

received a fearful mutilation through the agency of a few sordid individuals who have somehow crept into the Hospital management. On the other hand, Dr. Blair, who enjoys a monopoly, quite as naturally desires that the restrictions may be maintained. The outside settlers, mindful of their own interests, have repeatedly petitioned for the removal of the obnoxious restrictions. The Hospital Board decline to accede to this request, and so the matter stands. The feeling, it must be said, among the settlers that these restrictions should be thrown aside is very strong. Exclusive of the apparent unfairness of the arrangement, Dr. Withers, in addition to being considerate in his charges, bears a very high professional reputation round here. Hence in a great measure the desire to enlarge the limits of his practice. A monopoly under all circumstances is objectionable, but amongst all the evils of this class a medical monopoly may justly be regarded as the most sinister. The persistent refusal of Dr. Blair to attend the hospital during the absence of the hospital surgeon renders any change in the present arrangement highly improbable. At the last meeting of the Board Dr. Blair expressed his willingness to give his services to the hospital, stipulating, however, for an acknowledgment of £100 a year; this offer, it is scarcely necessary to say, was not entertained. If the Hospital Board are determined to preserve the present regulations, why not, in fairness to the public, raise the Doctor's salary, restraining him altogether from practising outside of the hospital, and in this way induce another medical man to enter the field, and so put an end to the present very undesirable state of things.

The Financial Reform Association is popularly regarded as a manifestation of the political re-action in progress here for some time. It is, therefore, viewed in certain quarters with a considerable degree of disfavour. At the last meeting of the Association the proceedings were of a particularly exhilarating character. A special meeting had been called to pronounce upon the public insults which Mr. J. C. Brown had offered to the Association. No sooner, however, had the name of the political high-priest of Tuapeka been referred to, than a few of his friends present became somewhat demonstrative, and endeavoured to break up the proceedings. There was much difference of opinion warmly expressed, and a rapid exchange of compliments; but above all the clamour could be distinctly heard the voice of a local knight of the hammer, assverating with a wonderful rapidity of utterance, that "Brown was a man," a statement which no one present seemed disposed to question. The climax was not, however, reached until an elderly gentleman present, a dispenser of drugs and such things, outstepping the bounds of decency and moderation, gave utterance to a remark which so operated on the feelings of the gentleman to whom it was addressed, that he summarily drove his aggressor from the room. The gentleman who performed this meritorious public service is the editor of the local paper here. It is impossible to stigmatise in becoming language such conduct as this on the part of Mr. Brown's friends. And it is passing strange that a public man of 25 year's standing should find it necessary to resort to such foul practices. There is, however, some consolation in the thought that political success, depending on such discreditable influences, cannot, in the natural order of things, exist very long.

HOW CHARLES KICKHAM, THE IRISH POET, DIED.

We take the following extract from an interesting article in the *Irish Monthly* (Dublin) on Charles Kickham, the poet and novelist. The writer is a lady, in whose house the poet died, and who addresses Miss Ellen O'Leary, sister of John O'Leary, Kickham's friend, in a letter dated from Montpellier Place, Blackrock, August 24th, 1882.

"I shall try and tell you all from the beginning. On Saturday poor Charles got a stroke while walking in the garden, about ten minutes before 12 o'clock. I was out, unfortunately, but a gentleman who was on a visit with us, hearing him shout, ran down stairs, met him in the hall and helped him to bed, where he wrote a letter to Dr. Sigerson. Our little girl ran for me, and I was here about ten minutes past twelve, but Rose had arrived in the meantime. He told me to telegraph for Sister Mary Patrick. I did so, and she was out before two o'clock; and before that the priest had aointed him, and Dr. Sigerson was there. All that could be done was done. He was greatly excited for some hours after he got the stroke, but was quite happy and resigned. He knew he would die, he said in his letter to Dr. Sigerson. He had a bad night on Saturday, but was better on Sunday. On Monday evening I asked him was he better, but he said 'Never, never!' He had some quiet hours, but about ten minutes before twelve he had a bad turn and I thought he was going. We were up all night, the doctor giving him a spoonful of brandy every ten minutes, and he lived through the night with an effort, I sent a friend in the earliest train for Sister Mary Patrick and to telegraph to his brother at Mullinahone. The Sister was here at half-past seven, and Thomas arrived about five in the evening. At 12 o'clock Charles looked up at me (that was the first time for two days he had opened his eyes), and said: 'Listen!' I bent my head but he failed to speak. I said on his right hand (he was very deaf): 'Do you know I'm Molloy?' 'Yes, yes!' he said, and put up his hand and patted my cheek. All round the bed were surprised. Then I said: 'Try and tell me what you wish for.' 'Happy, happy,' he said distinctly. Later on he looked up at me again, and tried to speak but could not. I said to him: 'Won't you try and tell me what you wish?' 'Merciful Jesus!' was all he said. These were his last words on earth. A few hours before he died he had the crucifix in his hand, and he was writing on the quilt. I slipped it out of his hand and put a pencil in its stead, and a sheet of paper on a boot; and he wrote a whole lot of disjointed things, which we can't make out, but you will be happy to hear, dear Miss O'Leary, your name is distinct, and Dr. Sigerson's, and I thank Rose. He died at twenty-five minutes past eleven, with his cousin, Sister Mary Patrick, and his brothers, Dr. Sigerson, James, and some others around, saying the Litany of the Dying. I had, thank God, the sad happiness of closing his eyes, and I believe he is praying for us all in heaven; for a mortal sin I am sure he never

