Washington's first intimation of the disaster was when he met the disordered mass of fugitives on the road. He promptly reformed them, after freeing his mind, in language more vigorous than polite, to their unworthy leader, and presently brought up the main army to turn the tide of battle.

During the prolonged engagement which followed, Molly Pitcher displayed her courage and patriotism. She was a young Irishwoman, of twenty-two, the wife of a canonier under "Mad Anthony" Wayne. A British shot killed her husband, and, as nobody was competent to take his place, the captain of the battery ordered the piece away. Just then, Molly, who had been carrying water to the hot and weary artillery men from a spring near by, came on the scene. She saw her husband dead at his post, and heard the order for the removal of the gun. Dropping her pail of water, she sprang to the dead man's side, and seizing the rammer from his cold hand, volunteered to serve the gun in his place. Her offer was accepted, and the piece was not silent again while the battle lasted.

General Greene led the heroine into the presence of Washington next morning, while the powder and grime of battle were yet on her young brave face; and the great General, with his noble courtesy, thanked the heroine, and then and there commissioned her "Sergeant Molly Pitcher," of the Continental Army.

Be sure it was a striking scene, and one that did not lose its dramatic effect on the chivalrous Frenchmen who witnessed it, as well as the brave veterans of Valley Forge. The incident reveals Washington in a gracious and tender light, as the human, emotional gentleman he doubtless was in real life.

Sergeant Molly was placed in the retired list of the army with half pay for life. The step-son of Washington, Colonel Custis, made a spirited painting of her exploit, and a bas-relief on the Monmouth monument will further commemorate it. The latter represents the heroine as

"A beautiful young woman. She stands barefooted and bare-headed in front of a cannon ramming a charge home. Her dead husband lies at her feet. The ponderous wheels of the gun, with old-fashioned iron bands holding the joints of the fellows, are well brought out. A bareheaded gunner stands close by, ball in hand. Opposite another gunner thumbs the vent, holding the flint-stock in his hand. The sponge-bucket stands in place. An enemy's ball plunges the grassy field. A battery-flag sticks in the sod, with the old freshhold meeting house in the back-ground. Artillery-men approach beneath its steeple. In the foreground General Knox rides away flourishing his sword."

The country does well thus to honour the Irish-American heroine of the Revolution, the fit descendant of the women of Limerick whose valour England's redcoats had learned to respect long before the day of Monmouth and Molly Pitcher.—*Pilot.*

The greatest whispering "gallery" in the world is that of the Grand Canyon, Colorado. For years this chasm has been a matter of great surprise to the prospectors and miners on account of its wonderful transmissions of sound, and it has only been since the advent of the railroad that any definite idea has been entertained of the great distance it travels within its walls. A train of cars crossing the bridge at the Needles can be plainly heard on a quiet day at Cottonwood Island, a distance of eighty-four miles. The fife and drum at Fort Mojave is distinctly heard at Bull's Head, a distance of eighty-four miles. The report of the sunrise gun at Fort Mojave can be heard at El Dorado Cañon, a distance of ninety-six miles.

Our Lady Perpetual Succour, says the *Catholic Review*, venerated in the Equiline in Rome, and in almost every Christian household, has again evinced her power in favour of her clients. Bishop Lacy, of Middlesborough, England, has written a letter to the Redemptorist Fathers, testifying his miraculous cure by her intercession. After stating that he had said Mass at her shrine for a special purpose, he said : " Our Lady heard my prayer, and vouchsafed me a miraculous cure of an internal ailment which has for the last nine years caused me much trouble and suffering, and been a sad drawback to me in my work. The cure was instantaneous and complete. At first I could hardly believe it. I felt confused at the thought of a miracle being wrought upon me. It has, however, proved to be not imagination, but reality. I need not say how overwhelmed I felt with a sense of gratitude for such a favour. For the honour of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour, I think this ought to be made known, although if I were to be guided by my own natural instincts, I should prefer my name not to appear. I wish you would get as many prayers of thanksgiving as possible for this extraordinary proof of Our Lady's loving heart."

MAKING BUTTON-HOLES AT STARVATION WAGES.

"You talk of grinding competition," said a New York shoe-cutter to John Swinton the other day; "but what do you think of the button-hole makers? These men each own a number of machines, and employ girls and men to do the work which they receive from various firms. Not very long ago our firm was paying 60 cents a hundred for shoe button-holes. First one came in and offered to do them for five cents less; then another offered to take them for still less; and so it kept on, the last one offering, a day or two ago, to take the work at twenty-eight cents a hundred. Now, all this took place without our firm even asking for a reduction. You ought to visit one of these places and see how the work is done."

Acting on this advice, I visited a button-hole factory, and found, in a room about twenty-five feet square, thirty-five men and girls at work, elbow to elbow—some on machines and others finishing the work. There was a deafening whirr, and everyone was working as if for dear life. Not an instant was lost; no time to look around, for the eye of the boss was always on them. Grind, grind, for ten hours a day, and sometimes longer. No wonder the men were haggard, the girls wan.

Inquiring for the *master* of these mortals, I was introduced to a man who was at least well fed and clad, but whom you could imagine playing Shylock to the life.

"This is not as good a business as it used to be," said our informant, in the mongrel dialect of Baxter street. "There are too many machines now. We pay our men 10dols. a week, and the girls on the machines 5dols. The finishers don't get as much as that. Each machine makes from 1,500 to 2,500 shoe button-holes a day, and from 700 to 800 on coats. There are about a dozen different machines; they are inventing improvements all the time. Each one costs from 150dols. to 200dols. We get forty cents a hundred for shoe button-holes. (He was the one who offered to make them for twenty-eight cents). On coats, from seventy cents to 4dols. a hundred is received. We employ thirty-five men and girls, and they work ten or sometimes ten and a-half hours a day."

"You said you do not make as much as formerly. Do the operators get the same as they used to?"

"Well, no. But they make nearly as much." Which can be taken with much salt.

Day after day, no word is spoken by the thirty-five inmates of this button-hole prison. Bending over the machines, they seemed unable to ever regain their uprightness. The men were working on the cloth goods, and the girls on the shoes, and I watched them until my head grew dizzy.

One of the girls was working on an improved machine, and she said 3,000 button-holes was a day's work—300 in an hour; five every minute—for 5dols. a week.—Exchange.

THE LATEST REMARKABLE ANTI-ENGLISH BOOK IN PARIS.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Pilot* recently gave some striking extracts from a late anti-English book published in France, which has attracted great attention. Mr. James Stephens, the ex-Head Centre, writes about it as follows to the *N. Y. World*:—

A very remarkable book entitled "Les Malheurs de John Bull" has been published by one of the well-known firms of Paris, and is creating some sensation in official and other circles. It purports being a prophecy of John Bull's coming desolation. The hero of the volume is an enterprising Frenchman called Maxime Jean, who from being a pirate becomes emperor of the seas, and with the aid of a powerful fleet plays such havoc with England's forces on land and sea, that after a long and desperate struggle the flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze, meets with irreparable disaster, and Ireland and all the colonies are lost for ever to the British Empire. The volume is brimful of sarcasm at the expense of England and Englishmen generally. I quote the following as a literary curiosity. It shows how the author scans the future with prophetic eye, so far as Ireland's destinies are concerned:—

"From the very moment that Maxime Jean arrived before Galway with his fleet and army, Ireland sprang like one man to her feet: There was not a single corner of 'Green Erin' where an Irishman, armed with a rifle or a knife, could not be found ready to fall upon the detested English." After a description of the naval battle that took place, and the victory that alighted on the arms of Maxime Jean, the writer continues:—"Scarcely had the conquering army been encamped in martial order on the Irish heights, than the telegraph flashed everywhere the decree of the new sovereign of Ireland, whereby the land that hitherto belonged to the lords now became the property of the people of the country. A law was to be passed later on to formulate this change of proprietors; but on principle the lords were dispossessed, and in this manner the surest means were arrived at of doing away with the English Army in forty-eight hours, for it could no longer show any signs of resistance in a country where every man was ready to die for the soil of his forefathers. Three days afterwards all Ireland was in the hands of Maxime Jean. When the last English soldier left the green isle for ever, a loud cry of acclamation rang from end to end of that disentrained land which had struggled for so long under the yoke of its oppressors. The entire population of Ireland blessed Maxime Jean. Millions acclaimed the liberator with joy and delight. From Galway to Dublin the victor's steed marched along the flowers which the Irish had strewn on his pathway. Long files of young women, beautiful as Irish women know how to be, came in costumes of *febe* to present their sons to the conqueror, and one of them, speaking for the others, exclaimed: 'We offer you our children. Here are the coming soldiers, devoted to the independence of Erin.' A few miles from Dublin the clergy clothed in their chasubles went in procession to meet and welcome Maxime Jean. The joy of the people assumed

vast proportions. They were labouring under feelings of delirious joy. Maxime Jean, delighted to see this spontaneous effusion of happiness, advanced, saluting on this side and that. The *cortege* finally arrived at the Cathedral of Dublin, where a solemn *Te Deum* was chanted with enthusiasm by a congregation of 2,000 souls. The Archbishop warmly welcomed Maxime Jean and the ceremony was brought to a conclusion in the midst of a profound and general emotion. The remainder of the day was consecrated to public rejoicing, and thus was the final independence of Ireland consummated."

