

New Zealand Gazette

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Current Topics

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

MISS MORWENNA P. HAWKES, writing in the *Month*, gives an interesting description of an old church half buried in the sands of the Cornish Coast, and which marks the spot where an Irish saint and missionary once carried on his holy labours. "None," Carden tells us, 'ever came up to the *Irish monks* for sanctity and learning,' and St. Piran was an Irish monk and Bishop who received the Episcopal office from the hands of St. Patrick himself, and was chosen, on account of his superior wisdom and piety, for the office of conveying the glad tidings of salvation to the Cornish people. Usher places the date of his birth in the middle of the fourth century. His parents were of noble origin. Domuel and Wingela by name, and were natives of the province of Ossory, Ireland. For thirty years St. Piran was a heathen, and then with his mother Wingela became converted to Christianity. Butler calls him St. Kieran, and asserts that he journeyed to Rome in company with four holy clerks, who were afterwards Bishops, viz., Lugacius, Columban, Lugad, and Cassan; that after his return thence he was ordained by St. Patrick. John, of Teignmouth, believes him to have been one of the twelve whom the Apostle of Ireland consecrated Bishop about the year 382. He appears to have built himself a cell in a place encompassed with woods near the waters of Fulran (Ireland), which soon grew into a numerous monastery. A town was afterwards built there called from the Saint, Sier Keran. Here he converted to the faith his family and his whole clan, which was that of the Osaigs. At length the command came from his superiors for him to leave home and country and to take up his abode in Britain." There is a legend to the effect that the Saint was miraculously transported to Cornwall—where, as modern research has fully established, he laboured until his death. "Even in these days," concludes the writer, "the miners believe (and who shall say that they are wrong) that on the eve of the 5th of March each year the Cornish mines are blessed by angel hands, and if a man wanders upon the downs near Ferran-Zabulo upon that night he will hear strains of sweet music proceeding from St. Piran's ancient chapel in the Sands." No light interest, meantime, centres for Irishmen in the proof thus given as to the part taken by their countrymen of old in converting England to Christianity. Have they no influence of a similar kind on her religious life to-day?

THE readiness of France for war, as proved by the rapidity with which mobilisation at Toulouse has been carried out, is anything rather than a reassuring feature in the prospects of the day. There is always that spectre of revenge beckoning the nation on to an attack on Germany, and all that seems required to perfect the motive is what may seem to give the promise of a sure success. Notwithstanding the enlightenment of the times, and the loud preaching concerning universal brotherhood that has distinguished the century, questions of right or justice no longer hold a foremost place, and interest or expediency is the ruling power. The union, moreover, of General Boulanger with M. Clémenceau and the extreme Radicals is no light element of danger. Men like these are not wont to feel many scruples as to the means by which they obtain their particular ends, and nothing weighs with them but that which may appear suitable to their purposes. The party supported by a General who should prove victorious over the Germans would certainly be the dominant party in France. They would be the very high-priests of the idol and the whole country would be beneath their feet. All their undertakings would be successfully carried out, and no man dare raise a finger against them. There is but one thing, then, that seems to throw any doubt on the hopes that the Revolutionists base on General Boulanger (supposing them to be otherwise fully grounded), and that is the degree in which they have reason to rely on him. Is he a true member of their party; one to support them through thick and thin, and to win honours which they in common with him may enjoy? Or is he a mere time-server, willing to make use of them in obtaining his objects, but capable of casting them off when that has been done?

The General's career as a soldier has hardly had sufficient proof, but it has been fully proved by the history of his dealings with the Duke d'Anmale that, as a man, he is not unacquainted with the promptings of self-interest, or unable to play a treacherous part when it suits him. While readiness on the part of the army therefore, and confidence in the General, may certainly seem doubly formidable, when we know that there is an active and unscrupulous party who might hope by their aid to become dominant in the country, there is some little reassurance in the doubt that may be felt among the Revolutionists as to the reliability of Boulanger, or the safety of staking the interests or, perhaps, the very existence of their party, on his success. Instead of sharing in his triumph if he were successful, they might, possibly, become the slaves of a military despot.

THE *Voce di Malta* gives an interesting description of the gift to be presented by the island community to the Holy Father on his sacerdotal Jubilee.

It will be a shield of silver, square in shape, and in size four feet six inches by two feet four, and on it in relief and in golden letters will be printed the account of St. Paul's visit to the island, taken from the Vulgate. This most noble page, says our contemporary, the most glorious page of our history, under its double aspect, both religious and civil, is the humble but most precious object that a smaller people dare place on exhibition amongst an indescribable offering from the homage of the world—secure that if in material and artistic value it may rank below many in symbolical merit, it will be not only first but unique of its kind. This golden page records the history of our regeneration to Christ and of our civilisation; it records that the Maltese never cast a shadow on this since they were never degenerate from their faith; it records that the firm chain with which the Apostle bound them to the living Peter, not only never became weaker, whatever stormy changes this isle underwent, but that it is still preserved among us by that most lively affection which, not less fervently than the affection borne by our fathers, we bear to his glorious Successor now reigning. This page is carved in characters of gold so that the durability and the splendour of that metal may represent how deep and ardent is in us that faith which, engraved by the Great Shipwrecked One in indelible characters on the hearts of his fortunate hosts, indelibly renewed by their posterity for nearly nineteen hundred years, we carry indelibly in our hearts with the hope of handing it down undefiled to the remotest generations. Of all the Churches afterwards established by the Apostles none has in the sacred text a history so prolix and so circumstantial as ours.—The *Voce di Malta* adds details which prove that lightly though it speaks of the intrinsic value of the offering referred to, this will, nevertheless, be a very beautiful and costly work of art.

It seems that exception has been taken at Auckland Mr. J. J. Crofts in some quarter or another to the article we lately published in reply.

Mr. J. J. Crofts comes to the rescue, and addresses the following letter to the newspaper in question:—"Your articles on the English intrigues at Rome in the appointment of English ecclesiastics to rule over the Irish Catholics of the colonies have taken terrible effect. You and every Irish 'scoundrel' who dares to entertain a patriotic aspiration must now hide your diminished heads, retire into obscurity, after having been drenched with the filth of the tub of Pliogenes and the seamy, intellectual slush of 'True Nationalist' and 'Irish Catholic,' which appear in the *Advocate*. Your articles caused no pain to any Irish Nationalist. On the contrary, they have given extreme satisfaction to all except a clique who hold up their chins at anything Irish, and increased the big debt of gratitude which Irishmen already owe you for your manly advocacy of their rights on every occasion when attacked by open enemies, or by what is worse—by insidious foes. Irishmen do not want to be told that they have suffered for their faith and nationality, that Dr. Croke is an Irish patriot, that Cardinal Moran is another; that the Pope is an Italian who loves the Irish. But Irishmen should be told that certain English bishops, lords, and priests are conspiring at Rome to have anti-Irish bishops placed over Irishmen in the colonies, and that the British Government is invited by Father Belaney and the Bishop of Salford, and the Duke of Norfolk, and other lay Catholic peers, to place Dr. Croke, Dr. Walsh, and other patriotic

ecclesiastic 'scoundrels,' under the surveillance of spies, to be watched as thieves or traitors. There is the true ring of the funkey in the letters of 'True Nationalist' and 'Irish Catholic,' which are evidently composed by one and the same person; and the opinions and principles contained in them might have been written by a *Times* correspondent or one of its satellites of the Father Belaney stamp. But the writer of this, or any other Irishman that is not an anti-Irishman, will not be intimidated by any quantity of threats or abuse from ecclesiastics or laymen, no matter from what quarter it proceeds, to damp our national aspirations, or tone down our feelings to accommodate English prejudices or dislikes. They may sneer at the Dunedin TABLET, but long before the *Advocate* or its predecessor had an existence the TABLET and Dr. Moran, by indomitable zeal and matchless ability, fought the battles of faith and fatherland—and are still in the front of the battle—for the rights and liberties of Irishmen and Catholics. When the *Advocate* will have such a record, little Diogenes may have divested himself of his tub, and 'True Nationalist' and 'Irish Catholic' may have got rid of their cowardice, and be manly enough to attach their names to their snivelling, funkeyish productions."—As to the sneers that Mr. Crofts says are made at the TABLET, they could not be made more harmlessly. But who has made them? The censor, for example, that has been of late engaged in lecturing his readers on many most interesting peccadillos—and, among the rest, on the dirty pinafores and dirty noses of their children? Still, if he succeeds in wiping those noses, he will have done something in his day, and we may allow that he will have completely fulfilled his mission. For ourselves, when we need a pocket-handkerchief, or a rag to serve instead of it, we shall know where to find one—and though we may find little else worth having, there will be an advantage even in that. Nevertheless, we are grateful to Mr. Crofts for his kind appreciation of our labours and the defence he makes of us. We are almost charitable enough, in Cockney interests, to wish it were more required.

UNIVERSITY LIFE.

THAT letter from a student of the Glasgow University explaining the neglect shown to his class by pointing out the average weight reached by their professors has been followed up by a writer in the *St. James's Gazette*, who gives several racy anecdotes relating to the student life in question. We do not, however, see the absolute necessity of agreeing with him that Glasgow has any reason to blush for that victor of the Snell scholarship, who, going up to Oxford so that he might carry all before him, failed to pass even the entrance examination, because of the Biblical questions put to him. Surely his failure may rather be looked upon as an orthodox protest against the perplexities and confusion of Prelacy, and as attributable more to the misunderstanding of the examiners than to the ignorance of the student. Charity should always come into play when there is room for it. The following anecdote deserves quotation:—"The University in the Scottish capital is remarkable for a scarcity of cloak rooms, and, in the excitement of examinations, hats are, or used to be, flung down anywhere. This examiner announced one day that if he found another hat on his desk he would rip it up. Next day no hats were laid there when the students assembled. Presently, however, the examiner was called out of the room. Then some naughty undergraduate slipped from his seat, got the examiner's hat, and placed it on the desk. When the examiner re-entered the hall every eye was fixed on him. He observed the hat, and a gleam of triumph shot across his face. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I told you what would happen if this occurred again.' Then he took his pen-knife from his pocket, opened it, and blandly cut the hat in pieces, amidst loud and prolonged applause. They do say that there were other examiners in the room at the time, who could have warned him had they chosen." As to the suspicions that examination papers had found their way prematurely into interested hands, however they may have justified Edinburgh examiners in printing fresh sets of questions, it is an undoubted fact that some 26 or 27 years ago a case of the kind, wholly beyond suspicion and fully proved, occurred in connection with an examination for commissions in the army. The examination, attended by candidates from all parts of the United Kingdom, was duly held, and on its termination the discovery was made that the papers used had previously been obtained by some of the lads examined. The result was that all passes were cancelled, and, after an interval of some weeks, another examination was held, to the great and undeserved inconvenience of many candidates who had passed with credit to themselves and without any surreptitious aid.

THE BETTER SYSTEM.

AN article in *Murray's Magazine* for July gives us some information respecting the march of education in England that deserves consideration. We find that, judging from the numbers of people who themselves signed their names in the marriage registers during 1884 as compared with those who did so in 1870, there has been a considerable advance made—yet not so great an advance as might have been expected, and one by no means in proportion to the increased expenditure. The difference in favour of 1884 between those who made

their marks in the years alluded to was only 4.51 per cent. It is probable, however, that this method of judging by the marriage register, as to the state of education in the country is in some degree fallacious. The man or woman who can sign his or her name, and that only, hardly possesses an advantage of much importance over him or her who cannot do so. The Commission, whose report we lately referred to, has placed it on record that of those who have attended the schools many in a few months after leaving have forgotten almost all they had learned—but probably those who had learned to sign their names would retain the power of doing so. It is, however, shown by the official tables that the voluntary schools have been much more successful in their results than the Board schools. The pupils educated by them give all the signs of having received a greater degree of care, and the counties in which they predominate are in the van. All the difference is seen, in fact, that might be expected between the results of labour performed by mere hirelings and that done by people whose interest in their work was more deeply grounded. "It will," says the writer in *Murray's*, "give a rude shock to sanguine optimists, who rely upon municipal or State organisation merely or mainly, to find that the counties which stand superior in all England are distinctively rural, whilst all the great school-board counties with the exception of Middlesex and Surrey, in comparison, take a very inferior position. As to Middlesex and Surrey also, it must be observed that school-board influences there are brought into competition and concurrence with Church influences and social influences of the best and highest kind. The wonder is not that the metropolitan counties—the great centres of educating influence for the country—stand so high as they do; the wonder is that Westmoreland and Rutland stand superior to the counties of Surrey and Middlesex, and to London, and that Sussex stands superior to Middlesex and to the metropolis." It is proved, in short, that higher motives succeed in producing better work, and that no greater mistake can be made than that of shutting out from the education of youth the most powerful and salutary influences that mankind is capable of experiencing—those of religion and benevolence.

THE POPE'S JUBILEE.

THE whole Catholic world is now moving in preparation for the approaching sacerdotal jubilee of the Holy Father. The following passages from an address made recently in Switzerland by Mgr. Memillard to the pilgrims who were visiting the tomb of Blessed Nicolo di Flua may serve as an illustration of the spirit that is abroad:—God has treated us like chosen children in giving us during this century a series of admirable Popes; Pius VII., Leo XII., Gregory XVI., Pius IX., Leo XIII. There is salvation in Leo XIII., the magnanimous Father who stretches his hand across the ocean to nations that are being born, and who throughout our old Europe has such tender thoughts for the nations that seem about to die. These nations would do without the Church, would deny the faith, and misunderstand the priesthood; but they suffer from illusions. Like the men who built the tower of Babel, they would build without Jesus Christ. But they can only build a fragile tower. God still watches over them, since the holy Church defends them. The Church which is like the Tower of Pisa, always leaning, but which never falls. Let us Catholic Switzers love the Holy Father. For centuries we have formed the guard of honour of him who is the protector of the peoples and of the liberty of the world. We should show ourselves worthy of this glorious preference by our devotion to the Holy See, and the Vicar of Jesus Christ. While we wish Leo XIII. the joys of his sacerdotal jubilee, let us pray to heaven that the fullness of his fifty years, still spreading benedictions abroad, may make wide the rules of his prison-house. He who does not understand that the liberty of the Pope is the liberty of the nations, understands nothing of this world's affairs.

INTERESTING LISTS.

IN the *Fortnightly Review* for July Mr. Francis Galton, F.R.S. gives us a list of epithets by which the various kinds of tempers—good or bad—are characterised. It is, however, a rather melancholy reflection that whereas the different phases of good temper amount only to fifteen, those in which bad temper reveals itself are numbered at forty-six. We append the list, as it may form some profitable or at least some amusing occupation for our readers to examine themselves as to which heading they may be ranked under, and it will enable them more especially to decide as to the place occupied by their friends. If couples, again, who are about to enter into matrimonial alliances will set down the conclusions they now come to respecting one another, they may have the advantage of comparing them hereafter with the results of experiences they will have gained:—Good Temper. Amiable, buoyant, calm, cool, equable, forbearing, gentle, good, mild, placid, self-controlled, submissive, sunny, timid, yielding (15 epithets in all).—Bad Temper. Acrimonious, aggressive, arbitrary, bickering, capricious, captious, choleric, contentious, crotchety, decisive, despotic, domineering, easily offended, fiery, fits of anger, gloomy, grumpy, harsh, basty, headstrong, huffy, impatient, impetuous, impetuous, insane temper, irritable, morose, nagging, obstinate, odd-tempered, passionate, peevish, peppery, proud, pugnacious, quarrel

some, quick-tempered, scolding, short, sharp, sulky, sullen, surly, uncertain, vicious, vindictive (46 epithets in all)."

CANON FARRAR contributes an article to the *Contemporary Review* for July, which does not speak very highly of the civilising influences that accompany the march of the Anglo-Saxon, and of which, nevertheless, we are wont to hear a good deal. The subject the writer deals with especially is the influence of the liquor traffic in Africa, and he brings forward many proofs that testify against it in a very strong and overwhelming manner. The following passage, quoted by him from a speech recently made in London by Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P., is interesting from more points than one. It seems to show us that there are other people besides the French and Russians who might think it would be to their advantage should the English troops evacuate Egypt, although their reasons might be different. "The native races of Egypt are being demoralised. We did not originally take the drink there. I have no doubt it was there before our occupation, and before we undertook the joint Government with France; but it has terribly increased since then. 20,000 troops were sent there, who gave a great stimulus to the drink business. Nearly all the conspicuous public-houses in Egypt bear English sign-boards. 'The Duke of Edinburgh,' 'Queen Victoria,' 'Peace and Plenty,' 'The Union Jack,' etc. All the great public-houses are branded with English names. They do not alone sell liquor, but deal in even a more disgraceful vice than that. Each of these public-houses is a centre of vice and iniquity of the deepest dye. I made careful inquiry as to what was the effect upon the native races of Egypt in consequence of the sale of intoxicating liquors in Egypt. I find that wherever our army had gone up the Nile the liquor trade had followed it; that when they had left the stations where the public-houses were established, the public-houses remained. Where there had been five or six of these flaunting public-houses which never existed before, there they still remained after the soldiers had gone. Who buys the liquor now? Why, the natives whom, I am sorry to say, the British soldier has taught largely to drink. It is the commonest thing in the world for the British soldier to treat his donkey boys to intoxicating liquor. I rode on a good many donkeys and became acquainted with the boys in charge of them, and found that the demoralising influence of the British tourists on these boys was something terrible. Wherever the Englishman comes in contact with the natives he drags them down through intoxicating liquors. I went to see a temperance meeting—the only temperance meeting held in Cairo—except those in the barracks for the soldiers. That meeting was a large one, 300 or 400 people being present. Every one of the speakers were natives of Egypt, and speeches were made in Arabic. . . . Nearly every speech was in denunciation of Englishmen, Levantines, and Europeans, and Christians in particular, for bringing this accursed drink to them. They were urging Mahomedans, whose religion forbids them to drink, to sign the pledge, as we do here. That alone is evidence of the truth of what I am saying. . . . If I had one thing made more clear than another by social reformers in Egypt, it was this fact, that a native once beginning the drink becomes a drunkard almost immediately, and nothing brings him back.

ACCORDING to the *Petit Journal* the Salvation Army in France has come into contact with justice in trouble, under circumstances that, to say the least, are suspicious. The Army, it appears, has at Lyons a certain refuge, where women and girls are harboured. It, moreover, appears that the inmates are rather to be regarded as prisoners than as voluntary penitents rejoicing in the light. This, at least, is suggested by the evidence given by a young girl named Sergeant, who, in company with two others, escaped a few weeks ago from duurance. Two of the fugitives, says our contemporary, were speedily overtaken by two Salvation officers who, under threats of striking them, brought them back to the refuge. But the third, a young girl hardly sixteen years old, named Marguerite Sergeant, succeeded in evading the trackers of the Army, and took refuge with a certain good woman in the neighbourhood. The next day, this poor girl, who had on her face the marks of suffering, complained to the police, and made revelations which seem to indicate that this pretended refuge is not altogether a school of morality. The discipline is very hard; thus, a young girl of fifteen is expected to make a shirt every day, or failing to do so, gets her share in the evening of a loaded cane. These facts, as well as several others, led to an examination of the captain and the lieutenant, ladies both, before a magistrate.—"You belong to the Salvation Army," quoth his Worship, "you are foreigners.—Young Sergeant complains of bad treatment, which she has been made suffer at your house. She bears on her person the marks of numerous bruises." To which the pious ladies replied "Allelouya." "Answer my question," exclaimed his Worship, "It appears you beat your boarders." And again the ladies replied "Allelouya." A threat that they would be locked up finally produced the ejaculation "Amen," and the accused were discharged for the time to await the pleasure of the

court, which has no notion of remaining satisfied with their insolent sanctimoniousness.

LADY HERBERT has translated from the French of **AN ANECDOTE** Mgr. Besson a life of the late Mgr. Mérode. The OF PIUS IX. following anecdote will give some idea of the work.

It relates to a visit paid to the Hospital of St. Andrea during an epidemic of cholera:—"Pius IX started alone with his Chamberlain, taking care to say nothing to his Secretary of State, and not even letting his servants know where he was going. It was only after his usual drive that his coachman received orders to stop at the door of that house where death was reaping twenty-five soldiers a day. The coachman was so panic-stricken that he caught the disease, and died two days after. The footmen were left in the street, and the Pope went into the hospital alone, only being accompanied by Mgr. de Mérode. Pius the Ninth went to every bed, and saw all the sick, consoling, cheering, and blessing them, with tears in his eyes. * * * On his return he found the whole Vatican in consternation. Cardinal Antonelli, turning to Mgr. Mérode, reproached him bitterly. 'What a fearful responsibility you have taken upon yourself,' he exclaimed, 'and to what danger you have exposed His Holiness? Only think for a moment that it might have been his death!' 'Well,' replied Mgr. de Mérode, 'and if the Pope had died on the spot, what death would have been more glorious, or more worthy of the Vicar of Jesus Christ?' Pius the Ninth approved of his words, and with a bright smile and a tender voice, replied: 'You are quite right, Mérode, I have only done what was my duty!'"

WHILE the Roman question is once more occupying a prominent place in public attention—the condition of Italy generally is one of much interest and reliable details concerning it are of importance.

A reconciliation with the Pope which would involve a greater regard to the rights of religion, or, at least, a cessation of the active hostilities now conducted against it, is much to be desired.—Of the state of things that now exists in the country alluded to we obtain a melancholy view from an article published by Father O'Reilly, a well known and able writer, in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*. He tells of parish priests seized on the very altar during the celebration of Mass, and dragged away to serve a term in the ranks of the army; and of the prescription even in remote country places of the processions of Corpus Christ.—which have also been forbidden even within the precincts of the city of Rome. The desecration of the Sacrament of Matrimony again calls for his severest condemnation, involving as it does the profanation of the family on which the character and status of society depend. He tells us that the effect of the obstacles placed in the way of the religious ceremony is to increase the custom of being satisfied with the legal form of marriage only, and of neglecting to seek the blessing of the Church. But what the life of the homes thus begun must be it is easy for us to imagine. Education also is made godless, and the career of the child both at home and abroad is stripped, so far as possible of all religious influences. Father O'Reilly quotes from a letter written to him recently by the historian Cesare Cantu as to the results that are to be witnessed throughout the country. "The low state of public morality in our country," he says, "is something incredible. There seems to be left no feeling of honour, of delicacy, of honesty." And again he writes, "I am sent statistical tables which show, among other things, that from 1863 to 1883 suicides were reckoned by thousands. Our prisons are crowded with condemned criminals. Immorality is daily on the increase, and crimes are multiplying on every hand." The state of matters then, to which the oppression of the Pope has led is evident, and they must, indeed, be malevolent who would resist a settlement that might tend even to some slight amelioration. If a conciliation be made, we may be persuaded it will include arrangements for the general relief of religion, so imperatively demanded.

IT would appear, nevertheless, that the care of the TOUCHING THE nose forms a legitimate subject for the journalist's pen. We find, for example, a charming article relating to it in the columns of a French contemporary, and what can we do better than reproduce it—more especially for the benefit of those editors who desire to work reforms into which considerations of the kind enter very closely? We regret, however, that, possibly owing to some falling of our own—we, perhaps, do not possess a sufficient command over the delicacies of the English language, or understand too literally the crudities of the French, we feel obliged to quote in some places from the original as it lies before us.

In the sixteenth century, says our contemporary, people still eat without a fork. They are also recommended not to blow their noses with the hand that lays hold of the meat. Otherwise they are free to blow their noses with their fingers, provided it be with those of the left hand.

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I shall take an early opportunity of explaining to you my views on the political situation.

Your obedient servant,

E. B. CARGILL.

Dunedin, 28th June, 1887.

TO THE ELECTORS OF DUNEDIN SOUTH.

