

## CHRISTCHURCH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

October 13, 1885.

OUR Volunteer review, at which the Irish Rifles made as fine a display as any on the ground, is the talk of the place. We had the horse and foot and the dragoons, also a brave show of artillery-men. When the General, to judge by his tremendous uniform—he could not have been less—came on the ground, the whole force in line, with shouldered arms, was a handsome sight; so was the march-past that followed. After that all was confusion for a time, for the popularity of the Volunteers killed the review. The dear delightful public got the force into its affectionate embrace, and would hardly let it go again. The General's plan of battle had to be given up altogether. He managed, after some weary waiting, to extricate his men from the press, and so to send his horse and his guns away into a remote corner of the Park, and to put his infantry through some skirmishing, after which he drew them up in line and let the people see how they did the manual and platoon and bayonet exercise. The result is a general idea that our Volunteer force, if called into the field for real work, would give a good account of itself. The General (I refer to Sir George Whitmore) was very complimentary, a circumstance which the troops under arms became acquainted with the next day through the newspapers. The General's voice is not equal to his military talents, and as he allowed the battalion commander to mass the forces to windward of him, his speech did not make the impression which on these occasions is desirable. Men who have followed the Volunteer movement from the early days of Volunteering declare that the spirit of these Volunteers who turned out last Friday is the most earnest spirit that has ever been displayed. Our crack corps, the Artillery, the Navals, and the College Rifles were, of course, very much admired for their steadiness and smartness. All the new corps (the Irish, Scottish, Richmond, and Woolsten Rifles and mounted infantry) struck all the beholders by their proficiency. The horses of the yeomanry were pronounced by many judges to be fit for the household cavalry, likewise the men. In fact, we only want another war scare to make our soldiers equal to any in the world.

In your last issue you spoke, sir, of the loyalty displayed by Irish Volunteers in the colonies as bearing fruit in the Old Country for the benefit of the race. A striking display was given of this quality at the concert of the Irish Rifles on the night of the review. The concert, which was lively and successful, wound up with a grand tableau, introducing Britannia, Her Majesty the Queen, a great variety of flags and standards, a blaze of red fire, and the National Anthem. When the description of this display gets Home it will not diminish the effect of the testimony you quoted.

Politically, we are in a state of expectation, waiting for what Sir Julius Vogel and Mr. Holmes are to say at the banquet on the 21st. There is an idea in some quarters that Christchurch ought to have given the banquet in honour of all the Canterbury members who are believed here to have done very well by the district. But the city has its own members and prefer to do them honour at all events first.

The Railway League has taken a departure which has made sorrowful its late President, and caused some of its old members to hive off. These gentlemen raised the question of the permanency of the junction with Nelson. "Shall we aim at joining the East and West Coasts by rail, or shall we try for the line right up to Nelson." That was the question which they asked the League to decide in favour of the intercoastal plan. The majority of the League declining to throw Nelson over, the whole line becomes the object of the League. The original project was, as you perhaps know, the intercoastal, Nelson having come in as an afterthought last year. The majority who came to the decision of accepting Nelson made rather weak speeches,—speeches which told Nelson pretty plainly that the alliance will last, not as long as loyalty and gratitude shall be extant, but only while convenience endures. The key to the whole business will, I believe, be found in the policy which Sir Julius has at heart. The League has been "worked" by the partisans of Sir Julius Vogel. The desire of Sir Julius is to bring down a large railway policy, embracing probably the Otago Central, the East and West Coast and Nelson, and the Rangitikei and Awamutu—all the unfinished Trunk lines, in fact. The League's alliance with Nelson is a forerunner of this policy, that is, the explanation very generally accepted. It is the shadow of a coming event.

The coming into force of the Hospital and Charitable Aid Act, and the announcement that the first election would be held on the 15th of the month, has not made any more stir in this part of the country than those pleasing paragraphs we get from the Press Association about the accidents and offences of the neighbouring cities. As far as I can see, even the existing institutions, for many of whom the Government made such a strenuous fight, view the altered position of things with an interest that cannot even be called languid. A proposal was made at the last meeting of our Hospital to move in the direction of obtaining separate corporate existence for that body, as provided in the Act, but it was shelved. All the other institutions—Benevolent Institution, Female Refuge, Lyttelton Orphanage, and the rest—seem destined to pass under the new Board without a murmur. The work of charitable aid will be, I fear, sadly thrown out of gear at first.

We have had Mr. Arthur Clayden interviewed for the benefit of the readers of newspapers. This gentleman seems possessed with a philanthropic desire to induce the tenant farmers of Great Britain to fly from the high rents of the Old Country to the low prices of produce of the new. His aim is "a middle-class immigration to the colony." He wants to see such an immigration assisted by loans of a port on of passage money, by depots where they can live cheaply on arrival, while seeking cheap land, which should be provided, and by organisation of some means of the Government whereby they can be advised about everything colonial. The idea is very excellent. There are, it strikes me, a good many people living in our midst who ought also to have every facility for getting on to the lands of the

Colony. But that does not prevent Mr. Clayden's advice to us to get out the right sort of people from being good.