The work, fantastic as it may appear, is decidedly well-written and logical in its details. The author faithfully interprets the animus against England and Englishmen now prevailing in this country by a clever exposition of the jealousy with which England views every effort made by France to extend her colonial possessions. The following and final extract which I translate from this volume may be considered as a somewhat exaggerated condemnation of Britishers in general, but it will nevertheless, I am sure, prove of interest to the readers of *The World*:—

"After these three hundred pages, more than one reader will tell me that I hate the English. If I were a diplomatist or a hypocrite I would indulge in a lot of circumlocutions to prove that one can execrate a nation without execrating its inhabitants. Such a line of argument, however, is to my mind evasive. I am neither a hypocrite nor a diplomatist, and as the word *franchise* or *sincerity* has for its origin our country's very name, I frankly declare, yes, I detest the English! I detest them in their political capacity; I detest them as a people; I detest them as individual men. I detest them in the first place because they hate us cordially, and show evidence of that hate on every possible occasion."

THE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

THE Republican National Convention met at Chicago last week, and adjourned after a four days' session, having evolved a platform full of beautiful principles, and chosen candidates whose personal record counts for more than a whole library of resolutions.

One thing must be said for the candidates: their nomination was about the only bit of honesty in the whole proceedings. The high moral element drew up the platform, which abounds in the usual lofty pretences, but the practical men chose the standard-bearers.

The assurance that the "eminent services" of President Arthur will receive the "heartly approval of every good citizen" was a characteristic piece of hypocrisy, since the very men who wrote it were there to deride the President's character and oppose his nomination.

The platform calls for a revision of the tariff, dishonestly blaming the Democracy for the failure to reduce the surplus, and, with more sincerity, avowing the creed of protection for its own sake, and not as an adjunct of a tariff for revenue.

It equivocates on the money question, and promises vaguely to "regulate" the carrying traffic. It reiterates the oft-promised and always-broken declaration in favour of an eight-hour law, denounces the importation of contract labour, European or Chinese, and makes a bold bid for the soldier vote by favouring a liberal interpretation of the pension bill. Of course it denounces the Mormons, in the good old time-honoured fashion, and is as much in favour of civil service reform as the party has been consistently "agin its enforcement."

The only plank of any significant originality is the following:—

"The public lands are heritage of the people of the United States, and should be reserved as far as possible for small holdings by actual settlers. We are opposed to the acquisition of large tracts of these lands by corporations or individuals, especially where such holdings are in the hands of non-resident aliens, and we will endeavour to obtain such legislation as will tend to correct this evil. We demand of Congress the speedy forfeiture of all land grants which have lapsed by reason of non-compliance with acts of incorporation in all cases where there has been no attempt in good faith to perform the conditions of such grants."

The appeal of Alexander Sullivan, President of the Irish National League, procured the insertion of that clause: a similar one will no doubt be incorporated in the declaration of the Democratic party's principles. Between them all, the alien land-grabber bids fair to "go," very suddenly and permanently.—*Pilot*.

Sour stomach, bad breath, indigestion, and headache easily cured by Hop Bitters.

We (*Catholic Review*) quote a portion of an important article of M. A. Franck, member of the Institut de France, in the *Journal des Debats*, on the dangers of the modern education of girls, especially in the official schools:—"For my part these girls' colleges alarm me for another reason. I am terrified at their programmes. On seeing the nature and quantity of the matters of which they are composed, I ask myself if there are many men, and even of the most learned men—even members of the Institut, or professors of the Sorbonne, or the College de France—who could boast of embracing them all. Thus, gorged with physics, chemistry, astronomy, mechanics, and God help us, philology; armed with diplomas declaring them possessed of all these sciences; what will they do to make them bearable to those around them? What will become of the natural stock of wit, grace, judicious criticism, marvellous intuition, modest self-devotion, amiable sociability, which they generally receive with their birth? Having been created 'bachelors,' 'licentiates,' 'associates,' 'doctors' *in utroque*—I mean to say in both literature and science—will they consent to manage their households, to nurse and bring up little children, to show some attention and have some respect for their husbands, if they condescend to marry? Or will they not be of the same disposition as a young lady of my acquaintance in similar circumstances? Being an artist of some merit she would not marry anybody but an artist, and she used to say, 'If he is cleverer than I, I shall hate him; and if he is less clever, I shall despise him?'"

OPINIONS FOR WHAT THEY ARE WORTH.

"WHAT do you think of Grant?" Mr. Davis was asked.

"Grant," he said, "was largely a creation of circumstances. I remember that the first time I met Grant was when he was stationed on the Pacific coast as a lieutenant. I was then Secretary of War. He was charged with drunkenness and neglect of duty. I gave him his choice between standing trial and resigning. He resigned. I knew that he would. General Grant was a great military commander. He was very tenacious. He fought a battle as a matter of business. Men were mere cogs in the wheel. All the men and means he wanted were placed at his command, and he had every advantage. He would have been discharged from the Army of the Potomac if it had not been that too many changes had already taken place in the army."

"What is your estimate of General Sherman?" was asked.

"Sherman," Mr. Davis said, "was looked upon in the south as Alaric was by the Romans. He was their 'scourge of God.' He was cruel, yet he was a great strategist."

"Yes," interrupted Miss Davis, "he was an inhuman monster. What he did not use he destroyed."

"Sherman hesitated," Mr. Davis continued, "for a long time between joining the Confederate army and the Union army. We were uncertain what he would do. He finally joined the Union army, thinking, I suppose, that more could be gained by it."

"My idea," remarked Mr. Davis, "is that Meade was the most skilful General in the Federal army. General Lee once said to me that he could understand the movements of all the Generals in the Federal army easier than those of General Meade."

"How did you regard McClellan?"

"He was the best trained soldier in the war. While Secretary of War I sent him on three important missions—one to Europe to study military methods. He returned with a better knowledge of military discipline and methods than was possessed by any man in this country."

"Whom do you regard as the greatest of the Confederate Generals?"

"I consider General Sidney Johnston as the greatest General of the late war. General Lee stands next in my estimation, and as we move away from the war his desperate struggle against overwhelming numbers will be a marvel in the war annals."

"Mr. Lincoln was a vulgar joker," Mr. Davis said, "but without he was a great man. He could have been of great good to the South if he had lived, and his untimely death was a great loss to us."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

THE POPE AND THE VATICAN ARCHIVES.

(Special Correspondence of the *Pilot*.)

Rome, May 21.