GENTLEMEN.—I have the honour to inform you that at the forthcoming general election I shall again solicit the favour of your suffrages. The principal planks in my platform will be ENCOURAGEMENT TO LOCAL INDUSTRIES AND RETRENCHMENT.

I shall take an early opportunity of addressing the electors and explaining to them fully my views upon the various political questions.

Yours obediently,
JAMES GORE.

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De quoy la viande est tenue;
Le lait est vilain et honteux.

Erasmus in 1530 advised the use of the pocket-handkerchief. Nevertheless, he adds, it is not forbidden to blow your nose with two fingers, *pourvu que l'on prenne soin de poser aussitôt le pied sur ce qui sera tombé à terre*. A hundred years afterwards people may still blow their noses with one finger only. And here our contemporary relates an anecdote recorded by Tallemant des Réaux of a certain great nobleman who one day entertained at dinner the illustrious Turenne, and the Marquis de Buvigny. But, even as narrated in the French language, the wit of the story hardly seems to atone for its uncleanness, and in our grosser English tongue we shall not venture to reproduce it. Finally we are told that on the eve of the Revolution the use of the pocket handkerchief was almost complained of as putting an end to a practice which had become an art, that of blowing the nose with the fingers.

THE VISIT OF HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP REDWOOD TO PICTON.

His Grace arrived in Picton by the last train on Thursday, the 1st inst., and, with the Rev. Fathers McNamara, S.M., Vicar-General, and Sauzeau, Provincial of the Society in N.Z., proceeded to the George Hotel, where they were received and treated in the most hospitable manner by the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Harris, whose hotel for its first-class accommodation and its every convenience is a credit, not only to Picton, the chief port of Marlborough, but to the district at large.

On Friday morning, the 2nd inst., the Archbishop said Mass at 8 o'clock in the pretty little church at Picton, which, although always kept in admirable order by the ladies of the Altar Society, was, on this special occasion, most tastefully and beautifully decorated. The Rev. Father Sauzeau said Mass at 11 o'clock. This worthy priest is not a stranger in the Marlborough district; he has been connected with the place for at least 18 years. In Blenheim he secured a very nice piece of Church property, and a short time since had erected thereon one of the nicest churches, for the size of the place, in the whole of New Zealand, which has just at the present time been completed, under the direction of Father Lewis, S.M., who is now parish priest of Blenheim. Father Sauzeau is, therefore, held in the highest esteem and deservedly revered by all who know him on account of his amiable disposition and genial manners, as well as for his zeal as a good and holy priest, always indefatigable in his labours for the glory of God and the welfare of His people.

Directly before the 11 o'clock Mass, the following address was very nicely read, and presented to his Grace by Mr. Harris, of Picton:—

"To the Most Reverend Dr. Redwood, S.M., Archbishop of Wellington.

"My Lord Archbishop,—In the name of the Catholic congregation of Picton, we come to greet your Grace with a thousand hearty welcomes, and to give public expression to the joy and gratitude which we all experienced on your Grace's elevation to the exalted rank of the Archiepiscopate. No doubt our Holy Father singled out your Grace for this responsible distinction on account of your well-known abilities, and unpretending piety; but the choice of the Supreme Pontiff is enhanced in our estimation when we learn that your Grace is a member of the Society of Mary, which gave us the saintly Father Pezant, whose mortal remains are entrusted to our affectionate keeping, and whose virtues are still living in the memories of his children. We are happy to inform your Grace that at present our children may enjoy all the advantages of the sound secular instruction given in the convent and Catholic boys' schools, where they are taught to know and love their Creator, and to seek the one thing necessary, viz., the salvation of their souls. We feel grateful to God for this favour, and take this opportunity to thank those Members of Parliament—notably, the late Member for the Wairau—for the zeal they have shown to secure for our children the right of free passes on the railways to the nearest Catholic schools. Although the Catholics in this part of your Grace's charge are neither very numerous nor wealthy, yet it must gratify your Grace to know that we have recently painted and ornamented the church and presbytery. The church committee and the ladies of the Altar Society have been conspicuous by their zeal and generosity to beautify the house of God. There is still, however, much to be done. The want of a bell to summon the faithful to divine service claims our first and earnest attention. To-day a special collection will be made for that purpose, and no doubt every witness of this imposing ceremony will gladly and generously contribute to commemorate, by the purchase of a bell, this visit of your Grace and the first Confirmation given by you since you have been vested with the sign of your jurisdiction. Again we hail with welcome your Grace's visit to Picton. Again we desire to express our joy at your Grace's deserved promotion in the hierarchy, and only hope that you may be long spared to cultivate this portion of the Lord's vineyard. In conclusion, we beg for ourselves and our families your Grace's paternal blessing."

In replying, his Grace congratulated the people on being so much favoured by the visit of the Very Rev. Fathers McNamara, V.G., and Sauzeau, Vice-Provincial of the Society of Mary in New Zealand, who had come from Wellington to grace with their presence the ceremonies of the day. His Grace very often found greater consolation in small congregations than in larger ones, because small congregations had by their zeal to make up for wealth and numbers. His Grace complimented the ladies of the Altar Society for the taste they had manifested in beautifying the inside of the church and especially the altar, and exhorted every Catholic lady in the parish to join the Society, because beautifying God's house was a very

meritorious work. Christian kings and nobles found their greatest happiness and delight in preparing everything necessary for the worship of the Almighty, and when they were decorating the altar of God, they might consider themselves as decorating the stable in which our Divine Saviour was born, or the room where he took His Last Supper with His Apostles. His Grace also spoke in kind and feeling terms of their first missionary priest who laboured among them so lovingly and so long. The Archbishop, in referring to the bell, said it was a great necessity; its sound called them to prayer, there was a grace attached to its sound on account of the blessing of the Church given it. He hoped they would all subscribe liberally towards its purchase. His Grace exhorted all who could do so, to send their children to the Catholic schools at Blenheim, where they would get both a good religious and secular education. He also congratulated the people on having such an able and zealous priest, to attend to their spiritual wants as the Rev. Father Aubery, who was a worthy successor of their saintly friend whose memory they held so dear. After the 11 o'clock Mass, His Grace explained in a manner never to be forgotten, the nature of the Holy Sacrament the children present were about to receive, and the necessary dispositions with which the Sacrament of Confirmation should be approached. Then about twelve or thirteen children of both sexes were confirmed. After the usual prayers for His Holiness the Pope, their parents, their Archbishop, their priests, and themselves, the ceremonies of the day were concluded. A good number received Holy Communion at his Grace's Mass. Unfortunately the weather was not all that could be desired, but notwithstanding, there was a large congregation. Indeed, Friday, on the whole, was a red letter day for the Catholics of Picton, and no doubt it will be long remembered with happiness and pleasure, as a day of grace and blessing to many who had the happiness for the first time in this province to partake of the Holy Eucharist from the hand of a prelate of our Holy Church.

Dublin Notes.

(From the National papers.)

On Friday last (reports the Dublin Nation, July 23) the tenth day of the Coolgreany Eviction Campaign concluded. The result of the day's lengthened proceeding was that four families were forced from their homes. In the case of three of these no opposition was made by the tenants to the execution of the fatal decree, and the eviction was carried out without any difficulty; but in the last instance, the eviction of Patrick Darcy, a stubborn resistance was offered to the Emergency men before they succeeded in obtaining possession of the house. Large numbers of people were spectators of the evictions, and the presence of Mr. Michael Davitt, who arrived unexpectedly on the scene about mid-day, added a new element of interest to the proceedings. After the eviction a meeting was held, the Rev. Dr. Dillon presiding.

The evictions were resumed at Coolgreany last week (says United Ireland, July 23), and some exciting episodes occurred. The house of a farmer named Edward Byrne was defended with desperate determination by the tenant, his brother, the tenant's two sisters, and another young woman. The place was well barricaded, and when, after a good deal of difficulty, the obstacles were overcome, the Emergency men were met with scalding showers of gruel and hot water. Captain Hamilton was at last obliged to lead on a forlorn hope, and the place was carried after a most exciting hand-to-hand struggle, the Emergency men plying their crowbars and the inmates making a gallant defence with blackthorns. All the combatants sustained pretty serious injuries, and at the close of the struggle all the inmates of the house were taken into custody. On Monday operations were resumed, when but little work was done by the evicting gang, but that little was as bad of its kind as any wickedness ever perpetrated. A poor invalid bed-ridden girl of 20, whose plight was so pitiable that it might soften the heart of a sworn tormentor, was dragged forth on her litter and flung on the road-side by the fiends in human shape employed by Captain Hamilton. In another case a poor old woman of more than eighty years was to be put out, but Captain Hamilton was advised that it might endanger her life, and that consequently he might get into an awkward dilemma, to eject her. Hence he opened negotiations with a view to a compromise. The old woman was offered the position of caretaker, if she would only sign a paper, but she indignantly spurned the bait. "Throw me out if you like," she replied; "I sign nothing; death before dishonour!" There was no alternative for the doughty Hamilton but to draw off his bandogs and leave the old heroine in possession. Though the campaign is now over at Coolgreany, Captain Hamilton has by no means done with the matter, but is likely to hear a good deal more about it. Besides the great publicity given to the atrocities at Coolgreany through the presence of a crowd of English, American, and Australian visitors, further light will be cast upon them by the prosecution of the emergency leader for the burning of Pat Grannell's house. Informations have been sworn in the case, and though the R.M.s refused the application of Mr. Scott, solicitor, of Gorey, for a warrant on the strength of these, they will form the basis of a prosecution by summons. The gross result of the whole campaign at Coolgreany amounts to this—not one penny of rent collected, a swingeing bill for Emergency men and extra police to be met by the landlord, an action, with a pretty bill of law costs, to be met by the agent, and the loss of a valuable house burned down through mere wanton devilry.

To-night (writes the London correspondent of the Dublin Freeman, July 23), Mr. Parnell and his colleagues in the Irish Parliamentary Party were entertained at dinner by the English, Scotch, and Welsh Liberal members. The banquet, which was given in the National Liberal Club on the Embankment, was intended by the Society to be a visible sign of the sympathy which they entertain for

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the representatives of the Irish people in their struggle for Home Rule, and in their disbelief in the foul libels which the *Times* has recently published against the party. The event was one of the most significant that has occurred in the political world for a long time, and created an immediate interest in all circles. There were 80 Liberal members present as hosts, and 50 Irish members formed the guests. Around the entrance to the club a large crowd was collected, and the members who were recognised were loudly cheered. Mr. Parnell, who arrived about eight o'clock, was cheered most enthusiastically by the people, and in the reception-room, where he was received by Mr. Dilwyn, Sir Walter Forster, and Mr. Picton, on behalf of the hosts, he was heartily congratulated on the progress he had made towards health. He wore in his buttonhole a white rose surmounted by a green leaf. His speech was received with the greatest enthusiasm. The room in which the dinner was held was without any special decoration or motto, but furnished in the most sumptuous manner.

Lord Salisbury (says *United Ireland* of 23rd July) has eaten an astounding mess of leek. If there was one principle on which the Tories were pledged to the death, it was not to hear of the revision of judicial rents. Even after Lord Randolph Churchill's shattering criticisms last week, Mr. Goschen shrieked a wild *non possumus* with the vehemence of a Hebrew Pope. Mr. Goschen's *non possumus* has been crammed down his throat. Mr. Parnell's legislation of twelve months ago is to be the Tory legislation of next week. The demands of the Plan of Campaign are to be stamped with a statutable benediction. Rents judicial and non-judicial, are to be thrown once more into the smelting pot. When Lord Salisbury announced to his party on Tuesday that they must swallow the Liberal-Unionist amendments and unsay all they had been saying the previous week or die, the unfortunate landlords looked aghast. If there was one unchangeable Tory principle in all the world, it seemed to be to hold on to the judicial rents, and here they were coolly asked to lend a hand at pitching judicial rents overboard. No wonder the poor wretches wriggled and squealed. Their cynical Premier told them with frank brutality they must do that or turn out of office. It was against his principles to disturb judicial rents. It was also against his principles—only more so—to quit his snug quarters at the Treasury. So down with a gulp went all the arguments with which Mr. Parnell was defeated last year, and down went the hoarse war-cries with which Mr. Goschen answered Lord Randolph only last week.

Mr. T. Healy, M.P., writing in the *Nation*, July 23, says:—Lord Salisbury has climbed down. Unholy hands may after all be laid on the sacred ark of judicial rent, and the great Government of principle, of morality, and of respect for contract have hauled down their flag under the guns of Churchill-Chamberlain alliance. They can, therefore, proudly draw their salaries a few months longer as Ministers of State. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the Irish farmer may be much advantaged by the quarrel in the happy family. Greed for office on the part of the "Ias" have done for the tenants what neither justice nor argument could have effected. It is to be hoped the Irish territorialists now realise and relish their position. They have no friends. The eagles are clustering round the carcass of landlordism. Lord Randolph Churchill, who was quite willing two years ago to grant Home Rule to gain his ends, is equally willing to-day to fling the landlords to the lions if he can win any capital by the manoeuvre.

Camborne's proud saying when called upon to yield, "The Guard dies but never surrenders," might, if reversed, be neatly utilised by the great Conservative party. "The Government surrenders, but never dies—if it can help it." Lord Salisbury (says *United Ireland*, July 23), has just beautifully illustrated this principle of the British Tory. Having only a short time ago announced his inflexible intention to make the Irish judicially-rented tenant "pay or quit," he on Tuesday last announced his subsequent inflexible intention to concede the great point of revision of judicial rents. It was not the great fall in agricultural prices, Lord Salisbury at last unreservedly admits, which has caused the Prime Minister to back down. No sense of the injustice of maintaining the judicial rents notwithstanding that great fall weighed for a moment with the high-handed statesman. What induced him to yield to the Liberal-Unionists over this all-important point was the intimation that the concession was essential to the continuance of the support of the Liberal-Unionists. Lord Salisbury told all his Tory supporters frankly that it was a question of yielding or dissolving Parliament, and dissolving Parliament he knows to be tantamount to a return of Mr. Gladstone to power and the triumph of Home Rule. Descending from the dignified level of Ministerial oratory, the noble Cecil bluntly put it that he found himself "in a bog"; and when a man or a party are in a bog they can hardly get out of it without getting some dirt. The announcement of this concession of the leaseholders' claims, filled the minds of the Irish landlord section of Parliament with the most profound amazement and the most intense disgust. These conjoint sentiments found immediate and touching expression at the great "Unionist" meeting. Colonel Sanderson bitterly asked where they (the Orange landlord faction) not paying too high a price even for Unionism; and he denounced the report of the Land Commission, on which the concessions were based, as "cooked." Lord Salisbury, in order to placate the mutineers, threw out the dangerous suggestion that the landlords would be "compensated"—but he did not say how. Lord Salisbury knows pretty well that the British taxpayer is hardly likely to give any compensation to Irish landlords.

"ROUGH ON RATS."—Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, beetles, insects, skunks, jack-rabbits, sparrows, gophers. At chemists and druggists.

Jefferson Davis has been interviewed again. Among other things he says the Federal Government conspired at his assassination. In his opinion McClellan and Meade were the best generals in the Union army, and the former's campaign against Richmond, if heartily supported by the government, would have resulted disastrously to the Confederacy.

THE IRISH RACE.

THE following particulars are mainly taken from an interesting article in the *Irish Tribune*.

A glance at the athletic records of America and the colonies, will show that in every form of strength, skill, and agility, the highest places are held by men of Irish stock. Hanlan, an Irish-Canadian, having beaten the world as an oarsman is conquered by Beach, who declares that he himself will shortly have to yield the championship to a young Irish-Australian. John L. Sullivan, the boxer, offering odds of about 400 to 1, can find no man in the world to stand before him for four rounds of three minutes each, with large gloves. England has only one man worth mentioning to set against him—Mitchell; and he is the son of Irish parents. If Sullivan were out of the field, the next great boxers in the world would be Kilrain and Dempsey—both Irish-Americans. The base-ball players of America for a generation past have given the highest places to Irish-Americans. The first collar-and-elbow wrestler in America is M'Laughlin; the first Græco-Roman wrestler is Muldoon. The best and longest walkers are Daniel O'Leary, John Ennis and Patrick Fitzgerald. And even in the latest and least worthy form of athletics, roller-skating, the highest place was won by the hapless lad Donovan. The champion walker of Australia, Scott, is an Irishman, and the (till lately) champion runner, Malone is an Irishman, while Con Dwyer an Irishman, is the best amateur bicycle rider in the Colonies. Lawrence Foley, an Irish-Australian, has for years held the boxing championship in Australia, and sons of Irish colonists are to be found foremost in the cricket, football, and rowing clubs. Australia's best runner in former years—Bob Watson—was an Irishman, among her rowing men who have won fame, are found the names of Hickey, Punch, Rush, Clifford and Matheson, all Irishmen or sons of Irishmen.

These varied superiorities are not accidental; they are based as much on intelligence as on physical strength. Without keen and quick intelligence a strong man cannot use his physical powers to their full advantage.

It is well known to scientists that the Irishman is a man of extraordinary compactness of intellectual and physical strength. Professor Forbes, of the University of Edinburgh, some years ago instituted an extensive series of observations of the size and strength of the students attending the University. He found that the Irish students were the tallest and strongest men. Professor Quetelet, of the University of Brussels, instituted similar investigations, covering a number of years testing the quality of Belgians, Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen. He found the average height of the Belgian to be 68 inches, of the Englishman 68½, of the Scotchman 69, and of the Irishman 70 inches; that the average weight in pounds of the Belgian was 150 pounds, of the Englishman 151, of the Scotchman 152, and of the Irishman 155 pounds; and that the average strength as indicated by a blow given to the plate of a spring dynamometer, in pounds, was, of the Belgian, 339 pounds, of the Englishman, 403 pounds, of the Scotchman, 423 pounds, of the Irishman, 432 pounds.

"The Irish are thus," says Sir Robert Kane, L.L.D., "the tallest, strongest, and heaviest of the four races." And Sir Robert Kane adds: Mr. Field, an eminent mechanical engineer of London, had occasion to examine the relative powers of British and Irish labourers to raise weights by means of a crane. He communicated his results to the Institute of Civil Engineers in London. He found that the utmost efforts of a man, lifting at the rate of one foot per minute, ranged in Englishmen from 11,505 to 24,255 pounds, and in Irishmen from 17,325 to 27,562 pounds. I have reason to doubt that these figures represent the existing conditions of these respective populations. Those experiments were carefully made at the time, and the results were as given."

In remote as well as in modern times the Irish people were renowned for their strength and intelligence. Sir John Davis, an eminent Englishman, who was Attorney-General of Ireland in 1616, in his "Historical Tracts," says "The bodies and minds of the Irish people are imbued with extraordinary abilities by nature."

But what need to multiply testimony? Look at the great industrial march of the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, the Argentine Republic—who shall attempt to take from Irish workmen their honour of the burden? They are strong men to make roads and mines and railroads, to lay the foundation of cities.

When the five millions of Irish people in Ireland get control of their own country they will make its marvellous resources hum with industrial development. They are a people worthy of a country, and circumstances and nature are ensuring that they shall have one.

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The *N. Y. Sun* has been making an investigation into the condition of the 25,000 coloured people who live in New York, and finds that many of them have acquired large fortunes, while the great majority are well-to-do. Their aggregate property is estimated to be worth at least 3,000,000 dols. There is one coloured man in New York, a physician, who is worth 300,000 dols.

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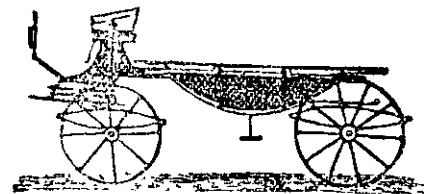
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CATHOLIC NEWS.

FATHER FERREIRA, S.J., a pupil of the celebrated astronomer Secchi, was sent by the Pope on a scientific mission to Moscow, to observe the solar eclipse visible from the Russian city in August. He was the bearer of an autographic letter from the Pope to the Czar:

Negotiations have been entered into with the Vatican for the reform of ecclesiastical legislation in the Grand Duchy of Baden.

The Mic Mac Indians still sing the Gregorian Masses taught them centuries ago by Jesuit missionaries.

The Pope has been petitioned to permit the introduction of the canonization of Anne Rémuzat.

The nuns of the Sacred Heart, according to annual custom, presented their pupils to the Holy Father in the Consistorial Hall of the Vatican. All the girls were dressed in white, and each one carried a lily. On the Pope entering, the Superior of the Convent of the Trinita prostrated herself at his feet, and then rising read an address. After the Pope had replied, he passed down the Hall, speaking to many of the pupils and nuns. The whole scene made a beautiful picture.

The Rev. Michael da Nazza, Provincial of the Eastern province of Franciscans in the United States, was killed by the cars on the morning of Sunday, June 19, at St. Bonaventure's College, Alleghany, N. Y. We learn from the *Catholic Union and Times*, of Buffalo, N. Y., that he was a native of Nice, and was one of the original band of Franciscans who established their Order in this country. He spent the greater part of his time, after his arrival in America, at Alleghany. Although a man of quiet and unassuming manners, he was a profound scholar and ranked high in his Order for learning and humble piety. As a recognition of his merits he was lately promoted to the responsible position of provincial. The funeral took place at the college, Alleghany, on June 21. Bishop Ryan was present. A great number of priests, who highly esteemed the deceased, assisted at the obsequies.

The German Palestine Society intends to found German Catholic stations in the Holy Land. For this purpose it has bought a piece of land at the north end of the Lake of Genesareth. Besides this it has acquired the Mount of the Apostles. The area of the land amounts to nearly sixty-five acres. The society, which has every reason to believe that the Turkish Government will consent to this acquisition, will buy more land if it succeeds in obtaining the necessary means.

With the new growth of Rome in parts formerly uninhabited, the solicitude of Leo XIII. for the spiritual welfare of the people proportionately increases. A workmen's quarters has been constructed in the vicinity of Monte Testaccio, and last month the Cardinal-Vicar presided at the ceremony of laying the first stone of a new church which will be erected there for the use of those in the vicinity. This church will be dedicated to the Blessed Virgin under the title of Mother of Divine Providence; it will be constructed in the basilical style with a portico supported on columns, and its length will be about 153 and its breadth 120. Behind the apse, the sacristy and parochial residence will be constructed. The church will be erected on property which the Pope has purchased—no less than 10,200 metres having been acquired—and here refuges, schools, and nursing-homes will be erected.

The Rev. Father Boniface, O.S.F., rector of the Church of St. Leonard of Port Maurice (Italian Church), Prince street, Boston, has been chosen Provincial of the Franciscans in New York and the New England States, in succession to the late Very Rev. Father Michael O.S.F.

The Roman Committee for the Vatican Exposition has received news that the Legislature of the United States of Columbia has unanimously voted a large sum to offer to the Holy Father on the occasion of his Sacerdotal Jubilee a rich present in the name of the people and Government of Columbia.

The Archbishop of New York, Dr. Corrigan, has published a decree of major excommunication against Father M'Glynn, and has declared to the clergy and laity under his charge that Dr. M'Glynn is excommunicated, with all the penalties attached to this censure by the canons of the Church.

At the church of the English College, in Rome, the beautiful memorial of the English martyrs remains unfinished, and unless, an effort is made at once, it will not be opened in the coming Jubilee season. The aisle-walls bear white marble tablets, on which are inscribed no less than forty-six names of Englishmen who studied in the college, and who went forth from it to their martyrdom in England. The several decorations and the stained glass windows—the latter the gift of Mr. Stuart Knill—all commemorate English saints. The able Rector of the college to whom we owe so much in connection with the recent beatifications, is well nigh worn out with the exertions and the anxieties of his work. A few hundred pounds would now complete all that is required for the opening on next St. Thomas of Canterbury's Day. The three altars remain to be done, and all their fittings and requirements are yet to be procured. The beautiful aisle windows came from England—whence also someone may send the candlesticks, lamps, etc.