committed. If I think of anything else I shall write to you, unless I see you. I cannot tell you how I feel. Indeed writing to you has done me good. I felt dazed this two days with grief."

AN APRIL DAY.

(From the *Pilot*.)

Now, little gold-head, a word in your ear,
The earth is awakening, summer is near—
Leaf-buds are bursting on every tree,
Linnets are singing with passionate glee,
All the aloe-bushes are covered with white,
Daisies are scattered in showers of light—
Through the young grass of the valley and hill,
O'er the wild rath where the fairies live still,
Clustering violets, modest and sweet,
Purple the ground at the cherry tree's feet;
Broken lights shine through the gloom of the wood,
Guiding our steps to the green solitude,
Where the pure primroses sweeten the air
Where the tall daffodils, stately and fair,
Beign by the right of their beauty and pride
Over the meek celandine by their side.

List to the tumult of rapturous sound
Mixed with the sunshine above and around!
Many a lark must have mounted on high
Thus to make musical all the blue sky.
Down comes the river, right jocosely too,
Strong as a lion, and pure as the dew;
Well may the lake lilies lie down and dream,
Sung to so sweetly by wild bird and stream.
Tossing their tresses of green on the breeze,
See the long line of the old forest trees,
Surely the sap in their veins hath been stirred,
Just like the joy in the heart of a bird,
With the delight of our newly-born spring,
With the strong Hope thrilling everything.
Now, boy, your heart will beat merry and fast,
The cuckoo has come and the winter is past,
Dublin, April, 1888.

ROSE KAVANAGH.

BUSY DAYS AT CASTLE GARDEN.

(From the *N. Y. Sun*.)

THE annual rush of immigrants from Ireland began in earnest this season with the arrival of the *Germania* on Saturday and the *Umbria* on Sunday. During January and February 2,188 immigrants landed in Castle Garden, so that it is expected that the total arrivals for the year will equal if not exceed the exceptionally large immigration of last year of 56,860 arrivals. The rush will last till about November, then the inward tide will flow more slowly until the following March.

Castle Garden on Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday was a scene of great activity. The clerks, under Superintendent Jackson were pushed to their utmost capacity, for the yearly flow of general immigration is now at its height. Polish Jews, Germans, Swedes, English, French, Italians, people of all nationalities, were being registered in the big books as fast as nimble pens could write their names. A babel of divers tongues filled the room with a conflict of sounds, but there was no confusion, for a host of interpreters busied themselves in pointing out the straight path to Freedom and a career, dropping a few hints meanwhile concerning the pitfalls that made the way hazardous. The majority of the arrivals, however, were Irish, a class that gives the Castle Garden authorities very little trouble, as they not only show a willingness to adapt themselves to their new surroundings, but seem to make our land their own as soon as they reach our shores. "Faith, but them's a quare lot, thin foreigners," affably remarked one brawny Irish lad to the *Evening Sun* reporter, as he pointed to a group of Hollanders in wooden shoes and quaint attire. "But sure, there's room for all of them," the immigrant added, and then, lugging a big valise in one hand and a kit of carpenter's tools in the other, he marched boldly out into the crowded streets.

Fully 75 per cent. of the Irish immigrants have their passage prepaid by friends who have preceded them to this country, usually by relations, and on their arrival they are either met by their friends in the Garden or tickets furnished them for inland towns. The remaining 25 per cent. pay their own passages and look for work as soon as they leave the Garden. The number of young women among the immigrants is very large, and, as a rule, the object that brings them to our land is to enter domestic service.

Almost all immigrants are cared for on their arrival by good men of their own race who devote themselves to this work, but in extent of labour and in thoroughness the work of the Mission of the Rosary for the Protection of Immigrant Girls surpasses all kindred efforts. Incidentally all Irish immigrants are looked after by this Mission, but the great object is attended to in an absolutely perfect manner. Every young Irish woman, irrespective of religion, or whether she has money or is penniless, is interviewed by the Rev. Hugh Kelly or his assistant, Mr. Patrick McCool. Their names are registered, their destinations learned. If they are to go to places at a distance they are kept in the Mission until the departure of their trains. If in search of work they are boarded until respectable situations are procured.

In a word, the Mission guards the girls from all evil influences they might be subject to as strangers and friendless. The detail of the Mission carries it to a point that the Castle Garden authorities, from pressure of cares, cannot reach.