THE text of a letter addressed by the Holy Father, on May 15, to Cardinal Hergenroether on the re-organisation of the Vatican Archives, was published yesterday. The Pope, addressing the Cardinal, who is Prefect of the Archives, tells him that the singular importance of historico-critical studies for the defence of the Church and of the Apostolic See determined His Holiness, from the beginning of his Pontificate, to open the Vatican Archives to the researches of studious men. The Pope arranged, first of all, that a cardinal of Holy Church should take the direction of these, with the object of giving an efficacious impulse to the study of historic monuments and to apologetic methods. He accorded to the Cardinal Archivist the faculty of making arrangements to suit the discipline of the Pontifical Archives, and ordered that a hall of study should be open contiguous to them for the use of those who desired to apply themselves to the critical examination of ancient documents. Not content with this, and seeing the abuse that has been made of history to the detriment of truth and of religion, the Holy Father proposed to organise its impartial study, and by his Letter of the 18th of August, 1883, he appealed to the zeal and learning of three illustrious members of the Sacred College to watch over, assisted by distinguished men, the development of historico-apologetic labors, based upon the authentic acts of the Pontificate and of the Church sought at their very sources.

But, in order to render this study still more fruitful, His Holiness resolved to open, in the vicinity of the Archives, a special school of paleography and comparative history, by means of which the young clergy may be amply provided with the treasures of a solid erudition and apply themselves to the exercise of sound criticism. It has likewise appeared to the Holy Father to be an opportune moment to give to the Pontifical Archives an organisation more in conformity with their aim, and to trace the rules of internal and external discipline for them, and so he has ordered that a new regulation be drawn up. This regulation, sanctioned by his special *motu proprio* of the 1st of May, establishes the rules which will henceforth be applicable to the Archives, to the hall of study, and to the school of history and paleography, and the Pope trusts in Cardinal Hergenroether to ensure its complete execution.

P. L. CONNELLAN.

Kidney and Urinary troubles are universal, and the only safe and sure cure is Hop Bitters—rely on it. Read.

A young man sent fifty cents to a New York advertiser to "learn how to make money fast," and was advised to glue a five-dollar greenback to the bottom of his trunk.

Diplomatic relations have been resumed between the Central American Republic of Guatemala and the Holy See, after having been broken off for many years. For a long time the Freemasons ruled in Guatemala, and consequently the Church was fiercely persecuted. The rule of these enemies of religion is ended at last, and the Republic has sent an ambassador to Rome, Don Angelo Maria Arzovo.—*Arc Maria.*

THE CRIME AGAINST ACADIA.

UNDER the title "Acadia; a Lost Chapter in American History," Mr. Philip H. Smith has published a work of thrilling interest and great historical value. It is the story of the wrongs inflicted by England on the unhappy peasants of Acadia, a story better known through Longfellow's beautiful poem than in the prosaic pages of history.

The English historian glosses over the blackest features of the horrible crime. The American finds nothing in it to palliate his country's complicity. The Acadians at the time of their expulsion had done nothing to deserve any punishment, least of all the atrocious sentence passed upon them by the English governor of Nova Scotia, and carried out with every circumstance of fiendish cruelty. They and their fathers had loyally served their French rulers, but when French arms had been overcome in America they accepted the fortunes of war and honourably kept their pledge of submission to the conqueror.

By express treaty they took an oath of fealty to the King of Great Britain, limited by the stipulation that they should not be required to bear arms against France.

When it served her purpose England coolly disregarded this agreement, and insisted on an unconditional oath of allegiance. The infamous breach of the Treaty of Limerick had its counterpart under similar circumstances in Acadia. The honourable Frenchmen, finding remonstrance unavailing, then demanded the pledged alternative of deportation to France.

This also was denied them. They were told that they might take the oath of unconditional allegiance or to be expelled whithersoever the conqueror chose to send them. To enforce his decision he seized 400 of the inhabitants as hostages for the submission of all the people.

Then followed what Lossing pronounces "one of the most fearful crimes which have sometimes stained the annals of nations." A brutal and licentious soldiery were turned loose to burn, profane and destroy the habitations and churches, to hunt down like wild beasts the unoffending, helpless people, and banish them to an exile worse than death.

Husbands and wives were separated, children were torn from their parents, and in ignorance of each other's fates or destinations, transported with rigorous cruelty to foreign and inhospitable shores.

Eighteen thousand Acadians were thus scattered among the colonies of America, from Massachusetts to Georgia, and even to far-off Louisiana; to starve and die among people of a foreign race, creed and tongue, who distrusted them with the old unreasoning Provincial distrust of "Papists," and bated them with the centuries-old hatred of the English for the French.

The atrocities of African slavery make a parallel on a small scale; Cromwell's ruthless kidnapping and consigning to slavery of Irish youth equal on a large scale this gigantic crime against God and humanity. No pen can depict its horrors, and no excuse can mitigate its atrocity. For the French, although no less barbarous than their enemies, were not the aggressors in the long and bloody wars on this continent, when the ruthless savage took part against the British colonists only to be outdone by them in cold-blooded treachery and barbarity. The pages of this book, written by an unbiassed American, abound in recitals of cruelty and duplicity towards both Indian and Frenchman, and record the bounties for scalps paid by the Massachusetts Government, specified in the same instructions which ordered the civilised marauders "to have prayers on ship daily, to sanctify the Sabbath, and to forbid all profane swearing and drunkenness." The bounty for a male Indian over twelve years old was £105, if taken alive, and £100, if scalped; women and children were worth £50, scalped or brought in alive!

Time and the infusion of foreign blood have refined the character of the people whose English ancestors practised such barbarity. The crime against Acadia would be impossible to-day in this country, a sufficient evidence that the "Anglo-Saxon" origin is only a tradition and a memory. The real Anglo-Americans, to the number of 20,000 Tory loyalists, twenty years afterwards, abandoned their liberated country and took refuge in the land whence they had helped to dispossess the hapless Acadians. The curse of obscurity and decay has rested on the fatal soil ever since.—*Pilot.*

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This year is the tercentenary of the establishment of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, by Pope Gregory XIII.

Berlin, June 17.—The *Voss Gazette* states that Prince Bismarck emphasises his decision to annex Angra Pequena to the German possession in South-west Africa, by ordering the men-of-war Elizabeth and Leipzig to join the corvette Moira and proceed to the waters of the Cape of Good Hope.

Mr. Blaine's admirers now call his South American diplomacy a "hemispherical policy." We knew it was not square.—*Pilot.*

There are 384 lodges of Freemasons in Germany, numbering together 45,139 Masons.

The *Ceylon Catholic Messenger* reveals to us a fact of which we were not aware before. "It is a common enough occurrence," he says, "for Singhalese people who profess to be Protestants to revert to Buddhism when they are going to die; but we do not hear of Buddhist priests being called in to give *par-niil* to dying Singhalese Catholics." We had personal experience of something very much akin to it, for in our Bengali missions, in times of great distress or epidemics, who would resort to the Brahmins for *montro* or charms, but the Prote-tant converts? whereas our poor Catholics bore their losses unflinchingly, despite the solicitations of their pagan relatives. There is hardly a greater sham on earth than the Native Protestant missions!—*Indo-European Correspondence.*

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MEMOIR OF O'CONNELL.

(Concluded.)

To graphically describe O'Connell's professional abilities at the bar would require infinitely more eloquence than this humble pen of mine can command; I can do nothing better, therefore, than to quote, *in extenso*, from an anonymous writer, supposed to be a gentleman who had ample opportunities of knowing Mr. O'Connell well (the author of "Sketches of the Irish Bar") the following interesting and lively view of his habits and appearance:—