Rev. Father O. Zardetti, Professor of Dogmatic Theology at St. Francis Seminary, has been appointed Vicar-General of Dakota, with headquarters at Yankton. Father Zardetti is a native of Switzerland, is about 40 years of age, and has the reputation of being one of the most eloquent and profound pulpit orators among the Catholic clergy of America.

During the coming fall work will be begun on a new episcopal palace for Bishop Becker and clergy of the Cathedral of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Savannah. It will be of brick, with stone trimmings. The style will be heavy and stately, to conform to the cathedral, with which it will be connected by a covered gallery leading through a private chapel. The cost of building will be upwards of £5000.

In order to accept the command of the Queen "to dine and sleep" at Windsor on Monday, the 27th June, Monsignor Ruffo-Scilla

had to forego two engagements already made for that evening—a dinner-party at Lord Halifax's, and a reception at Lady Clifford's in Queen's Gate. Lord Halifax, well known until lately as the Hon. C. Wood, is President of the English Church Union, and our readers cannot have forgotten the memorable words in which, a year or two ago, he addressed that body on the subject of reconciliation with Rome—the first words ever spoken under such conditions which seem at once to come from the head and from the heart. The Envoy's regret in missing this opportunity of intercourse with a host of so much Catholic feeling enjoying so great an immunity from the vulgar prejudices which warp the Anglican intelligence, was only increased by the fact that one among the guests invited by Lord Halifax to meet him was Mr. Gladstone. Lady Clifford's reception brought together a great crowd; and any disappointment felt at the absence of the Envoy was compensated for by the presence of the Cardinal Archbishop—a rarely-to-be-seen figure in London drawing-rooms. His Eminence, escorted by Sir Charles Clifford, made a circuit round the room, receiving the homage of those present. The Bishop of Emmaus was also there, and so were Monsignor Zaleski and Merry del Val.

The Very Rev. Prior Glynn, of the Augustinian Priory of Rome, arrived at Queenstown on Sunday, July 10, by the Gunard steamer *Etruria*, from New York. As will be remembered, Prior Glynn, at the command of Pope Leo XIII., left Rome for the United States to organise a collection in aid of the new Church of St. Patrick which it is proposed to build in Rome. He arrived in America last May, and attained a wonderful success; every place he visited funds were cheerfully given him. He was most cordially received at New York by Archbishop Corrigan, who gave him every facility towards the furtherance of the object of his mission, as well as by the American Nationalists, especially the Irish-Americans, who recognised his mission from a political as well as a religious standpoint. Prior Glynn, whose return is anxiously awaited in America, expects to be able to lay the corner-stone of St. Patrick's Church in Rome on the 23rd December next, which will be the occasion of the Pope's Jubilee, at which the most Rev. Dr. Creke, Archbishop of Cashel, and the Most Rev. Dr. Ryan, the most eloquent prelate and most renowned Irishman in the United States, will preach.

It is announced that the period of the Papal Jubilee will be marked by the canonisation of the following servants of God: The Seven Blessed Founders of the Servite Order; Blessed John Berchmans, S.J.; Blessed Brother Rodriguez, S.J.; Blessed Peter Claver, S.J. During the same period the following will be beatified: The Ven. Louis Grignon de Montfort; the Ven. Clement Hofbauer, Cong. S.S.B.; the Ven. Brother Egidius, Alcantarine of Naples; the Ven. Ines of Bemiganim; the Ven. Felix of Nicosia in Sicily, Capuchin. The Ven. John Baptist La Salle, founder of the Christian Brothers; the Ven. John of Avila, S.J.; the Ven. Juvenal Ancina, Oratorian friend of St. Francis of Sales, companion of St. Philip Neri, and Bishop of Saluzze; the Ven. Perboyre, Martyr in China, of the Missions Etrangères of Paris; the Ven. Louis Chanel, Marist, and Martyr in Oceania; the Ven. Pompilius Perotti of Benevento, of the Order of St. Joseph Calasancius will probably be beatified if the processes in their cases be definitely concluded in time.

RESULTS OF THE UNION.

(From Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE'S "Review of the Irish Policy of Parliament.")

TWENTY-NINE years had now elapsed since the Act of Union. What had Ireland gained by the Act? What had been the effect of it on English politics? So far as Ireland was concerned, it was impossible for anyone to point out a single advantage which had accrued to its people. The country had been in a disturbed and distracted condition ever since. It had been impossible during almost any two consecutive years to govern it by the ordinary law. Every year, with rare exceptions, brought the demand on Parliament for coercive laws for Ireland, differing only in method and degree. The most common forms were the suppression of trial by jury, the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, the prohibition of public meetings, and the right to carry arms; but occasionally there was added the provision of martial law and the curfew clauses. No attempt had been made to apply remedial measures to the country. The grievances which the people suffered under the tithe system were allowed to pass unchecked. No proposal was made to interfere with the arbitrary power of landlords; on the contrary the Acts of 1815 and 1817 greatly increased the powers of landlords, and facilitated ejectment. During the interval, also, the taxes in Ireland had been nearly trebled in amount, and without equivalent benefit to the English exchequer, and without adding materially to the resources and power of the Empire. Previous to the Union, the Irish Parliament had rarely voted more than 12,000 men for the army, subsequent to it, the force maintained in Ireland during the war with France was increased to 40,000, and after the peace was never less than 25,000 men.

During the same period the Irish Government was carried on under the old principle of Protestant ascendancy; nothing was done to give practical effect to the remedial legislation of the Irish Parliament in 1793. All avenues to public offices or to municipal government were closed to the Catholics. The magistracy was exclusively appointed from Protestants. The Acts of 1793 might as well have remained in force for any practical results to them: Catholics were habitually excluded from juries. The people were shown that Parliament and the Government of England would not listen to any claims put forward in a constitutional way. It was due to O'Connell, and to him almost alone, that a method was discovered of forcing the hand of the British Government and Parliament. It was by his indomitable courage and perseverance, by his fervid eloquence and appeals to popular sympathies, that the road to success was pointed out. He alone had conceived the plan of organising the people of Ireland in a manner which would make

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it impossible to refuse their demands, and had induced the priests to take a part in politics, and lead their flocks in a political campaign.

Two results, therefore, of great import and of lasting effect on Irish politics accrued from the broken promises of Pitt and the long delay in the concession of the Catholic claims: the one was that the Irish people were taught that agitation and civil disturbance, verging on civil war, would alone succeed in inducing the Imperial Parliament to give way to their claims; and the other was the introduction into politics of the Catholic priests in supercession of the landlords. The destruction of the landlords' power and the substitution for it of that of the priests' was the main result of the agitation for Catholic Emancipation. The landlords have never recovered their position. The priests have continually advanced in influence. Even these results might have been modified if the Catholic measure had been dealt with in a different spirit and conceded with a better grace. Everything, however, was done to make it as little a healing measure as possible. The suppression of the Catholic Association was needless and impolitic in the highest degree. The disfranchisement of the forty-shilling freeholders was equally unwise; it was avowedly for the purpose of preventing the Catholics obtaining political power and securing representation in the British Parliament in proportion to their numbers. It made an invidious distinction between Ireland and England, and reduced the constituencies of Irish counties to the most meagre proportions. The measure was not only a grave political mistake, it was also a failure. The county constituencies, even thus reduced, were still largely composed of Catholics; the influence of the priests was not much diminished, and it will be seen that the representation of Ireland was greatly changed. The sense of injustice arising from the Act was one of the causes of this. Not less unwise also was the personal treatment of O'Connell already referred to.

What, again, was the effect of the Act of Union on English politics? A retrospect will show results equally unfortunate. The Catholic question was the rock on which successive Ministries were driven and wrecked; and for years it excluded the ablest and best of statesmen from the Government. Apart from Ireland and the Union there would have been no Catholic question in Great Britain, or at most it would have been one of little importance. It was only in connection with Ireland that it assumed the highest importance among State questions. Mr. Pitt resigned in 1801, because he could not persuade the king to assent to the Catholic claims; with him went the ablest of his colleagues—Lord Grenville, Lord Spencer (who had organised the fleets which won for England the battles of Camperdown and the Nile), Mr. Wyndham, and Mr. Dundas; and for three years the Government of the country was carried on by the incapable Ministry of Mr. Addington. In 1807 Lord Grenville and Lord Howick—the successors of Fox—were dismissed by the king for refusing to sign an undertaking that they would not under any circumstances bring forward the Catholic question. In 1812, on the death of Mr. Perceval, Lord Liverpool was unable to obtain the co-operation of Lord Wellesley and Mr. Canning in forming a Ministry because they held that the Catholic question must be dealt with. For the same reason, Lord Grenville and Lord Grey were unable to form a Ministry with Lord Moira; and finally Lord Liverpool was compelled to return to office with a Ministry of Eldons, Sidmouths, and Bathursts. On the death of Lord Liverpool the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel refused to serve under Mr. Canning because of their grave differences with him on the Catholic question. These instances include nearly all the Ministerial changes within the period; they show the unfortunate effect of the intrusion of a purely Irish question.

COERCION TOMFOOLERY.

(Napier Evening News.)

Having briefly referred to the failures attending a policy of coercion in Ireland in the past, it may not be out of place to notice the opinions that have from time to time been expressed with regard to its adoption in the present. The political career of Mr. Parnell, and his experiences of English Government wrong-headedness, are not very dissimilar to those of the great Liberator O'Connell. Upon the death of Mr. Isaac Butt in 1880, Mr. Parnell became the leader of the Irish Parliamentary party. The policy of his predecessor may be described as a negative one. Holding his forces well in hand as a kind of third party, Mr. Butt with all his Parliamentary confederates, was always ready for mischief and annoyance; but as his following, in a comparative sense, may be said to have been limited, so was his power in the House of Commons, and there was no enthusiasm in his favour out of doors. With the advent of Mr. Parnell to the leadership, and the institution of the policy of active aggression, the position was almost immediately changed. Since 1880 there have been four Lord-Lieutenants, and six Chief Secretaries of Ireland, consecutively engaged in the work of crushing Parnell, with the practical result that he stands this day a greater power in the Councils of the Empire, and in the hearts of the people than ever. Two Coercion Acts have been passed by the British Legislature for the purpose of putting down Parnell, but they only had the effect of raising his pedestal higher, and rendering his figure—in a political sense—still more conspicuous. He has been prosecuted and imprisoned, but his trials in this respect only endeared him the more to Irish hearts. Every step the Government have taken in this direction has been a huge blunder, for instead of humbling Parnell in the dust they have built up his power. From every encounter he came forth a victor. The more closely he was pursued, the greater martyr to the cause of Irish wrongs he appeared, and the more honoured—loved—he became. Like his great compeer—O'Connell—he has fought for the government of Ireland, and like him he has seen all competitors swept from his path. Lord Cowper, Lord Spencer, Lord Carnarvon, Mr. Forster, Mr. Trevelyan, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, Sir W. Hart Dyke, Mr. W. H. Smith, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach have levelled their pigmy lances and disappeared, but Parnell remains. Of the names here given, undoubtedly the greatest is that of Spencer, for under circum-

stances of great trial and difficulty he sought to discharge his duty—as it was given to him to discharge—with an indomitable courage and perseverance which commanded the admiration of even his foes. He sought to govern by a stern policy of coercion, and proved himself the most successful administrator of such a policy that Ireland has seen in modern times; he was succeeded by Carnarvon, whose first act almost was to seek an interview with Parnell and by whom—for a time—coercion was abandoned.

As all things come round at last to those who have the patience to wait so after five years of coercive administration—after State prosecutions and imprisonment—at last Mr. Parnell had the gratification of hearing the policy which had been directed against him condemned—and condemned too by the Tories. After he had entered upon office as Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Churchill, announced:—"Undoubtedly we do not intend to inaugurate a change of policy in Ireland. . . . The policy of the late Government so exasperated Irishmen—maddened and irritated that imaginative and warm-hearted race—that I firmly believe that had the late Government remained in office no amount of bayonets and military would have prevented outbreaks in Ireland." Whilst Lord Carnarvon declared:—"I believe for my own part that special legislation of this (coercion) sort is inexpedient. It is inexpedient while it is in operation, and it is still more inexpedient when it has to be reviewed at short intervals." Lord Salisbury for his part was slightly enigmatical, but still sufficiently clear in condemnation when he stated in his celebrated Newport speech:—"The effect of the Crimes Act has been very much exaggerated. While it was in existence there grew up a thousand branches of the National League, and it is from them that those difficulties proceeded with which we have now to contend. The provisions in the Crimes Act against boycotting were of very small effect. It grew up under the Act because it is a crime which legislation has very great difficulty in reaching. I have seen it stated that the Crimes Act diminished outrages, that boycotting acted through outrages, and that the Crimes Act diminished boycotting. . . . It is not true; the Act did not diminish outrages. In September without the Crimes Act there were fewer outrages than in August with that Act. . . . The truth about boycotting is that it depends upon the passing humour of the population. I do not believe that in any community it has endured. I doubt whether in any community law has been able to provide a satisfactory remedy, but I believe it contains its own nemesis." After five years of almost persistent effort in the direction of coercion, it might naturally be imagined that all hope for the cause of Home Rule would have been completely crushed out of the hearts of the Irish people, but—like some plants—the desire for freedom is so strong in the human breast that the more it is trampled upon the faster it grows. English Liberals in 1880 would not consent to listen for a moment to any suggestion on the subject of Home Rule, but in 1885 this is how the Tory Premier dealt with the subject:—"The Irish leader has referred to Austria and Hungary. Some notion of Imperial Federation was floating in his mind. . . . In speaking of Imperial Federation as entirely apart from the Irish question, I wish to guard myself very carefully. I deem it to be one of the questions of the future. . . . But with respect to Ireland I am bound to say that I have never seen any plan or suggestion which gives me at present the slightest ground for anticipating that in that direction we shall find any substantial solution of the problem." So far as Mr. Gladstone is concerned, there can be now no doubt that for years past he had arrived at the conclusion from a close study of the subject, that in Home Rule was to be found the only true solution of the difficulties of the Irish question. The published reports of his speeches have all been looked up—thanks to Tory industry—and no word against Home Rule can be found breathed in any of them; the natural result of the Newport speech of Lord Salisbury, therefore, was the memorable address to the electors of Midlothian. When the Tories began to play with the subject of Home Rule, it was time for the Liberals to address themselves to the subject in earnest, and in due course the Government of Ireland Bill made its appearance. Whilst, however, the Liberals, true to their instincts and traditions, have been going forward, with equal reliability the Tories have shrunk backwards. Extracts from the speeches of the leaders of the Tory party have been quoted, showing that at length a want of belief in a policy of coercion, was dawning upon them. They came into office distinctly affirming that the ordinary civil law was quite sufficiently drastic to ensure good government in Ireland, and with a clear repudiation of any policy of coercion, only to fall back upon another coercion outrage in their Crimes Bill. In 1880 Mr. Butt had a following of some 40 Members in the House of Commons, and this was the power at hand when Mr. Parnell assumed the leadership; but, through the failure of coercion and the triumphs of Mr. Parnell, the general Election of 1886 saw 192 Liberals returned, pledged to Home Rule. Thus, as an English journal points out:—"The upshot of the struggle of the last six years between the Irish leader, and the English parties—the upshot of Coercion Acts, State trials and imprisonments—has been the Newport speech, the Home Rule Bill, and the presence of 192 Liberals in the House of Commons who have made the cause of Irish nationality their own."

WELLS' HAIR BALM.—If gray, restores to original colour. An elegant dressing, softens and beautifies. No oil nor grease. A Tonic Restorative. Stops hair coming out; strengthens, cleanses, heals scalp.

At Cornwood, a village in Devonshire, a labourer named Thomas Ryder was sharpening his scythe on Tuesday, when he cut his wrist and severed two of the arteries. His friends instead of securing medical assistance, sent for a man and his wife who had a local reputation as "charmers," and these people endeavoured to stop the flow of blood by the ceremony of "charmug." Ryder, seeing how fruitless these efforts were, begged to be taken to the hospital at Plymouth, some eight miles off, and was removed in a trap for that purpose; but he lost so much blood on the road that it was deemed advisable to convey him to the workhouse at Plympton, about midway between Cornwood and Plymouth, and here the poor fellow died shortly after his admission.

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THE H. A. C. B. S.

TO THE EDITOR N.Z. TABLET.

SIR,—With pleasure I read in your issue of 26th ult, the letter signed "English Catholic," earnestly expressing a wish to have a branch of the H.A.C.B.S. established at Ashburton.

If your admirable correspondent will be kind enough to send his name and address to me, I will gladly furnish him with full particulars concerning the Society, and how to proceed with the formation of a branch. The District Executive are anxious to have a branch opened in Ashburton, and they believe it could be carried on with great success, and with beneficial results to its members and their families. Will "English Catholic" kindly interest himself in the matter, and I have no doubt the result will be, within a very little time, the accomplishment of his laudable desire.—I am, etc.,
 Ponsonby, Auckland.

JAMES O'BRIEN,
 District Secretary H.A.C.B.S.

MR. PURNELL'S CANDIDATURE.

TO THE EDITOR N.Z. TABLET.

SIR,—In your issue of August 26, I was much surprised to see a letter signed "English Catholic," calling on the Catholics of this district to give a block vote to Mr. Purnell. His reasons are singular. "English Catholic" tells us Mr. Purnell is in favour of granting concessions to Catholic schools. The only foundation for this is the fact that he had used these words:—"He thought it would be wise to remodel the system in the direction of the State fostering private enterprise by giving grants for secular results." I think you will admit that this is rather oracular; yet it is on the strength of this that an "English Catholic" suggests a pastoral from the bishops, and a block vote from the Catholics. From the tone of your correspondent one would think that Mr. Purnell was a sympathiser with Catholics and Irishmen. This, however, is, unfortunately not the case. For years he has been the bitter opponent of all claims for justice to Irishmen here and in Ireland. His oracular statement, coming just before a general election, is of itself suspicious. But he does not give a pledge to support the Catholic claims, for the simple reason that he would lose the support of a section of his friends. His statement is simply a bid for the Catholic vote, and given in such a way that it can easily be interpreted to suit himself.

When I read your paper I can hardly believe that I am not reading the *Nation* or the *Freeman*, the tone of all is so similar. It is, therefore, somewhat painful to me to see such a letter as "English Catholic's" in such a journal. No doubt it is quite right for "E. C." to prescribe a course for English Catholics to pursue, for is he not one of the "superior race?"

"E. C." did not tell you that Mr. Purnell has for years persistently abused the Home Rulers and Land Leaguers as the instigators of assassination and the allies of murderers. His favourite pastime is to quote from the *Belfast Newsletter*, the *Dublin Express*, and the *London Times*. The vilest calumnies of these wretched papers he cordially endorses. The men who, in Ireland, are desperately struggling in the most heroic manner, he stigmatises as dishonest men, who refuse to pay their lawful debts (rack-rents), and cowards who wreak their vengeance on poor dumb brutes. This is the gentleman "E. C." is so anxious to send to Parliament by means of Catholic votes!

There is another letter in your issue of September 9, signed "Wm. Adams." This is a bit of a curiosity. He answers by anticipation. I say it matters a great deal who and what a man may be, even "if he offered to help us in the matter of education." We are not bound in honour to support him. But Mr. Purnell has not promised to do anything of the sort, and Mr. Adams knows it. He says this is the "extreme view." But, says Mr. A., "I go further." This is a poser; how he can go beyond the *extreme* I leave him to explain.

Mr. Adams says: "If that gentleman . . . has lately so improved his views on the above question as to actually allow that he is in favour of Home Rule, the greater the credit to the man, and the greater obligation upon us to support him." Most people will be puzzled to see the connection between the "above question" and Home Rule. But Mr. Adams *knows right well* that Mr. Purnell has not changed his views on either subject. Has he not himself quoted with approval the threats of Ulstermen to resist Home Rule by force? And the change no one except Mr. Adams is aware of. Mr. Adams has the unblushing hardihood to assert that Mr. Purnell follows in the footsteps of Mr. Gladstone. As Mr. P. was on the 14th of June, 1882, so he is now. On the 8th of that month Mr. Saunders (then a candidate) spoke thus of the Catholic Church: "Protestants ought long ago to have risen as one man against this exercise of foreign despotism (the Catholic block vote), and refuse to give a single vote to any man who was chosen as the recipient of this block religious vote." Six days after Mr. Purnell called on all his friends to support Mr. Saunders! Yet Mr. Adams asks Catholics to give Mr. P. a block vote now. Oh, Mr. Adams! I hope the men who have been so grossly insulted will remember the fact at the ballot box. I trust you will pardon me for dwelling so long on this subject. There may be two or three men who are simple enough to be deceived by Mr. Adams' reckless and unfounded assertions; but my principal reason for writing this letter is this: If "English Catholic" and Mr. Adams (I have not seen his first letter) were not contradicted, the Catholics of this district would be a laughing-stock to the whole Colony.

Now for a few words about Mr. Walker, the other candidate. He is the son-in-law of a Church of England Canon, has a numerous family, and is as anxious as Catholics to give them a religious education; but, as he cannot do this at the public schools, he must do like

Catholics, "grin and bear it." Like yourself, he recognises the fact that at present there is no chance of an alteration. During a residence of twenty-five years in Canterbury, he never spoke a disrespectful word of Irishmen or Catholics, and is as willing to do anything in his power to oblige them as to oblige Englishmen or Protestants. The only chance he ever got to show his good-will to Catholics he availed himself of. I mean free passes for Catholic children. He refuses to dishonourably bid for votes by promising what he knows he cannot perform. Hitherto he has acted honourably, and the Catholics would expose themselves to the contempt of the Colony by voting against him.—I am, etc.,
 ATHENRY.

TO THE EDITOR N.Z. TABLET.

SIR,—I see by your issue of the 9th inst. that your correspondent "English Catholic" has endeavoured to reply to my letter of the 30th ult. He has put forward another of his one-sided statements, with a view, if possible, to mislead the Catholics of Ashburton, as to their obligation to vote for Mr. Purnell. What a burlesque he has made of his reply. If he is trying to act as a mouth-piece to Mr. Purnell, why does he not speak out plain and fearless and tell us by what authority he can assure the Catholics of this district that Mr. Purnell has altered his views on behalf of Home Rule? It is in this particular part of his reply that he makes his device plain to everybody, because he is aware that if he gave any authority for what he wishes us to believe it would amount to a pledge in Mr. Purnell's words to that effect. This is where your correspondent tries to make himself clever. He thinks the Catholics of Ashburton can be hoodwinked without getting any pledge whatever that Purnell has really altered his views about Home Rule. And I ask, sir, is it rational for anyone to believe that a man says who has hurled such insults and abuse at our fathers and brothers in the Old Country, as Mr. Purnell has done, could possibly have any interest at heart for the welfare of our children in this country? Certainly not. And it would have been far wiser for your correspondent not to have had any particular say in this matter at all when it did not suit him to deal honestly and logically with it. He is evidently satisfied that he has made a good hit by bringing the G.O.M.'s case forward as an illustration of how men may change their views, but to my mind he has simply murdered his argument by doing this. We are all aware that Mr. Gladstone opposed Home Rule strongly for a long time. He was a formidable enemy to it, and I beg to tell your correspondent more than this. He attacked the Catholic Church in a most determined manner; he went as far as to say that no man who belonged to that Church could possibly be a loyal subject to the British Crown. But mark you what he did soon after this, when he turned over coolly in his mind what he had said against the Catholic Church. He saw that he was wrong in his opinions; and to prove to the world that he was wrong he goes and appoints a Roman Catholic to one of the most responsible positions of trust under the British Crown—I mean when he appointed Lord Ripon as Viceroy of India. Surely he could not give any better proof than this that he had altered his opinions very much on one important matter. And what does he do next, after giving the Home Rule question more careful consideration? He felt convinced in his mind that he was wrong in his opinion on this great question also, and there and then he came out before the British public, boldly and fearlessly, face to face, and told them that he was wrong in his opinion about Home Rule for Ireland, that he was fully convinced the Irish people were asking nothing more or less than their just birthrights, and that he would stand or fall in the future by assisting them as far as he could to get this measure of justice restored to them. Surely these two noble acts of Mr. Gladstone should be sufficient to win back the esteem and love of the Irish people towards him. Your correspondent tells us Mr. Purnell deserves to be honoured for following in Mr. Gladstone's footsteps. I say the same, if it be true; but what proof is there for it? Has Mr. Purnell himself said a single word to this effect? No. Neither has he retracted one word of what he said in the past. The Catholics of this district do not expect Mr. Purnell to put on sackcloth and eat ashes by way of making reparation for his conduct towards them in the past, but they will expect him to give some proof that he really intends to follow in Mr. Gladstone's footsteps before he can expect to get honoured by them or get them to vote for him. Now, sir, if you will please allow me to have a word privately with the "English Catholic," I think he would be acting very wisely if he went into training for a few weeks before he takes up his quill again to advise the Catholics of this district in any matter of importance.—I am, etc.,
 Ashburton, September 13, 1887.
 A SON OF OLD ERIN.

