

to the proposed duty on fruit-pulp. The imposition of this duty will certainly cause the closure of the jam factories, and thus eighty people will be at once deprived of their employment and thrown upon the streets already over-crowded by men in want of work, not to speak of the losses to fall upon the proprietors of the factories; and which will be grave and even ruinous. No good purpose moreover, can be served by the imposition of the duty in question. It will not encourage the local growth of fruit as the pretence is, but, on the contrary, it will rather prevent that by injuring the market and preventing the demand. The factories as it is, only make use of the imported pulp because it is impossible for them to obtain a supply from local growers, and the imposition of the duty cannot lead to the immediate existence of fruit gardens.—It will, on the contrary, as we said tend to hinder their increase, as, by closing the factories it will put a stop to the demand, and thus not only will the factory hands be deprived of their employment, but existing fruit growers will suffer a loss, and other people who would be inclined to adopt that calling will be deterred from doing so.—The loss entailed upon the district, therefore, is one that all must see to be heavy, and that is likely to extend more widely than most people can discern.—It is a most serious check to local industry, both in its actual existence and its probable growth, and, therefore, cannot be sufficiently deprecated.—The imposition of this duty, again, will be tantamount to a measure of protection in favour of Australia and Tasmania,—for it will be impossible, under the circumstances, for our local manufacturers to compete with those of the countries in question.—This will be apparent if the following comparisons be attended to.—Australian and Tasmanian manufacturers buy their fruit at the same price as those in Dunedin,—boil their jam once, and get a rebate of duty on the sugar it contains when exported, and the duty they pay is 2d a pound. Dunedin manufacturers, under the proposed duty, would pay 1d for the half pound of pulp, and a farthing for the half pound of sugar in each pound of jam,—leaving a margin of 3d a pound apparently in their favour. These three-farthings however, would be lost in boiling down the pulp, and further disadvantages would be suffered by the cost of the second boiling, by that of the tins and cases used in packing the pulp and useles s after arriving here, and by the rebate on sugar duty allowed to Tasmanian jams on their exportation. It is, therefore, clear that nothing will remain for our Dunedin manufacturers but to close their establishments and send their employees adrift. As to whether this is a step to be taken, more especially at the present, we may leave it to the judgment of our readers. For our own part we see no redeeming feature in the matter. Enterprising manufacturers will meet with a heavy loss, a large number of working people will lose their employment;—fruit growing will be discouraged. Nor can it, be urged that the jams imported are of a more wholesome description than those made from the pulp, for Professor Black has analysed this and pronounced it pure. The proposed duty then is an unmixed evil which it is earnestly to be hoped may be withdrawn or defeated. The matter, we may add, has been brought under the notice of the Ministry by Mr. John Gay, agent for the Messrs. Peacocke, who has pleaded the cause with his accustomed energy and ability, and there is, therefore reason to believe that the threatened misfortune may be averted.

A CAUTION TO NEWS-READERS.

It would be prudent if readers of news, before pinning their faith upon peace and war intelligence, should take the precaution of first looking to its authority. No benefit can be enjoyed without having to pay some price for it, and the price of an unfettered Press in England is the ease with which it can be utilised for the promulgation of almost any sort of news that may suit any foreign journal to scatter abroad. Russia is the country of all others to understand this and to take full advantage of it; and the *Novoe Vremya*, for example, is not exactly the journal one would select as the type of impartial sincerity. Yet how often is a piece of so-called information accepted on the face of its appearance in an English newspaper, simply because the reader, in his eagerness or carelessness, has omitted to define and limit the extent of his belief by noting the reference to the authority. A rising of the Afghans, or whatever it may be, draws its inspiration from Russian invention, and obtains its authority from the omission of the British public to discriminate between the sources of true and false news. The practical direction, applicable to all such cases, is simple enough, and perfectly easy to follow. It is to look to the authority, and if that be Russian, to presume it to be false unless otherwise proved to be true. The public would naturally lose a certain amount of excitement, but that would do no manner of harm; and some English journals themselves would be the better for abstaining from comments due to an over-ready credulity. What Russia wants above all things, under the circumstances, is a means for spreading in this country whatever rumours suit her present purposes; and unless people here exercise the very slight and easy amount of caution required to counteract the process, then the whole end of Russian journalists is gained. It is right to know what she wishes us to believe; but to swallow whatever she bids us is an entirely different thing.—*Globe*.

Poet's Corner.

ST. JOHN'S EVE.

THE following poem, never before published (says the *Pilot*), was written by the late Charles J. Kickham, while the poet and novelist was confined in Woking Convict Prison in England. He had received a letter from Ireland, and this poem was the imprisoned patriot's tender answer.

"Do you remember that St. John's Eve three years ago, when we walked round by Ballycullen to see the bonfires?"—Letter from home.

Yes, Gertrude, I remember well
That St. John's Eve three years ago,
When while the slanting sunbeams fell
Across the mountain all aglow,
Upon the lonely bridge we turned,
To watch the roseate, russet hue,
Till faint, and fainter still, it burned,
As if 'twere quenched by the falling dew!

Then up the sloping hill we clomb,
And backward looked, with pensivè eyes,
Along the vale—our own sweet home,
The dearest spot beneath the skies.
Dear for the golden hours that were,
When life's glad morn all radiant shone,
Fondly dear for loved ones there;
And dearer still for loved ones gone.

The sun slides down behind the hill;
The shadows deepen while we gaze;
The chapel, the Old Stone, the mill,
Are hidden in the twilight haze.
The wayside shepherd on the height
Waits our approach, nor seems to heed
His vagrant flock throug out of sight
Adown the winding road they speed.

Deep was he in Gaelic lore,
And loved to talk of days gone by;
(A saddening theme those days of yore;
And still he'd turn, with sparkling eye,
From Druid rites and Christian fane,
From champion bold and monarch grand,
To tell of fray and foray, when
His sires were princes in the land.

When to the Well-mile bridge we came,
You pointed where the moon-beams white
Silvered the stream. When lo! a flame—
A wavy flame of ruddy light—
Leaped up the farm-yard fence above,
And, while his children's shout rang high,
His cows the farmer slowly drove
Across the blaze: he knew not why.

Soon round the vale—above, below,
And high upon the blue hill's brows,—
The bonfires shine with steady glow,
Or blink through screening orchard boughs.
And now in my lone dismal cell,
While I that starry scene recall,
The fields, the hills, the sheltered dell,
I close my eyes and see them all!

My dear-loved land, must it be mine
No more—except in dreams—to see?
Yet think not, friends, that I repine
At my sad fate—if sad it be;
Think not the captive weakly pines;
That from his soul all joy hath flown,
Oh, no! the "solemn starlight" shines
As brightly as it ever shone.

And though I've had my share of pain,
And sunken is my cheek and pale,
Yet, Gertrude, were it ours again,
On St. John's Eve, in Compey vale,
While loitering by the Anner's stream
To view the mountain's purpled dome—
Waiting to see the bonfires gleam
All round our quiet hill clasped home—

We'd talk of bygone blissful hours—
And oh! what blissful hours I've known.
It was a world of smiles and flowers,
That little home-world of our own,
And happy thought each heart would fill
What else but happy could we be?
While Hope stood smiling on the hill,
And in the valley Memory.

Woking Convict Prison, Nov., 1865.

C. J. K.

Writers in the *London Lancet* call attention to the great value of hot water applications to the head in cases of fainting or syncope. They also say that a prompt use of it, applied to the forehead with cloths, will very often avert such attacks.