"If any one of you, my English readers, being a stranger in Dublin, should chance, as you return on a winter's morning from one of the small and early parties of that gay metropolis—that is to say, between the hours of five and six o'clock—to pass along the south side of Merrion Square, you will not fail to observe that, among those splendid mansions there is one evidently tenanted by a person whose habits differ materially from those of his fashionable neighbours. The half-opened parlor shutters, and the light within, announce that some one dwells there whose time is too precious to permit him to regulate his rising with the sun's. Should your curiosity tempt you to ascend the steps, and under cover of the dark to reconnoitre the interior, you will see a tall, able-bodied man standing at a desk, and immersed in solitary occupation. Upon the wall in front of him there hangs a crucifix. From this, and from the calm attitude of the person within, your first impression will be that he must be some pious dignitary of the Church of Rome, absorbed in his matins. But this conjecture will be rejected as soon as formed. No sooner can the eye take in the other furniture of the apartment—the book-cases clogged with tomes in plain calf-skin bindings, the blue coloured octavos that lie about on the tables and floor, the reams of manuscript in oblong folds, and begirt with crimson tape, than it becomes evident that the party meditating amid such objects must be a lawyer. He is, unequivocally, a barrister; but apparently of that homely chamber-keeping, plodding cast, who labours hard to make up by assiduity what they want in wit; who are up and stirring before the bird of the morning has sounded his retreat to the wandering spectre, and are already brain deep in the dizzying vortex of mortgages and cross-remainders, and mergers and remitters, while his clients, still lapped in sweet oblivion of the law's delay, are fondly dreaming that their cause is peremptorily set down for a final hearing. Having come to this conclusion, you push on for hours, blessing your stars on the way that you are not a lawyer, and sincerely compassionating the sedentary drudge whom you have just detected in the performance of his toil. But should you happen, in the course of the same day, to stroll down to the Four Courts, you will not be a little surprised to find the object of your pity miraculously transformed from the severe recluse of the morning into one of the most bustling, important, and joyous personages in that busy scene. There you will be sure to see him, his countenance braced up and glistening with health and spirit, with a huge, plethoric bag, which his robust arms can scarcely contain, clasped with paternal fondness to his breast, and environed by a living palisade of clients and attorneys, with outstretched necks, and mouths and ears agape, to catch up any chance opinion that may be coaxed out of him in a colloquial way; or listening to his bursts of jovial and familiar humour; or when he touches on a sudden strain, his prophetic assurances that the hour of Ireland's redemption is at hand. You perceive at once that you have lighted on a great popular advocate, and if you take the trouble to follow his movements for a couple of hours through the several courts, you will not fail to discover the qualities that have made him so: his legal competency, his business-like habits, his sanguine temperament, which renders him not merely the advocate, but the partisan of his client; his acuteness, his fluency of thought and language, his unconquerable good humour, and, above all, his versatility. By the hour of three, when the judges usually rise, you will have seen him go through a great quantity of business, the preparation for and performance of which would break down any ordinary constitution; and you very naturally suppose that the remaining portion of the day must of necessity be devoted to recreation or repose, but here again you will be mistaken; for should you feel disposed as you return from the courts to drop into any of the public meetings that are almost daily held, for some purpose or to no purpose, in Dublin, to a certainty you will find the Counsellor there before you, the presiding spirit of the scene, riding the whirlwind, and directing the storm of popular debate with a strength of lungs, and a redundancy of animation, as if he had at that moment started fresh for the labours of the day. There he remains, until, by dint of strength or dexterity, he has carried every point; and thence if you will see him to the close of the day's eventful history, you will in all likelihood, have to follow him to a public dinner, from which, after having acted a conspicuous part in the festivity of the evening, and thrown off have a dozen speeches in praise of Ireland, he retires at a late hour to repair the wear and tear of the day by a short interval of repose; and is sure to be found before dawn-break next morning at his solitary post, recommencing the routine of his accustomed duties. Now, anyone who has once seen in the preceding situation the contemplative, active, able-bodied, able-minded individual I have been describing has no occasion to inquire his name; he may be assured that he is and can be no other than Kerry's pride and Ireland's glory, the far-famed and indefatigable Daniel O'Connell."

Such is a glowing sketch of O'Connell's professional career, and well worthy of the brilliant mind that conceived it, as of him whose stupendous and unsullied character it portrays. To those of my readers who wish to pursue the subject further I would strongly recommend the perusal of De Beaumont's "Character of O'Connell," quoted in detail in Luby's great work—the national life, so to speak, of O'Connell."

Having risen to the zenith of his professional career, and still desirous of rendering more signal service to his country he gave up the bar to enter the arena of politics. Imbued with a noble patriotism, and an ardent desire for freedom, his greatest ambition was to raise his country to that proud position anticipated by the historical bard:—

"Great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth and
First gem of the sea."

To accomplish this he saw that those obstacles to promotion, to position, to wealth, to honour, to fame, which hitherto beset his countrymen, must be removed, and with a herculean will and an indomitable perseverance he set to work to achieve this object of his heart. Hence he bent his whole energies towards the organization of his fellow-country men, without which, his penetrating mind, saw that nothing worthy of the cause could be accomplished. Accordingly he travelled through the length and breadth of Ireland, proclaiming liberty and toleration everywhere, exhorting obedience to the laws, founding associations which ultimately culminated in that powerful and influential organization—the Catholic Association, which was generously subscribed to by all classes of the community and which ultimately became a power in the land and a menace to the sister Isle. The enemies of Ireland and of O'Connell smiled contemptuously at his efforts and ridiculed the "Catholic rent"; but seeing its growing magnitude, the "powers that be" sought its early dissolution, and in 1825 a bill was passed for the purpose of suppressing it. This bill,—the *Algerine Act*, as it was called, the object of which was to drive the people to revolt,—O'Connell denounced during its passage through the House with all the vehemence of his soul, declaring that if the present association was suppressed another of far more formidable proportions would spring up phoenix-like from its ashes. So the new association went on and prospered, and made its influence strikingly felt in the general election of 1826, when the landlords' nominee (Beresford) was ignominiously defeated by Stewart, the people's choice. This popular victory was only the prelude to the more significant ones of 1828 and 1829, which followed in rapid succession. In 1828, it was decided that O'Connell, then the most popular man in the country, on the Catholic side, should contest the election for the representation of Clare,—£15,000 being raised by voluntary contribution for defraying the expenses consequent thereon, and towards which some of the Protestant gentry contributed munificently—for, be it remembered, the Liberator, as he is now called, had friends and admirers amongst all denominations.

It would be most interesting to give here a full description of the momentous issue of the Clare election, and of the distinguished characters who figured in it, did time and circumstances permit. Suffice it to say that the "man of the people"—O'Connell, gained a complete victory over the Government nominee, Fitzgerald, which paved the way to the regeneration of Ireland, and emancipated her from that religious and sectarian slavery in which she was hitherto held. It would be difficult to describe the popular effect of this grand, glorious victory. The popular leader was received with triumphal arches, carried on the shoulders of the people amid the plaudits of the assembled thousands, bonfires blazed from every hill-top, joy-bells rang out from every church steeple and the praises of O'Connell and the regeneration of his people became a theme of soul-stirring eloquence for every altar and every pulpit in the land, which was hailed with rapturous applause by the millions of his admiring and chivalrous countrymen.

What followed this glorious, this signal victory, may be summed up in a few lines. O'Connell entered Parliament as the proud and enviable representative of seven millions of people. Roman Catholic Emancipation was granted, or rather wrung from the iron grasp of the unwilling ministers, Wellington and Peel, as the less of two evils, revolution or religious freedom; agitation for repeal of the Union was set on foot, monster meetings were held in support of Ireland's right to govern herself in common with other dependencies of England possessing similar prerogatives, at which the Irish Tribune set forth the matchless power of his eloquence, his unswerving patriotism and his earnest and persistent determination to raise his down-trodden country to national independence. In this, however, he was doomed to disappointment. The Government had already granted more than they were prepared to concede to a people whom they looked upon as alien in language, alien in religion, in customs and manners, and, above all, alien in national aspirations; and who, with characteristic chivalry and unexampled bravery—ever yearning for freedom and independence—would be satisfied with nothing less than the disintegration of the British Empire. As a consequence the towns were strongly garrisoned, troops were drafted into the country, the repeal meetings were suppressed, political gatherings were dispersed, the arch-agitator and his colleagues were pounced upon, tried and convicted of treason or disloyalty to the Crown, and, though afterwards the sentence was reversed by a committee of the House of Lords, it caused disunion and disaffection in the national party—the followers of O'Connell—the advocates of repeal.