THE TUAPEKA ELECTION.

TO THE EDITOR N.Z. TABLET.

SIR,—Kindly allow me, through the columns of your journal, to address a few words to the Catholics of Tuapeka. The late member, Mr. J. C. Brown, has represented this district in Parliament for twenty years. It is well known that the Catholics to a man always supported him, and saved him from political extinction on several occasions. The reason why they always stood by him was, that he was never done assuring them in private, that he was their staunch friend, and that he would use all his influence to get aid for Catholic schools. He never had the manliness to state openly in his addresses that his sympathies were with us. When questioned publicly on the subject, he invariably fenced, and wriggled like an eel. His answers were so cunning that no one could tell what were his real views on the subject of education.

Notwithstanding all the secret assurances of support to our cause, how did he act when Mr. Pyke's Bill came on for second reading? He shamelessly betrayed our dearest interests by walking out without voting. He pretended to explain away this backsliding by stating that he "paired" with a Maori member in favour of the Bill. But as the "pair" was not recorded in the usual way, we may take that excuse with a large grain of salt. He may tell that story to the horse-marines. When Mr. Brown addressed his constituents about

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FOR SYDNEY, VIA TIMARU, LYTTLETON, and WELLINGTON.—WAKAIIPU s.s., about Saturday, September 24.

FOR FIJI, from AUCKLAND.—WAINUI, s.s., on Monday, September 19.

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twelve months ago, he was questioned so closely and so skilfully, that emboldened by his large majority at the last election, he blurted out the plain truth. He then declared that he never sympathised with the claims of Catholics for justice, and he never would. We should never have known the truth from his own lips, if the reluctant admission had not been drawn from him by persistent badgering.

The present opponent of our late member is Mr. James Bennet, an old settler in the district. Without waiting to be questioned, he has boldly and honestly announced his readiness to vote for Catholic schools. What ought we to do in these circumstances? Our plain duty is to vote for Bennet and punish Brown for his treachery. Any man who is still so infatuated as to support Mr. Brown cannot be regarded as the true friend of public honesty and Catholic education.—I am, etc,

P. O'LEARY.

PRESENTATION TO THE MOST REV. DR. MORAN.

TO THE EDITOR N.Z. TABLET.

SIR,—As I have not received a circular from the committee engaged in promoting the testimonial to Dr. Moran, I am desirous of knowing whether I may act without an invitation. I am most anxious to see the matter a success, and would willingly do my best to forward its interests.—I am, etc.,

VOLENS.

Kaikora, September 14.

[It is impossible that the committee can send a circular to everyone, but we can answer for it that they will most thankfully accept all aid given to them. What has appeared in our columns should be sufficient, indeed, apart from any circular.—ED. N. Z. TABLET.]

Commercial.

MR. DONALD STRONACH (on behalf of the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Company, Limited) reports for the week ending September 14, as follows:—

Fat Cattle.—A medium supply was yarded to-day, viz., 193 head, one half of which were heifers and light weight bullocks, the balance good to prime quality, including a pen or two heavy weights. Although the market last week was only moderately supplied, prices obtained to-day showed no improvement, in fact last week's quotations were barely maintained. Best bullocks brought £7 5s to £8 17s 6d; extra heavy, £9 10s to £10 10s; light and medium, £4 7s 6d to £6 17s 6d; cows in proportion.

Fat Sheep.—To-day's market was supplied by 250 merino wethers, good to prime, and 2,409 crossbreds. The greater portion of these were prime, and included some heavy weights. The attendance at the yards to-day was under the average, and competition all through less animate. There was a moderate demand for export, best wethers realising nearly up to last week's, while medium quality receded 1s to 1s 6d per head; best crossbred wethers brought 11s 6d to 14s; one pen 15s; medium to good, 7s 6d to 11s; best do ewes, 8s 9d to 10s 9d; ordinary, 5s 9d to 8s 6d; merino wethers, 7s 6d to 9s 6d. We sold on account of Kuriwao Estate and other vendors crossbred wethers to 11s.

Lambs.—60 penned, of these only two or three were what might be termed prime, for which there was good competition; all the rest were small, but realised satisfactory prices. Best sold at up to 13s 9d; others at from 4s 9d to 8s. We sold on account of Mr. William Shand, Keith Hall, 12 at 7s 6d.

Pigs.—274 were penned, chiefly porkers and baconers, which sold under good competition at about equal to late rates. Light stores brought 11s to 15s; porkers, 24s to 30s; baconers, 32s to 48s. We sold on account of Mr. Joseph Grimsey, Orari, light stores at 11s to 15s; porkers at 24s; baconers to 37s.

Store Cattle.—The business done in these is still limited, and the market not particularly active. At the same time there is some inquiry for almost all sorts, but graziers' experience of the fat stock market being rather disappointing, they are not in the meantime, inclined to meet sellers' views with respect to price.

Store Sheep.—There are hardly any offering now, the demand is also unimportant, consequently the business done may be considered exceedingly small.

Sheepskins.—Owing to the broken weather of the last few days combined with the uncertainty as to the immediate future of the wool market, buyers on Monday (our regular weekly sale day) operated with more caution. The attendance was good and competition spirited up to certain levels, every lot on the lengthy catalogue offered being disposed of, but at prices slightly lower than those being previously obtained. Country dry crossbreds, low to medium, brought 10d to 3s 3d; good to best, 3s 6d to 5s; dry merinos, low to medium, 9d to 2s 3d; good to best, 2s 6d to 4s; dry pelts, 3d to 8d; butchers' green crossbreds, 3s, 3s 3d, 3s 6d, 3s 9d, 4s, 4s 3d, 4s 6d, 4s 8d, 4s 10s; do do merino, 2s 9d, 3s, 3s 3d, 3s 6d, 3s 9d, 3s 10d, 3s 11d.

Rabbitskins.—A brisk demand continues to be experienced, all descriptions being easily disposed of. The supply so far this season has been considerably heavier, and the market continues so firm that holders would do well to forward their collections, and avail themselves of the opportunity at present offering for realising satisfactory prices. On Monday we offered a moderate catalogue, when all the buyers were in attendance, and the eagerness displayed in bidding, especially for choice lots, was most remarkable, resulting in very satisfactory prices being obtained as compared with those of previous sales. We sold 19 bales and 11 bags. The following are the marks with prices:—F1, 3 bales extra prime winter greys, 22d; SP, do do, 21½d; JG Co., 3 do do 21d; Z, 3 bags do do, 21½d; F1, 1 do

do, 20½d; FSG, 10 bales northern skins, medium, 18½d; OP over 4 in diamond, 1 bale medium greys, 18d; MS, 1 do do, mixed, 13d; F1, 2 bags mixed, 16d; do, 1 do do, 13½d; do, 1 do do, 12d; CP over 4 in diamond, 13½d; Z, 1 do do, 13½d.

Hides.—There being no in-ucement for buyers to ship the consequence is that business is confined to local trade, and, competition being limited, we have no improvement to report for this week. There has been some inquiry during the week for shipment, but no business as far has resulted. We quote inferior a d bulls, 1½d to 2 1; light, 2½ to 2½; medium, 2½ to 3½; heavy, 3½ to 3½—subject to a reasonable allowance in weights for offal, chucks, and shanks.

Tallow.—Stocks on hand are not by any means heavy, and the supply coming forward being no more than is necessary for local requirements, this market continues extremely steady. The fluctuations of the Home market have no apparent effect on this. We have no alteration to make in quotations, which are as follows, viz., for inferior and mixed, 10s to 13s; medium to good, 14s to 16s; best mutton 17s to 18s; rough fat, inferior, 7s to 8s, medium to good 9s to 10s; best caul, 11s to 11s 6d per cwt.

Grain.—Wheat: There is no improvement in the tone of the market for this cereal if anything there is less demand than there was even manifested last week. Northern millers are displaying more eagerness to push the trade in flour and at reduced prices, which will no doubt materially effect the business done by our local millers, and to maintain their present ground a reduction in price must be the inevitable result and does not argue well for the future of the wheat market. Some sorts, such as choice Tuscan and red straw, which have been in better demand all the season in small lots, still realise equal to late rates; while velvet could not be placed at 2d to 3d under the prices ruling a few weeks since. Fowls' wheat is more plentiful and also easier in price. We quote prime milling, red straw and Tuscan, 4s to 4s 2d; and then on rare occasions lines could not be placed at these figures. Best white velvet, 3s 9d to 3s 10; medium to good, 3s 8d to 3s 9d; inferior, 3s 3d to 3s 7d (ex store, bags weighed in).—Oats: The demand is not by any means active, still there is always a moderate amount of business passing. Small sales are daily being made, chiefly of bright-coloured short descriptions at prices about equal to last week's quotations. The demand for discoloured sorts is not improving, and, although quite as good for all practical purposes as the former except in appearance, they are difficult to place except at very unsatisfactory prices to the grower. We quote prime milling, 1s 8d to 1s 8½d; best bright short feed, 1s 7½d to 1s 8d; medium, 1s 6d to 1s 7d. Long oats are not easily moved in lines. Small lots occasionally are disposed of for seed at 1s 9d to 2s (ex store, bags weighed in).—Barley: There is nothing doing in this cereal, chiefly owing to the want of supplies, but the demand is not pressing. We quote prime maling, 4s 1d to 4s 4d; medium, 3s 9d to 4d; feed and milling, 3s to 3s 8d (ex store).

Ryegrass Seed.—The position of the market is much about the same as last week; no sales of any consequence effected. We quote machine-dressed, 3s 3d to 3s 9d; undressed, 2s to 2s 9d. Cocksfoot is having a little more attention. The demand is only for thoroughly clean seed, at from 4½d to 5d; medium, 3½d to 4d.

Potatoes still continue in over-supply, and without any improvement in price.

GRAIN AND SEED REPORT.

Messrs. Samuel Orr and Co., Stafford street, report for the week ending September 13 as follows:—Wheat: The market for this cereal shows no change whatever, millers still evincing no desire to buy more than they actually require for present purposes. Prices in consequence are unaltered. We quote: For extra prime milling, up to 4s 2d; good, 4s to 4s 1d; ordinary, 3s 10d to 3s 11d; and fowls' feed, 3s 6d to 3s 9d.—Oats: There has been a slight demand for this product during the last week, but advices from the other side are still discouraging, showing a decline in prices, which no doubt will tend to still further depreciate values here. We quote: Prime bright heavy milling from 1s 8d to 1s 8½d; good heavy feed, 1s 7½d; ordinary, 1s 7d; and discoloured 1s 6d to 1s 6½d.—Barley: There is hardly any offering, prices being purely nominal, viz.:—Maling 4s to 4s 1d; milling and feed, 3s 6d.—Chaff: There is no improvement to report in this, the market being flooded with inferior and discoloured quality.—Seeds: Ryegrass: This seed is in good demand at late quotations, Poverty Bay and old pasture seed being principally inquired for. Cocksfoot is in very large demand; and stocks being comparatively low, prices will no doubt advance. Clovers are also in good demand, prices being unchanged.

ALBERT BARNES AND M. HOGAN AND CO., Wanganui, report:—At our usual monthly sale, held on Saturday, the 27th ult., we had a very fair attendance, and the bidding for each lot submitted was sufficiently brisk to secure satisfactory prices to vendors. Butchers' skins, good averages, showed a steady advance; settlers' skins maintaining former quotations. For hides and tallow there is at present very little inquiry, unless they are obtained at a low figure. The following are the prices realised:—Wool: In bags, 5d to 6d per lb; pieces, 3d per lb.—Sheepskins: Settlers' long wool, 3d, 3½d, 3½d, 4d, 4½d, 4½d lb; butchers' 2s 6d, 3s 3d, 3s 1d, 4s 1d, 4s 3d; settlers' pelts, 1s to 1s 5d.—Hides: 2d to 2½d per lb; bulls' and faulty, 1d to 1½d.—Tallow: In casks, 12s 6s to 15s per cwt.—Produce: Potatoes (seed), 6s to 6s 3d per bag; carrots, 1s 6d to 1s 9d per bag; bran, 3s 6d per bag; pollard, £5 per ton; cheese, 4d per lb; salt butter, 3d.

MR. F. MEENAN, King street, reports—Wholesale prices, bags included: Oats, medium to prime, 1s 6d to 1s 9d. Wheat: milling, 3s 9d to 4s 3d; fowls', 3s 3d to 3s 8d. Barley: maling, 3s 3d to 3s 6d; milling, 3s 6d; feed, 3s. Chaff: best, £2 15s; straw chaff, dull of sale, nominal. Straw, £2; bay, new oat, £3; ryegrass (new), £3. Bran, £3. Pollard, £4. Potatoes: kidney, £3; Derwents, £1 5s. Butter: fresh, 6d to 10d; salt, no usual, 6d. Cheese, 3d to 5d. Eggs, 7d. Flour: sacks, £10; 50lb, £10 10s. Oatmeal, £8 5s. Roll bacon, 6½d; sides, 6½d; hams, 9d.

THE ABBEY SCHOOL, FORT AUGUSTUS, SCOTLAND.

CONDUCTED BY THE BENEDICTINE FATHERS.

The general design of this school is to impart a Liberal Education, on the lines of the English Public Schools, to the sons of gentlemen destined for careers in the world. It comprises a Lower School for younger boys, an Upper School, and a Select Division of senior students.

The Senior Division is intended to meet the wants of youths, from 16 to 20, who desire to pursue special branches of study, or to prepare for Public Examinations. The Seniors are allowed the use of Private Rooms, and enjoy greater privileges than the boys.

For Prospectuses containing full particulars, apply to
THE REV. THE RECTOR
The Abbey, Fort Augustus,
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LOFT'S

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BOOTS AND SHOES.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

The Goods Purchased at Extraordinary Prices in the
ASSIGNED ESTATE
Already advertised will be sold at

ENOORMOUS REDUCTIONS,

To command Speedy Clearance.

They, together with the goods removed from George street shop, will be Sacrificed at 30 per cent, below usual cost. E. Loft finds himself too Heavily Stocked, and is Determined to Realise at Any Cost, and this Sale will be found the Most Genuine of all recent sales. Goods ticketed outside. Come through the Arcade and see the Fresh Goods, and the Wonderfully Low Prices.

Terms Cash. No Approbation.

E. LOFT, ROYAL ARCADE.

PENINSULA ELECTION.

Hon. Mr. Larnach's Committee Room, South Dunedin, Main road (next door to Mr. Wardrop's chemist's shop).

N.B.—Those electors favourable to Mr. Larnach's candidature will please meet at the Committee-room, which will be open daily until 10 p.m.

A special Meeting of the Committee will be held regularly every Wednesday and Saturday at 7.30 p.m.

MR LARNACH will meet the Electors at the following places, as specified below, at 8 o'clock each evening:—

Sandymount Schoolhouse, Friday, 16th inst.

St. Kilda, Mitchell's Hall, Main road, on Monday, 19th inst.
South Dunedin, Naumann's Hall, Main road, on Thursday,
22nd inst.

DUNEDIN WEST ELECTION.

MR. W. DOWNIE STEWART, candidate for DUNEDIN, WEST supports:—

1. The fostering of and protection to local industries to give employment to the people.
2. Settlement of people on the land to the greatest extent practicable.
3. Economical administration.
4. All economic and legal reforms tending to produce the greatest happiness to the greatest number.

Mr. Stewart invites his supporters to vote early on the polling day, MONDAY, 26th inst.

PENINSULA ELECTION.

MR. THOMAS BEGG will ADDRESS the ELECTORS as under:—

ST. KILDA, MITCHELL'S HALL, Tuesday, Sept. 20, at 8 p.m.
SOUTH DUNEDIN, NAUMANN'S HALL, Saturday, Sept. 24, at 8 p.m.

NURSE.

A CATHOLIC Lady, of Experience and Unexceptionable References, is prepared to accept Engagements as LADIES' NURSE.

Address—

"NURSE,"

Office of this paper.

TO THE ELECTORS OF DUNEDIN CITY EAST.

GENTLEMEN,—I shall be pleased to meet you at the
DRILLSHED, N. E. VALLEY,
on Friday, the 23rd September, at 8 o'clock, and at
OLD KNOX CHURCH,
on Saturday, the 24th September, at 8 o'clock, when I intend to
address you upon the Political Situation.

The Polling Day is on MONDAY, the 26th inst., the hours of
polling being from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m., and the Polling Booths are at
Union Street Schoolhouse and North East Valley Schoolhouse.

I am,

Your obedient servant,

ROBERT STOUT.

PRESENTATION TO THE MOST REV. DR. MORAN.

As it is NOT POSSIBLE for the Committee to ascertain the names of all those willing to give their assistance in making the Testimonial to the Most Rev. Dr. Moran a thorough success, we have been requested to give their circular a place in our columns. It is hoped that those who are friendly towards the object in question will consider that in this way their co-operation has been sufficiently invited, and will give all the aid in their power.

[CIRCULAR.]

Dunedin, September 7, 1887.

Sir,—A movement is now on foot for the purpose of presenting the Most Rev. Dr. Moran with a testimonial.

It is considered that in this way some recognition may be fitly made of His Lordship's services to the Church for the last forty years—of which thirty-one have been passed by him as a Bishop—and more especially of his labours now for nearly seventeen years in New Zealand.

During his episcopate here, Dr. Moran's successful efforts in the cause of Religion and Education have cost him many sacrifices, and obliged him to renounce many things which his station in life seemed to demand. It is, therefore, felt that it would be a graceful act on the part of those who appreciate His Lordship's sterling worth and eminent abilities, to present him with a substantial testimonial in recognition of them.

His Lordship's services, also, to the Irish settlers as such, and his disinterested and unflinching patriotism should receive due recognition.

Your kind co-operation is earnestly requested.

Subscriptions will be received by the Treasurers, as well as by any member of the Catholic Clergy.

We are, etc.,

WILLIAM COLEMAN,
PATRICK LYNCH,
FRANCIS MEENAN, } Hon.
DANIEL W. WOODS, } Treasurers.
J. B. CALLAN,
FRANK W. PETRE,
Members of Committee.
THOMAS DEEHAN,
Hon. Secretary.

The New Zealand Tablet.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1887.

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.

A QUESTIONABLE COMBAT.



HE accounts which have reached us, up to the time at which we write, concerning the encounter between the police and the people at Mitchellstown are both confused and contradictory. From the first cablegrams that came to hand all we could gather was that, in consequence of Mr. O'BRIEN's failing to answer a summons, and of some subsequent proceedings in the Court, a meeting was held in the town, at which the attendance of a Government reporter led to a riot. It would, however, appear from messages since received that the meeting had been pre-arranged, that it was organised on a wider scale than usual—large contingents of men, many of them mounted, coming not only from the surrounding country, but also from neighbouring counties,—and that the cause of the fight was not the mere presence of an obnoxious reporter, but an attempt made by the police to prevent the meeting from taking place. The news sent to us, again, concerning the events of the fight is not concordant, and we are left to form our own conclusions as to those who received the principal injuries, and who were the aggressors. That the people behaved themselves bravely, nevertheless, we may believe from Mr. O'CONNOR's reply to Mr. BALFOUR in the House of Commons, that he was proud of the magnificent Tipperary boys,—as well as from Mr. O'BRIEN's declaration—evidently made to an audience in Dublin when he addressed them from the balcony of the Imperial Hotel after his arrest.

The probabilities seem to us to be that, as Mitchellstown has lately been the centre around which a devastating eviction campaign was carried on, it was considered a suitable place to hold a meeting, with the object of denouncing the iniquities perpetrated, encouraging and aiding the evicted people, and instructing and advising those who still remained in possession of their farms.—We have the evidence of Mr. LABOUCHERE and Mr. DILLON, speaking in Parliament, that the police were the aggressors, and from Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. GLADSTONE, speaking in the same place, we gather that the Government had broken up the meeting.—We are justified, then, in concluding that the fault lay with the police, and that any ill usage suffered by them was provoked by their own conduct.—As to the casualties that occurred on either side, we need enter into no calculations concerning them. Those who control the cable are not likely to report to us truly of them, and we must await the arrival of the Irish papers to bring us reliable details.—But sufficient for the present reaches us in Mr. DAVITT's reported denunciation of what was done by the police—as “butchery.”

We have, then, in what has occurred the first important fruits of the Coercion Act. And, so far as we are able to judge from the meagre and confusing details that have come to hand, we fear we must look upon them as favourable to the designs of the Government.—A riot has been provoked, in which it may be made to appear that the people behaved with undue violence and offered to the law an unwarranted resistance. And this may prejudice them further in the eyes of the English masses who seemed now at length about to understand their case.

The conduct of the people most probably was such as fully to justify Mr. O'CONNOR's boast as to the pride he took in the magnificent Tipperary boys.—It was, we have little doubt, enough to make Mr. O'BRIEN declare in an unguarded moment, as he is reported to have done, that such a spirit felt throughout all Ireland would speedily deliver her from the English thrall. But magnificent bravery on the part of an unarmed people is more suited for conquest in the pages of a romance than it is, even on the hill-sides and plains of Ireland, in the broad day-light of the nineteenth century, and opposed to forces carrying all the improved firearms of the period, with, besides, the Empire's strength and resources at their back. A high and fiery spirit, also, while it may lend splendour to a warfare conducted on more equal terms, and may even at all times have its advantages, under the circumstances of the day in Ireland, requires prudent and careful control—and, without these, it might very possibly make the thrall stronger rather than obtain freedom from it.

Into the question of the right of an oppressed people to resort to arms for their deliverance, we do not enter—though none have been more ready to acknowledge it than Englishmen and the English nation, and though some of those pages of her history of which England professes herself proudest

deal with nothing else. But Ireland's way to freedom does not lie in a resort to arms, but in patience and self-control, in the pursuance of a prudent policy, and, although in courage and resolution, in methods undeniably peaceful.

We fear, then, lest the encounter at Mitchellstown may have been in some degree a retrogressive step. The conduct of the people was evidently spirited and brave, and the open approval given to it as such by Mr. O'BRIEN and Mr. O'CONNOR was no less.—But was it prudent or sufficiently under the guidance of self-control? For that is the important question.—It is true there is the advantage that Mr. LABOUCHERE was present and bears witness that is favourable to the people, and his influence will go some length with the English masses. But the large majority by which, in the House of Commons, the motion to adjourn the debate on the subject was defeated, seems to point to a decided victory for the Government.—We write, of course, under disadvantages, and shall know nothing decisively until the Irish newspapers reach us in due time. But these are the thoughts that present themselves to us in connection with such information as we have received.

