

tion, and that may well obtain attention from the Minister of Justice. He would most fitly inaugurate his career by making inquiries into it.

A MEAN ATTEMPT.

HERE is food for rejoicing to Catholics of every sort. That the Dunedin *Evening Star*, the time-honoured, scurrilous, enemy of everything Catholic, the verbatim reporter of anti-Catholic termagants and charlatans, the ransacker of every ribald publication in the world almost, so as to present his readers with calumnies, falsehoods, and a general conglomeration of anti-Catholic filth, should be converted so far as to patronise Roman Catholics of any sort must needs be a matter of congratulation to all of us. There is, it seems, a breed of Roman Catholics in the Colony known by the title of "New Zealand Roman Catholics," and wholly distinguished from Roman Catholics who are stigmatised by the epithet "Irish," and who sympathise with the Irish National cause. Our contemporary, the *Evening Star*, champions the New Zealand Roman Catholics as follows:—"The abuse of the vile Saxon (!), which seems to represent the entire policy of the N.Z. TABLET, has for years afforded considerable diversion to Her Majesty's lieges in Otago; but of late the most scurrilous vials of its wrath have been poured out on the devoted heads of English Roman Catholics at Home and in the colonies. According to our esteemed contemporary, the being born an Englishman is an 'original sin from which there is no redemption. Heaven is to be kept select for Irish patriots! There happen to be in New Zealand a considerable number of Roman Catholics of various nationalities, who, naturally enough, do not take this view, and, seeing that the TABLET has ceased to be anything but an exponent of the most pronounced Irish nationalism, they have determined to establish a new paper as the distinct organ of their communion—the position originally taken by the TABLET. It is intended to be a weekly, and will be published in Wellington; the preliminary arrangements being, we understand very well forward. The TABLET has clearly brought this opposition—likely enough to be very formidable, from a business point of view—upon itself. There is a limit to toleration, and that limit has long been exceeded. Even 'the worm will turn' under sufficient provocation, and the patience of New Zealand Roman Catholics, severely taxed, has given way at last. Substantial guarantees and good promises of support will start the new weekly fair, and there is a prospect of the editorial chair being filled by an accomplished gentleman, not unknown to literary fame, at present holding a high position in the Colony." We need hardly defend ourselves from the charges brought against us by the *Star*. Our readers know what we have done, and in what sense we have condemned the "vile Saxon," and how we have dealt by the cause of Irish nationalism, and we can trust our reputation to their keeping. But we fancy the "diversion" we have given to the *Star* has been of slight account. The exceeding meanness of rejoicing at the supposed prospect of a rivalry that should injure our business standing and starve us out, is not quite consistent with the experience of diversion. We should say it arose from impotent rage, and enduring spite against an opponent who had made himself felt in a way that was not at all diverting. But as to the "New Zealand Roman Catholics," whom the *Evening Star* so generously patronises, wherever they are to be found, we should be very glad, in Catholic interests, if there was in the Colony a large population of genuine English Catholics, and if they were most ably supported by an organ of their own. For our part, however, we acknowledge that the TABLET is the particular organ of Irish Catholics, the advocate of Irish nationalism, as well as of Catholicism that is distinctively Irish, and we are content that it should stand or fall as such, according as the Catholic population of the Colony decides. It remains with them to continue to support us, or to starve us out as our contemporary the Dunedin *Evening Star* so honourably advises—being tired, perhaps, of the "diversion" we give him.—What will he say if we survive completely uninjured to give him a stave or two more of it?

AMONG the sensations of the year in Ireland has A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR. been that caused by the visit paid by Mr. Blaine the candidate who was defeated by Mr. Cleveland in the late election for the Presidency of the United States, but who may probably live to contest the high office another day with better success. Mr. Blaine, who is partly of Irish descent—the wife of the Scotch founder of his family in Pennsylvania having been an emigrant from Donegal—seems to have won golden opinions during his visit—which lasted a few days only—and to have pleased those who came into contact with him, as well as by his good looks as by his manner and bearing. He, however, did not disguise from those who questioned him the fact that nothing he had seen in Europe seemed to him worthy to compare with what he had been used to in the United States. A reporter of the Dublin *Freeman*, for example, tells us that he expressed himself as missing the "spring and verve" to which he had been accustomed at home. That is, we presume, nothing in Europe was sufficiently go-ahead to suit his views. But, indeed, it might well seem incongruous if an aspirant to the Presidency of the United States should find the course of things in