It would appear that O'Connell's enthusiasm on this question carried him so far as to declare from the hustings, or at some of the great public demonstrations then usually held, rashly, or to put it mildly, ill-judgedly, that repeal would be conceded within six months from the date of its promulgation by him in the House. But this was rather too much to expect from *perfidie Albion*; and as a consequence his declarations were blasted to the winds by the subsequent action of the Ministers, Wellington and Peel, which led to much contention among the leaders, and which afterwards gave rise to the organization of that party known as the "Young Ireland" or national party, amongst whom were such shining lights as O'Brien, Meagher, Mitchell, Dogherty, Duffy, O'Gorman, Stevens, McManus, Leonard, and a host of other patriotic, educated and highly-accomplished gentlemen, whose patriotism was never questioned, and who, while admiring O'Connell for the sacrifice he made towards the regeneration of his country, did not or could not believe in the *moral suasion* method of liberating Ireland. But however patriotic, however chivalrous, however earnest, however ready they might be to achieve Ireland's independence by an appeal to the sword, and though prepared to lay down their lives in the accomplishment or attempted accomplishment of the grand desire of their hearts, O'Connell's policy was the most practicable at the time, and under the then existing circumstances, as was subsequently proved by the memorable

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events of '48, and more fully demonstrated by the abortive attempts at insurrection since made. The fact is, Ireland was not prepared for insurrection, and the wisdom of the leaders, "Meagher of the sword," and his noble *confrères*, was overruled by the devastating and blighting influences of the famine scourge, which previously deluged the land with poverty and hunger, and almost decimated the inhabitants, while the Government looked on with apparent *sang-froid*, doing comparatively nothing towards the amelioration of their condition. No wonder that these appalling events should be so distressing to the great Emancipator, as to shatter his once powerful constitution, and damp his mighty intellect. As is now but too well known, he sank under their fell influence—the once robust frame was hastening towards its dissolution; and on the 6th of August, 1847, the wit, the orator, the poet, the statesman, the great Tribune of the people was no more, having died at Genoa, in Italy, on his way to Rome, the Eternal City—bequeathing, in the true spirit of the Christian patriot, his heart to Rome, his soul to heaven, and his body to Ireland. His body to Ireland! that country ever dear to him; and in whose defence he was ready to do or die; that country which he had so ardently loved, and which as religiously reciprocated his love; that picturesque and romantic country whose generous sons have been as distinguished for honour and integrity, as her lovely and fascinating daughters for virtue and fortitude; a country possessing one of the most fertile soils and genial climates, with inexhaustible resources, yet, strange contradiction, suffering from periodical famines; a country which has produced, in point of population, more eminent scholars, poets, statesmen, orators, saints and doctors, soldiers and warriors (whose prowess and valour have been signally displayed on every battle-field in the history of modern warfare, and whose standards have been triumphantly borne, untarnished and unsullied, through all the glorious campaigns of the four quarters of the globe), than any other nation on the face of God's earth; that country of which he, himself, so often sang:—

"Oh, Erin! blessed shall be the bard,
And sweet and soothing his reward,
Should he but wake one patriot thrill,
By foes denounced, remembered still;
Whate'er may be thy humble lot,
By foes denounced, by friends forgot,
Thine is the soul, the tear, the smile,
Gem of the ocean, lovely Emerald Isle."

His heart to his country! Such a tribute, such a legacy, was as well worthy of her to whom bequeathed as of him who left it; and who, though now no more, is still living in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen, and the undying traditions of his country.

Sic transit gloria mundi.—Thus passeth away the glory of the world. Thus passed away the immortal Daniel O'Connell, the Christian patriot, the hero, the chief, the liberator, the emancipator, the "uncrowned king," the "Father of his country," the lawyer, the statesman, the scholar, the orator, the Demosthenes of Ireland; he who was as gifted with the pen as with the tongue, and could handle his pistols with scientific precision, and who was ever ready to wield the one or the other in defence of right and justice, honour and principle; he, who, unaided and alone, had for years marshalled the conflicting and dividing elements of party strife into one harmonious whole; who had, by the power of his genius and eloquence, knit together the distracted and discontented members of the community into one grand organisation, whose moral effects are of lasting and universal obligation; thus passed away one of the greatest Irishmen who have appeared in the political arena within the present, or, indeed, any previous century, and who now, though mouldering with his kindred earth, will be remembered as long as history is written by all lovers of freedom, but more especially by those for whom he lived and wrought, and in defence of whose rights he was ever ready to, and actually did, lay down his life.

In paying this slight but imperfect tribute to the memory of O'Connell, the writer wishes it to be distinctly understood that in any remarks of his as to the merits or demerits of the great departed, he does not wish it to be inferred that he speaks disparagingly of any of the great men who, from the gifted Henry Grattan down to the no less gifted and distinguished Parnell, have worked so earnestly and disinterestedly in the cause of Irish freedom and suffering humanity, whose efforts, when directed in the proper channels, he thoroughly admires and approves; his aim being to keep before the minds of his readers that spirit of independence and love of country which was pre-eminently characteristic of the hero of this short memoir.

"Now you have wandered around our planet," said a recent visitor to the hospitable London study of Moncure D. Conway, "what in the course of the whole journey impressed you most painfully?" "Two things," said Mr. Conway, "first the Sabbatarianism of the Sandwich Islands, and secondly, the spectacle presented at Benares and other great Indian cities of religion gone rotten. Of the two, the former, of course, was much the smaller; but anything more miserable than Honolulu on the Sabbath could hardly be imagined. These islands, usually so bright and gay, seemed to be under the influence of a weird enchantment. The windows are shut no life was heard in the streets; a sombre gloom filled the air: the atmosphere was sultry in the extreme, but no ice could be procured for love or money. Missionaries from Boston, a city where the concert-room and picture-gallery are open on Sunday, and where the inhabitants have completely freed themselves from the old Blue laws, have descended upon this hapless island in the far Pacific, and established the Sabbath as a dread demon before whose glance all mirth and innocent pleasure fled far away. A Sabbath, like a great false god, was enthroned in their midst, and woe to be those who did not bow down to it in worship. A more authentic incarnation of the visible-invisible I have seldom beheld. It was omni-present. You could not escape from it, overshadowing as it did every street countenance. Literalism was set up to be worshipped at the expense of the true spiritual religion. The idol reigned supreme.

CHRISTCHURCH.

(From our own correspondent.)

August 12, 1884.

INTEREST, of course, centres greatly in the political intrigues in Wellington. The names of Grey, Vogel, Montgomery, Macandrew, have risen successively, like rockets in the air, to be greeted with various acclamations (some derisive) according to the proclivity of the acclamers. But this is not quite a Christchurch subject. Interest of the practical kind about it centres in Wellington, whence, no doubt, you will receive authentic information of what goes on. Our share in Canterbury here is confined chiefly to asking one another, in the intervals allowed us by gaping astonishment, if these rumours have any truth, and what is really best for the country. Public opinion, in fact, as is usual at such times, is in a comfortably fluid state.

The enterprise and energy of the New Zealand Shipping Company, whose headquarters are in this city, are much before the public just now, on account of their last meeting. There was a drop of bitterness in the cup for the shareholders in the loss of the steamer *Catalonia*, but it was sweetened by the dividend. There is much virtue in a dividend, even more than there is in the applause of half the entire civilised world, which claps hands, circulates glowingly appreciative accounts of the magnificent regularity of the splendid line of steamers, goes into raptures about colonial skill, colonial pluck, colonial shrewdness, colonial success; of this kind of thing shareholders, colonial or otherwise, can stand a great deal: provided it be accompanied by a dividend the quantity is illimitable. But once cut off that charming adjunct, and the really empty character of the vain praise of ill-informed observers very soon comes home to the average shareholding mind. The particular item of loss in this case occurred in the case of the *Catalonia*, as I have said. The Company was at the mercy of the Cunard directors, and the vessel, besides being slower than the other chartered ships, was what owners call a "fire-eater"; her coal bill was enormous. The Reserve Fund, and not the dividend, was wisely called upon to make good this loss. The two most satisfactory things for the shareholders to bear in mind out of the chairman's statements, are—1. That all the other chartered steamers paid well. 2. That the splendid fleet of the Company will soon be numerous enough to keep the profit of these charters at home. Of course the Company wants more money, and equally, of course, the Company wants a *status* on the Stock Exchange. To gratify these legitimate requirements, the one legitimate for the sake of extending operations, the other because it facilitates the business of those supporting the Company, legislation is to be asked for. As money is the only thing our legislation is likely at the present time to refuse, and as the good of the New Zealand Shipping Company (especially at an expense not borne by the Colonial Exchequer) is the good of New Zealand, the powers to be asked for will probably be granted without demur, and placed on the Statute Book early. Mr. Coster, you will incidentally remember, in this connection (the energetic chairman of the Company), is also now a member of Parliament, whose career promises to be energetic. The career is more promising to-day than it was a fortnight ago, when Mr. Coster's medical man, who was very much afraid of a general break up, prevented what a genial medico in the Empire City once called "his man" from attending the banquet given in his honour. "Ah! that banquet, at which I wore a pump and I was proud to join that goodly company," as Thackeray's charming ballad has it—or nearly has it,—for I quote from memory. That banquet has left strange memories. To the unimpassioned observer the sight of 200 people dining with a man who was not present, pledging him frantically, and receiving with immense applause all the sayings in his honour, was curious. To the guests, some score or so, including His Excellency the Governor, the dinner was abundant, though cold. But to a large proportion of the 200 guests of the feast the cold abundance was unattainable. Some tipped the waiters and attained to food, and others tipped the waiters and attained not. The speechifying was, with the exception of the speeches of the Governor and the talented member for Selwyn, not up to a good after dinner average—probably the natural result of the catering arrangements; and even the talented member for Selwyn contrived to import political matter, unconsciously, as he afterwards explained, and so prevented his fine oratory from having a genial effect. But these are small details. As a demonstration in honour of a deserving citizen the dinner was a very successful affair. Another time the givers of a gigantic feast will probably try to make it a success in both capacities.