WE learn that the spirit shown last week in our columns with respect to the proposed testimonial to the Bishop of Dunedin has been general.—From all sides reports reach us as to the enthusiastic manner in which the matter has been taken up.—There can now be little doubt that the cordial reception which will in any case await Dr. Moran on his return from Adelaide will be enhanced by a presentation worthy of him, and which will give substantial proofs of the good will and affection entertained towards him by his people and his friends.—Already several contributions, and among them some of a considerable amount, have been received, and no movement undertaken among us has ever seemed more promising.—As some doubt has been expressed on the subject we may add that the publication in the TABLET of the steps taken was intended as an invitation to all who were willing to co-operate in this offering to do so, and it is hoped that they will not wait for any further prompting. As the Bishop is expected to return in the course of a few weeks there is not much time to be lost, and expedition as well as union and cordial feeling is required.

HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP REYNOLDS was invested with the pallium on Sunday in the cathedral at Adelaide by the Cardinal Archbishop of Sydney. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Dunedin. Several other prelates were also present.

A CORRESPONDENT at Mosgiel informs us that at a meeting held there last Sunday in connection with the testimonial to Dr. Moran the matter was very warmly taken up, and steps unanimously adopted to promote its success.

WE take the following from the Hobart *Catholic Standard* of September 1 :—The Right Rev. Dr. Moran was a passenger by the Rotomahana which arrived here from New Zealand on Monday evening last. His Lordship who was on his way to Adelaide to assist at the investiture of his Grace, Dr. Reynolds, with the pallium, drove to the Bishop's house immediately on the arrival of the steamer, and said Mass at the Presentation Convent next morning. The Rotomahana sailed about noon on Tuesday for Melbourne. . . . Rev. Father Gleeson, who has been absent on leave from the diocese for some eighteen months, was also a passenger by the Rotomahana on Monday last. Father Gleeson, we are informed, has visited nearly all the noteworthy places in Palestine, Europe, and America, during his vacation. He appears to be in excellent health. We heartily bid him welcome home to Tasmania.

IN reference to the report of the meeting at Christchurch published in our last issue, a correspondent informs us that the Rev. Father Le Menant des Chesnais explained that the remark made by him as to the relation of the Catholic people towards the appointment of bishops had been misunderstood. Representations made by the people to the Church authorities, he said, would always be considered but the Church, being the last judge of all the circumstances, and having the supreme power, must necessarily decide according to her judgment. We are further informed that a committee has been appointed under the presidency of Mr. R. Loughnan senior, to carry out the arrangements for the reception of the Most Rev. Dr. Grimes, and to collect the necessary funds, and that a ladies' committee has also been formed to make preparations, which will likewise involve some expenditure, and which ladies best understand how to manage. It is earnestly to be desired that the Bishop may receive such a welcome as the exalted position he fills entitles him to, and we have no doubt that the Catholics of Christchurch will prove themselves equal to the occasion.

THE principal news of the week has been that relating to the encounter between the police, and the people at Mitchellstown, but which, as we have said elsewhere, has evidently been reported here in a very imperfect manner. All that we know is that a fight

occurred as the result of a meeting at which Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Condon, and several other members of Parliament were present, that several severe injuries were received on both sides, and that some men were killed. The matter has since been the subject of lively debate in Parliament, in which the Irish people have been condemned by Mr. Balfour, and Lord Randolph Churchill, and defended by Sir W. Harcourt, Mr. Gladstone, and Messrs. Labouchere, Dillon and Sexton. Mr. O'Brien, who also seems to have been connected in some way with the affair, although we cannot exactly find out how, and he does not appear to have been present at the fight, was afterwards arrested as he was about to see Mr. Labouchere off by the Holyhead boat from Kingstown. He was taken to Dublin where he addressed a crowd from the window of the Imperial Hotel, in O'Connell street. He has since been transferred to Cork where he is in prison, bail being refused. There has also been a serious conflict with the moonlighters in Clare in which the head-constable from Ennis was killed. And on the whole the Coercion Act has begun its more active career.

In the presence of a congregation which filled the Church of the Marist Fathers (St. Anne's, Spicer-street), London, to overflowing (says the Sydney *Freeman's Journal*) the consecration of Dr. Grimes, the new Bishop of Christchurch, New Zealand, took place on Tuesday, July 26. His Lordship was formerly Superior of the Congregation of Marists at Paignton, in the diocese of Plymouth, and was lately stationed at the east end of the metropolis. The see to which he has been promoted is one of several Vicariates-Apostolic in the Australasian Church created by a recently promulgated rescript of the Holy Father. His Eminence the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster, who was to have performed the ceremony, was unable to be present, and his place was supplied by Dr. Herbert Vaughan, Bishop of Salford. The assisting bishops were the Bishops of Southwark and Emmaus. An appropriate sermon was preached by the Bishop of Emmaus. After the ceremony a luncheon was given. Dr. Grimes will shortly take his departure for New Zealand.

We are indebted for the following paragraph to the Auckland correspondent of the Otago *Daily Times*:—By the Mariposa, which arrived from Sydney, the Right Rev. Monsignor Raimondi, Bishop of Acantho and Vicar Apostolic of Hongkong, arrived in Auckland on his way to San Francisco, he being on a tour for the benefit of his health. Monsignor Raimondi, who is of fine, patriarchal presence, is accompanied by M. Paul Ti Chin, a Chinese student, who is preparing for the priesthood.

THE report as to the acceptance by the Pope of a large grant of land for missionary purposes from the Government of New South Wales is explained as having originated in some communication made in error to his Holiness by a foreign prelate. The Government in question, as we had, indeed, already concluded, never made any such offer.

THE Hon. J. Ballance has issued in pamphlet form a series of papers on the nationalization of the land contributed some years ago by him to Sir Robert Stout's paper, the *Echo*. We saw them when they were first published and did not think them very brilliant, or very useful, and now that we see them again we have not altered our opinion.—Indeed recent events in America as well as the manner in which the matters dealt with in these papers have been treated by the American Press, have convinced us even more firmly than before, if possible, that land nationalisation is a system of empty quackery that, if it were practicable in its application, must prove mischievous in its results.—As, however, it is completely impracticable, it may be left to the consideration of idle theorists, and other folk who have little to do and nothing to think about.

CATHOLICS who are desirous of obtaining for their boys a high education in the old country will find all their requirements met at the Benedictine College of Fort Augustus in Scotland.—The reputation of the Benedictine Fathers as teachers is immemorial, and the College in question has become famous for its great success.

The Roman nobility will present the Holy Father on the attainment of his golden jubilee with a significant gift. It will be a copy executed in bronze by the famous artist Gregorio Bernardini, of the Arch of Constantine, erected, A.D. 326, by the senate and people of Rome, in commemoration of that Emperor's victory over Maxentius. The significance of the presentation, under the circumstances of the times, is evident.

We learn from the *Neo-Caledonian* of August 12, that the Lives from the New Hebrides had just arrived from Noumea. She had on board a subaltern officer and a soldier suffering from fever, but reported the health of the French colony as generally pretty good, and that of the Catholic mission as also satisfactory. The Dives had, in passing, bombarded a native tribe because of some mischief done by them to the property of settlers. The natives in reply fired on her boats as they were returning to the ship, employing for the purpose a mixed collection of guns, but without doing any harm. Our contemporary does not inform us as to whether the natives themselves received any injury, but like the traditional parting between eels and their skins, they ought by this time to be quite accustomed to that in every part of the south seas, and indifferently from English, French, and Germans.

HERE is a typical passage taken from an address made by the light-bearing Mr. Johann Most somewhere in America on July 4. Mr. Most is pointing out the perfections of the banner of liberty, brotherhood, and progress:—"Look at it," says he. "There is no white in our flag and no meaningless blue. It is red all over; red, red, red. The red of hope, the red of love, the red of hate, the red of blood, and the red of the Anarchist brotherhood."—Mr. Most is certainly the broth of a boy. But the worst of it is his equals are to be reckoned by hundreds of thousands. Does the world's future belong to them, as they boast it does?

A TELEGRAM from London to the American newspapers speaks of the spreading of light in Scotland as follows:—The tenants of Sir Alexander Jarden's estates in Dumfriesshire have resolved to adopt the Plan of Campaign. They demand a reduction of rents and a revaluation or release from their farms at Whitsuntide. There are rumours that tenants on other estates intend to take similar action.

SCOTCHMEN both at Home and abroad have of late been doing with applause that which Irishmen everywhere are commonly blamed or ridiculed for doing—that is, pointing out the distinguishing traits of their nationality, and recommending their fellow-countrymen to preserve them. The Marquis of Bute, for example, at the unveiling of a statue of Wallace the other day, at Stirling, in alluding to the national sentiment said that Englishmen and Scotchmen might be excellent friends, but it was scientifically and physiologically true that Scotchmen could never be Englishmen nor Englishmen Scotchmen.—The Rev. Dr. Lees, again, in Melbourne, at a dinner given him by the Caledonian Society of Victoria, is reported to have spoken thus:—"It is a great pleasure, also, to see that Scotchmen this side of the world keep up with fond affection the traditions and associations of their native land. (Cheers.) I hope they will long continue to do so. You remember the words of Samuel Johnson, that cold Englishman, as he walked amidst the ruins of Iona, 'Whatever takes us back into the past raises us in the dignity of thinking beings,' and I venture to say that when Scotchmen go back in the traditions and associations of their native land they are none the worse for it. It is a good thing for them to remember the grand history of the fatherland—(cheers)—for it will enable them to acquit themselves in a more noble manner from day to day. . . . It is well for Scotchmen, wherever they may dwell, to recall those things—to look back on the history of their land, and to try, wherever they are, to sustain their nationality."

THE MOST REV. DR. CORBETT was consecrated Bishop of Sale at St. Mary's Church, St. Kilda, of which district he had been pastor for many years, on Thursday, August 25. The Archbishop of Melbourne, assisted by the Bishops of Hobart and Ballarat, acted as consecrator—there being also present the Archbishop of Adelaide, the Bishop of Maitland, and the coadjutor-Bishop of Sandhurst, with a large number of the Catholic clergy. The preacher on the occasion was the Rev. Father O'Farrell, C.S.S.R., who delivered a very fine sermon on the Catholic Church. Dr. Corbett is a native of Limerick.

ACCORDING to the *New York World* the London *Times* is on the eve of publishing another forgery. This time it will be a letter from Mr. Dillon to Sheridan approving, like the Parnell forgery, of the Phoenix Park murders. The *Times*, no doubt, will arrive all in due course at Mr. Gladstone himself.

AN Art-Union has been undertaken for the purpose of aiding in liquidating the debt on the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Christchurch. Several very handsome prizes have been provided, and it is hoped that the friends of religion and education generally will co-operate in promoting the good work. The Sisters well deserve all the support and encouragement that can be given to them.

WHETHER, as is suggested in certain quarters (writes a London correspondent of the *Bombay Gazette*) the mission of Monsignor Persico (formerly a Roman Catholic chaplain in India) and Father Gualdi to Ireland is the first fruits of the Duke of Norfolk's recent journey to Rome I cannot say, but the supporters of the Government profess to be very pleased at the step taken by the Pope. They seem to have made up their minds that the result of the inquiries that the two ecclesiastics from the Holy City are to make will be that the Pontiff will denounce the action of Mr. Parnell and his supporters and warmly espouse the side of the Government. Although a section of the Irish Press mildly deprecate the Pope's intervention in the affairs of Ireland, they will, I imagine, come round to the opinion of Archbishop Walsh, that it is the best thing that could have happened as it is not likely that they will report more unfavourably of the action of the Irish malcontents than has the Cowper Commission. That Commission took evidence which showed that the National League laboured to suppress outrages but could not always succeed, and that rents had become from the fall in the prices too onerous to be paid in full. The Cowper Commission also recommended that rents should be reduced by the Court. This recommendation is ignored in the new Land Bill brought in by the Ministry as a compliment to the Liberal Unionists. It is not likely that similar advice, if given by the Papal Commissioners, will have more attention paid to it, for the idea is that if you coerce heavily enough you can

get money for the Irish landlord out of the impecunious Irish tenants. Impecunious kings and their counsellors had a delusion of a similar kind in the Middle Ages, and it cost the chosen people many eye-teeth, and a good many tears which were sometimes of blood.

THOMAS HALLAHAN, (says the *San Francisco Chronicle*, a secular paper) who for many years has been a well-known restaurant keeper in Oakland, has recently returned from his pilgrimage to the grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes, in the South of France. The history of Mr. Hallahan's case is very remarkable. Last year he was a complete cripple from spinal irritation, and had to be rolled around in a chair. The disease had been pronounced incurable by several of the most distinguished specialists, and he himself had given up all hope of a cure until a friend induced him to try applications of the water from the grotto of Lourdes. Mr. Hallahan did so, at the same time vowing a pilgrimage to Lourdes. The result was almost a miraculous cure. Mr. Hallahan is to-day as healthy a man as there is in Oakland, and may be seen at any time attending to his business.

The *Sydney Freeman's Journal* explains as follows, a report to the effect that Trappist monks were about to undertake a mission to the Australian aborigines:—As has already been stated in the *Freeman*, the late Hon. John Nagle Ryan by his will set apart an area of 800 acres in his Galong estate, with the "Galong Castle" included, for the purposes of a Trappist monastery in no way connected with an aboriginal mission if one could be established in this colony. The Cardinal-Archbishop communicated with the head of the Order of La Trappe in Ireland, conveying the offer of the land mentioned, but the reply received by his Eminence was to the effect that owing to the distance of the proposed new monastery and the inability of the Order to supply a sufficient number of monks for a new foundation, the Order were obliged to decline the generous invitation to Australia. The *Melbourne Argus* the other day, went to the trouble of elaborately explaining the character and habits of the Trappist Order with a view to showing their unfitness for the work which, according to the cablegrams, they were about undertaking in Australia; all very interesting, no doubt, in its way, but rather silly when taken in connection with the explanation we now give. The Galong property, which is on the Galong platform on the Southern line, is a magnificent one, and the will of the late Mr. Ryan provides that, in the event of the Trappists refusing, the property is to go to the Very Rev. Edmund Vaughan, O.S.S.R., Rector of the Redemptorist Fathers' Monastery at Waratah, New South Wales, to be held by him in trust for his successor. There is another provision in the will, that should the Redemptorists also refuse, the estate is to be devoted to Church purposes.

In the new volume of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (says the *Pall Mall Budget*, of July 14th) Mr. Wynnard Hopper discusses suicide. The author cautions us against hasty generalizations from statistics, but it is impossible not to regard the figures with what may be called a provisional interest. Why should Saxony and Denmark come at the head of the list with proportions of 225 and 285 per million deaths respectively! Life cannot be exceptionally hard in either country. "The most distressful country" in the world is far away the lowest, showing a proportion of sixteen only. These statistics refer to 1868. In 1882 Saxony had risen to 371, Denmark had fallen to 255, while Ireland, though showing the slight increase to twenty-one, was still far below any other. Even the highest figures do not, it is true, look very alarming; but it is really startling to be told, as Mr. Hooper tells us in a quotation from Dr. Ogle, that "one out of every 119 young men who reach the age of twenty dies ultimately by his own hand." Girls are less disposed to suicide, but among them one out of 312 who reach the age of fifteen dies in the same way. The most fatal age seems to be between fifty-five and sixty-five. Women prefer to drown, men to hang themselves. When they choose poisons men are much more careful to select such as give little or no pain.

A long felt want supplied.—By an entirely new process Mr Armstrong, dentist, is enabled to extract teeth without the slightest pain, or unpleasant after effects. For years past Mr. Armstrong's artificial work has given not only entire satisfaction, but health, comfort, happiness, and beauty. He is now in a position to supply the best American and British dentistry at one half former charges. Preservation of natural teeth a specialty. Note address, 172, Princes street, exactly opposite Cargill's Monument—ADVT.]

Those requiring the services of a dentist should call on Messrs MYERS and Co., Dentists, Octagon, corner of George street. They guarantee highest class work at moderate fees. Their artificial teeth gives general satisfaction, and the fact of them supplying a temporary denture while the gums are healing does away with the inconvenience of being months without teeth. They manufacture a single artificial tooth for Ten Shillings, and sets equally moderate. The administration of nitrous oxide gas is also a great boon to those needing the extraction of a tooth. Read.—[ADVT.]

Messrs. Simon Brothers, George street, Dunedin, have just opened their new stock of superior boots and shoes. The requirements of all classes of the public may be suited here in the most satisfactory manner possible both as to quality and price.

WAITAHUNA.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

MR. JAMES BENNET is now coming forward to contest the election with Mr. J. C. Brown, and an opportunity is afforded us of testing his opinions ere giving him our support. He is to address the electors here on Saturday evening.

At the last meeting of the Waitahuna School Committee a report of the conference of members of the Education Board school committee men, inspectors and teachers, re Bishop Nevill's lecture on the morality of the public schools was received and allowed to lie on the table without comment. I notice both teachers and committees have shown a decided disinclination to deal honestly with the matter, the revolting statements unfortunately cannot be disproved, and it is looked upon and dealt with as an attack on the present system of education. The teachers have carried the matter off with a very high hand so far. The district school has had a very low percentage of passes this year; the returns have not been published. Mr. Patrick has only been in charge this year and that accounts in a great measure for its very backward state.

A concert, farce, and dance is to be held in Lawrence on Monday evening to benefit Mr. Monaghan, a very old and respected resident. Mr. Monaghan has been in bad health for a long time, and his medical adviser ordered a change of residence to a warmer climate. The entertainment is sure to be well patronised, as Mr. Monaghan has himself been ever foremost in promoting anything and everything touching the public good.

A petition, numerously signed by the residents of Waitahuna, has been forwarded to the warden praying that occupation licenses for the Havelock reserve be not granted to the Messrs. Ryan—who have pegged off and applied for it. The miners residing thereon complain that if the land be taken from them it will be a means of depriving them of a livelihood—they requiring the same for depasturing cattle on. In its present condition the land is in a deplorable condition being overrun with gorse, which if not checked will speedily vie with the rabbits in putting farmers and others to expense and trouble.

TERCENTENARY OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

(From the Hobart *Catholic Standard*.)

THREE HUNDRED years have passed since Mary, Queen of Scots was murdered by order of "Good" Queen Bess. On February 8th, 1587, the beautiful Scottish Sovereign, who would have succeeded Elizabeth in the kingdom of England, was executed at Fotheringay Castle. This "tercentenary" event is not being allowed to pass by without some celebration both in England and Scotland. At Peterborough, a short distance from the Castle, an exhibition was opened in July last of objects that once belonged to Queen Mary, Stuart, or that were in any way connected with her. In Scotland at Linlithgow, the Archbishop of Edinburgh, on June 14, laid the foundation stone of Queen Mary's Memorial Church in the presence of a large multitude. It is well at such a time as this to remember that Queen Mary's greatest crime in Elizabeth's eyes was her religion. The Protestant Earl of Kent, on the night before her execution said to her, "Madame, your life must have been the death of our new religion, while your death—God grant it!—will be the life of it." "Heard you that?" asked the Queen of her attendants, "my Lord of Kent has now betrayed the secret. It is my religion, then. It is my religion," she repeated with intense emphasis on the word "religion," "which is the cause of my death." The same Earl's exclamation the next morning when the head fell from the block, points to the same conclusion, "So perish all enemies of the Gospel." Mary's last words on the scaffold were worthy of a martyr. "Rejoicing to shed my blood for my religion, I place all my hope and confidence in Him, my gracious Lord, whose image (the crucifix) I hold in my hand. I pardon all my enemies—whom my latest words shall not prejudice—from the bottom of my heart; and from all to whom I have done amiss or given offence, I humbly ask pardon likewise." Then after an unneeded discourse from the Protestant Dean of Peterborough, she rose, and holding up her crucifix, exclaimed, "As Thine arms, O blessed Saviour of the world, were stretched out upon the Cross, so now, O Lord, receive me into the arms of Thy Mercy and forgive me all my sins."

Kneeling down, she exclaimed repeatedly, "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." The executioner raised his axe: the first stroke only wounded the skull; at the third stroke, the head of Mary Queen of Scots rolled on to the scaffold. Her body after embalment, was buried first at Peterborough, but afterwards removed to Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey.

The Archbishop of Edinburgh at the laying of the foundation stone said, "It is now 300 years since she laid down her life for the faith, and we hope that the day is not far distant, when, instead of dedicating this church under the invocation of St. Michael, it will be dedicated under the invocation of Mary the Martyr. However, the time has not come yet, but we are doing our best to bring the matter before Rome." We may, therefore, entertain the hope of invoking the "Blessed" Mary Queen of Scots at no distant date.

Mr. F. Laurensen, 40 Princes street, calls attention to his new and fashionable stock of gentleman's clothing of all kinds.

Mr. E. Loft is now conducting a great bankrupt sale at his establishment in the Royal Arcade, Dunedin. The reductions made are quite unprecedented, and no one, not even the very poorest, need want boots and shoes of the best possible quality.

Messrs. Brown, Ewing and Co., Princes street, Dunedin, have issued a handsome illuminated card containing most tempting lists of their new spring and summer goods. Ladies should not fail to obtain a copy of this catalogue, which cannot fail to prove interesting to them.

Irish News.

ANTRIM.—In the Belfast Police Courts on June 22, before F. J. MacCarthy, B.M., between 30 and 40 persons were charged with riotous conduct in connection with the returning of band parties who had been celebrating the Queen's Jubilee the previous day. In some cases fines were imposed, but in every instance where the prisoners were proved to have been actively concerned in the disturbances sentences varying from one to six months' imprisonment were passed.

ARMAGH.—The cambric trade is, after a long period of depression, just now manifesting indications of improvement. There is a steady demand for productive labour, and a number of the leading firms in the district have advanced their weavers' wages from five to ten per cent. The damask business is not in a flourishing condition so far as hand-loom work is concerned. Wages are still maintained, but production is lessened in proportion as hand weaving is superseded by power.

CARLOW.—A meeting of delegates of the Carlow Registration Association was held in Tynan's Hotel, Carlow, on June 22. Delegates attended from nearly every part of the County, and measures were taken to strengthen the Nationalist electoral ranks. In the course of a stirring address Rev. J. Delaney, C.C., Leighlinbridge, said that a few years ago when they met in Tullow, they were put down as Fenians, but for his part he would any day prefer being looked upon as a Fenian to being branded as a Whig. (Applause.)

At the last meeting of the Balloon and Rathoe branch of the League, a labouring man from an adjoining parish (Myshall), named Patrick Abbey, complained that he had been evicted by a farmer named Fenelon, that his wife and himself and their seven young children were obliged to take shelter in a gripe by the roadside, for no other reason only that he had applied for a new cottage, a site for which had been laid out on Fenelon's land.

CAVAN.—At the Swanlinbar Petty Sessions on June 17—before Captain McTernan, R. M.—a large number of Lord Annesley's tenants at Glan were prosecuted for trespassing on evicted farms. The cases were dismissed on account of the landlord not having sufficient warnings.

Major Rutledge Fair, Local Government Inspector, sat at Cavan on June 23 and 24, to hear evidence with reference to the proposal to erect labourers' cottages in the union. The representations provided for the erection of 108 cottages in 24 electoral divisions, at a cost all round of £100 each. The schemes were taken up in alphabetical order. It was found that many of the representations were fatally defective. In some cases the ground of the representations was insufficiency of accommodation for labourers, there were no "specific instances" set forth; in others, based on sanitary grounds, there were no medical certificates, and in others in which certificates were appended the doctors were not in attendance to verify these documents. The result was that nearly all the schemes were at once thrown out.

