

story. Some thirty years ago, the story goes, a French vessel put into Nelson, and presently going to sea was never heard of more. During her stay no communication was allowed with the shore. But before she sailed, one of her people managed to evade the watch, and swam to land. There he told a wonderful tale, the gist of which was that the crew had been piloted to a certain place inland from Big Bay by some Maoris; that there they had found gold; that they had gathered a hundred thousand pounds worth of the precious metal, massacred their Maori guides, and set forth on their voyage home. After a time, the runaway dying, his papers were examined and found to contain descriptions of the scene of the murder and plunder. Several attempts have since been made, with the guidance of this information, to find the spot, but owing to heavy snowdrifts all have proved fruitless. The present search is, we understand, to be prosecuted in a determined manner."

This morning we learn that all the Ministers have flown—Sir Julius having returned, recovered (I am glad to say), to Wellington, and the others having taken the express to your city. The Minister of Justice and Mrs. Tole, who had not seen Christchurch before, were I understand, very much pleased with the city and picturesque suburbs. We do not get the credit for it, but they are picturesque, and what is more, they are clean and well laid out.

The sudden death of Mrs. Johnston, the judge's wife, cast a gloom over the community last week. The deceased lady was universally respected and beloved for her high character and many charities. A great number of people of different denominations attended her funeral at the pretty little churchyard cemetery of Riccarton.

DUBLIN IN AUTUMN.

THE wild tumult of Celtic enthusiasm which greeted the appointment of Archbishop Walsh to the metropolitan see, has subsided, and the heart of the old city seated by the Liffy beats tranquilly once more.

In the next month the elections will be upon us, and then fare you well, repose. In the meantime, though, neither the Irish leader nor his lieutenants are reclining upon beds of roses—or even shamrocks.

"From Cork's Sweet Cove," to "Derry Walls" a series of meetings took place during the last month, in county after county, and at each monster assembly the people were put in training for the use of the franchise pyke, at last put into their hands. Three members of the old parliamentary brigade are withdrawing from public life. They are ex-Lord Mayor Dawson, Alderman Meagher, and Mr. Lynch. Their loss is much regretted. It is expected that the result of the franchise will be Mr. Parnell's return to the House with all the representatives of Ireland under his banner, save a handful of ancient Tories from Ulster. It is now a standing joke how small will be the omnibus needed to transport these gentle fossils from the tram to St. Stephen's. In point of intellect the Tory deadheads are productive of surprise and amusement. When T. M. Healy was elected for Monaghan, one of them presided at a special meeting convened to denounce and bewail the condition of the county. This president's speech upon the occasion might be called a *chef d'œuvre*, containing as it did many of the attributes of true oratory—that is, condensed force, nervous grips of his subject, and the soul of wit, brevity. His eye glowed, his cheek burned, the veins on his lofty brow swelled like gutta percha—"To hell with Healy," he said, and sat down, his blushing honours thick upon him.

What with the bad markets, the bad harvest weather, and the deep decline of farming prospects, the November rents stand a poor chance of being paid. A universal movement for rent reductions is beginning all over the country, but with the incredible stupidity which has left them, as Mr. Davitt puts it, "between the devil and the deep sea," the landlords refuse to see their own interests and insist upon every ounce of their pound of flesh. As before, it may be that no bread will be the experience of those who refuse the honest half loaf. Ejectment decrees are falling thick as hail on the people; one upright individual named Autretill in the County Monaghan, has 1,500 tenants processed for the most atrocious rackrents, while his own little liabilities mount up to the modest lot of £80,000. But the tenants are not evicted yet—there will be news ere that. The land question and landlord's question, and aggression are growing lively with our Gaelic neighbours in Scotland. The contagion has spread from Ireland, the Caledonian lords and lairds say. Anyhow it is announced from Portree, Isle of Skye, that a number of crofters who had their potato crops ruined by the landlords' droves of deer, collected and chased the animals—which were supposed to be as sacred as Jove's tribute long ago—into the sea. Some fishermen who were there in their boats, killed the beasts, and then the crofters and fishermen lit fires, cooked the venison, and partook thereof. The powers that be were aghast at such banqueting.

Already the county conventions are in full swing, and the harmony and public spirited generosity which prevails in the adoption of candidates is a matter for both admiration and hope. In places where the national element is weakest, the picked men of the Irish party will run. Thus it is already decided that some doubtful constituencies in the north will have the benefit of Dillon, Sexton, Harrington, W. Redmond, and T. P. O'Connor's services.

The next meeting of the Britanic Parliament is a bone of contention already, for we of this old green land believe that the time to restore our rights stolen in 1800 has arrived, whilst the English politicians are registering vows high in heaven, and hot below, that parting is impossible. Neither angels nor men will be allowed to separate us. They are too fond of us for that. The bear's hug must continue: probably it is the affectionate one's secret belief that given unlimited time and leisure to devote to the work, the last gasp of life might even yet be squeezed out of Ireland. At all events her population is disappearing fast enough, yet I heard an Irish scholar and statistician say the other night that if there were only a dozen true men left among the hills, they could rattle in the flank of the great British nation like a spear. At present Ireland is not waiting to attack the flank or rear,—she is like a pike-head

buried up to the hilt in England's vaunted vein. Some of the London radicals, notably Chamberlain and Dilke, who used to posture as the apostles of progress, are loudest in denying us fair play. Sir Charles Dilke has been a good deal before the public of late in other aspects than that of a reformer boiling over with philanthropy. His latest sensation was marriage to the widow of Mark Pattison, the eccentric dean of Lincoln. This lady is said to be the original of George Eliot's heroine in "Middlemarch," "Dorothea Brooke," Professor Pattison being the prototype of Dr. Casaubon.