A meeting of some significance was held here the other day of those interested in the coal-fields of the Malvern district. There are in that locality—across the Canterbury Plain, away at the foot of the hills so snowy and bright at the present season of the year—some eight or ten coal pits, whose owners have spent sums of money, more or less large, on developing their properties. But the pits are found to be so far from the nearest line of railway that the coal industry (brown coal, you must understand, but of good quality) is killed, or at least very much crippled, by the cost of horse cartage to the nearest railway station. The various owners, in meeting assembled, have determined to ask Parliament to place them all in communication with the railway. The cost of the short lines, with sidings, required is estimated at £100,000, and the coal owners talk of a guarantee of five per cent. One member of Parliament who was present, said bluntly that nobody but a lunatic would ever dream of approaching Parliament at such a time with such a request, whereupon he was promptly informed that before election we have from candidates promises *ad lib.*, while after election members give us insults *ad nauseam*. It is not improbable that these are the only words of the Latin language which this caustic gentleman knows, but that he used them with an effect calculated to excite the envy of the compiler of voluminous treatises in the vernacular of the founder of the Cæsars is undeniable. Another member of Parliament, more pliant, said he would see to the thing in Parliament. He was not told that seeing is not getting

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accorded his predecessor.Passengers by early trains can rely upon
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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
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Kid Balmorals, 8s 6d; never before
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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.;
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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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that we are now in a position to
supply the favourite Smithy Coal from the
A. A. Company's Mine, Newcastle, N.S.WThis Coal is soft, strong, and very clean,
and therefore makes the best Smithy Coal,
It is quite free from dirt, being doubly
screened before sending out.All Coals will be charged at Lowest Possible
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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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The best Kaitangata Coal, 28s per ton for cashDelivered to all parts of the Town and
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

that he will probably discover by his own unaided resources. It strikes the impartial mind that if there is, as the coal owners say, a certainty that traffic equal to making safe a guarantee of five per cent. will spring up on the heels of the expenditure, there ought to be no necessity for going to Parliament for the money. The old fable about the waggoner having to do his own pushing before he deserved help applies to coal-mine owners as well as to other people. Colonial life has dressed up colonial governments in the guise of those good kind nurses who feed their boisterous, vigorous, quick-silvery charges patiently, tenderly, and uncomplainingly with a spoon.

Local politics in the Ashburton County, our greatest grain-growing district, have a healthy circulation of their own quite surprising. An agitation has been going on in the county for the abolition of what is popularly known to the county folk as "dual government." The duality consists in the County Council on one hand, and the numerous Road Boards on the other. The practical minds of the farmers and their friends, the middlemen of the townships, have got firmly hold of the idea that by abolishing one side or other great economy will be introduced—on the principle, probably, that two must cost more than one. The county, however, after having all the constitutional learning within its borders, has come to the conclusion that it must be decided as to whether the stroke of abolition must fall on the Road Boards or the County Council. A compromise has been suggested by which the Road Boards shall remain, and the officials of these useful bodies (the clerks, surveyors, rate collectors, and the rest) shall be sent about their business. But lest the Road Boards should bear too great a resemblance to wingless, tailless birds, the compromise kindly proposes to impose all the work that (unlike those who do it) cannot be abolished upon the shoulders of the officials of the County Council. This plan was discovered at the last moment not to be absolutely feasible. It has, in consequence, been referred back to its designers to make it complete. Well-wishers of the county hope that nothing will be done to mar the usefulness of the County Council. That body has successfully carried out a grand water scheme at a small cost. After the highest engineering authorities had declared that the waterless plains around Ashburton could not be supplied with water for stock under an expenditure of hundreds of thousands, the county engineer supplied the water by a system of races, some 700 miles in length, for less than £10,000—his reward, I may mention in passing, was a diminution of salary, much apologised for, but ruthlessly carried out for "financial reasons." I mention these water-races as they are the precursors of the great scheme of irrigation, which one day is destined to make the Canterbury Plain the Lombardy of New Zealand. That day is distant, but it is undesirable to make it more so by interfering ignorantly with the efficient machinery of local government.

DEATH OF MR. EDWARD BUTLER.

(*Grey mouth Argus*, August 8.)

By the death of Mr. Butler the county loses the services of an invaluable officer. That is a fact so well known as not to require stating. He was probably the most known man in the county, and those best acquainted with him esteemed him most; but it is extremely doubtful whether he had a single enemy in the whole length and breadth of the district. And this is a great deal to say for one occupying the position he did. All the works of the county—and at times these were of considerable magnitude—were carried on under his supervision. It was his duty as Road Overseer or County Engineer—for he sometimes received the one title and sometimes the other—to see that contractors kept up to time and carried out their work according to specifications; and if they were behindhand to employ additional labour to have the contract carried out according to the wishes of the Council. For various reasons his duties in this direction must often enough have been very unpleasant to himself and not calculated to make him popular. Yet probably few will regret his death more than those who have been accustomed to do work for the county. Always just, if he erred at all it was on the score of kindness. Having been a contractor himself before he entered the service of the Council he knew when a job was taken at too low a price, and endeavored to be as lenient in such cases to a backward contractor as the interests of the Council would warrant. Mr. Butler was a slave to his work as far as he was concerned. Indeed there is too much reason to fear that his devotion to his duties was largely responsible for his death by weakening a system, never too rugged, and bringing it so low as to draw too largely upon its recuperative power, so that there was but little chance of a rebound once he became prostrate. Twelve months or so ago Mr. Butler had a very trying time when out with Mr. Gordon examining a number of County tracks, and he caught such a severe cold that he could scarcely be said to have ever thoroughly recovered from it since. Latterly the Council asked that detailed plans for several bridges—Wallisend to Taylorville, Marsden and Arnold—be prepared to be sent to Wellington. There was only a month in which to do the work, and the Council gave Mr. Butler power to employ additional professional assistance; but as he seemed to have a constitutional aversion to calling in assistance to do what he thought he could accomplish himself, he worked night and day at the plans, which he succeeded in completing barely in time. It is feared that the strain he then underwent by working every morning till two, three, and four o'clock, and then going home in the chill air, only to be back again at his work a few hours after, was too much for his system. About the 17th of last month, when he went to pass Tyndall's contract near Maori Creek, he was caught in a storm of exceptional severity and was completely drenched. As he had a great deal of work in hand he was anxious to overtake, he did not lay up, as he ought to have done, but kept riding about the country inspecting all the contracts in hand, of which there were a great many. It was only about ten days ago that he was compelled to lay up, and he has not risen from his bed since. The immediate cause of death was inflammation of the lungs, together with a touch of brain fever; and from the first

his medical advisers, seeing that the lamp of life had been allowed to burn low, held out but little hope of his recovery.