any part of Europe sufficient for the requirements of his particular energy. Between Europe and America there is a great gulf fixed not only by geographical position, but by the circumstances of human nature and historical considerations. Especially is this the case with regard to Ireland. Whatever may be the sympathies that draw the countries into relationship, their cases are as different as ever they can be. There is America pursuing her onward career, advancing from prosperity to prosperity, and treading a path where all is new and fresh. And there is Ireland—or there will she be when, as we hope will be the case ere long, she has obtained her freedom—emerging from the slough and moving onward over a road paved with fallen beings of the past, which still must leave some remembrance or some remnants behind them. The task that Mr. Blaine may be called upon to perform in the near future must, indeed, be different from that which will fall to the lot of those who shall take a leading part in directing the future destinies of Ireland. But as to the comparative nobility of either task it might be difficult to decide. Whether is it nobler to guide the young and strong in accordance with her bright and unsoiled past, or to raise her who has been beaten down and reestablish her erect and vigorous? In any case it is well to receive the assurance of Mr. Blaine that what he has seen in Ireland has served to increase the interest he had already taken in the prosperity and welfare. He is already a valuable and influential friend, and may eventually become an extremely powerful one.

A GREAT CELEBRATION. THE great religious event of the day in Ireland has been the celebration in Limerick of the sacerdotal jubilee of Pope Leo XIII. The celebration was made by the Arch-Confraternity of the Holy Family—and was very impressively and splendidly carried out.—A procession of 6000 men marched through the principal streets—which

had been planted with trees and adorned for the occasion, to the grounds of the cathedral where an address was delivered by the Bishop of the diocese and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given—and then they returned to the church of the Redemptorist Fathers whence they had set out, and where an address was delivered to them by the Bishop of Ossory.—At night the city was brilliantly illuminated. At any time such a demonstration would be very remarkable—and remarkable under various aspects.—What would the men, for example who framed the penal laws say could they arise from their graves, and in the City of the Broken Treaty, behold such an outcome of the system inaugurated by them? Notwithstanding all the rigours they introduced and all the decades of persecution that followed, they would behold the exuberant tokens of Ireland's unquenchable Catholicity and her faithfulness to Rome that could not be stamped out.—But under the circumstances of the times more remarkable still must we consider this magnificent demonstration.—It occurs in a country that is supposed to be in a state of disturbance; whose criminal condition is looked upon as needing exceptional laws, and yet it is in honour of a Sovereign whose aid has been invoked in the cause of law and order even by statesman who do not recognise his spiritual power. It occurs in a country where some would have us believe the authority of religion is weak—and whose bishops and priests they would subject to the control of an official layman, lest they should trifle with the loyalty of their people.—And yet it is in honour of the potentate in whom is lodged the very foundation of obedience and loyalty.—Are we to suppose that those 6000 men were at variance with the national aspirations of the people to whom they belonged? We might, on the contrary, venture a wager without much chance of loss that every man amongst them was a genuine Irish patriot, and an agitator at least in spirit. But none the less genuinely was he ready to celebrate the jubilee of the Holy Father and to enter into the true spirit of the festival.—If those good people who interest themselves in running down the Irish movement, and traducing the motives and sentiments of Irishmen would but turn their attention to examine the real state of affairs, they would find reason for much self-reproach and deep repentance. The procession at Limerick in celebration of the Holy Father's jubilee may be taken as typical of the disposition of the whole united Irish people, and it is one that is certainly completely out of harmony with all that is base or irreligious.

HARD TIMES. As the idea is common that an exceptional humanity has always characterised the laws of England since the Reformation occurred to civilise the people, these passages which we take from an article in the *St. James's Gazette* on a volume recently published by the Middlesex County Record Society may serve to throw a little light on the matter, and to show that a good deal that was barbarous still remained:—"The social condition of the metropolitan county in the early years of the seventeenth century is here brought very vividly before us. Death was the penalty then inflicted for most felonies; but even with the remembrance of this fact before us, there is something startling in the statement that during ten years of James's reign the criminal code was responsible for 704 human lives. This number of persons perished by the rope alone. In the same period thirty-two suffered death by the *petite forte et dure*, for standing