The farmers in Canterbury say that the best remedy for all the evils of the present time is four shillings a bushel. I have met some men sanguine enough to predict that price for wheat before the season's crop gets Home. The falling off in the American and European harvests is his basis of prognostication. Not a few hope these may be true prophets.

The sheep-farmers are a little excited by the circular of Mr. Synnot, of Melbourne, asking them to join in an attempt to get the Chinese and Japanese to take to wearing woollens. There will be a new demand from between three and four hundred million people, they say,—not at once, but by degrees appreciable as well as of pleasant effect on the low prices. The inert man says: "Wool has been down before, and has gone up; it will go up again. Why should I interfere?" The sceptic says: "In China, the people are too conservative, and the area of free trade round the treaty ports too limited. In Japan where these obstacles do not exist there are not two millions of people who could afford to buy woollen garments." The cautious man says: "Dinna' you fash yourself; you will only be working for Bradford, you ken." The hopeful man says: "Begin the attack on Asiatic conservatism, keep it up, and success is certain." It is likely the hopeful man will succeed in getting his way tried. The sheep farmers are very keen over it.

The head of the firm of Scott Brothers, which got the contract for supplying locomotives to the N.Z. Railways, has just returned here, with his mind improved by study of the large railway workshops of the Old Country, and a supply of books, including technical works for the employees of the firm. Mr. Scott is a colonist of the right stamp.

If somebody were to talk to us, the Catholics of Christchurch, as the Bishop of Nottingham has been talking to the Catholics of England and Scotland, we might be induced to stand together sufficiently cohesively to be able to find life for our Literary Society. At present, the Society obliged for want of means to vacate the quarter it was so comfortably and centrally lodged in, is maintaining a doubtful struggle for existence.

## THE CAREER OF A RECKLESS AND UNHAPPY WOMAN.

(Boston Pilot, Nov. 5, 1881.)

WE regret to be called on once more in the *Pilot* to expose the sin and misery of even the God-forsaken; but the evil they may do in their headlong course compels the stern duty. We should prefer to leave the wretched woman, Edith O'Gorman, to her natural insignificance; but we have evidence of late that, in several English cities, she has caused bitter sectional animosities.

Early in the spring of 1871, flaming show-bills announcing a lecture by an "escaped" nun, appeared in Madison, New Jersey. This was Edith O'Gorman's first performance. She made her *debut* before the scum and rabble of that city, with a story of convent horrors much more moderate, however, than her present fiery doses. A highly venerated priest, named Darcy, beloved and honoured for his many virtues by the whole community, had died a few months before her arrival. She knew that the least breath to the injury of his spotless character would arouse the violence of his numberless personal friends. With this conviction she devoted the greater part of her harangue to the aspersion of the fair fame of this dead priest. The body of the priest had been exposed before burial, and publicly interred in the presence of hundreds among whom he had ministered. But the "escaped nun," whom the Evangelical papers then called very properly "another Luther," declared he was still living, and had fled from the country on account of crimes which seemed endless in their repetition. The experiment was a success. The goal at which she arrived was won: she was transformed into a victim of religious persecution, and began to float on a wave of popularity.

A few incidents of her career, immediately preceding her first appearance, will tend to show her character. We find her in a convent at Paterson, N.J., where her disedifying life nearly led to her expulsion. Through the kindness of the Superior, she was spared the extreme punishment; but for her correction she was removed to the Orphan Asylum at Hoboken. Here she incurred the frequent displeasure of the Superiores, and was often reprimanded. Her convent life, at last, came to an end in a manner in keeping with her former course. She was detected late at night in one of the halls under suspicious circumstances. When discovered, she pleaded somnambulism as an excuse. But this hypocrisy was not successful, and Edith O'Gorman fled to avoid expulsion. As the *New York Sun* remarked on her first appearance as a lecturer—"She thought a convent a good and holy place till summoned by the 'Mother' to come to Madison, in order to explain the circumstances, when she fled to Philadelphia. After leaving the convent she obtained money, in the name of the Superiores, from Sadler and Co., the Catholic publishers of New York, under false pretences. This certainly sustains her character as an honest woman." She alludes to this crime in one of the letters which she wrote, after her flight, to the Superiores, and which we append for the special pleasure of those who applauded this moral heroine.

The remorse that prompted this woman to write the following letters must earn for her wretchedness a pity that will soften the condemnation for her sin. She craved for re-admission to the home of purity she had sinned; but the guardians of that home knew her nature well, and they knew that they could not take her back among the spotless ones who peacefully followed the pathway they had chosen. She had not fortitude nor religion enough to bear her up against a refusal, but, like a baffled wild animal, she dashes herself against the rock of innocence that had cast her off.

On May 9th, 1868, Edith O'Gorman wrote from Philadelphia to the Mother Superior as follows:—

"Dear Mother,—I humbly request of you to write to me before next Tuesday, whether I will be received or not. My money is nearly gone, and I have no work now; therefore, I shall be obliged