Mr. Butler was born in the county of Kilkenny, Ireland, and was about 41 years of age. He came out to the colony of Victoria when a boy. After experiencing station life for a few years he went to Queensland, where he contracted a severe attack of fever and ague, which made a serious inroad upon his constitution. In 1865 he came upon this coast, and was at some of the earliest rushes. It was here he qualified himself for the position he held at his death. He learnt surveying and plane geometry, and turned contractor. The present wharf was built by him, his brother, and Mr. Andrew Matheson. It was a losing job to all of them, but it served to show the sterling honesty of the man; for although he might have passed through the Bankruptcy Court without opposition, he said that was not the way to pay debts. Soon after that he entered the employ of the County Council, and out of his salary he has since paid off his sureties for the wharf contract to the last penny. Although taking to engineering somewhat late in life, he was thoroughly competent to fill a position in which far higher professional ability is needed than a county like the Grey requires; and his plans will compare favorably with those turned out of the Public Works Department. Altogether he was a good instance of what may be accomplished by intelligence and application. Mr. Butler leaves a wife and four young children to mourn his loss.

A GLIMPSE OF LIFE IN NEW YORK.

(From the *New York Sun*.)

At about 9 o'clock every Sunday morning the young men and boys of the east and west sides begin to assemble at their lounging places. A typical corner on Second Avenue, not far from Twenty-third street, engaged the writer's attention last Sunday morning. At 8 o'clock slatternly servant girls and prim-looking young women appeared all along the streets as far as the eye could see, sweeping off the sidewalks. A short time after they had retired the bartenders of the liquor stores, which are on nearly every corner of that neighborhood, came out, broom in hand, and carelessly swept the dirt from the door steps into the gutter. They then came out with watering pots, sprinkled the sidewalk, carefully opened the side door of their saloons and sat down to read their morning papers. Of the four corners the reporter watched, three were occupied by gin mills, and the other by a grocery store. A heavily-built, frowy and unpleasant-looking bartender evidently had the best business in that neighborhood, for he was kept at work from that time on, while the other two bartenders talked together for nearly an hour before they retired to their bars.

It was nearly 11 o'clock before the "gang" made its appearance. The first one to arrive was a small, squatty, square-shouldered and bow-legged youth who might have been any where from 16 to 20 years of age. His face had been kicked by a horse or a mule and was knocked completely out of shape. The nose was twisted around, and there was a heavy scar over one eye. He had on a pair of narrow-toed shoes that had been polished brightly, and his muscular but crooked legs were clad in trousers as tight as it was possible to make them all the way down the leg until the foot was reached, when they spread out suddenly like blunderbuss muzzles. He had a short coat, which can only be described by the word natty, and was guiltless of waistcoat. There was an elaborate expanse of shirt bosom, which had just been ironed by his mother, and of which he was evidently proud. He wore neither collar nor cuffs, and swaggered along with his hands in his trousers pockets. This served to show a pair of cheap braces which had been gaudily worked with worsted by his best girl. He was cleanly shaven and wore a brand new Derby hat over his right eye. When he arrived at the grocery on the corner he chose a comfortable perch on the coal box, pulled a black and crooked cigar from his pocket, lighted it with great satisfaction, and stuck it into the corner of his mouth. He was a fair type of the average east side Sunday corner lounge. On week-days he might have been a tow boy, a plumber's assistant, a coal heaver, a foundryman, or a porter. He probably rose at 6 o'clock in the morning, and when he got home at 7 at night was weary enough to go to bed after his supper. His special delight on Sunday was doing absolutely nothing, and this he accomplished on his favorite street corner.

He sat idly tapping his heels upon the side of the coal box and smoking his rank cigar for five or ten minutes, and then burst into a broad grin as he saw a friend bearing down upon him along the east side of Second Avenue. The friend's attire was a very counterpart of his, with the exception of a pair of startling cream-colored trousers, which attracted the attention and admiration of the car drivers, and drew comments from the small boys. Though they were brilliant and gaudy, it was evident they were not new. They were heavily creased where they had been folded all winter, and there was a dun-colored spot on the left leg which could not pass unnoticed. But the wearer was as happy as a lord. He was smoking a five-cent cigar, and his hat was tipped so far off his head that it nearly touched his nose. As he strolled along he lifted one shoulder after the other and bent his arms with an indescribably bad and wicked air. He evidently wished to be considered a tough. As he approached, the stumpy youth on the coal box raised his hands above his head, stuck them wildly in the air, pointed his finger derisively at the cream-colored trousers, and yelled at the top of his lungs:

"Go home and take them off!"

"Go, fall off the dock."

"Will you get on to them?" yelled the squatty little man, and kicking his heels in delight. "The same picnic pants that you wore on Judge Kelly's excursion last year, where cross-eyed McDonigh hit yer wid a tomaten in the leg. There is the scar now," he added, with a roar of delight, pointing at the dun-colored spot on the left leg.

"Say," said he of the criticised trousers, swaggering up and down the sidewalk, "I paid seven dollars for dese, and they're the star pants of this crowd and don't make no error."

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JOHN OGG, late of the Caledonian Hotel, has so far recovered from his late illness that he has taken the Railway Hotel, South Dunedin, and hopes to see his old Friends and the Public generally.
JOHN OGG.

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PAPERMAKERS, EDINBURGH,
Have in Stock in Dunedin
Assorted Printing Papers and Inks, and execute Orders for Printing Machinery, Type, and
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have a large stock of Bulbs now ready for sale, consisting of Choice Varieties of
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SCILLAS, &c., &c.

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

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

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North East Valley Works.

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(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.

SHAMROCK HOTEL,
HAWERA.
J. O'REILLY.

The proprietor of the above new and commodious Hotel begs to notify to his patrons that he is now in a position to supply their every want in the shape of civility, attention, and liquors of the very best brands.

Good Stabling and Paddocks.

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EMPORIUM.
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THE PRINCES STREET CASH EMPORIUM
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Further discussion was cut short by a spruce, slightly built, neatly clad youngster, who came swaggering around the corner smoking a cigarette. He was slimly built, and wore the same kind of trousers and boots as the others, but was different from them in that he wore a collar with a black tie and a pair of white cuffs. As he came around the corner he waved his hand gracefully to the two early comers and said:

"Ello, Corkey! 'ow are you squat?" Then he caught sight of the lavender trousers, drew up his hands, and yelled:

"Oh, Corkey, you bloomin' mash-ah!"

"Ran back to your mother, you sassy young dude. When you can afford to wear such pants as these you can smoke cigars like a real man."

They jibed and jeered each other unmercifully until two or three more of the gang arrived, and then they all went over, on the invitation of the dude, who had been paid the night before, to the place where the frowsy beer dealer was serving out drink. They walked in with reverence and respect, and ranged themselves along the bar.

"How are you, Jerry?" said the youngest man, patronizingly, to the bartender.

"Quite well, gents. What is it this morning?"

The five young men ordered beer and looked at themselves critically in the mirror behind the bar. They drank their beer solemnly, strolled back across the street, and took up their positions again under the groceryman's wooden awning.

It was now about noon, and all the members of the gang were there. There were about ten in all. The majority were collarless, and dressed after the fashion of the first comer. The lavender trousers of Corkey caused endless comment and criticism, and the dude came in for a good share of derision. At rare intervals one of the boys would take some money out of his pocket, count his change, make his companions promise to drink beer or nothing more expensive, then lead the way across the street. They always spoke to the bartender with labored respect, and he invariably returned the compliment. Three times during the afternoon the bartender treated to the drinks himself. During the long hours they stood about in the same condition by the coal box, talked carelessly, and made fun of passers-by. If any one passed in a car or on foot who was remarkable for anything, whether it was extreme weight or unusually fashionable attire, the gang broke out into derisive comments. At half-hour intervals a round-shouldered, red-faced policeman swaggered down the block and around the corner. They always watched him from afar as he approached, and followed him with their eyes until he strolled out of sight. He was evidently a person of extreme envy to them, and they noted with disgust that the eyes of the girls along the block followed him admiringly. As he passed the gang, the policeman recognized one or two of them with a supercilious and careless nod. On his last trip before sundown he stopped, tucked his club under his arm, took a paper of tobacco out of his pocket, and looked at the gang steadfastly as he said:

"Youse fellers give me some trouble last Sunday. I don't want no more of it. I'm goin' to leave word at the station when I go in to have the hull gang jerked if there's any noise to-night, and I'll see that every bloody one of yer is taken care of. You hear me now!"