Right, left, and centre, the spirit of boycotting flits through Ireland defying capture or even pursuit. The Prime Minister Salisbury, says it is a condition of society which the law can never reach, and cited as an example the land grabber whose entrance into the Church on Sunday was the signal for the congregation to rise *en masse* and leave him alone though not in his glory. The clergyman remarked that it was hardly worth his while to officiate for this solitary individual, and so advised his retreat home. Still worse was the Barbarville informer who could not get any of his cattle sold in Ireland; he shipped them across to Liverpool, but his fame had preceded him—no bids. He put up at a certain hotel, but before dinner was served the landlord discovered who he was, and saying that he dared not shelter an informer, turned him out of doors. An obscure lodging house received him at last—after various vain halts at other places—but some time near midnight the woman of the house, an Irishwoman, heard that she was entertaining a "stag," unawares; he was hurried out of bed, and bundled out to the street again. At length he had to dispose of his cattle at little more than half price to a canny Scotch butcher. Another curious use, or abuse, of boycotting is the persecution which certain young ladies are undergoing in their social and domestic circles because they have undertaken the study of the Gaelic language. In one sense, however, it is a hopeful augury of the times, for some of these brave girls bear the oldest and most distinguished names in our island.

The absentee landlords and resident magistrates of Co. Cork, met in solemn conclave last week to implore the Government for a further dose of coercion for their country. Their patriotic request was instantly rejected, for it is a notorious fact that agrarian crime ceased, when the Crimes Act ceased; however, the incident of the petition afforded a peg for some of the pious London newspapers to hang out a sermon to us. Our vices in the way of sneezing at a land grabber, or saying black is the eye in the head of "his honour the agent," are bruising the sensitive morality of our neighbours across the silver streak. Yet the correspondent of the Dublin Castle organ, *Daily Express*, says: "What may in moderate language be designated a perfect avalanche of crime, has swept down on England within the past few days. Just now there is a complete block in the old Bailey. Judges can't try the criminals fast enough." In Ireland people can be tried and banged too, fast enough. No wonder the *Times*, and the *Standard*, and *News* weep for our iniquity. No wonder that godly vessel of election, the British nation, runs the risk of being cracked with the thunder of our depraved ways!

The will of the people concerning the re-naming of Sackville street is becoming supreme. The great bulk of letters passing to that locality are directed O'Connell, not Sackville street, and nearly all the inhabitants, including the large publishing firm of Gill and Co., have abolished Sackville for ever. The Vice Chancellor's injunction was a dead failure.

Quite a sensation arose in the Gaiety Theatre the other night over Miss Mary Anderson in the dagger scene of *Romeo and Juliet*. In the enthusiasm of her part, the fair actress inflicted a real wound on herself while playing Juliet's despair. Fortunately, however, the injury is not serious, and it is to be hoped that this popular favorite will play with less keenly edged tools in future.

R. K.

DUNEDIN PRODUCE MARKET, DECEMBER 16, 1885.

J. H. KILGOUR, grain and produce broker, reports under above date as follows:—Wheat: The market is quiet, but any good lots of milling are saleable at late quotations—viz., 3s 3d to 3s 4d for white velvet and Tuscan, and 3s to 3s 2d for red straw. Fowl feed and inferior milling are in active demand at 2s 8d to 2s 11d.—Oats: Good shipping parcels are in demand at 1s 9d to 1s 9½d for bright sh. rt feed, and 1s 10d to 1s 10½d for milling. Ordinary feed for local requirements sells at 1s 8d to 1s 8½d.—Barley: Market inactive at 3s for malting, and 2s to 2s 3d for feed and milling.—Chaff: The market is rather bare of really good quality, which would fetch £3 5s. Inferior to medium sells at £2 15s to £3.—Potatoes: Derwents are in very limited demand at £2 for picked lots, and £1 for lots that have been stored.—Butter: Fresh, 7d to 7½ per lb., and 6d for medium; salt, 8½d to 9d for prime, kegs extra.—Cheese: 5½d for best quality—Eggs: The price to-day is 1s 2d per dozen, and supplies rather short.

MR. F. MEBAN, King street, reports:—Wholesale prices including bags: Oats, 1s 6d to 1s 10d; wheat, milling 3s to 3s 4d, fowls' feed 2s to 3s; barley, malting 2s 9d to 3s (dull sale), milling 2s 6d to 2s 6d, feeding 2s; oatmeal hay, £3; rye-grass, £3; chaff, £2 15s to £3 5s; straw, £1 15s to £2; bran, £4 10s; pollard, £5; flour, £7 10s to £8; oatmeal, £10 5s to £10 10s; fresh butter, medium to prime, 6d to 9d; good salt butter, in demand, 8½d; eggs, 1s 2d; cheese, 5 1 to 6d; bacon, 6½d in rolls, hams 9d; potatoes, Derwents, old, £2, new £8 for local kidneys.

Messrs. Charles Begg and Co. Princes street, have adopted the three years' hire system for the sale of their pianofortes and other musical instruments. Their invincible organs deserve a trial—and they offer a large selection of music at extremely reduced rates.

Wm. Leedom, Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives, who accompanied the Holman Indian committee says: The Indians at the (reservation) schools are remarkably bright. It is not a popular thing to say, but it is true that we have found Indians that have been under the control of Catholics are much further advanced than any others. This is especially the case with the Indian girls,