CLARE.—Clare Land Commissioners, sitting at Ennis on June 23, gave judgment in upwards of 70 rent cases heard during May and June at Kilrush, Killee, and Kildysart. Reductions were made in every case, the amount varying from 20 to 50 per cent., the average being 30 per cent. Among the land-thieves whose yearly plunder has been thus reduced the most notable were, the Marquis of Conyngham, H. S. Vandeleur, E. W. Singleton, Richard Stackpoole, and Michael Studdert.

A great National League demonstration was held on June 21 at Killaloe to protest against threatened evictions on the Twiss estate near Birdhill. The estate is in Chancery, and the court has offered an abatement of 15 per cent., which the tenants allege would not meet the law costs incurred by the harassing vexations caused the struggling dwellers on the estate, all of whose rents, even the judicial rents, are greatly in excess of the Government valuation. The meeting was held at the Limerick side of the town, and two bands enlivened the gathering. Father Maher, P.P., Ballina, presided.

At Ennis on June 18, Annie M'Namara was charged with throwing corrosive fluid upon Michael M'Mahon, Sheriff's bailiff, at Lisburren, Bodyke, when the defendant's father was being evicted. The bailiff was not hurt. Defendant was committed for trial and bail refused. Francis M'Namara and Bridget M'Namara, brother and sister of the previous defendant, and Johanna Kennedy, were charged with assaulting Sergeant George Dowler and a constable. Francis M'Namara was sentenced to three months, and the women to one month's hard labour each. When the prisoners were escorted to the station they were followed by a large crowd, and preceded by a band playing national music. The crowd roared and hooted the police, and at the station gates the latter turned and charged the crowd using their batons. Several persons were injured and one arrest was made. On June 20 the cases arising out of the Bodyke evictions were resumed before Cecil Roche, B.M., and J. M. Kilkelly, R.M. Patrick and Francis O'Halloran, their three sisters, and their mother, Henrietta O'Halloran were charged with assaulting Inspector Hill and two constables. The magistrates differed, but Mr. Roche yielded to his colleague's opinion, inflicting three months' imprisonment on the men and one month on the two sisters. In consequence of Mr. Roche's observations Mr. Kilkelly threatened to withdraw from the bench. On June 21, seven men were charged with rioting at Finkle, in connection with the Bodyke evictions, and seriously assaulting the police. The Resident Magistrates, Messrs. Roche and Kilkelly, being unable to agree as to the proper sentences to be imposed, the cases had to be adjourned. Michael Davitt has issued an appeal and received several handsome contributions towards a fund which has been started for the benefit of those brave young women and men who have been sentenced to imprisonment for defending their homes against England's burglar brigade at Bodyke.

COBK.—The number of emigrants who left Queenstown during week ended June 19 was 847, as against 634 in the corresponding week last year.

Queen Victoria's Jubilee was celebrated in Newmarket in a most extraordinary manner. All the shops were closed at 8 o'clock, and the band turned out and played the "Dead March" through the town.

Over 50 writs of ejection are in the hands of the Sheriff for execution against tenants on the Kingstown estate, and it is believed that an extensive eviction campaign will shortly be commenced. At a meeting of the tenants on June 19, it was decided to offer the firmest resistance to the evictors and to appeal for aid to the tenants of the neighbouring counties.

As a result of the Jubilee "celebration" in Cork on June 21, over 150 of the citizens have received injuries of every description, from revolver wounds to baton fractures. The police behaved with great and unnecessary violence, and many persons were badly assaulted by them who had given no cause whatever for ill-treatment. The magistrates were occupied for several days trying cases arising out of the Jubilee, and 30 to 40 persons have been fined or imprisoned.

At the eviction of a man named Maurice Burke, at Mountagle, on June 22, on the property of Captain Gray, the tenant's family barricaded their house and made a very determined resistance. Burke's son and daughter were arrested for a serious assault on Boland, the bailiff. The Mallow Guardians at their meeting on June 24, decided to grant Burke £1 a week out door relief as a protest against his harsh eviction.

On the night of June 18, the windows of the residence of Rev. F. W. Ainley, incumbent of the Protestant Episcopal Free Church, Cork, were wrecked with stones. The church itself is within a few yards of the rector's residence, and on the roof of this there were hoisted late in the evening in honour of the Queen's Jubilee two Union Jacks. It is supposed that these led to the attack. A police barrack is situate at the opposite side of the street, but there were no arrests made.

Early on the morning of June 22, the dead body of an Englishman named William Moore was found at the foot of the cliffs at Haulbowline on the ordnance side. Moore, who had been enjoying the Jubilee festivities on that island, was noticed at a late hour ascending the cliffs, where he probably overbalanced himself and fell to the bottom. He was an engineer, employed in the steam launch of Captain King, of the Warwick Regiment, stationed at Haulbowline.

An inquest was held on June 22, near Clonakilty on the body of Denis Mahoney, an army pensioner, 60 years of age. Deceased who had been an inmate of the Clonakilty Workhouse, and refused to do some work which he was ordered to do, was at the last meeting of the Board discharged from the workhouse. He was afterwards met by persons to whom he complained of having been unfairly dealt with, and a day or two afterwards his body was found in the Bandon river. The jury returned an open verdict.

Early on the morning of June 21 a body of men, holding aloft a large rustic cross, artistically executed and heavily draped with crape, marched two deep to the Abbey graveyard, and there planted it over the graves of the uncoffined victims of the famine period. On it was the following inscription:—"Epitaph in celebration of the Queen's Jubilee, June 21, 1887, erected in the Abbey graveyard, Skibbereen.—Greet us all right loyally, the fifty years' reign of sorrow, and suffering, and persecution, while still in chains, and while the myriad martyred and now outraged dead sleep tranquilly here—martyred not (better far it were) in glorious battlefield, in heroic vindication of justice, but slain, sad to say, brutally in the Victorian era by famine and pestilence beneath God's canopy. Friends and sympathisers renew their benedictions to-day for the eternal happiness of the fallen in unequal warfare, while they hold up to odium and execration those whose rapacity and savagery consigned them, under the benign rule of Queen Victoria, to nameless and shrouded graves. Rest peacefully, then, you shamefully-treated dead as mute though eloquent monuments of British misrule and landlord greed—yes, as sable and ghastly reminders that as it was in black '47, so it is (save the coffin-pite, thanks to succour from abroad and disciplined and resolute combination at home) in coercion-ridden '87—poverty, discontent, eviction, emigration, and tyranny holding their baleful and barbarous sway."—The cross having been placed in position, and some of those present having addressed a few words suitable to the occasion, all knelt reverently down and offered up a fervent prayer for the eternal repose of those whose bones lay beneath.

DERRY.—The intense heat of June 16 in Derry led to several cases of heat prostration and one fatal sunstroke, the victim in the latter case being an old man named John McCandless, of Cross street, Waterside.

An Orange parade to celebrate Victoria's Jubilee led to slight disturbances in Derry on the night of June 21. During the riot a body of the Orange rowdies, aided by a force of artillerymen in uniform, made an unsuccessful attempt to wreck the Long Tower Catholic Church.

DONEGAL.—On June 22 a man aged 80 years, named Andrew Long, of Crockrow, near Churchill, while herding his cattle in a field received a sunstroke from which he expired within a few hours. The barometer registered 85 degrees in the shade, a phenomenal heat for this part of Ireland.

DOWN.—The Protestant Home Rule Association organised a very successful Nationalist demonstration at Anacloyne on June 18.

A destructive fire broke out on the night of June 21 on a plantation on Earl Annesley's estate near Castlewellan. The plantation consisted chiefly of Scotch fir, ash, and oak saplings, and it was for a time feared it would be utterly destroyed. Through the exertions of the employees of Earl Annesley, however, the fire was extinguished after a considerable portion of the wood was burned down. Earl Annesley will lodge a claim for compensation.

DUBLIN.—Wolfe Tone's anniversary was celebrated on June 22 by a very crowded meeting under the auspices of the Young Ireland Society. A lecture was delivered by T. W. Rolleston on "Theobald Wolfe Tone," and addresses by Richard Ashe-King, J. F. Taylor, J. Poole, etc.

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HERBERT, HAYNES & CO.

TO THE ELECTORS OF PORT CHALMERS ELECTORAL DISTRICT.

GENTLEMEN.—I beg to announce that I again offer myself as a Candidate for your Suffrages at the approaching Election.

I shall take an early opportunity of addressing you upon the various questions of the day.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES MILLS

TO THE ELECTORS OF ROSLYN.

GENTLEMEN,—It is my intention at the approaching Election of Members to represent your interests in Parliament to seek a renewal of your confidence.

Your obedient servant,

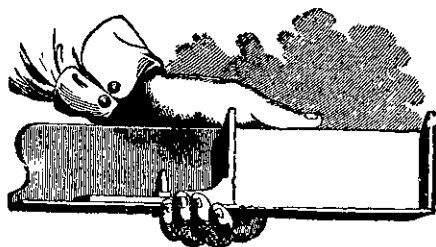
A. H. ROSS.

Roslyn, June 16, 1887.

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On June 19 a man named James O'Brien was found by a policeman in an unconscious state in O'Connell Place and taken to Jervis Street Hospital, where it was found he was suffering from sunstroke, the result of the abnormal heat recently experienced in Dublin.

Sir Charles Cameron, who has reported upon the health of Dublin during 1886, says that, with "an under-fed, poorly-clothed, and badly-housed working population," he does not anticipate that the death-rate can be reduced to that of the prosperous cities of England.

The action of the Corporation of Dublin against Tedcastle concluded on June 30 in a verdict for the plaintiffs. The sum claimed in the action was only a few pounds, but the issue tried was one of the greatest importance. It was the right of the Corporation of Dublin to recover certain ancient port dues levied on all coal vessels entering the port, dues which amounted in their totality to many hundreds of pounds per annum, and the capitalised value of which is many thousand pounds. These dues are, if the verdict is undisturbed, secured for ever to the Corporation of Dublin; and as the coal trade of Dublin is a great and increasing one, and has doubled within the last twenty years, the relief to the rates will be a substantial one.

FERMANAGH.—The Earl of Enniskillen, with the assistance of the local Orange lodges and the officers and men of the East Lancashire Regiment, organised a Jubilee celebration in Enniskillen on June 21, but outside the parade of the military the demonstration proved a fizzle, few shops being closed and still fewer flags or banners displayed.

KERRY.—Lord Kenmare has dismissed a number of his labourers who refused to work on evicted farms. Those of them who hold cottages are to be thrown out.

Serious rioting took place on June 18 and 19 at Tralee, between soldiers of the Leinster Regiment, stationed there, and some of the Kerry militia. A few men were badly injured on both sides.

The furniture of D. Shea, a farmer on Lord Kenmare's estate, evicted for non-payment of rent, was put up for sale at Killarney on June 23, and bought in by the estate bailiff amid a good deal of excitement.

Raids for cattle belonging to farmers are taking place daily, on the Kenmare estate particularly. Early on the morning of June 24 the police, who have been specially drafted into Killarney from the neighbouring districts for this purpose, and the bailiffs seized about 30 head of cattle belonging to two tenants named Neill and Daly for rent, and lodged them in the local pound. The previous morning about 33 head of good-conditioned cattle belonging to two farmers named Marcus Sullivan and J. Kinisk, on the same estate, were seized for rent.

KILDARE.—Kildare Gaol is being prepared for the reception of Coercion Act prisoners.

KILKENNY.—The Nationalists of Kilkenny celebrated the Queen's Jubilee on June 21 by displaying black flags. The flags were torn down by the police, District-Inspector Lawler pulling down one himself. A deputation waited on the Mayor, who proceeded to the police barracks and requested to be informed under what Act of Parliament the property of the people was detained. Head-Constable Meeks said he could not be expected to show his cards until compelled to do so. The flags are kept by the Constabulary.

KING'S COUNTY.—Tullamore Gaol has been supplied with additional warders in view of its being crowded during the coercion regime.

At daybreak on June 21 a body of bailiffs visited the house of a woman near Burr for the purpose of carrying out an eviction under an order from the High Court of Justice. The bailiffs knocked at the door, but before they had time to dress one of the brutes entered through the window, subjected her to such rough treatment that she fainted, and while in an insensible condition she was carried out of the house. She has been attended by a medical doctor, and is said to have but a slight chance of recovery. Steps are being taken to have the matter investigated in a court of justice.

LIMERICK.—On June 21 Edmund Ryan was released from Limerick Gaol, where he has been confined for the past year on an order of Judge Boyd for having, as secretary of the Caherconlish branch of the Irish National League, signed a boycotting notice in reference to a sale of hay under the Bankruptcy Court. Mr. Ryan, since his imprisonment, has been elected a Poor-Law Guardian and chairman of the Rural Sanitary Board of Limerick Union.

LONGFORD.—Every obstacle is being thrown in the way of tenants availing themselves of the provisions of the Land Act. Several fair-rent appeals were fixed for hearing on June 23, but the Land Commission so arranged the matter that tenants wishing their cases to be decided were put to the trouble and expense of taking themselves and their witnesses all the way to Roscommon.

On June 12, upwards of 8,000 spectators witnessed the continuation of the Gaelic football tournament at Bryanstown. Gaels beat Young Ireland by a goal and 6 points to 2 points. The Boyne Rangers vanquished the Davits by a goal and 2 points to 3 forfeit points. All the teams were from Drogheda.

There being no criminal business at Drogheda Quarter Sessions on June 20, Judge Kisbey was presented with the customary white gloves.

MAYO.—At the Claremorris Quarter Sessions on June 11, J. B. Daly, solicitor, proceeded by process for trespass against several of his tenants who lately retook possession of their holdings, after being evicted, in the townlands of Lisduff and Ballinvilla. It appearing that the processes had not been served within the statutory time the cases were dismissed—a result which was received with cheers by the tenants. Subsequently the local brass band paraded the streets, and a public meeting was held on the Square, Very Rev. U. J. Canon Bourke, P.P., presiding.

Louisburgh was, on June 10, the scene of a most enthusiastic demonstration, held to protest against the Jubilee Coercion Bill, rack-renting, and land-grabbing. John Deasy, M.P. for the Division, who

drove over from Westport, was met at the confines of the parish by a large procession, in great part consisting of horsemen, headed by the parish priest, Rev. William Joyce, and his curates, Fathers Godfrey and Burke, and preceded by the Louisburgh Fife and Drum Band, who accorded to the honourable gentleman a most magnificent ovation. The procession then returned to Louisburgh, the band discoursing National airs, the processionists cheering lustily for Parnell, Davitt, Deasy, and the National League, and groaning Balfour and coercion. A large force of police was present. A police note-taker took notes of the proceedings. Large contingents arrived with bands and banners from Newport, Achill, Kiltmeena, Kilmacclaster, and Clare Island.

MONAGHAN.—On June 18 a boy named Meechan died in Monaghan from the effects of a sunstroke.

On June 24, in the Land Commission Court, judgment was given in the Case of Smith v. Woods. It was an application made on behalf of the tenant, Woods, to restrain his landlord from going on with a notice to quit, and evicting him from his holding, which is situated in County Monaghan. The farm is a non-residential one, and the house upon it had been allowed to fall into decay by the tenant, who had a fair rent fixed on the holding. A neighbouring tenant had been evicted and a League hut was erected for him on Smith's land. The landlord called on Smith to remove the structure, but he refused to do so, and the landlord thereupon served notice to quit, and proceeded to evict him. Hence the present application. The Court held that the hut was not required on the holding, which is only eight acres, for the purpose of a caretaker; that it was undoubtedly erected because the evicted tenant was an object of sympathy to his brother tenants, and that, under the circumstances, the landlord was entitled to exercise his legal right to have it removed. One month would be given to have it removed, otherwise the ejection would not be stayed.

QUEEN'S COUNTY.—Maryborough Gaol has been provided with additional warders and is otherwise being prepared for the reception of prisoners under the Jubilee Coercion Act.

The Abbeylix labourers are not likely to benefit much from the Labourers' Dwelling Act. Out of seventy-six cottages sought only twenty-eight have been given them. Thirty-four have been rejected through informalities. In twenty-two instances the sites were wrongly marked; in twelve the representations were informal.

ROSCOMMON.—Anti-coercion demonstrations were held at Kilglass and Ballymoe on June 12. Over 4,000 people were present at the latter from all the surrounding country. At Kilglass contingents streamed in from Scramogue, Kilglass, Kiltrustan, Kilgeffin, Rooskey, and Tarmonbarry, and several delegates were in attendance from Kiltbride North, Carnaska, Creeve, Tulek, Curraghroe, Ballyoughter, Strokestown, and Kilmore. Government note-takers attended both meetings.

SLIGO.—Father Denis O'Hara was on June 13 selected by the majority of the parish priests of Achonry for the bishopric of that diocese, which became vacant when Dr. MacCormack was appointed to the see of Galway. The selection is a very popular one, Father O'Hara being the very ideal of a pious and patriotic Irish priest.

The Queen's Jubilee in Sligo passed off quietly. Mostly all the Protestant establishments were closed. Only one Irish establishment, that of Simon Cullen, was closed, but the employees refused to keep the day a holiday, and remained indoors. A black flag, which was hoisted on the Abbey, was taken down by District-Inspector Hickson. Similar devices were displayed in other parts of the town, but met with a like fate.

TIPPERARY.—On June 20 Deputy sub-Sheriff Quinn, accompanied by seven constables, proceeded to Newcastle for the purpose of carrying out an ejection execution. On arriving at the place a large crowd collected, and owing to the smallness of the police force it was deemed advisable not to proceed with the eviction. The evicting party then returned home.

TYRONE.—An Orange drumming party belonging to Curland was on the night of June 17 returning home from Dungannon when they came into conflict with a large body of Nationalists. Several revolver shots were fired by both parties. Eventually the police interfered, using their bayonets. One of the Orangemen was struck by a pellet in the eye, and another was injured in the head. Some of the originators of the disturbance can, it is said, be identified, but no arrests are yet reported.

WATERFORD.—Waterford Prison is being got ready for Coercion Act victims.

At the City Sessions on June 22, Mr. Waters, the City Court Judge, as the recipient of a pair of white gloves, in token of a maiden session, said that he was glad to be able to tell the Grand Jury that the presentation meant the immunity of the city from crime. A few days before he had sat in the County division, and there were only three cases after two sessions to go before him, which was most creditable for the peaceful state of the country.

WEXFORD.—On the night of June 18 a desperate affray took place at Rosberon, outside New Ross, between about twenty soldiers of the Derbyshire Foresters and a number of civilians. The soldiers had attacked a young lad, whom they were beating severely. A number of men standing near ran to his assistance. The Derbies then took off their belts and some of them drew their side-arms and struck the men several severe blows. Maddened at the blows of the belts and stabs of the bayonets, the men and boys rushed into a store near the place and seized a number of pitchforks, shovels, etc., with which they attacked the soldiers, who turned heel on the moment and fled towards the barracks. The civilians pursued them and several of the soldiers were stabbed. A number of them lost their caps and belts. Several of the civilians received severe cuts on the heads and faces from the belts and bayonets, and some of the injuries are serious. A large crowd followed the military to the barracks, which was attacked with stones, and several windows broken. The soldiers threw stones over the barrack wall into the street, striking several persons and breaking nearly all the windows in the streets. They have been confined to

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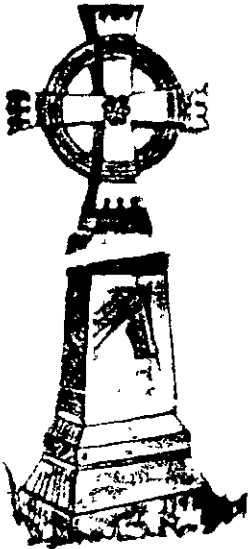
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the barracks since. On June 24 several civilians were charged at New Ross Petty Sessions with assaulting the soldiers, and extraordinary sentences were delivered by the bench. John Redmond, a shopkeeper whom the police swore helped to save one soldier's life, was fined £2. Thos. Fauning was sent to gaol for two months with hard labour, and Joseph Knight, for whom a strong *alibi* was proven, one month. General indignation prevails at the result of the trials.

MAUREEN LACEY.

(BY ROSA MULHOLLAND, in the *Irish Monthly*.)

CHAPTER I.

It was Hallow Eve in the Island of Inishbofin, off the coast of Connemara, seven miles out in the Atlantic. There had been a ruddy sunset, and the sea round the tall grey crags was still heaving with wonderful colours. The blazing crimson, vivid purple, and tawny gold, that had burned on cloud, hill, and wave, were getting toned down to deeper, staidier hues. Maureen's long day's work in the open air was almost over, and she stood knee-deep in the heather, binding her bundle of broom with a rope of straw.

Round and round about her swept the sad barren island, very sad and very barren at such a season, and such an hour. High, bleak, wandering uplands, deep purple hollows, long brown flats of treacherous morass, dark melancholy pools studded with clumps of lonesome rushes only here and there a rearing crag still rose. Maureen raised her head and looked around, pausing a moment before swinging her fragrant burden on her shoulders. She was scarcely musing upon the beauty of the scene; she knew nothing about the artistic splendour of its desolation. More likely she was thinking of whether the frost was coming yet, and how long the potatoes would last, as she stood there making a picture herself in her crimson petticoat, and nappikeen of chequered blue, knotted under her chin. She rested, not to enjoy anything, but to draw breath. She looked like a girl who had worked a great deal, and who meant to work more. Her steady mouth in its silence said this; so did her quick blue eyes; so did every motion of her lithe active figure. Her face was round and comely, and there was beauty in the wreath of rich yellow hair that crowned her shapely head. A few years more of such hardships as Maureen had endured since her childhood would take the softness from her cheeks and the lustre from her locks. Still, rack must be carried from rock to field, potatoes planted, turf cut and stacked. Rent must be paid, and meal bought when the potatoes failed. Maureen would have little time to think of her looks.

Maureen had a good walk before her, for she was now standing in what is called the West Quarter, and her home was at the North Beach. Swinging her burden on her shoulders, she set out at a brisk pace. There was not a sound in the air but the screaming of some seamew round a pool, and now and then a whirring noise of wings, as a sudden flight of moor-fowl rushed past overhead. Even the break of the sea on the shore was lost, except for that almost imperceptible sighing which is perpetual in the island of Bofin. Maureen took heed of nothing as she hastened on. Her thoughts were full of the potatoes.

Presently a more homely sound stole over the air. Some one was whistling on the path behind Maureen. Hearing this, she quickened her steps, with a sudden heat in her face, and tightness of breath. But the following foot came surely on. Its pace was swifter than hers.

"Save ye, Maureen!" said a genial voice beside her. "Give us the bun'le. Yer fair broke in two halves with the weight of it."

This speaker was a stalwart young fisherman, with as much eagerness in his bronzed kindling face as there had been haste in his pursuing step. Maureen stopped short, and looked at him with a proud troubled directness in her eyes.

"What for should I give you my bun'le, Mike Tiernay?" she said, sternly. "You just carry yer own bun'les, and I'll carry mine. That's the safest that I can see betune us two."

She gave her burden a resolute jerk, and began plodding on more steadily than before. But Mike kept by her side.

"It's always the hard word with you, Maureen," he said, bitterly. "It's often a throuble to me wonderhin' if I was to work for a hondbert years for wan smile, would you give me that same in the end?"

"Just as likely not," said Maureen, shortly. "If ye have so little to do with yer time, begin and work for girls that has the world light on their shoulders. There's plenty in Bofin 'll give you smiles for nothin' without waitin' for the hondbert years to be up. Maureen Lacey hasn't time for such foolery!"

"Whisht, Maureen!" cried Mike. "You know well that I care as little for the smile that isn't on your face as the hungry man cares for the stone by the roadside. Ye know that the sight o' your mate an' drink to me the longest day that iver I fasted, an' the smallest word you'd spake in the winther is sweeter to me than the larks' singin' in the spring. But if my corpse was waked to-night you'd thramp over my grave to-morrow, an' think more o' the daisies ye hurt with yer foot, than of me lyin' below."