He shoved the tobacco back into his pocket, shook his head at the crowd, and strolled carelessly down the street. Not one of the loungers said a word. Then the dude was deputized to go across the street and ask the bartender if he was willing to set them up again before supper, and he came back with the information that the bartender was not. Then they slowly strolled off to their different homes, ate their supper, and returned in half an hour to the corner. By this time the numerous pretty young girls who are scattered so thickly through the tenement quarter of the city begun to stroll up and down the sidewalk arm-in-arm. They seemed to look upon the gang of loungers upon the corner with great admiration. It was evident that they considered them men of the world, high livers, and jolly fellows generally.

The members of the gang spoke to the girls as they passed, joked with them, and one or two of the more audacious, including the dude, stopped them, and held long and rambling conversations in the baker's doorway just around the corner. At 9 o'clock the girls were all sitting on their own doorsteps, and the gang having scraped together more money, chipped in for what was technically known as the growler. It was a big tin can, which could be filled with beer for fifteen cents. Members of the gang took turns in going over to the liquor saloon and having the can filled. They drank its contents under the grocer's awning. At 11 o'clock they began to sing, and at 12 there was a slight struggle between Corkey and the dude which ended amicably, and at 1 o'clock the gang had retired for the night.

While a crowd of small boys were standing in front of No. 239 Monroe street, on Thursday night, Samuel McCloud, a very little boy of ten years, pointed a 32-calibre revolver at a playmate and asked tragically, "Are you prepared to die?" Peter Fitzsimmons, who is about McCloud's age, knocked the pistol in the air, but it went off, the shot taking effect in Fitzsimmons' side. The boys ran away and the wounded lad was sent to the Bellevue Hospital. Detectives English and McCauley arrested McCloud at his home, No. 237 Monroe street. When taken into custody he threw up his hands and cried, in a tone of levity, "Alas! I am collared by two cops." The precocious youngster was brought to the Essex Market Police Court yesterday and confronted with Fitzsimmons, whose wound had proved to be of a very trifling character. McCloud stood before the desk with an orange in one hand and a banana in the other. The fruit seemed to interest him far more than the proceedings. Justice White tried in vain to impress upon him the serious nature of his conduct, but the boy failed utterly to comprehend the meaning of the term felonious assault, which the Court used. Finally, the Justice let the boy go home with his mother. The youngster refused to tell where he obtained his pistol, which has been confiscated by the police.—*N.Y. Daily Newspaper.*

MODERN CAUSES OF INSANITY.

IN the current number of the *Sanitarian*. Professor Hitchcock has an interesting paper on "A Perverted Will as a Factor in Insanity." He is of opinion that the marked increase of insanity of late years is largely, if not altogether, due to the rapid progress of democratic ideas, the development of strong individualism, and the weakening of respect for authority. It is not to be inferred that he considers democratic ideas mischievous, but he holds it to be often dangerous to put new wine into old bottles. The general effect of modern influences he regards as tending to destroy self-control, whether in the pursuit of wealth or the gratification of appetite. Luxury offers constant temptations to the present generation, and where there is no training to furnish a basis of self-restraint, excess in many directions is to be apprehended. Again, self-control is weakened, especially in our American public, by a disregard or disesteem of law and authority. The democratic idea, the intense individualism that permeates the body politic as does our blood the body, is a demoraliser to a sound mental condition. The disrespect for civil law, as manifested by many who only seem to see in it red tape and needless formality, is a good seed of insanity.

Professor Hitchcock might have gone further back in tracing the developments of the insane neurosis. It is highly probable that those parents who, through mistaken notions of education, permit their children to grow up ignorant of self-surrender, discipline, and restraint, are encouraging in them the tendencies to excess which in later life may issue in insanity. It is indeed a patent fact that the power of self-control is less cultivated than formerly. Our forefathers held many hard and barbarous beliefs, but there was one belief of theirs which we should have done well to retain, namely, the conviction that serious and prolonged discipline is necessary to the building up of a sound and self-sustaining manhood. In these days the last lesson imparted is that of obedience, yet it is certain that they who cannot obey will never know how to rule, and without self-control the finest natural abilities may be worse than wasted. The diseases of to-day are largely the products of profuse expenditure of vitality. Extravagance in physical outlay is one of the most serious vices of the time. Nervous and cerebral exhaustion follows these courses, and at short intervals our most active and energetic men drop out of the race, and are consigned to the asylum or the grave.

When the tendency to insanity is the effect of new ideas upon sluggish mentalities, which are confused rather than enlightened by the impact, it is probable that nothing can be done. In such cases nature's law of the survival of the fittest must operate, and such as are incapable of improvement must perish. But with regard to the stronger natures that go to excess because of defective training and the force of external stimulants, it is not useless to speak words of warning. Nature will be avenged for violation of her laws, and those who exhaust their limited stock of vitality in youth and middle age will be denied the restful old age to which they vainly look forward. They will die in harness. They will drop even before they have reached Mount Pisgah. The parents who think it philosophical to withhold all discipline and training in self-control from their children, will do well to reflect that, far from fitting them for an ampler manhood and womanhood by these means, they are preparing them for disaster, misfortune, and failure, depriving them of the most indispensable defence and protection against the distracting influences of our fast and feverish modern life.—*N.Y. Tribune.*

MR. GEORGE BLISS BECOMES A CATHOLIC

COLONEL GEORGE BLISS, one of the best known men in the United States, has become a convert to the Catholic Church, and was baptized on the 9th inst. by Monsignor Capel, in New York. The news of his conversion caused great surprise in New York. "Colonel Bliss is the last man in the world," one of his intimate friends said, "that I thought would join any Church, especially the Catholic. He often spoke with me on the subject of religion, and we had many interesting discussions about it."

Col. Bliss comes of Puritan stock. When quite a young man he joined the Unitarian Church. Of late years, however, it is said that he worshipped with no particular sect.

When Col. Bliss married, his wife was an Episcopalian. Several years afterwards she embraced the Catholic faith and became a most devout Catholic. In her residence, 54 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York City, she has a private chapel. Cardinal McCloskey has said Mass there on several occasions. Mrs. Bliss also attends the Cathedral and has a pew in St. Francis Xavier's Church. On Sunday, and on all Holy Days, when her health permits, she attends Mass at one or the other. For many years she has earnestly desired that her husband should be of the same faith as herself.

Almost everybody says the *N. Y. Sun*, knows Colonel George Bliss. His tall figure, abundant gray hair, prominent nose and piercing eyes are familiar to all court attendants. He was born in Springfield, Mass., about fifty years ago. His father was wealthy and engaged in some extensive railroad enterprises. There were only two children, Col. Bliss and a daughter who married Mr. George Walker, now Consul-General at Paris. Col. Bliss came to this city after graduation from Harvard College. He began the practice of law, and soon became private secretary to Gov. E. D. Morgan. It was on the Governor's staff that he acquired the title of Colonel. In 1861 he assisted President Arthur, who was then Quarter-master-General and has since been one of his warmest personal friends. He was a law partner of John L. Cadwalader, who was afterwards Assistant Secretary of State under Fish. Colonel Bliss was Paymaster of New York State, and was also United States District Attorney. He has been a leading politician in the Republican ranks, and has for many years been a leader in the Eleventh Assembly district. He is a stalwart Republican, and strongly supported Gen. Grant for President four years ago. He was employed by the Government to assist the prosecution in the Star Route cases.—*Pilot.*

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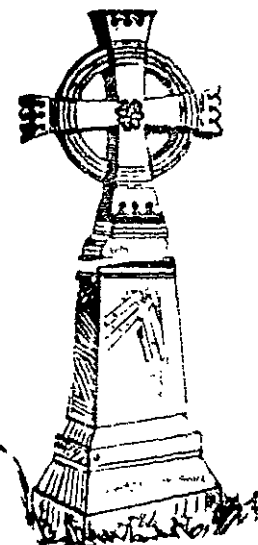
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