"Yer not dead," said Maureen, sullenly, "nor dyin' neither, nor likely. But if ye were, an' yer grave lay in the road o' my work, I suppose I'd thramp over it all as wan as another. An' as for smilin', it's little good smiles 'd do betune you an' me. They wouldn't boil the pot for the dawny stepmother an' the weeshie waneens at home. I've given ye this answer many's the time afore, though wan might have been enough, a body'd think."

"Well, Maureen," said Mike, drawing himself up, "I'm not the mane wretch to keep botherin' a girl wanst she said in airnest, Mike, I don't like you; there's others I could like better." But that's what you niver said to me yet, Maureen, an' in spite o' yer hard words there's a glint I've seen in yer eye, ay, faith, a weeshie glint, that keeps me wain the cra'lest day that iver I put in on on waves. There's news I wanted to tell ye to-night, an' a bit of a question I wanted to ax ye. But when ye come slap on me with yer crass talk, it just chokes the courage down my throat."

"I'm glad it does," said Maureen. "I neither want to hear yer news, nor to answer yer questions. An' now we're comin' to the

village. Here's my path, an' there's the road to the East Ind. Ye'd better let me go home my lone."

"Go your lone, then!" said Mike, fiercely, "an' I'll go mine. I'll be better aff than you, anyways, that hasn't as much as the sore heart for company. Sorra bit, but such a thing was left out clane the day ye were made. Maureen," he added, eagerly, as she turned away, his angry voice falling to a coaxing whisper, "there's to be a Hallow's Eve dance at Biddy Prendergast's to-night. Hurry the childher to bed, an' give yer mother her beads to count at the fire, an' come. Will you?"

Maureen had stopped short. "No, I won't," she said, in a low voice.

"Feth ye will now, avourneen!"

"Feth I won't!" persisted the girl, doggedly, with her eyes on the ground.

"An' ye please, then," cried Mike, with another burst of passion, "There'll be plenty of likely girls at Biddy's—Peggy Moran for wan, the best dancer in the island. Bad scran to the bit of my ould brogues that I won't dance aff my feet to 'The Little House under the Hill' with her. No, but ye'll come, Maureen. I'll take my oath that I'll see you comin' walkin' in like a May mornin' afore I'm up on the floor a crack with Peggy."

Maureen gave her bundle one final jerk, and Mike one final glance, as she turned away.

"An' if you do," she said, "I'll give ye lave in full to take as lies every word I've said to-night, an' every cold word that iver I said since you began to spake to me this ways. A pleasant dance to you, then, with Peggy Moran. Good evenin'!"

She turned off abruptly, and struck out on her homeward path. Mike gave one passionate look after her, and then marched away in the other direction, whistling "The Little House under the Hill," with all his might.

The defiant echoes shrilled about Maureen's ears as she hastened on. She was near her home now. The rough shingle of the North Beach opened grey and wide before her. Here and there a tall crag stood up like a ghoul and wrapped the shadows about it. Inland, falls and hills had changed from brown to black. A purple darkness had settled over the track she had travelled. The sound of the tossing surf become more loudly audible at every step, and the "village," an irregular mustering of cabins, sent forth a grateful savour of turf smoke upon the raw lonely air. Lights twinkled here and there from windows, and the red glow of the fire shone under every doorway. Before passing the first of these doors, Maureen stopped and wiped a hot tear or two from her cheek with her apron. Then she hurried on, lightening her step as she trod the rough causeway of the "village," threading her way amongst her neighbours' houses, and hearing from many an angle as she passed the ruddy thresholds. "There's Maureen Lacey gettin' home, poor girl!"

At one of the furthest cabins facing the sea Maureen stopped, and stepped over the door-step into the firelit shelter. Her eyes, accustomed to the red smoky atmosphere, saw her stepmother sitting at the hearth-stone with a child upon her knee, and some four or five other little ones grouped about the embers at their play. These Maureen had expected to see, but her eyes went straight from them to two other figures, less familiar. Two visitors a man and a woman, were seated properly on chairs, visitor-like, at a respectful distance from the fire. On these, for the sin of their presence, Maureen's glance passed severe judgment.

"Save ye, Con Lavelle!" she said, slowly, as she closed the door behind her. "Save ye, Nan!"

And then, without heeding their response, she went to the furthest corner of the cabin, and threw her bundle of heather from her back upon a heap of turf. Straightening her bent figure with a sigh of relief, she untied the blue kerchief from her head, and knotted it loosely round her neck. She passed her hand over her hair, damp with the dew, and smoothed back a straggling lock or two. Then, with her arms full of turf, she came silently over to the hearth, and began to "make down" a good roaring fire to boil the potatoes for the supper. The visitors drew back to give her more room, and the stepmother whispered, as she bent forward to the blaze.

"Who was walkin' on the bog with you Maureen?"

A flash leaped from the girl's eyes. She went on with her task in silence for about a minute, and then she said, in a steady voice, loud enough for the others to hear:

"If ye had there was any wan, mother, ye hard who it was and so I needn't tell you what you knowed before."

"What was he sayin' to you, asthore?"

"It's no matter to anybody what he was sayin'. He's plottin' no murder, that his words should be kep' an' counted."

"An' what did you say to him, avourneen?"

"Nothin' that went again my promise to you, mother. An' now that you've sifted and sarched me before strangers, we'll talk about somethin' else, an' ye please!"

So saying, Maureen rose to her feet with a brusqueness of manner that cut the dialogue short. The visitors, uneasily silent while it had lasted, now shuffled in their seats with relief. Con cleared his throat, and Nan clattered her chair closer to the hearth. Maureen drew a stool from the corner and sat down, leaning her back wearily against the single wall. Nan Lavelle, a good-humoured looking, rugged-faced young woman, in a brae-new green gown, was the first to speak.

"We come, Con an' me," said Nan, "to see if you'd go with us to the dance at Biddy Prendergast's. There's to be two pipers, no less, wan Tady Kelly, from Mayo side, forbye our own Pauden; an' the two's to be at it hard an' fast for which has the best music. They say that this Tady has great waltzes an' gran' fashions, but Pauden's the best warrant for the jig-tunes after. An' there's to be tay up in Biddy's new room, an' duckin' for apples, an' jumpin' at candles. Sorra sich a turn-out ever you seen! You'll come, Maureen?"

At the beginning of this address, Maureen had changed colour quickly, and, seizing the tongs, had commenced a fresh attack on the fire. Now she answered readily:

"I thank you, Nan," she said, "for comin' so far out o' yer way for me; an' I'm obliged to yer brother, too. But I thin' r'f stir out agsin to-night."

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" My farm lies in a rather low and misanthropic situation, and
" My Wife!
" Who?
" " Was a very pretty blonde!"
Twenty years ago, became
" Sallow!
" Hollow eyed!
" Withered and aged!"
Before her time from
" Malarial vapours, though she made no particular complaint, not being of the grumpy kind, yet causing me great uneasiness.

" A short time ago I purchased your remedy for one of the children, who had a very severe attack of biliousness, and it occurred to me that the remedy might help my wife, as I found that our little girl upon recovery had
" Lost!"

" Her sallowness, and looked as fresh as a new-blown daisy. Well, the story is soon told. My wife, to-day, has gained her old-time beauty with compound interest, and is now as handsome a matron (if I do say it myself) as can be found in this country, which is noted for pretty women. And I have only Hop Bitters to thank for it.

" The dear creature just looked over my shoulder, and says: " I can flatter equal to the days of our courtship," and that reminds me there might be more pretty wives if my brother farmers would do as I have done."

Hoping you may long be spared to do good I thankfully remain,

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BELTSVILLE, Prince George Co., Md., }
May 26th, 1883. }

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"Och now, Maureen, yer not in sarnest; yer not goin' to spen' yer Hallow's Eve at the fireside yer lone. Sorra wan o' you!"

"I'm goin' to my bed, by-an'-by," said Maureen. "I'm thinkin' it's the fittest place for me that's been workin' hard since four this mornin'."

"Ay, Maureen, you work too hard," said Con Lavelle, speaking for the first time, shading his eyes with a brawny hand, while he shot a glance of tenderness at her from under his massive rough-bewn brows.

Maureen flushed again as she felt the glance. "That's for my own judgment," she said, impatiently. "I'm young an' strong, an' if ever I'm to work it's now for sure; an' I thank you, Con!"

"But you'll come to the dance?" said Nan, coaxingly.

"No, Nan; I'll go to my bed."

"Well, if ever I seen or hard of such a girl!" said the sickly stepmother, fretfully. "Heavens above! when I was yer age, there wasn't a dance in the island that I wouldn't be at. Come, none o' yer laziness, Maureen! Bed, indeed! I tell ye there's nothin' on airth for restin' young bones afther a hard day's work like a good dance. Up with you, girl, an' put on yer shoes, an' take the cloak."

"Mother!" said Maureen, looking up in amazement, "don't bid me for to go to-night. You don't know what yer doin'."

"But I do bid you for to go, an' if you gainsay me now, it'll be the first time in yer life. As for not knowin' what I'm doin', it's a quare speech, Maureen, an' wan I didn't expect from you. Be off with ye, now!"

"An' I'm to go, mother?"

"You're to go, an' be quick!"

"Then 'at it stan' so," said Maureen, rising up suddenly, and looking down at her stepmother with a queer expression on her face. "I'm doin' yer biddin', an' come good or come ill of it, ye must bear the burthen. I'll go."

Down to the room went Maureen, with a lighted candle in her hand, which she struck in a sconce on the wall.

"I have thrived an' I have wrought," muttered she, as with trembling hands she began to put on her grey worsted stockings, and the shoes that on Sundays and state occasions only, covered her nimble feet. "I have toiled for her, an' she never would give me my will as much to the sayin' of I'll go or I'll stay. Now I'm doin' her biddin', as I still have done it, an' if ill comes out of it, let her look to 't. I've hardened myself, an' I've hardened myself, but I'm not as hard as the rock yet. An' if I go at all, feth I'll go decent, an' not be danced unnder her foot by the grandeur of Peggy Moran, with her genteel airs, an' her five muslin founces, stickin' out all round her, starched as stiff as the grass in a white frast. Oh!—"

Here Maureen gave one desperate grasp of impatience to the thought of Peggy Moran, and struck her heel to the ground to drive it home to its unaccustomed shoe. Who should keep her from going to Biddy Prendergast's dance now? Not all the men in Bofin, armed to death with shillelaghs.

She opened an old painted chest in the corner, and produced a gown. This gown had belonged to her own dead mother, and was the one piece of finery which Maureen possessed in the world. It was a grand chintz, with blue and gold-colour flowers on a chocolate ground, and fitted her figure to a nicety. This was quickly assumed, and her long amber hair rolled round her head in as smooth a wreath as its natural waviness would permit of. When this was done, a little cracked looking-glass over the hearth declared her toilet complete. Then she came back to the kitchen, and while Con Lavelle's admiring eyes devoured her from a shadowy corner, she served out their supper of potatoes to the children, and placed "the graia of tay" in a little brown tea-pot, burnt black, on the hearth within reach of her stepmother's hand. These things done, she put the key of the house in her pocket, and taking "the cloak," a family garment, she followed her friends out of the cabin into a calm moonlit night, which had replaced the gloomy twilight.

Biddy Prendergast's house was in the Middle Quarter village, a good walk from the Widow Lacey's. When Maureen and the Lavelles arrived at the festival scene, operations had already commenced. Screams of laughter greeted their entrance, from a crowd of boys and girls who were ducking for apples in a tub of water behind the door. The kitchen was lighted by a huge turf fire that roared up the reeking chimney. In the smoky rafters hens dozed, and nets dangled. Flitches of bacon and bunches of dried fish swung in the draught when the door was opened. Biddy Prendergast was a well-to-do woman, one of the island aristocrats. In the ingle nook two or three *colliaighs*, *anglied* crones, were toasting their knees and holding their chat, while the light leaped over their worn red petticoats and withered faces and hands. In a retired corner was Paudeen, the island piper, wrinkled and whitehaired, sitting with his knowing eyes half closed, drining and turning at his pipes, holding commune with them, as it were, rallying and inspiring all their energies for the coming struggle with the rival pipes and piper, who had come to dispute the palm for skilful harmonies with the Bofin instrument and the Bofin musician. Tady, the other performer, was "down in the room" at his tea. And "down to the room" went our party from the North Beach.

In this room a notable assemblage was convened. A long board, contrived by means of several small tables, was spread with tea, soda cakes, "crackers," and potatoe cakes, several pounds of butter in a large roll being placed in the centre on a dish. A bed, with blue checker curtains and patchwork counterpane, choked up one corner of the room, leaving no space for chairs. This difficulty was comfortably ignored by the guests sitting on the bed, and nursing their cups and platters on their knees. Those opposite were less fortunate, as the heels of their chairs were nearly treading on the hearth. All the *élite* of Bofin were here. There was Timothy Joyce, the national schoolmaster, about whose learning there were dark reports. It was whispered that he had a crack right across the top of his skull, occasioned by too reckless a prosecution of abstruse studies in his youth, and that this was why he wore his hair so long, and brushed so smooth and close above his forehead. There was Martin Leahy, the boat-maker, the ring of whose cheerful hammer on the beach, late and early, helped the larks and the striking oars in the harbour

to make music all through the summer months. There was Mick Coyne Mack, the last name signifying "son," and Irish way of saying "junior." He was clerk in the chapel, a spare grizzled man, a great hand at praying and discoursing, a famous *votteen* (devotee), and almost as good at an argument as the schoolmaster himself. Then there was Tady, the strange piper, who having penetrated as far as Dublin and Belfast in the course of his scientific researches, and picked up odd polkas and operatic airs from hurdy-gurdys and German bands, was looked upon with much awe, as a superior professor of music. There was a young man, a cousin of an islander, who had just returned from America, with genteel clothes, a fine nasal twang in his speech, and plenty of anecdote about foreign lands. And though last, not least, there was the captain of a trading sail ship which, on her way from Spain to Liverpool, had been driven out of her course and taken refuge in Bofin harbour.

Biddy Prendergast, a plain faced woman in a grand dress cap and plaid gown, was making tea at the head of her board, in high spirits. She was talking volubly, joking and laughing at Mike Ternary, who with a huge black kettle in hand was replenishing her earthen teapot. Every now and again she winked at Peggy Moran, who sat close by, with her back to the fire, in all the glory of the five muslin founces, a knot of red ribbon blazing under her chin, and her great black eyes dancing responsive to Biddy's winks, or falling demurely on her teacup when handsome Mike looked her way. Not a doubt, but Mike was the best-looking man in the house, tall, and manly, and bronzed, with his coaxing voice, and his roguish smile, and his frank way of tossing the dark hair from his forehead by a fling of his head. Peggy, the bell, had long desired to count him on the list of her admirers. Peggy had three cows and two feather-beds to her dower: the finest fortune in Bofin. Biddy, through pure good will to Mike, her favourite, was trying to make a match between him and the heiress, all unknown to the elder Morans, who would sooner have seen their daughter mistress of Con Lavelle's fine farm at Fawnmore. Biddy's hints and Peggy's handsome eyes had until to-night remained unheeded. Now there was a sudden change. Mike was remarkably civil to both of these ladies. He tucked Peggy's founces carefully away from the fire, and helped her twice to crackers. Peggy dimpled and blushed, and Biddy laughed and winked, and Mike was in the act of pouring the water into the teapot, when the door was pushed open and Maureen and her friends came in.

A scream from Biddy greeted their entrance. "Bad manners to it for a kittle!" cried Mike, getting very red in the face. "Is the finger scalded aff o' you entirely? Surely if it is I'll put a ring of it for a plaster, an' if that doesn't mend it, sorra more can I do."

The finger was suitably bound and bemoaned, and Biddy pardoned the offender, forgot her pains like a heroine, and attended to her new guests.

"Come down, Con; come down, man; here's a sate by the fire. The night's cold. Good luck to ye, Nan, hang yer cloak on the door there, an' come down an' ate a bit o' somethin'. Yer welcome, Maureen Lacey! Make room, girls, an' let her come down. It's seldom we get you to come out. An' how's the rumatics with yer mother?"

Con Lavelle being an important man, the richest farmer in the island, was soon forced into a seat by the fire, and he and his sister had their wants quickly attended to. Maureen, who was looked on by the hostesses as rather an interloper, was not so eagerly noticed. Maureen felt this with a swelling heart. The next moment Mike had shouldered his way to her, had cleared a place for her on the bed, and taken his seat beside her, just at the corner, where he could draw back his head behind the looping of the curtain, and look at her proud downcast face as much as he pleased. Maureen, with a huge cup and saucer in her hands, trembled so that she spilled the tea all over her grand chintz gown. Sitting there opposite to Peggy Moran's jealous eyes, with Mike leal and true beside her, Maureen struggled in the toils of the temptation to turn round and smile in his face, and ask him to hand her a piece of cake. She knew that Mike was thinking of her last words to him on the bog, knew it by his jubilant air, and the fire from his eyes that shone on her from behind the looping of the curtain. The temptation fought within her to let him have it his own way. In the whirling vision of a second she saw herself Mike's wife, mistress of a snug little shelter at the East End, making ready the hearth for Mike coming home from his fishing. No more drenching in the high spring tides, battling with storm and rain, carrying home the sea-rack on angry midnights. No more long days of labour in the fields of strangers for the wretched earning of sixpence a day. No more lecturings from a fretful stepmother, but always these strong bands beside her, and always these tender eyes. Oh, for Mike she could gladly work, with him could starve if need be. These things strove within Maureen as she sat spilling her tea over her grand chintz gown. But the old strain of duty, of pity for those depending on her, of fidelity to her promise to her stepmother, still kept its echo sounding in her ears, though but dimly and from afar off. The temptation shook her; but when the gust allayed itself, she regained her vantage ground, breathless, but sure of foot. The habit of restraint was strong within her. She did not turn and smile to Mike; neither did she ask him for a piece of cake.

Peggy Moran, sitting with her back to the fire, was beginnings to get very red in the face. Biddy Prendergast's wit had fallen dead. There was no one to tuck Peggy's founces away from the blaze, nor to hold the kettle gallantly for Biddy. Maureen sitting there, filling the moments for herself with the intense vitality of her own hard struggle, was looked upon by her two female neighbours as an unpardonable poacher on their promising preserves. But tea was over now, and the two pipers were sending forth rival squeaks and groans in the kitchen. Young feet were restless, and old feet too. The "room" was deserted, and the dancing began with spirit.

Maureen had made one gallant struggle, but it was hard to be proof against all the enchantments of this most trying night. When Mike, whom many glancing eyes coveted for a partner, eagerly pressed her for the first dance, her customary short reply was not ready; and she found herself upon the floor by his side before

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WILLIAM ANGELL, late of

Maclaggan Street, has taken over the old-established business of Venetian Blind and Revolving Shutter Manufactory lately carried on by William Wilson in Hanover St. (next the National Bank of New Zealand). He will continue to carry on the business in combination with that of Builder, Joiner, and Early English Furniture maker of every description.

Furniture, Mantlepieces, Patent Washers, Sashes, Doors, and General Joinery of all descriptions cheaper than ever, in consequence of having the latest machinery.

Shop and Office Fittings and Show Cases a specialty, and having the greatest facility in the Colony for the Manufacturing of Venetian Blinds, Revolving Shutters, and Wire Blinds is able to execute all orders with the greatest despatch.

TWENTY YEARS' LONDON EXPERIENCE.

VENETIAN BLINDS

VENETIAN BLINDS

At Moderate Prices.

PATERSON BURK & CO.,
 STUART ST.

(Opposite St. Paul's Church.)

he had time to think about it. As for Mike, he was wild with spirits. He saw Maureen's conduct in the light in which she knew he would see it. He thought she had relented at last, and made up her mind to smile on him for the future. By-and-bye Maureen caught the spirit of the dance; panting and smiling, she tripped it with the nimblest amongst them. Everything began to slip away but the intense delight of the moment. Blushing rosy red, her eyes sparkling, her hair shining and shaking out in little gleaming rings about her forehead, her face developed a radiant beauty that hardly seemed to belong to the grave Maureen. An overheard whisper from some one to another—"Lord! such a handsome slip as that girl of poor Lacey's is growin'" did not tend to sober this hour of elation. The flush of conscious youth, and health, and beauty glowed on Maureen's cheek. All the sunny ardour of her Irish nature, so long kept under, the smouldering love, the keen relish for harmless pleasure, the laughter-loving enjoyment of wit and humour, burst forth from within her for this one glorious evening, and shone in her beautiful face, and made music in the beat of her brogues on the floor.

Peggy Moran and the young man from America with whom she consoled herself, tried to get up one genteel round of the waltz. This being finished, Paudeen the piper asked Maureen, in compliment to her dancing, to tell him her favourite tune. Whereupon Maureen, with a sly laugh in her eyes, asked for *The Little House under the Hill*. This was Paudeen's greatest tune, and at it he went with the will of a giant, his white hair shaking, his wrinkled cheeks bursting, and his one leg, with its blue-ribbed stocking and brogue, hopping up and down under his pipes with might and enthusiasm. How he shrilled and shrieked it, how he groaned and wheezed it, and how all the company joined in it at last and danced it! How it was stamped and shuffled, how the deafening clatter of feet, and the "whoops!" and "hurroos!" rose up to Biddy Prendergast's smoky rafters and wakened the hens, and set them a clucking, and how Tady, the vanquished professor, sat sad in the corner and mused on the primitive state of uncivilisation in which these benighted Bofiners were plunged! There was only one other who did not join in the dance, and who stood with his long loose figure drawn up against the wall in a corner, his wistful eyes searching the crowd of hobbing heads for the occasional glimpse of one face. Con Lavelle was full of uneasiness. Only once had he smiled to-night, and that was when the Liverpool captain (who, ignorant of Irish jigs and their mysteries, had until now kept him company in his corner) had delivered his weighty opinion that Maureen Lacey was the best dancer, and the prettest girl in the house. But the captain had caught the contagion at last and joined the crowd, and Con Lavelle was alone.

After this jig was over, the house being literally "too hot to hold" the dancers, they turned out in couples, some to go home, others only to cool themselves in the moonlight, and return. Of these latter were Mike Tiernay and Maureen Lacey. Under the shelter of Biddy's gable wall Mike got leave at last to "spake" all he had tried to say so often, and Maureen cut him short with no cross answers. He told his news, and he "axed" his question.

(To be concluded in our next.)

PROTESTANT OPINION

(From the Auckland Evening Bell.)

WE observe that the *Advocate*, the Catholic organ in Auckland, has seen fit to attack us because of certain articles which appeared in the *Evening Bell* as to the evident intention in ecclesiastical appointments to denationalise the Irish Catholics of the colonies.

With that affectation of superior knowledge which some controversialists believe to have a telling effect in dealing with an opponent, our contemporary refers to our "pitiable efforts" and "slight acquaintance" with the subject of our remarks, and in a double-barrelled shot through the correspondence columns our discussion of the subject is referred to as a "daring impertinence" and "childish folly."

The *New Zealand Advocate* is no representative of true Catholic feeling at all, but whether it is or not, we make no apology to anyone for discussing any subject we please, and if the Catholic Church does a stupid or a foolish thing we shall direct our criticism as pointedly to it as we would against the Orangemen, whom we have so often attacked for their intolerable bigotry to their Catholic fellow-countrymen. We fear not the face of man or devil, and when duty calls, we waive the "daring impertinence," and go at it, no matter who wince.

Our contemporary would have his readers think that this is some new thing that has been brought to light. He knows as well as we do that it is at this hour a burning question with Irish Catholics everywhere, and though there are Irish Catholics so mean spirited as to cower down, and for fear of offending their spiritual superiors, keep their mouths shut, the best and truest-hearted Celtic Catholics in the world are boldly denouncing the notorious intrigue that is proceeding among English noblemen and English Catholics in conjunction with the British Government, to have Irish prelates and Irish priests in Ireland placed under supervision so as to check their national proclivities, and to have English or foreign prelates appointed to the colonies, so as to check the national sympathies of the Irish priests, and root out the love of their suffering native land from the hearts of Irishmen.

We have attributed no "unworthy motives to the Pope": on the contrary, we have spoken in the highest terms of respect of that noble Pontiff, who is placing himself in friendly relations with the Liberalism of the day. It is of the intrigues of English Catholic noblemen, creatures who are among the cruelest of Ireland's landlord tormentors, and who, by their misrepresentations at the Vatican, are engaged in this infamous business that we have written.

Nor have we spoken one word of disrespect of the Catholic Bishop of Auckland, Dr. Luck, whose kindness of heart has placed him not only in the affections, but the confidence of all the Irish

Catholics in his diocese, although we do remember how, in common with many Irishmen from whom we might have expected better, he did give the cold shoulder to Mr. Redmond when he was here.

But it is not of these we made complaint, but of the villainous intrigue that is afoot, fostered by English Catholics of position, which has for its notorious object the suppression of nationalist feelings in Irish Catholics at Home and abroad.

Our attention was drawn to the subject by the article in the *Trust Herald*, an outside and secular paper, from which we quoted. That article openly commended the scheme as one intentionally framed to suppress national feelings among Irish Catholics in the colonies. It illustrated from the very appointments to which we made reference, and specifically stated how, under the influence of those English noblemen and others, English prelates were being sent to the colonies to wean the people from their love of country.

But does our Auckland Catholic contemporary suppose that everybody is ignorant of the brilliant trenchant articles that have been appearing in the *N.Z. TABLET* published at Dunedin, the real Catholic organ of the Colony, a paper that has more talent and sterling ability in one of its columns than is found in all the pages of our Auckland contemporary taken together.

In the latest number of that exceedingly able and well-written paper now lying before us there is an article headed "Infamous Proceedings," in which it refers to this intrigue led by Right Rev. Dr. Herbert Vaughan, Catholic Bishop of Salford, in England, and carried out by Rev. Father Belaney at Rome, whom the *London Times* described as being "in intimate relation with many of the principle personages near the Pope."

The article is such a brilliant one that we wish we could transfer it into our own columns, as showing the strong feelings that are glowing in the breasts of honest Irishmen on this scandal to politics and religion. "The English diplomatic agent at the Vatican—as great English lords at Propaganda have already done with respect to New Zealand—is to exercise the right of veto over the appointment of Catholic Bishops in all the British dominions, and no Irishman, unless he be that worst of all aliens, the anti-Irish Irishman, is to be allowed to exercise the office of a bishop in any colonial diocese," and in fearless language the writer gives as one of the objects "to eradicate the nationality, and to make the Irish father and mother the objects of contempt, or at least of pity and forbearance to the son and daughter who should be Irish too."

And while the *Advocate* is whining about "the pain caused" by us "to Irish Nationalists in Auckland," hear this trumpet sound from the true representative of Nationalism and Catholicism in New Zealand. "Now, however, that the matter is proclaimed, now when the trumpet sounds the attack upon the Irish Church at Home and abroad, and when we are expressly told that genuine Irish bishops are to be excluded in future from the colonies, there is no excuse to refrain. There is, on the contrary, an imperative call on Irish Catholics in every quarter of Australasia—and not only in New Zealand, where the first fruits of the improved system are already apparent—to combine to make their wishes known, and to back up their wishes by their strong determination. The Irish Catholic who will suffer his Church to be placed under the supervision of an English layman, directing the Pope at Rome, must indeed be a craven and a slave."

These are brave words, and they have the true ring of that brave Celtic spirit which has resisted alike the blandishments and the persecutions of the foes of its Church and race for centuries, where the craven spirit that is disposed to accept the present intrigue would long ago have sunk and crawled in submission; and the article, which is one of extraordinary ability and vigour, ends with proposing a "united deputation from the Irish Catholic population in every part of the world to proceed to Rome for the purpose, and lay their grievances before the Holy Father face to face."

It is not for us to say what is the duty of the rulers of the Catholic Church as Catholics. They may be assumed to know their own business best. But we are perfectly convinced that in coniving at this attempt to root out of Irish hearts that love of country which has so powerfully protected their fidelity to mother Church in long and weary days of suffering, they are dealing a heavy blow at Roman Catholicism. That, however is their business.

With regard to the Nationalist cause we are perfectly convinced that the course taken will lead to diametrically opposite results to those contemplated. For in the first place wrong and oppression and suffering have never extinguished love of country in the heart of a Celt, and just as surely they never will; and in the second place this infamous attempt will win to the Irish Catholic Nationalist the warmest sympathies of thousands of generous-hearted and noble-minded Protestants who might otherwise have stood aloof; and, while this scandalous wrong must inevitably shake the hold of Catholicism, it will make more certain and make more near the coming of the day when accursed alien influences will be shaken off and Ireland will be governed by Irishmen for Irishmen.

"BUCHU-PAIBA."—Quick, complete cure all annoying Kidney & Bladder, and Urinary Diseases. At chemists and druggists. Kemp Horne, Prosser and Co., agents, Dunedin.

It is said Gladstone has been induced by Blaine to visit America.

M. Leo Taxil (Gabriel Jogand-Page), the converted infidel writer, has just returned to Paris from the Eternal City. On the 30th ult. he was received in audience by Cardinal Parocchi, the Cardinal Vicar; and in the evening by Cardinal Rampolla, Secretary of State; and on Friday evening he was received by the Holy Father. His Holiness graciously accepted from Leo Taxil a handsomely bound edition of his works upon Freemasonry, and accorded him his Apostolic Benediction. It is hard to realise that the Leo Taxil who has thus prostrated himself, humble and contrite, at the feet of the Pope, is the same individual who two years ago, went to Rome to take part in the proceedings of the Congress organised by the French Anti-Clerical League, of which he was the secretary-general.

GEORGE HYDE,

TAILOR

(Late Cutter to the Don Tailoring Co., George Street),

Begs to notify the general Public that he has Opened Business at 51 GEORGE STREET, next door to the Sussex Hotel.

FIRST PRIZE, MELBOURNE EXHIBITION.

WANTED KNOWN—That Thomson and Co., Cordial and Liqueur Manufacturers, are the only firm in New Zealand who were awarded First Prize for Ginger Wine.

WANTED KNOWN—That Thomson and Co. have received Six Awards at Melbourne Exhibition for their Manufactures.

WANTED KNOWN—That Thomson and Co. were awarded First Prize for Raspberry Vinegar at Melbourne Exhibition

ARTISTIC TAILORING.

W. M. SUTHERLAND, for the last seven and a-half years Cutter for McLison, Duthie and Co., George street, and also a number of years in some of the leading houses in Princes street, wishes to state that he will Open on the 2nd April in 169 George street, and hopes his Friends and the Public will take note of the following advantages: Good Fit, Style, and Workmanship Guaranteed. Gent.'s Sac Suits, Durable Scotch Tweed (value never equalled in Dunedin), £2 15s, net cash.

Gent.'s Tweed Trousers (you will not require two pairs of these to give you satisfaction), 13s 6d.

Suits of Allwool Tweed and Serge, from £3 3s.

Fancy Coatings, Vestings, and Trouserings in stock.

Note the Address:

169 George Street (opposite Mr. Humfray's, stationer).

STILL TRIUMPHANT!

The following Medicines have been for many years highly approved of by the Public and a Gold Medal awarded for them at the Christchurch Exhibition, viz:—

FOR HORSES.

Colic or Gripe Drink Blister Ointment
Embrocation Grease Ointment
Condition Powders Hoof Oil
Worm Powders

FOR DOGS:

Distemper Powders Mange Ointment

FOR HUMAN USE:

RHEUMATIC BALSAM and Cough Syrup.

Every Article that bears my

Name and $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{S.S.} \\ \text{---} \\ \text{V.S.} \end{array} \right\}$ Trade Mark

IS GUARANTEED.

Beware of Spurious Imitations.

CAUTION.

Whereas S. SLESINGER, the oldest and most renowned Veterinary Practitioner in the Australian Colonies—who has introduced his unfailing remedies and educated the Public to treat their own Horses, Cattle, or Dogs by offering his medicines at a very low price (for the different diseases, see circulars)—has, after obtaining a good sale for them, now to caution the Public against Spurious Imitations of his Remedies.

Some unprincipled people are trying to push the sale of their abominable rubbish in opposition to the genuine article, and Mr. Slesinger warns his Customers not to be gulled or duped by such imposters or their agents. See that my name and Trade Mark is attached to every article, thus—SS VS.

I will shortly give you the names and number of those villains who are now trying to ruin me, if they could, by forcing the sale of the spurious imitations.

SAML. SLESINGER,
Veterinary Surgeon,

CHALLENGE.

IT having come to my ears that certain interested parties are circulating damaging (?) reports about me as follows—that I do not keep faith with the public as regards a saving of 25 per cent. to customers who favour me with their despending, that the quality of drugs used is not up to the mark, and several similar absurd canards, I hereby publicly Challenge any Chemist and Druggist throughout the length and breadth of New Zealand to a thorough comparison of prices and quality before any impartial judge (the public is the best). My Drugs are all directly imported from the very best wholesale druggists in England and America, and are guaranteed absolutely pure, no article being taken into stock without it answers the minutest tests of the British Pharmacopoeia. The public are cautioned against any and all of these absurd statements. Each and all can easily prove my assertions or otherwise. I am confident of the verdict being in my favour. I would also caution the public against "advertising quacks" or "cure alls," whose sole recommendation is a bogus degree or a medical art union. A 10s customer is guaranteed a large prize of a 1s value. Remember this—10s spent with the undersigned means a saving to the purchaser of at least 2s 6d.

A. M. LOASBY,

Wholesale and Retail Manufacturing Chemist,
30 and 174, Princes Street, Dunedin.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

The 42nd annual report of the New York Life Insurance Company has just reached us, and it will be seen from the figures in another column, is of characteristic brilliancy. The volume of its business is enormous, and the rapidity of its progress most remarkable. Indeed, it displays the mark of a century in a generation, therefore it is not for prolonged life that we can ascribe its greatness, and we can only liken it to the country to which it is indigenous, which, though one of the youngest among the family of nations, is yet one of the most flourishing and powerful of its race. This grand Company has now upward of £61,000,000 at risk, and has for 42 years discharged its obligations with honour to itself and in widespread relief to the recipients of its faithfulness.—*N.Z. Times*, 7th April, 1887.

FORTY-TWO YEARS' RECORD:

97,719 policies, insuring ...	£61,000,000
Cash assets ...	15,000,000
Surplus over ...	3,000,000
Paid policyholders...	15,500,000

A SINGLE YEAR'S RECORD (1886):

22,027 policies, insuring ...	£17,000,000
Paid policyholders...	1,525,450
Death-claims paid ...	551,000
Interest receipts ...	744,500
Total receipt for year ...	3,850,000

BEFORE INSURING

Ascertain the value of a Contract with the New York Life, whereby the Assured is freed from all harassing restrictions, and accorded privileges and advantages unobtainable elsewhere, and secures an investment—giving compound interest at savings bank rates—with insurance throughout the period for NOTHING.

SANDO,

Chief Agent for Otago.

Offices: 4 Exchange Court, Dunedin.

SOUTH END MONUMENTAL WORKS,

Established - 1865.

H. PALMER,

STONE MASON & SCULPTOR,
Princes Street South, Dunedin.

Monuments and Tombstones Erected of New Zealand Granite, Scotch Granite, and Italian and American Marble.

Tomb Railings in great variety.

THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

Town and Country Orders promptly attended to.

KAITANGATA RAILWAY AND COAL COMPANY, LIMITED

KAITANGATA COAL.

THE COMPANY have much pleasure in intimating that the Coal is now solely mined from the new workings, and is of a quality much superior to anything previously delivered, and beg to solicit a trial from every Householder.

The small Coal, or Nuts, is also now procurable from every Coal Merchant in Town and Suburbs.

The Company have arranged with the Coal Merchants to deliver the Kaitangata Coal, well screened and free from small, and any omissions in this respect if communicated to the Company will be promptly allowed for.

Crawford street,
Dunedin, 16th June, 1885.

JOHN GILLIES,

Cabinet-maker, Upholsterer, and Undertaker, 18 George Street Dunedin (late Craig and Gillies), begs to notify that the Liquidation of the late firm is now closed.

The Business in future will be carried on by John Gillies, who now takes this opportunity to thank his numerous friends and the public generally for their patronage in the past, and respectfully solicits their future favors, when his long practical experience in the trade will be made use of for the benefit of his customers.

The present large stock on hand and to arrive will be offered at sweeping reductions.

The public are heartily invited to call and inspect the stock of

FURNITURE, CARPETS, LINOLEUMS,
FLOORCLOTHS, BEDSTEADS,
AND BEDDING

of every description.

Horse Furnishing on the Time-payment System.

Factory: 11 Great King Street.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

that I have this day disposed to Messrs. A. Smith and Co. the Business carried on by me of late as Produce Merchant, Stuart street, and I take this opportunity of inviting my old friends and customers to tender their support to the new Firm, as I have every confidence that their requirements will be fully attended to by my successors.

MICHAEL FAGAN,

May 2, 1887

With regard to the above, I have much pleasure in intimating to my Friends and the Public generally that I intend to carry on the Business as General Produce Merchant, and hope to receive a fair share of their patronage.

The Business will be carried on under the style of A. Smith and Co.

A. SMITH AND CO.

MARTIN AND WATSON,

COAL MERCHANTS,

STUART STREET, DUNEDIN

BARRETT'S HOTEL

LAMBTON QUAY,
WELLINGTON.

C. O'DRISCOLL ... Proprietor.
(Late of the Supreme Court Hotel, Dunedin.)

Begs to inform his numerous friends and the public generally that he has taken the above Hotel. It is centrally situated, has been recently built, and is well furnished: Hot, Cold, and Shower Baths. Good Accommodation for visitors and Boarders. Charges moderate. Spacious Handball Court attached. Dunedin XXXX Ale always on Tap.
C. O'DRISCOLL, Proprietor

Poets' Corner.

THE PATRIOTS OF IRELAND.

"ON REASON BUILD RESOLVE."

FULL freedom is a nation's right,
An attribute divinely sent,
The which 'twere sacrilege to slight
By action or intent.
This is the right we boldly claim :
They're craven slaves that bend the knee
To proud Oppression's haughty name,
But not of such are we.

Through centuries of storm and hate,
Through weary years of cold delay,
Through scenes when all was desperate,
Through all we bore our way.
And now when hope shines on our face
Still onward, onward, on we go,
By sudden march and rapid pace,
Or patient step and slow.

One fixed resolve, one purpose dear,
One deep intent, one grand design,
To lead our nation from the rear
To freedom's foremost line.
This is the task we're bent upon,
This claim we make before the world,
Nor rest, till Victory's rampart won,
Our standard is unfurl'd.

Christchurch.

J. E. B.

"THE SASSENAGH PRIEST."

(By PATRICK SARBFIELD CASSIDY, in the *Celtic Monthly*.)

Lost *soggarth aroon*, may the heavens defend
And the angels protect you, for you were our friend ;
No *badagh* o'erbearing could trample us down,
Nor landlord oppress us—we feared not his frown—
While you were among us, with heart big and warm,
To fight for our rights and to shield us from harm.
Ah ! from us they took you—lost light of our eyes,
But you'll beam in our hearts like a star in the skies.

At christenings and weddings and stations you still
Were one of ourselves with a hearty good will ;
You smiled at our pleasures—God knows they are few !—
And all our *divarstions* gave pleasure to you.
You sighed for our sorrows and felt for our woes,
And placed your strong breast between us and our foes ;
But, Priest and Protector, they took you away,
And sad are our hearts, and a shame on that day !

They sent us, lost *soggarth*, a priest in your place
Who's haughty and proud, with a frown on his face
As chilling and cold as a northern blast
When the days of December come hurrying fast ;
We don't like to meet him—we turn, sure, aside
When out on the highway he happens to ride ;
But, *soggarth aroon*, we'd walk maury a mile
In the teeth of a storm to get warm in your smile.

He dines with the big-bugs and agents in state,
And his horse it turns in at the magistrate's gate ;
He frowns on our pleasures, he scolds at our faults,
And the virtues and ways of the rich he exalts !
He says we are ignorant and cross in the grain,
He sneers at our good traits because they are plain ;
Our pastimes are fewer, our sufferings increased,
But he doesn't care—he's a *Sassenagh priest*.

On Sunday he in through the green chapel yard
Will pass us with look that is haughty and hard,
And we—God forgive us ?—we haven't the heart
To take at *his* Mass a devotional part ;
Our hearts are not with him, our minds not on prayer,
When we see in *your* vestments *him* standing there ;
We stray through the yard and we care not the least,
For somehow we feel—he's a *Sassenagh priest*.

When Mass is all over, the women don't wait
In a line from the chapel's stretched door to the gate,
Their blessings to speak and look into his face,
The sweet lines of love and affection to trace.
The children don't follow and pluck his soutan,
And tempt him to speak to them even in ban ;
Lost *soggarth aroon*, to see you was a feast,
But we flee at his sight—he's a *Sassenagh priest*.

We know he's no feeling for us and for ours ;
Between him and us a cold winter cloud lowers
As bitter and black as his cold-blooded pride ;
But he'll find that we too have some pride on our side.
He "don't like annoyance"—he hunts us like mice
If e'er we go to him for a bit of advice !
For him our affection and reverence have ceased—
And why should they not ?—he's a *Sassenagh priest*.

Ah, Priest, can you ever forget the old time
When to be a true priest was a capital crime ?
Still true were your flock and defied the fierce frown
Of each base human blood-hound that hunted you down.
And e'en with the deadly steel passed through the breast,
Your hiding place never, no never—confessed,
But died with the prayer—"Be his safety increased."
That man was unknown, then, a "Sassenagh Priest ?"

Ah ! dark be the dawn and outlook of each morn,
For the Priest who but merits his people's cold scorn
Preferring the vain-tinselled shallows of pride
To generous affection's safe, full-flowing tide.
Think, Priest, 'tis your crime if your conduct should sever
Those blood-bonds of friendship oppression could never,
And woe be to you, when, your influence ceased,
You're scorned by your people—a *Sassenagh priest*.

WE SHOULD BLOT OUT DISEASE IN ITS EARLY STAGES.

THE disease commences with a slight derangement of the stomach but, if neglected, it in time involves the whole frame, embracing the kidneys, liver, pancreas, and, in fact, the entire glandular system and the afflicted drags out a miserable existence until death gives relief from suffering. The disease is often mistaken for other complaints ; but if the reader will ask himself the following questions he will be able to determine whether he himself is one of the afflicted :—Have I distress, pain, or difficulty in breathing after eating ? Is there a dull, heavy feeling, attended by drowsiness ? Have the eyes a yellow tinge ? Does a thick, sticky mucous gather about the gums and teeth in the mornings, accompanied by a disagreeable taste ? Is the tongue coated ? Is there pains in the sides and back ? Is there a fullness about the right side as if the liver were enlarging ? Is there costiveness ? Is there vertigo or dizziness when rising suddenly from an horizontal position ? Are the secretions from the kidneys highly coloured, with a deposit after standing ? Does food ferment soon after eating, accompanied by flatulence or belching of gas from the stomach ? Is there frequent palpitation of the heart ? These various symptoms may not be present at one time, but they torment the sufferer in turn as the dreadful disease progresses. If the case be one of long standing, there will be a dry, hacking cough, attended after a time by expectoration. In very advanced stages the skin assumes a dirty brownish appearance, and the hands and feet are covered by a cold, sticky perspiration. As the liver and kidneys become more and more diseased, rheumatic pains appear, and the usual treatment proves entirely unavailing against the latter agonising disorder. The origin of this malady is indigestion or dyspepsia, and a small quantity of the proper medicine will remove the disease if taken in its incipency. It is most important that the disease should be promptly and properly treated in its first stages, when a little medicine will effect a cure, and even when it has obtained a strong hold, the correct remedy should be persevered in until every vestige of the disease is eradicated, until the appetite has returned, and the digestive organs restored to a healthy condition. The surest and most effectual remedy for this distressing complaint is "Seigel's Curative Syrup," a vegetable preparation sold by all chemists and medicine vendors throughout the world, and by the proprietors, A. J. White, Limited, London, E.C. This Syrup strikes at the very foundation of the disease, and drives it, root and branch, out of the system. Ask your chemist for Seigel's Curative Syrup.

"East-street Mills, Cambridge-heath,
London, E.C., July 24th, 1882

"Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to be able to add my testimony in favour of your valuable syrup as a curative agent. I had suffered for some length of time from a severe form of indigestion, and the long train of distressing symptoms following that disease. I had tried all possible means to get relief, by seeking the best medical advice. I had swallowed sufficient of their stuff to float a man-of-war, so to speak, but all to no avail. A friend of mine, coming on the scene in the midst of my sufferings, brought with him a bottle of your Seigel Syrup ; he advised me to try it, stating he felt confident it would benefit me. Being weary of trying so many drugs, I condemned it before trial, thinking it could not possibly do me any good, but ultimately resolved to take the Syrup. After doing so for a short time it worked such a change in me that I continued taking it for nearly two months, and I then felt thoroughly cured, for I have discontinued its use for five weeks, and feel in the best of health, and can partake any kind of food with ease and comfort. I am, therefore, thankful to you that, through the instrumentality of your valuable medicine, I am restored to the state of health I now enjoy.

"To Mr. A. J. White."

"W. S. Forster.

"Waterloo House, London Stile, Chiswick
February 17th, 1882.

"Messrs. White and Co., London,

"Gentleman,—It is with great pleasure that I add my testimony to the wonderful effects of Seigel's Syrup. For years I have been suffering from bilious attacks, which began with giddiness ; then a mist would come before my eyes, so that I should not be able to recognise anyone or anything at a distance of a yard or two from my face. This would be followed by excessive trembling of my knees, so that I could not stand without support ; after which a severe headache would occur, lasting often two or three days. I have tried various remedies for these distressing symptoms, but until I tried Seigel's Syrup I had no relief. Since then I have had excellent health in every respect, and if ever I feel a headache coming on I take one dose of the Syrup which arrests it. Hoping that this testimonial may be the means of inducing others (who suffer as I used to try the Syrup, as I feel sure they will receive speedy benefit and ultimately be cured, I beg to remain, yours faithfully,
"A. H. Horton."

USE
PEACOCK'S
CELEBRATED
JAMS!

THE BEST IN THE MARKET.

FROM CHOICEST FRUITS.

REMSHARDT, McDONALD AND CO.,
 Buyers and Exporters of
**WOOL, GRAIN, RABBITSKINS, SHEEP-
 SKINS, TALLOW, HAIR, &c.,**
 36 and 38 Bond Street,
DUNEDIN:
 Cash advances made on all kinds of Produce
 for sale in the Colonial, English, or
 Continental Markets.

PRODUCE EXCHANGE
MANOR PLACE,
DUNEDIN.
 M. Begg has commenced business in his
 new premises, Manor Place, next Anderson
 and Co.'s Mill, as Produce and Provision
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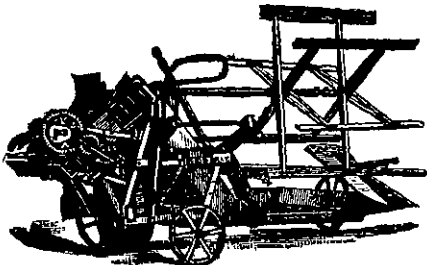
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